

THE PRINCE EDWARD
ISLAND MAGAZINE



JULY, 1903

VOLUME 5

NO. 5



Photographers



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THE
Prince Edward Island Magazine

✻ Contents of this Number ✻

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT	Frontispiece
MARCHING IN ALBERTA - - -	Dr. J. T. Jenkins 154
A PAIR OF GEESE - - - -	Harry Hotspur 159
A FISHING CRUISE IN THE GULF -	A. F. Matthews 164
WHEN THE NIGHT FALLS - -	Berta M. Cleveland 169
THE FIRST FAMILIES OF CANADA -	J. E. Rendle 170
SCOTTISH PERSONAL NAMES -	Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair 175
ANCIENT ABEGWEIT—OR SOMETHING NEW	Tom A. Hawke 179
CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.	

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AN ANECDOTE ABOUT ROYALTY.

"A score or so of years ago," said Gunner McBride, "whin I was at Aldershot with my masher Captain O'Connor, the Queen came over from Windsor one day to hould a review, and she was to lunch with the Ginerall and other supayrior officers. I was tould off to help to wait at table. More betoken the Ginerall's head man gev himself great airs intirely, and had the impidence to tell me not to go starin' at the Queen, as if I hadn't better manners than to throw sheep's eyes at anny lady, let alone Her Majesty. Well, the lunch went off right enough without a trip or jostle, and we servants filed out into the passage at the end of the room, lavin' the company to enjoy themselves. But most of us waited outside behind the dure, manin' to rush in by an' bye, and see which of us would get hould of the champagne that the Queen was sure to lave in her glass. There was a bit of a fight at first to get next the dure, but I managed to get inside the whole of thim, and kept me hand on the handle. We stayed as quiet as mice till we heard signs of thim risin' inside. I put me eye to the keyhole and thin the other devils crowded on me like leeches, and one red-headed thief of a Scotchman actu'ly jumped stradlegs on me poor back, so I knew I would be thrown down and trampled on as soon as iver I opened the door; so siz I, 'Now, boys, keep asy, and I'll tell ye when the last of thim is gone,' and thin, after a little, I screamed out in a whisper, 'Beggorra! she's comin' out this way. Let me off! Let me off! and I gave one jump that sent me Scotch jockey sprawlin'; and away wint all the other chaps like lightnin' down the passage. Thin wasn't it meself that opened the dure fair and asy, and was drinkin' the Queen's health out of her very own glass, whin the omadhawns came tearin' in? They wore unraisonable enough to tell me to me face that I tricked thim!"

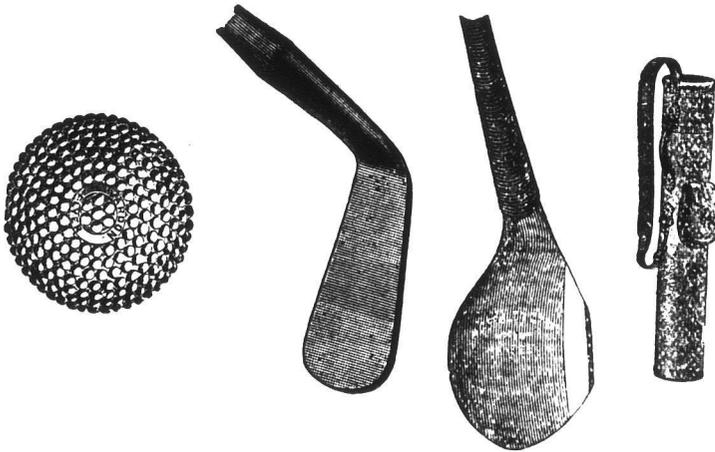
"Waiter, bring me a demi."

"Yes sir, tasse or john?"—Philadelphia Record.

"You say his wife's a brunette? I thought he married a blonde."

"He did, but she dyed."—Wrinkle.

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES (Con't.)

MY LOYAL LOVER.

As the dusk of the evening comes softly
And gathers in shadowy gloom,
To my side he comes stealing as gently
As thistle-down drifts through a room,
And two hands, oh, so trusting and
loving,

Are clasping mine closely and well,
And a voice with the music of Heaven
Is whispering my name like a spell.

Soon a tender, dear hand is slipped up-
ward,

Creeps round my neck lovingly, shy,
A dear face with its dark eyes, love-
glowing

Is laid against mine with a sigh.
With a gentle, sweet touch of his fingers
My hair he caresses with glee,

And at last on my lips presses kisses—
My loyal wee lover of three!

A. J. McDougall.



KNEW HER OWN BUSINESS.

"When does the next train that stops at Bendigo leave here?" asked the resolute widow at the booking office window.

"You'll have to wait five hours, ma'am."

"I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps you know better than I do, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, and perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel by that train myself, or whether I am enquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house, and wanted me to call here and ask about it and save her the trouble, because she's packing up her things, and maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better, and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions, young man! My opinion is you won't!"

"Yes, ma'am."



Teacher—What is a farm?

Bright Little Girl—A piece of land entirely covered by a mortgage—Detroit Free Press.

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Atlantic Time	† 7.45 a. m. lv. Vanceboro	† Arr. 9.32 p. m.	Atlantic Time
	8.20 a. m. lv. McAdam	Arr' 9.05 p. m.	
	10.40 a. m. arr. St. John	Lv. 6.10 p. m.	
	2.45 p. m. arr. Pt Du Chene	Lv. 1.45 p. m.	
	6.15 p. m. arr. Summerside	Lv. 10.16 a. m.	
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THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

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Ranching in Alberta.

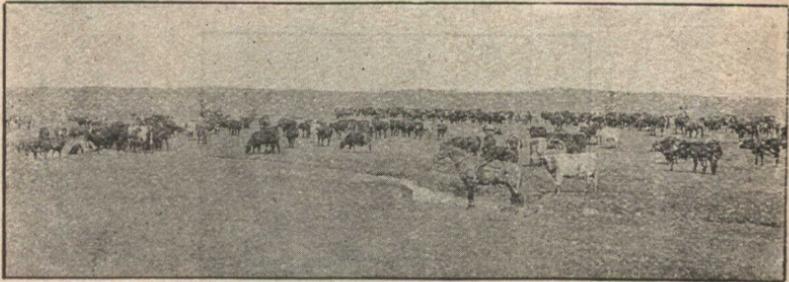
BY J. T. JENKINS, M. R. C. S. L.



DR. J. T. JENKINS.

