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THE  
**Prince Edward Island**  
MAGAZINE

VOL. II      NOVEMBER, 1900      NO. 9



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# The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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**TO CONTRIBUTORS**—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long.

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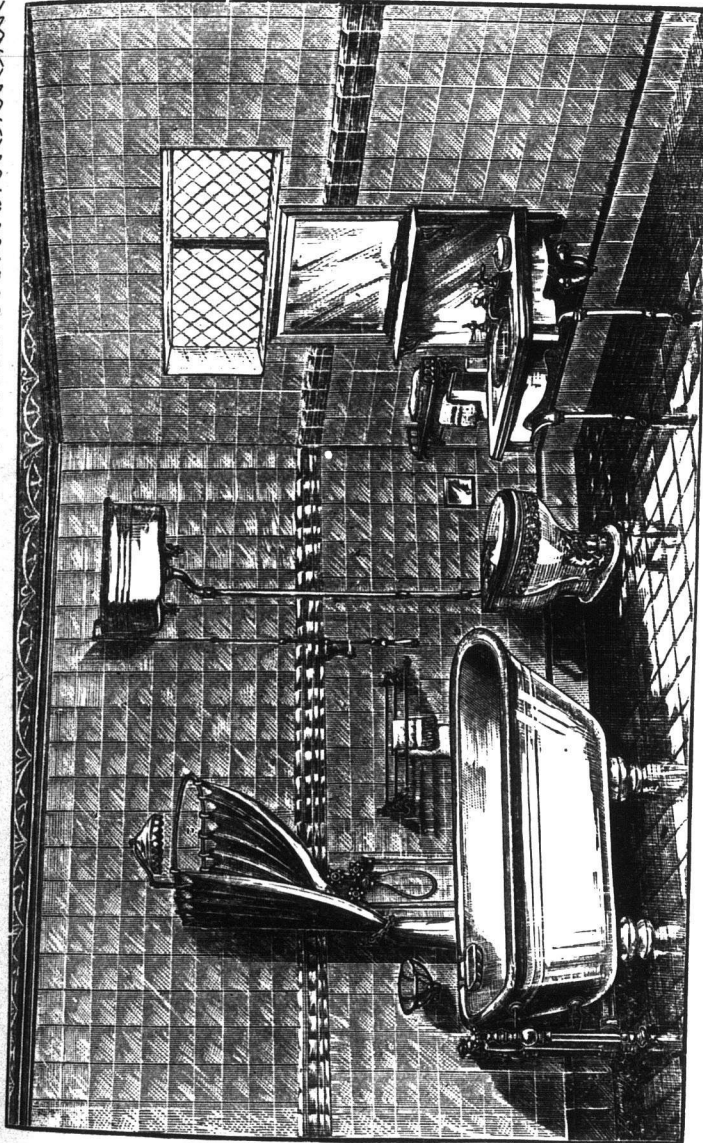
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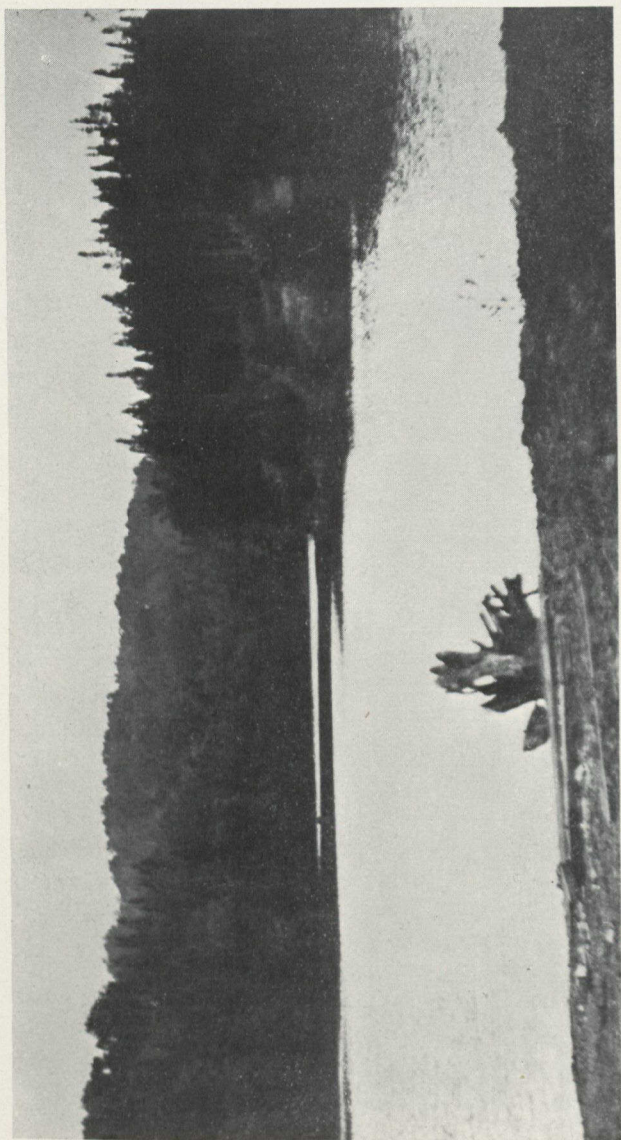
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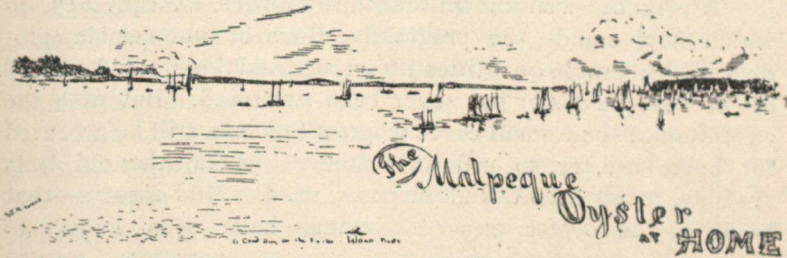
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# Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. II