FOR sportsmen, Alberta in the neighborhood of the mountains is a perfect paradise—wild ducks of endless variety abound, as do geese of two kinds. Swan can be had, but are not very plentiful; prairie chickens with other varieties of grouse are found in great numbers. All are good eating, but the chicken give best sport. Plover of many kinds, and a large curlew, of a fawn colour, breed on the prairie. Antelope, white-tailed deer, elk and black-tailed deer, are found

in the mountains and in some parts of the prairie. Mountain sheep and goats are found only in the mountains. These, with black, brown and grizzly bears, fall to the rifle of the ardent and enduring sportsman only. The tenderfoot and the nervous man better stick to the prairie. Wolf-hunting is rare sport. The danger of your horse putting his foot in a badger hole and giving you a roll, while at full gallop, lends sufficient excitement to the chase. Wolves are of three kinds, the coyote or smaller prairie wolf; the great prairie wolf, fierce and powerful; and the timber wolf, also



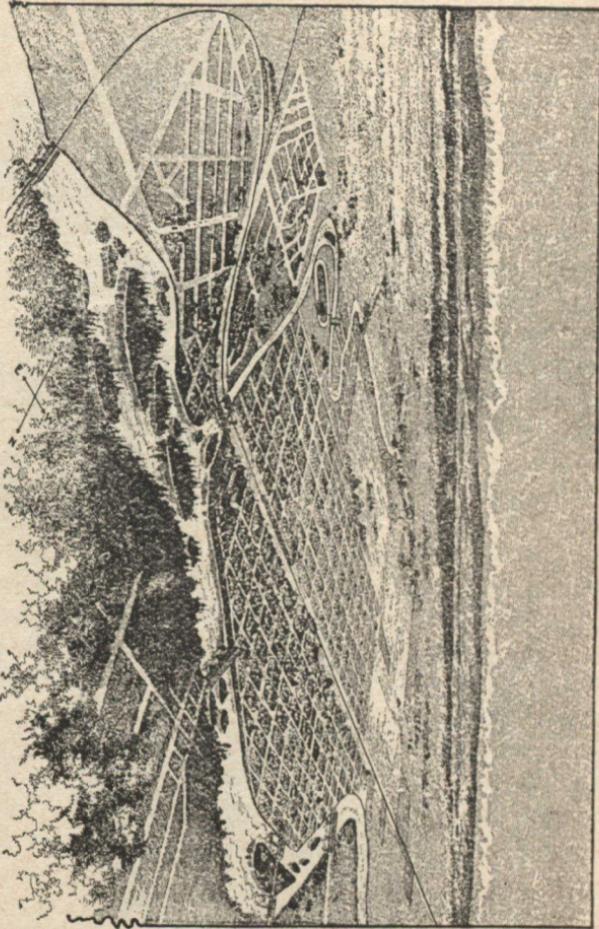
A CATTLE RANCH IN THE NORTHWEST

a great beast. The two latter being very destructive, great and successful efforts have been made to reduce their numbers. They are now hard to find.

There are usually two race meetings in McLeod, and one or two in the Creek, annually,

Cricket, football, lacrosse, hockey and baseball all find enthusiastic followers.

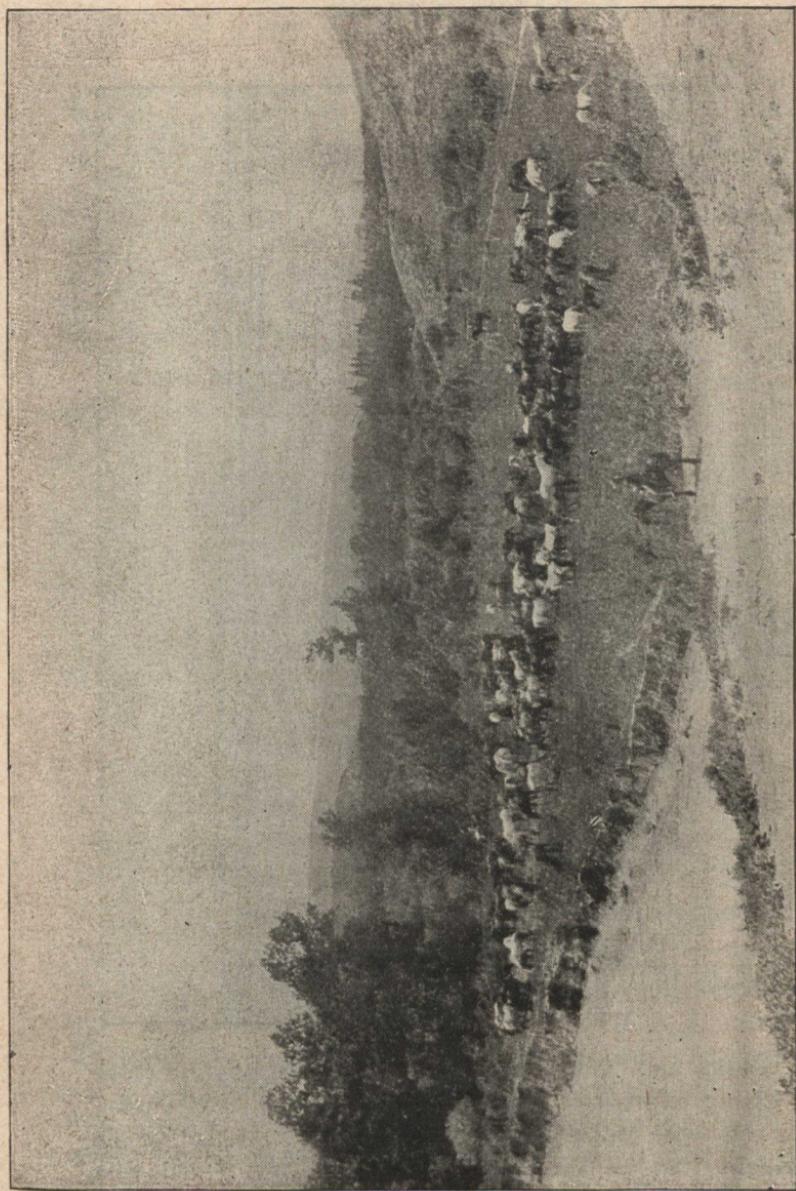
Politics don't interest the people very much. The constituency of Alberta was strongly conservative, but the selection of a most objectionable candidate in 1896 split the party, and a Liberal was elected; the Conservative standard bearer had not an idea



A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF CALGARY, ALBERTA.

Calgary is situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is the trade centre of the northern part of the ranching country.

of politics and, if he had possessed one, he was incapable of giving expression to it; but he was an Englishman, and his wife possessed money and a title; the people thought that he was "the man for Galway" and that



ON A HORSE RANCH NEAR CALGARY, ALBERTA.

whiskey and champagne galore would elect. The people did not object to the liquor, but they wanted a small modicum of brains as well; so they elected the Liberal. The Britisher was infinitely disgusted, you know; his defeat so affected his memory that he forgot to pay his election bills; he and the lady of title left the country—we may hope for its good—and left the Conservative party demoralized—much to its hurt.

It has been supposed that the influx of so many United States farmers into the Territories would have an injurious effect on Canadian politics, and fears are expressed that American institutions may supplant ours. There is not any ground for these apprehensions. Farmers don't trouble about politics and if they tried they could do nothing more than turn the scale between present parties by throwing their united weight on one side, as the Mormons and Galicians did in the last election, and put in the Liberal.

Transportation rather than politics occupies the mind of the western people—existing railways are incapable of carrying promptly the present comparatively small out-put,—when we reflect that we are yet merely on the fringe of our vast grain-growing area—3.5 per cent only being under cultivation in the three territories—Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan with Athabaska untouched—and that we shall see very soon instead of millions, hundreds of millions—and, before many years, thousands of millions of bushels for export; truly the means of transit for such an out-put is a perplexing problem.

It is probable that three additional railways will be run across the territories before long; but these, with numerous branches projected, will open new country, and from that source will have as much freight as they can carry, and existing conditions will not be much improved. I have always held the opinion that Hudson's Bay will prove the

best out-let for western produce. It is greatly to be regretted that both the late and the present governments should have so egregiously blundered in their investigations of this port; they sent expeditions in the Summer which failed to obtain any information as to the condition of the Bay in Fall and early Winter. The last steamer left on the 10th of October, with, as the report says, "no ice in sight." In October the enquiry should commence. I cannot help thinking that some sinister influence is at work to prevent Hudson's Bay being utilized as a western port. Western people must rise in their might and insist upon a complete and exhaustive enquiry, and if it is proved that navigation is practicable up to the middle of December, or even later, as I believe it will be with proper management, then the Government must build a double line of railway from Winnipeg and give the different railway companies power to run their trains over it. No one company could afford to have sufficient rolling stock in use for so short a period, and a double line is needed for prompt despatch.

I have long held the view that the roads of the country should be built by the Government whether it be a dirt-road, a stone road, or an iron road.

Railways should be a public work, managed and controlled, but not run, by the government. There should be double lines, and companies should have running powers over them at a rate based on the annual cost of management and repair, with freight rates in proportion. These ideas may be novel, but this is what we must come to before we can have that cheap transportation which will be so great a stimulus to all industries.

To those having an idea of emigrating I would say, young men don't go to the States. You hear glowing accounts of the few who achieve success, but nothing of the hundreds of thousands who plod along day after day, year after year, drudging for others often at the expense of health;

never becoming their own master, and helping by their hard labor to build up a foreign country. Go to our own West where by the same labor you will in a few years become independent and acquire a competency for your old age, and at the same time build up and develop this dear Canada of ours,—patriotism and prosperity will go together.

To men with large families, and no good prospects of settling their children, I also say, go West; steady labor with the rapidly increasing value of land will make you independent, even wealthy,—but to the farmer who is comfortable here, with no care for the future of his family, I say, be satisfied; stay where you are; there is no place I know of where a well-doing farmer can enjoy life more thoroughly than in this lovely little Island.

In my first paper I promised to give a sketch of the career of Kootenai Brown, a typical western pioneer; but, as this article is already long enough, I will leave Kootenai Brown for a future number.

A Pair of Geese.—A Reminiscence of the Salt Marsh.

BY HARRY HOTSPUR.

CLARISSA was an imported bird; that is, she came from Missouri, with another wild goose, sex unknown; and they formed the original charter number of our flock of wild-fowl. Clarissa was a very large handsome Canada wild goose, and so well marked, and uniform, in blending and colors, that at first she was mistaken for a male. It

will take a better ornithologist than we are, to distinguish between the sexes of wild geese.

They were intended originally for decoys, to use on the salt marsh in our hunting excursions. A lake was made for them to bathe and swim in, and they were turned out to grass, and soon made themselves perfectly at home. Every Spring and Autumn we added to the flock other wild geese and ducks, which had not been hit very hard—a wing broken, or only slightly wounded in the body—and with few exceptions they got over their injuries, and readily adapted themselves to their surroundings, one of which was a high close-meshed wire fence, and they proved as happy and contented as prisoners of war could be 'on the limits.' In the Spring, and Fall, though, they would evince considerable uneasiness, or a certain restlessness, due to their instinct to fly either North or South, as the seasons approached, and, no doubt, kept their neighbors awake honking after the flocks of wild geese passing over in their semi-annual flights.

Through constant association with them, and studying their nature, and habits, we learned their different languages or tongues. What, at first seemed perfectly unintelligible—a constant medley or jabber of voices, or a regular babel of discordant sounds, and in a decidedly foreign language,—the honk, a-honk, of the Canada goose; the quack, quack, or low soft manph of the mallard duck; the harsh and startling cra - cra, of the red-head; the softer, and more melodious creagh - cre, of the canvass-back; the sibilant whistle, iss - iss of the pintail; the mournful ah-le of the white-fronted goose, or speckled brant; and last, though not least in sound, or constant expression, the everlasting cackle-cackle of the snow geese, or white brant,—became quite plain and distinct in time. After a while, we could also discern their notes of alarm, from those of content, and pleasure; as, when they were alarmed by stran-

gers, or a yellow dog coming too close, or when contentedly feeding, and making advances to one another. The wild geese would bow to their partners, and the ducks curtsy to each other. Instinctively polite, and with more bowings and scrapings than a French dancing master, Clarissa never associated with the other geese, and held herself quite aloof. Nearly always by herself, even at feeding time, always on the outside, never seen in the centre of the flock, she never seemed a part of it. She fed, swam, rested, preened herself, always a little apart.

Often, when the others were busily occupied with their several needs, and satisfactions, she would stand almost motionless, her beautiful black and white neck and head high in the air, looking to the South, as if in expectation: listening, as if she awaited longed-for tidings. Sometimes in the morning, when the wind blew a little fresher than usual, she would take a quick short run with out-spread wings, and then feeling their crippled insufficiency, would stretch herself to her full height, and call a sonorous, out-reaching cry—honk-a, honk-a, honk.

The 'little lady' who was with us then, had names for all of the wild birds, and they knew her, and loved her, as she did them. She fed and nursed them, and conversed with them, partly in her own, and in their language, and there was a perfect understanding between them. Sometimes, she used to say—"S—, I just love those birds."

One particularly handsome canvass-back duck she called "Aunt Blanche;" a little, diminutive pintail, she nicknamed "Snips;" a large white brant, and his mate, answered her roll-call at breakfast time to the name of Mr. and Mrs. Cackles;" and, a nondescript, half-mantled sickly-looking mallard drake, she called "Freckles,"—he never did seem to get his feathers back again in their right places, after moulting; and had a patchy and freckled appearance.

Clarissa and the 'little lady' were great chums. The

far-away look in her eyes would disappear, and she seemed to brighten up, and take a little more interest in her every day life, when her mistress would stop, and talk to her; and she would greet her with repeated duckings of her long slender snake-like neck, and say softly—"Ah-onk. Honk-ah," which is—Good morning, how do you do, in goosish language.

The "little lady" used to say that "Clarissa was expecting some one from the South; watching and waiting for her mate," when lo! *'the big fellow'* came upon the scene. On the 'Salt Marsh,' one Spring, in the latter end of March, we were sitting in the sink box, rather late in the evening, and had made up our minds to go in and hunt up the cook and some supper, when we heard a far-away honk. Directly over head, and about seventy-five yards in the air, was the Honker. We had been shooting ducks, and the geese had almost all taken their departure for the distant North; and had only No. 6 shot in the guns, and no time to change cartridges. So, he got the load full in the breast, which brought him down a little, but recovering himself he went on. So he received the other barrel, which fetched him to the ground. He was the biggest wild goose we ever shot, judging from a distance, as he started off over the marsh, as fast as the wind and one sound wing would take him—a pretty fast clip, as the wind was blowing about 100 miles an hour, as it usually does in the month of March in Kansas. He had too much speed for us—that was evident at a glance. We halloaed to a "mud lark" (a name we had for the class of fellows who hide in holes, on the edge of the shooting preserves, and pot the crips—and bag them too, and a great nuisance). "One dollar for that goose—*alive*." He jumped at the offer and to his feet instantly, and went after him. We watched him, until he got out of our sight, both going, but the goose was about 100 yards in the lead. The running was rather difficult,

about a foot of soft tenacious black mud with four inches of water over it did not make the very firmest footing. Our 'mud lark' was clearly a sprinter, and he needed all his running and staying powers. Well, about three hours after, he brought in the goose. He said he "*felt tired*," and he certainly looked it. He was as limp as a damp rag, and mud from head to foot. He thought he ought to have had five dollars for the return trip. "Sure," we said. "Here's the money—just less four dollars," handing him a one dollar William. "Take the goose outside, and put him in the empty sink box. Give him a pan of water, and an ear of corn, and then come in and get your supper." After he had eaten about four dollars worth, he asked where he could sleep, as he did not think he could "make it" to his "shack," that night. "Well, we are full in here," we said, "but in the boat-house, outside, you will find two boats, one of hard wood, the other of soft pine. Take the softer one of pine, and there are a few duck feathers on the bottom. It will look like a feather bed, and you look like you needed a good comfortable night's rest." He retired to his *bed*, and was limp enough to have slept on a clothes line, without falling off. We brought the "big fellow" up with us. He had perfectly recovered from his wounds, and was a picture of health, beauty, and vigor. The first honk he gave on the pond, brought Clarissa over to him, with a low sweet-toned ah-onk. Clarissa was a gone goose—'dead gone' 'on' the 'big fellow.' A case of love at first sight. Her patience, and, long lonely vigil had been rewarded at last, and the long expected one had arrived. From that time, four years ago, until to-day, they have been inseparable.

Three years ago, on the 10th of May, she hatched, and brought up a promising family of four youngsters. Last year, Clarissa was frightened off her nest, by some strangers, who, with more curiosity than good breeding, went

into the enclosure and handled her eggs. The "big fellow" chased them out ; but it was too late ; Clarissa was mortally offended, and never went back to her nest. At present, she is busily engaged hatching out a bunch of five eggs. Her lord and master never leaves her, but stands on guard, close to the nest, to keep off intruders. Not another duck, or goose, is allowed by him on that side of the pond. Their love for one another, their constancy and fidelity to each other, is touching, and a lesson in conjugal felicity to much bigger geese of another species.

A Fishing Cruise in the Gulf.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

"We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor-mouth ;
And madly danced our hearts with joy
As fast we fled to the South!
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round
And we might sail for evermore."

THE above was literally true of us—with the exception of the point of the compass referred to, which should have read "North"—on a summer morning in the month of July of the past summer, in the good schooner S—, Capt. C—, bound out from a port on the north shore of our Island, for the fishing grounds on the Gulf coast of New Brunswick. With a south wind behind us, a smooth sea reaching before, and the deck of a staunch, swift-craft be-

neath our feet, we soon sank North Cape, with its lonely beacon, below the sea line; and shortly after, the low shores of New Brunswick, in the vicinity of Point Escuminac, lay like a haze on the horizon ahead.

Sailing in towards the land, the captain hove the vessel to and waited for evening to set adrift his mile or more of mackerel nets, the work of setting which was not completed until the sun had sunk, and the light of Escuminac shone out to guard the entrance to the River Miramichi. With four dories—two men to a dory, and an equal string of nets to each—the work was swift and light, and all night long the vessel sailed slowly up and down to leeward of the nets; but when the gray dawn came stealing toward us from the East, the cook turned out of his bunk, and, by the time the sun was up, breakfast was over and the crew were on their way to overhaul the nets.

When mackerel are plenty it is no uncommon sight to see the net coming on board the dory in an almost solid sheet of silver, and surely nothing so gladdens the heart of the fisherman as a "fleet" of nets thus laden with "the prettiest fish that swims." There is also something to learn in the disentangling of the fish from the meshes of the net and the amateur at this work usually pricks his hands, fouls the net and in other ways adds to the difficulty of overhauling.

But on this particular morning our catch was comparatively small. All through the long summer day we cruised about and tried the mackerel with the hook, but it was no use; the fates was against us or a "Jonah" was on board; so, when the evening came, the skipper set a southern course, for waters where it was reported fish were plenty. As the vessel came abreast of Escuminac, a heavy thunder storm came up from the west, but before the first swirl of the hurricane had reached us, the sails were down and a double-reefed foresail set. In a few minutes the heaviest of

the squall was over, but not before it had kicked up a nasty sea from the sou'west, under which circumstances the writer considered it better to go below, "turn in" and try to forget in sleep the unaccustomed roll and lurch of the schooner, that was steadily bowling along, close hauled, with her nose toward the south.

In the morning I arose, and, crawling up the companion, looked forth expecting to see a new country, but lo ! before me lay the low coast and pilot-houses on the north of Escuminac, under which we were anchored with fifty fathoms of cable out, while a howling wind was blowing off shore. It happened that the wind had increased rapidly during the night and the captain had put back under the shelter of the land, a circumstance of which I was blissfully ignorant. The only thing of which I was conscious during the night being a particularly greater lurch of the vessel when I awoke to clutch the side of my bunk to keep myself from rolling on the cabin floor.

As the day advanced the wind went down, and by noon we were again under sail, this time on a north course, bound for the Bay of Chaleur, where our captain said he seldom failed to find fish. From Escuminac to Point Miscou, the N. B. coast is low and wooded, with no especial features of interest. When abreast of Tracadie, we could see the tall spire of the church in that settlement looming above the haze that lay along the land, and through the opening of Shippegan gully we caught the first faint view of the blue hills of "Old Canada" full fifty miles away.

It was the Skipper's intention to set his nets adrift off the Pigeon Hills—a high, sandy cape that marks the north-east corner of Shippegan Island, but suddenly the wind—shifty all the afternoon—veered around to the north-east, so the original intention was abandoned, and, as the sky looked threatening and the wind increased, sail was shortened; the watches doubled; and the captain decided to beat his

way to windward, and so round Point Miscou, twelve miles distant. There is much weariness and uncertainty trying to round a cape against the wind, sea, and a strong tide; and though we were not cursed with the luck of old Vanderdecken of phantom ship memory, still for many hours after night had fallen we were not yet well to windward of the flashlight that blazed and dimmed on Miscou Point.

On going below and "turning in" I lay for a long time listening to the turmoil on deck. The slatting of sails and rattle of blocks as we came about on a new tack, the race of the sea along the vessel's side, the skipper's orders and the crew's reponse; and, now and then, the depth of water called by the man who was "feeling for the land" with the lead as we swung along on the starboard tack—all had a decided tendency to banish sleep from one unaccustomed to the ways of the sea; and more than once did I crawl to the companion way to reassure myself, by a sight of the figure in oilskins at the wheel, that all was well; but this (so our captain said) was only a "slight brush" from the north-east.

When daylight dawned we this time looked forth on new scenes. Away to the north lay the iron hills of Gaspé, extending down to Pierce and Cape Despair, running like a solid wall into the gulf, as Gilbert Parker says in "The Battle of the Strong;"—to the south and leeward was the low sandy coast of Miscou Island, with its high light-house tower, whose beacon had winked at us all through the preceding night, and directly ahead stretched out the waters of Bay Chaleur. As we worked around the point, the wind kept backing to the north, and now as we entered the Bay, a north-west wind came up to meet us. Verily the Bay Chaleur is the home of the "Nor-Wester," for before we reached Miscou Harbor—the western end of the gully between Miscou and Shippegan Islands—the short, choppy seas were foaming white around us, and our lee rail was buried in their foam. Miscou Harbor—to the south of the Island—consists of a small settlement of Scotch and English people, the remaining population of the island being Acadians. At the Harbor the principal business is carried on by two Montreal gentlemen, who do a large trade during

the Summer months in canning lobsters and berries. The majority of the population own small plots of land which they cultivate indifferently, thereafter spending their days upon the sea with net and line.

While we were in Miscou, a picnic was held by the Roman Catholic congregation, which the crew attended to a man, and while driving the four miles from the harbor to the picnic grounds, we had some chance to note the physical features of the Island. Most of the low, level country we passed through was covered with wood, soft woods generally, with here and there large tracts of blue-berry barrens. The houses of the settlers along the highway were generally surrounded by a few acres of cultivated land, in a few cases fertilized with cod heads, which, on this hot July day, "smelled to high heaven." Judging by the number of pigs we passed along the road, the Miscou settler is certainly partial to the flesh of swine as an article of diet. I was informed that these animals have an almost human intelligence with regard to the movement of the tides, for during low water they invariably come in droves to the beach to dig for clams, nature having provided them with a remarkably long snout for this purpose; in fact this abnormal development was so marked, that the Irish member of our crew suggested we suspend one of the hogs by the ears for the purpose of ascertaining whether the body balanced the snout, an experiment we decided to postpone until the day of our departure.

A noticeable thing in connection with this Island, is the number of foot-paths running throughout the fields and woods; this was especially remarked about the "Harbor," very often these paths being the only means of communication between the different houses; but during our visit a new road was being opened up, with the intention of doing away with these old and crooked thoroughfares, which, I was told, had been marked out by the settlers under the French regime, and worn smooth by the feet of their descendants.

Our stay in Miscou was all too short. Space, only, will not permit me to tell more of Miscou harbor, or the hospitality of its people. Suffice it to say, that a number of our crew had each his object of adoration in the village, judging by the frequency of their visits ashore, and the lateness

of their arrival on board at night, moreover it appeared that this feeling was reciprocated by the fair daughters of the Island, for I was afterwards informed that more than one fair maiden had a cat under a half-bushel measure on the day we sailed.

Yet notwithstanding this invocation to the wind, the weather soon moderated and we once more "hove her up again" and started after the much-sought mackerel. For nearly a week we sailed the Bay Chaleur, now off the fishing village of Carraquette, with its long straggling street running from the margin of the Bay to the church back on the hill, now out on "Carraquette Bank," lying-to at night to leeward of the drifting nets, and in the day-time fishing with hook and line from the vessel's rail, or, more often, from the dories; but one morning the skipper shaped his course for the broad Gulf, and late that afternoon we looked our last upon the eternal hills to the north, and rounding Point Miscou in a sou'west breeze that freshened hourly, we started the long "beat" to windward and—home. As darkness settled down—"one by one the lights came up, winked and let us by"; somewhere through the early night we came up with, and left behind, two or three coasting schooners which had gone down the Bay in the early morning while we were overhauling our nets; here and there we passed the fishing boats of the intrepid "Carraquette," extending, at regular intervals almost, from the New Brunswick coast to North Cape, like buoys marking our course, and when the Captain, who had been assuring himself that every square foot of canvass was drawing, had given some instructions to the wheel-man and gone below, I sought the company of the crew in the foc'stle, attracted thither by the melodious strains of Jack's voice. And here a short paragraph on the personnel of our crew may not be out of order.

For boisterous fun and spirits "Jack" was easily first; he

had knocked about the world some and in his wanderings had accumulated a repertory of jest and song, which, mixed in with a large measure of native wit, was a source of never-ceasing delight to the foc's'le. "Jack" was also a true son of the sea and had the sailor's traditional aptitude for making friends with the fair sex, which I particularly noticed in each port we visited. Our cook on the other hand took life far more seriously than "Jack," though he was not averse to taking a hand in the tricks and jests of the others. In fact, beneath the surface of his staid and serious demeanor, lurked a nature capable of enjoying to the fullest the practical jokes of the foc's'le, in a great many of which jokes there were strong reasons for suspecting him of being the prime mover. All this deducted nothing, however, from his excellence in the culinary art, and, though the strong invigorating sea-air may have played its part, the writer can truthfully say that never did he respond to anything with more alacrity than to the cook's summons to meals.

The other members of our crew were all good men ; the mate, though young in years, was old in experience, and, like "Jack," was a true son of the sea, with much the same aptitude for making friends on shore ; and over all was the captain, who had been bred to this life from a boy and one in whose judgment the crew had perfect confidence. On the following morning we lay rolling in a long oily swell, with not enough of wind to lift the sails, which creaked and swung from side to side as the schooner rolled in the sea, and far into the southward we could see North Cape light-house gleaming white above the red sand-stone cliffs, and the sails of the fishing boats along the coast, glistening in the morning sun.

As the morning advanced, we now and then caught slight airs from the south-west, which helped us in our reach down the coast, and also tempered the heat ; for the

deck of a vessel is certainly not the coolest spot on earth, when the wind dies out and the sun over-head as well as its rays reflected from the water, seem to be focussed on the craft thus situated. Early in the afternoon we reached the harbor entrance, and, crossing the bar against a tide that "boiled" sea-ward, we were in a short time made fast to the wharf from which we had cast off the lines two weeks before, and able to report a fair catch of fish below deck, with all hands well.

When the Night Falls.

BERTA M. CLEVELAND.

Here is broad night, and here still skies
And a still world expand;
Glory of sweet eternity,
Has settled on the land.

Eyes that hot noons have scorched from tears,
Heart, heavy with their sight,
Close in lost sleep, if thou cans't dream
No dream to match the night!

Wolfville, N. S.



The First Families of Canada.—Continued.

By J. EDWARD RENDLE.

THE Micmac's wigwam is a curious structure ; in form and construction it differs but slightly with the homes of their original ancestors. A site is generally chosen near a stream, or shore, in a sheltered place well wooded ; here the Micmac prepares his timber of construction. The frame is first raised and fastened, these he cuts out of straight spruce trees, felled and trimmed by his squaw, then he proceeds to cover it in ; which he does by placing the bark of the hemlock or birch on the now upright frame, tier overlapping tier, this he covers over with spruce boughs and lines the inside with the same. Boughs are neatly spread down inside the camp, forming an admirable substitute for carpets, beds, and cushions. In the winter season the doorway is also partly covered with them, placed so as to spring back and forth as you pass and re-pass, a piece of blanket or skin hangs on the outside of the door. Every part of the wigwam, every bar, every fastening, every tier of bark, and every appendage, whether for ornament or use, has its name, and all the different portions of the one room their appropriate names and uses. The fire occupies the centre. There sits on the one side of the fire, the master and mistress ; and on the other the aged people. The wife has her place next the door, and by her sits her brave ; you will never see a woman sitting above her husband ; for towards the back part of the camp is up. This is the place of honor. To this place visitors and strangers, when received with a cordial welcome, are invited to come. The children are taught to honor their parents. The rod is applied unsparingly, to tame their rebellious spirits and teach them

good manners. They do not pass between their parents and the fire, unless there are old people or strangers on the opposite side. The inmates of a camp have their appropriate postures as well as places. The men sit cross-legged. The women sit with their feet twisted around to one side, one under the other. The younger children sit with their feet extended in front. Their women are accounted as inferiors, they maintain a respectful reserve in their words when their husbands are present. "When Indian make bargain, squaw never speakum." Thus was a merchant's lady once coolly but pointedly reprov'd by an indignant son of the forest, when she objected to her husband's giving him his full price for his furs. The Indian woman never walks before her husband when they travel.

Female life among the Indians had no bright side ; it was as Francis Parkman says : "A youth of license, an age of drudgery. Marriage existed among them, but divorce took place at the will or caprice of either party. The marriage ceremony, which consists mainly of the feast, was exceedingly simple, courtship is not once thought of, and the ceremony is a bargain between the young man and the parents of the maiden. Once a mother, and married with a reasonable degree of permanency, the Micmac woman became a drudge. In March and April she gathers fire-wood. Then came saving of maize, smoking fish, dressing skins, making clothing and cordage ; on the trail she bore the heaviest burden, the women were their horses, and the natural effect followed. In every encampment were shrivelled up old women, hideous and despised, while in ferocity and cruelty, far exceeded the men.

The women of the Micmacs had a peculiar art in dressing skins and making them soft and pliable, those they fashioned into clothing, tight-fitting, securing warmth and comfort ; for an out-side wrap they sewed together two skins of moose or beaver, forming a square, which they tied

across the breast ; it lay in folds over the shoulders and trailed on the ground, the edges were cut in strips forming a fringe. The heeless shoe "mkusum," gathered around the toe and sewed into a flat piece on the instep was a model of neatness, they also made the portable cradle, in which rudely strapped, the mother carried her child on her back, the little one's face turned to the sunshine and storm.

To the men fell the task of building the camps, and making weapons, pipes and canoes ; no easy task, as they made their own tools, guages, hammers, scrapers, knives, and arrow-heads out of stone; for the rest their home-life was one of leisure and amusement. They fished with hooks cut out of bone, or with nets woven by twine, made by rolling hemp on their thighs. Their canoes, in which they would paddle for long distances along the great rivers and forest streams, were made of birch bark, taken off whole, and stretched on a light frame, stitched with fibrous roots, the seams being daubed with spruce gum; sometimes a sail was used made from the skin of a young moose.

But their most mysterious fabric was *wampum*. This was at once their currency, their ornament, their pen, ink, and parchment. There is a pretty legend among the Micmacs relating to the discovery of *wampum*; which at a future time, I may relate for the readers of the P. E. I. MAGAZINE.

Wampum was made in early times of wood and shells of various colors, but similar in size. The white *wampum* was wrought from the great concho, and the purple from the inside of the mussel shell. It is thought by some writers, to have belonged solely to the Canadian Indians. The shells are made into the form of beads, strung on leather thongs, and used as *wampum* strings, or woven into belts of various sizes and designs. The peace-belt was given to individuals and tribes as a token of friendship and

was made of white beads, the war-belts were woven with those of a darker color ; when a war-belt was sent to a tribe and accepted, it denoted that common cause in war was to be made by both. The giving and taking of a *wampum* belt was a form never omitted in making a treaty. *Wampum* was in a way, their records, for by the designs worked on the belts, they aided their memory in fixing the chief points in their treaties, they were employed for narrating historical records ; these wampum strings and belts were kept as a sort of history, and it was the duty of one old man in the tribe to be keeper of the *wampum*—that is, to take care of the various strings, and remember and interpret what they signified. The *wampum* bead was cylindrical in shape, and about a quarter of an inch in length ; as the shells from which the purple *wampum* was made were rarer and had to be brought from a great distance, and was twice the value.

The Indians glory consists in being honoured as a warrior, his ability as a hunter, medicine man or orator, is nothing compared to the esteem in which he is held by his tribe as a successful soldier. The Micmacs sprang from a fighting stock, and kept up the reputation of the family, as far as that was concerned, their chief enemies were the Mohawks and the Kennebecs within, and the English and French without. The Micmacs were always anxious to secure scalps, and the warrior who had the greatest number was held in high estimation by his tribe and feared by his enemies ; it was impossible for him to carry the body of his victim to prove his valour, and so he took the scalp. When Lord Rollo in 1758 invaded and took the Island of St. John from the French, he saw in the fort at La Joie, and in the lodges of the Indians, newly taken scalps, that told of the depredations committed by the Island Indians on the English in Acadia.

The Micmacs bury their dead, wrapped in his robe of fur or blanket, the friends of the deceased bears the warrior

to his grave, and in his grave is placed his pipe and tobacco, his bow and arrows and many other things of greater or less value. These articles are placed there to avoid disputes among friends and to keep the conscience clear from a charge of stealing from the dead. The best explanation is that found in the native religion of the tribes. They believed that everything in nature is possessed of a spirit, and that the spirits of the articles devoted to the deceased depart with him and are used in the spirit world. A brave man was the Indian at approaching death. No craven fear possesses him when his enemies scoff at him and apply their tortures. He gives scoff for scoff, and urges them to do their utmost to injure him. When death is certain he sings his death song, which Loskiel says is translated into these words, "I go to death, and shall suffer great torture; but I will endure the greatest torments inflicted by my enemies with becoming courage, and go to those heroes who have died in the same manner."

Almost 150 years have come and gone since the Micmacs settled into quiet subjects of the British Crown. All of the customs of the Indians have been different from ours, and yet we have been guilty of judging these people in the light of our own customs, and not estimating them from their own standpoint. We might learn many lessons from the native dignity and independence of the Red-man; they are studying our customs and adopting many of them, and alas! to their sorrow, they are imitating many of the vices of the white-man. Contact with civilization has made them indolent and left them uneducated, their hunting grounds and distinctive dress are gone, and as a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their wigwams are in the dust, their council fire has long since gone out, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly but surely they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. On the western plains, native songs wafted on the evening breezes, are the dying requiem of the departing savage.

Scottish Personal Names.

BY REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

G stands for Gaelic; Ger for German; Gk for Greek; H for Hebrew; L for Latin; N for Norse; and W for Welsh.

Adam, H, man.

Adamnan or Owanan, little Adam.

Alexander, Gk, defender of men; in Gaelic, Alister.

Allan, G, apparently from ail, a rock.

Andrew, Gk, manly.

Angus, G, from aon, one, and gus, choice, only or special choice.

Aodh, G, fire; in English, Ay.

Arthur, W, from Art or Arth, a bear.

Colin, G, a whelp.

Calum, G, a dove. Probably, however, all the Scottish Calums have derived their name from Calum—Cille or St. Columba.

Charles, Ger, strong, man-like.

Coinneach, G, fair one; in English, Kenneth.

Cormac, G, for Corbmac, son of the chariot, a chariot-eer.

David, H, beloved.

Dermid, G, God-minding.

Donall, Donell, or Donald, G, world-ruler.

Dugall, Dugald, or Dougald, black stranger or foreigner.

Duncan, originally Donnchad, G, from warrior.

Eachann, G, horse-lord; Anglicized Hector.

Eacharn, G, for Each-thighearna, horse lord,

Eoghan or Ewen, G, well-born; in Welsh, Owen.

Ferchar or Farquhar, G, a dearly loved man.

Fergus, G, a choice man.

Fingall, G, from fionn, fair, and gall, a foreigner, fair stranger.

Finlay, G, from Fionn-laoch, fair hero.

Fingon, G, fair-born.

George, Gk, a farmer.

Gilchrist, G, servant of Christ.

Gillespic or Gillespie, G, bishop's attendant.

Gilleoin or Gillesheathain, G, servant of St. John; in English, Gil-lean, with the accent on the last syllable.

Gillies or Gilliosa, G, servant of Jesus.

Gillemoire, G, servant of Mary.

Gillemhicheil, F, servant of St. Michael.

Gillinnein or Gillennan, G, servant of St. Finnan.

Gillebhrath or Gillivray, G, servant of judgment.

Gillownan, G, servant of St. Adamnan.

Gregor, Gk, for watchful.

James, H, a supplanter.

John, H, the gracious gift of God.

Lachlan, G, apparently a curtailed form of Lochlannach; a Scandinavian, or an inhabitant of the land of lakes and firths.

Laomann, Lamon, Lamond or Lamont, with the accent on the first syllable, N, law-man.

Magnus, L, great; in Gaelic, Manus, the a being long and sounded as in Latin, or rather as it ought to be sounded in Latin.

Maolcalum, G, servant of St. Columba; Anglicized into Malcolm.

Maoliosa, G, servant of Jesus; in English, Malise, the i being long, and sounded as in Gaelic and Latin.

Murdoch, G, sea-warrior.

Neil, G, a champion.

Nectan, Neachdan or Naughton, G, pure.

Neacail or Nicol, Gk, victory of the people.

Patrick, L, Patrician.

Paidean, little Patrick; in English, Paton, the a being long.

Paul, L, little; in Gaelic, Pol or Pal.

Philip, Gk, lover of horses.

Ranald, N, a ruler appointed by the gods.

Robert, Ger, bright fame.

Ruaidhri, G, Rory, red king.

Somerled, N, a summer sailor; in Gaelic, Somhairle.

Terlach, G, well-shaped, in English, generally Charles, but correctly Tarlach or Torloch.

Thomas, H, a twin; in Gaelic, Tomas or Tamhus.

Torquil or Torcall, N, Thor's Kettle.

William, German, Willhelmet, resolute protector; such at least as William Wallace was; in Gaelic, Uilliam.

How Eachann means horse-lord will puzzle Highlanders who may be good Gaelic scholars.

There is no difficulty about the first part of the name. each, which is often of the same origin as the Latin word equus.

Donn means a lord, and also brown.

Donn, meaning lord, is not to be found in our modern Gaelic Dictionaries; it is given, however, in O'Reilly's Dictionary, and in older works.

Each-donn, horse-lord, was first changed to Each-dhonn, and then to Eachann.

The correct English form of the name would really be Ecton or Hector.

As Hector, however, was the name of the great hero of Troy, and sounded very much like Hecton, it was fixed upon as the best name that could be used in English for Hector. Of course the Keltic name Hecton, and the Greek name Hector, have no root connection.

Daniel is a different name in origin, sound and meaning, from Donald, or Donaldus in the majestic language of Rome. The contracted form of Donald is Don, and of Daniel, Dan.

Gillespie is rendered into English by Archibald, a totally different name. There is no English for Gillesbuig, except Gillespie or Gillespie.

At the present day Rory seems to be looked upon as a contracted form of Roderick, and is supposed to be suitable enough for little boys, but not for men. Rory has nothing to do with Roderick. It is a Keltic name and means red king or rather red-haired ruler. A name with such a meaning as that ought surely to be aristocratic enough for any one.

Somhairle is now translated into English by the Hebrew name Samuel, a name which has no connection with it in sound, or meaning or origin. There is no English for Somhairle, but Somerled.

The Macdougalls and the Macdonalds rejoice in tracing themselves back to Somhairle Mor Mac-Gillebhrìde. If they name their children after the prophet Samuel, who was a much greater man than the thane of Argyle, they have a perfect right to do so. I should feel sorry, however, to see them think so little of the heroic Somerled, of Argyle, as to change his name into Samuel, a good name, I admit, but not the same name as Somerled.

Aeneas is an entirely different name from Angus. But it has a Virgilian sound, and that favours its being substituted for Angus.

Hugh is a Dutch name, and means mind. But in the Highlands and Ireland it is not used in that sense; it is used simply as the English equivalent of Aodh or Ay, fire. Uisdean, which is now the Gaelic name for Hugh, really means little Hugh. Hugh is sometimes erroneously substituted for Ewen, or Owen, Eugenius.

Tormod, or Tormaid, is a common name in the Highlands. In English, Norman, which simply means a Northman has taken the place of it. Thus, so far as English is concerned, Tormod is an utterly unknown name.

❧ Ancient Abegweit—Or ❧
Something New.

By Tom A. Hawke.

CHAPTER IV.

COMMODORE CARTER was a gentleman of the true stamp, and in many ways showed a leaning towards those things which go to hold up a gentleman and his reputation. Thus we find him the day following the events narrated in the last chapter leaning over the port bow thinking perchance of "La Belle France" and such like. Suddenly he stirred and stood upright. His intellectual dome had evidently found room for a brand new idea. Making a dive for his cabin he went down the five steps in two strides of his well-proportioned set of beams. "To fish or not to fish that is the question." quoth Jake. "The answer is 'to fish.' "

"Gaston!" he cried to the cabin boy, "My dear Gaston, procure for me my tackle, for a-fishing I must go! Out on the river, yestreen, fish saw I in plenty, and goodly at that, such as never saw I before. Have done with scrubbing and washing of dishes and follow me ashore. This is too fine a day to lightly set aside. Having discovered this land—let's see what it contains."

Quickly Gaston from out the narrow corner of the cabin brought forth the commodore's fishing apparatus. True, the hooks were not so finely finished as the hooks of to-day, nor the four-piece rod so daintily constructed, but this state of affairs was atoned for by the fact that fish

were not so particular as to what they had for dinner or how often they dined; neither did they vacate the streams and other summer resorts on the coming of the 24th of May or the 1st of July, as they have learned to do in these days of our modern civilization. Those were the days when you could tell a fish story and it would be believed.

The orders were given and the dinghy quickly launched. Stout arms made the little craft fairly bound through the water. The murmuring pines and hemlocks standing near the shore suddenly forgot to murmur and stood like surprised effigies gazing upon the spirit of their former quietness. It was one of those beautiful scenes our own special artist would like very much to picture, but fortunately he is away on his summer vacation. At last a spot was reached where the water was considered not deep enough for drowning purposes and almost too shallow for fishing.

"This will be an ideal spot," said Jake, "I have selected this spot for fear that mania for 'rocking the boat' which is coming into vogue so much of late at the fashionable watering places of the Old and New World, may suddenly overtake some of us."

"Shall I weigh anchor now, Monsieur?" inquired the bosun with some slight hesitation, for he had not recovered from a "calling down" he had received while up aloft on the night previous for having dropped a cake of soap overboard when near the Magdalenes.

Perhaps we had better wait until we catch a few fish, replied the commodore, sarcastically. "Then we can weigh it with their scales. Heave the anchor overboard."

This order was quickly obeyed, the boatswain little thinking that he was establishing a precedent by causing the first drop in what looked very much like Dominion Iron.

Soon the lines were overboard and fishing was indulged in for about two hours. At the end of that time the boat was as full as if it had been out on a royal toot for two

nights and had bumped up against a non-enforced prohibition law.

What was in that boat? If you are looking for inside information I will give you a slight idea. It contained lobsters, crabs, eels, trout, perch, cobblers, salmon, skate-fish flat-fish, smelts, tommy-cods and rock-eels. These were all writhing about in the bottom of the boat. It was the first time a baited hook had ever been let down in these waters and the fish, like some people, when they come in contact with anything new, naturally took to it, and soon became very much attached to it.

"Shall we take them all back to the ship?" asked a hardy shell-back as he stopped in the middle of his work of winding up his line to remove a crab which was endeavoring to crawl up his back.

"Take them? Why, certes," answered the Commadore. "All is fish that comes into our net. That is our motto! We will hold on to them in the name of His Royal Majesty King Louis XVI, who is our lawful and great sovereign. It looks like rain off to the west!"

"By St. Malo! we are in for a squall!" quoth the bo'sun, who happened to cast his eyes up from a stone jar which lay in the stern sheets, and into which he seemed to have been intently gazing, "It will be down upon us before we know where we are."

"Thou hast spoken right for once, my bold Pierre, and doubt I greatly if we do know where we lie at present."

The words had hardly passed the lips of the venerated commander before the rain came down—a deluge. Seldom has such rain fallen since. The oldest inhabitant when asked his opinion regarding this shower said he had never seen such a down-pour. The brave followers of Jake, had faced Indians with poisoned arrows, ice-bergs, and polar-bears, and even book agents, but never anything to com-

pare with this; nevertheless they shrank not when the inevitable came, although we have it on good authority that their clothing afterwards shrank. Strenuously the oars were plied but the heavy load of fish weighted the skiff down. Then the rain began to fill the boat and revive hope in the hearts of the piscatorial passengers. Lobsters and crabs began to wrestle and climb around looking for a means of escape. Small smelts and big trout looked around in search of the cause of the melee and in fact there was a general awakening among all the fish that were not dead. The crew were alarmed.

"We must throw these fish overboard, cried Gaston, or we will never reach the ship."

"Throw nothing overboard," thundered forth Jake. "Think you that I am going to waste my precious time catching fish to throw overboard. All you have to do is to row and I'll see that the ship is reached," saying which he bent over and removed the remains of a crab from the locker where he had been sat upon by the commodore. As they were within about ten yards of the ship, suddenly an oar smashed short and the man who had been rowing fell backwards among the fish and the others of the crew turning about to see what had happened, over-balanced the boat. She instantly filled and the crew were left floundering in the water.

(To be continued.)





JOHN T. MCKENZIE

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

Ensigns of Ancient Nations.

FOLLOWING is a list of the ensigns of some of the ancient nations, regarding which I have at different time received enquiries:

- Of Ancient Athens—an owl.
- China—a dragon
- Ancient Corinth—a flying horse, *i.e.* Pegasus.
- Ancient Danes—a raven.
- Ancient Egypt—a bull, crocodile, a vulture.
- England (in the Tudor era) St. George's Cross.
- Ancient France—the cape of St. Martin, then the oriflamme.
- The Franks (Salian)—a bull's head.
- The Gauls—a wolf, bear, bull, cock.
- The ancient Lacedemonians—the letter Alpha (A).
- The ancient Messenians—the letter mu (M).
- The ancient Persians—a golden eagle with outstretched wings on a white field; a dove.
- The Paisdadian Dynasty of Persia—a black-smith's apron.
- The ancient Romans—an eagle for the legion; a wolf, a horse, a boar, a minotaur, etc.
- Romulus—a handful of hay or fern.
- The ancient Saxons—a trotting horse.
- The Turks—horses tails.
- The Ancient Welsh—a dragon.

The Standard of Romulus, a handful of hay or fern mentioned above was succeeded by bronze or silver devices of the wolf, horse, boar, etc., attached to a staff. In later ages the Roman Standard was the image of the Emperor, a hand outstretched. Marius confined all promiscuous devices to the cohorts and reserved the eagle for the exclusive use of the legion. This eagle, made of gold and silver, was borne on the top of a spear and was represented with its wings outspread, and bearing in one of its talons a thunderbolt.

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGERS - Con't

An Arab Proverb.

The man who knows not that he knows not aught—
 He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
 Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—
 He is but simple; take thou him and teach him,
 But whose knowing, knows not that he knows—
 He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.
 The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows—
 Cleave thou to him and nevermore forsake him.

—London Spectator.

The Clock Struck One.

The head of the family, with his beloved sweetbriar and his favorite magazine, had settled back in the rocker for a quiet, comfortable evening.

On the other side of an intervening table was the miniature counterpart of himself, the wrinkling of whose eight-year-old forehead indicated that he was mentally wrestling with some perplexing problem. After a while he looked towards his comfort-loving parent and, with a hopeless inflection asked,—

"Pa?"

"Yes, my son."

"Can the Lord make everything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Every everthing."

"There is nothing, my son, that he cannot do?"

"Papa, could He make a clock that would strike less than one?"

"Now, Johnny, go right up stairs to your ma, and don't stop down here to annoy me when I'm reading."

Johnny went and wondered still.

—Lippincott's.

A Frenchman went into the druggist's a day or two ago and asked for "witch hazel." "My leetle boy fall down and hurt him bad," said the foreigner; "he got ground in his look." The child had dirt in his eye.

Lippincott's.

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Simon W. Crabbe

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Cont'd

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with absolute accuracy
—closely but not tightly
no waste space, yet no
pressure. ❀ ❀ ❀

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Quality

fits as a Paris made
glove fits the hand ❀ ❀

Boots \$3.75
Oxfords \$3.00

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We have sole right of sale
for Charlottetown.

The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride:
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear.
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary;
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary;
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary;
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was
gone;

There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And a kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Con't



Our magnificent stock of Cut
Glass and Silverware is replete
with dainty * * * * *

GIFT
SUGGESTIONS

It will be a pleasure to
have you call and look
over our stock - - -

G. F. HUTCHESON
Jeweler and Optician.

When the hungry pain was gnawin' there
And you hid it for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm going to:—
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'il sit, and shut my eyes.
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies,—
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn and the bright
May morn.
When first you were my bride!

—Lady Dufferin

The doctor came and said that he
Would make another man of me.
"All right," said I, and if you will,
Just send that other man your bill."

—Philadelphia Record.

"Wal," said Farmer Wilkins to his
city boarder, who was up early and look-
ing round, "ben out to hear the haycock
crow, I s'pose?" and he winked at the
hired man. "No," replied the city board-
er. "I've been out tying a knot in a
cord of wood."

—Browning's Magazine,

"They tell me, professor, you have
mastered all the modern tongues."

"Well, yes; all but my wife's and her
mother's."

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ACTUAL RESULTS are the best evidence of careful and skilful management in any business. What are you doing for your policy holders is the best test that can be applied to a Life Insurance Company,

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SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I., August 30, 1902.

J. K. Ross, Provincial Manager North American Life Assurance Company,
Charlottetown.

DEAR SIR—I have pleasure in acknowledging cheque for \$1498, handed me this day by your agent here, Mr. R. H. Montgomery, being proceeds of my Twenty-year Endowment Policy in your Company.

The result is highly satisfactory, giving me an investment of four per cent. compound interest on the full premiums paid in, besides carrying the risk of \$1000 on my life during the twenty years. The other options are as equally favorable, viz : A paid up insurance for \$2,555 or a life annuity of \$114.30. To a young man seeking a safe and profitable investment, I will recommend an Endowment Policy in this well managed Canadian Company.

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