NOVEMBER, 1900

No. 9



BY REV. J. M. WITHYCOMBE.

(Illustrations by the author)

JONATHAN SWIFT, that dark, acrid, but gigantic literary genius of the 17th century has left us one expression regarding oysters—a product of a reflective mind—

“ He was a bold man who first ate an oyster.”

Had the name of that adventurous epicure been preserved to us, we might have at hand a valuable fact with which to start a history of the oyster fishery. But that being impossible we have nothing more tangible than a phrase wherewith to specify the period of its existence, and we feel ourselves safe to assert that it dates from “time immemorial.” However, the notion which still governs the oyster season is not unlikely founded upon an ancient rule that we find expressed in an essay dating back to 1599, *The Dyet's Dinner*, in which occurs the following familiar



injunction,—“It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an “r” in their name, to eat an oyster.”

But if the beginning of the oyster industry in the Old World be shrouded in obscurity, no less is it difficult now to trace when the fishery began to be pursued in Prince Edward Island. The importance of the industry as it obtains here assumes considerable magnitude when it is observed that all the oyster fishing grounds of Canada may be said to group around this wonderful little Island; and notwithstanding that large quantities are fished on the opposite shores, Prince Edward Island naturally holds first place both in point of present production and future possibilities.

It is indeed well known that in the forties, Bedeque Bay, on which now stands the progressive town of Summerside, produced considerable quantities for export, and the size and quality of the Bedeque oyster has never been surpassed. But with the exception of some small coves where a few may still be procured for home use, or to sell at “fancy” prices, the old beds are now, to all intents and purposes, dead. Mud-diggers—that bogie of the oyster expert’s dreams—have been known to



AGURTAIN ID. OYSTER

penetrate twenty feet, through shells on these old beds, which fact in itself is a patent evidence of the old-time plentitude of which we hear our fathers talk. It was not before the end

of the same decade that the long hidden wealth of the now famous Malpeque or Richmond Bay, two miles distant overland on the northern side of the Island, acknowledged now-a-days to be par excellence the natural home of the oyster, was at length discovered.

It is reasonable to suppose that scientific investigation and the oyster expert had not at that early date come much into vogue, and hence the unparalleled adaptability of this whole bay

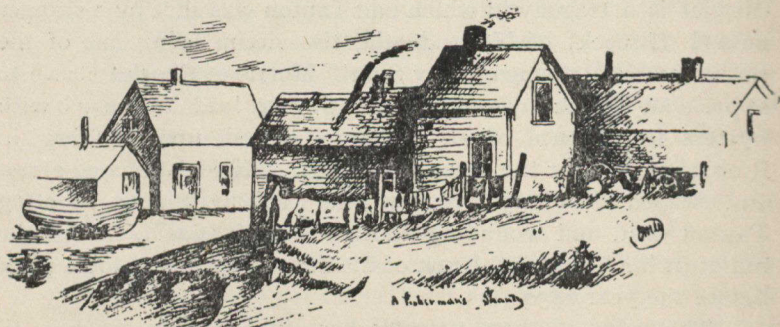
to the culture of this luscious bivalve was as yet imperfectly known. For years the fishermen sailed over acres upon acres of the finest beds known in all Canada, away to the far western parts of the bay, near Bideford, all unconscious of the El Dorado lying contiguous to the foreshore of their own farms. Their importance must, however, have been early appreciated for one of the best remembered events in the folk-lore of this district is a tragedy in which one Tanton was shot by a skipper named Hiscock, of Nova Scotia, the victim being one of the posse committatus engaged by Sheriff Morris of Charlottetown to apprehend Hiscock who was attempting to load his vessel with oysters in defiance of an embargo placed upon fishing in Richmond Bay for the space of one year. Hiscock resisted arrest and escaped after having repulsed the local myrmidons, shooting Tanton dead and wounding another who, it is said, carried the bullet in his head for the rest of his life. This event took place before the year 1850.

The value of these grounds has since steadily grown until they are regarded to-day as the premier field of production and looked upon by experts as capable of practically unlimited development. Added to this, the entrancing picturesqueness of the scenery, especially on days suitable for fishing, affords such materials for garnishment as the graphic writer dearly prizes. From the spot on the road from Summerside where one first gains sight of the Bay, bursting suddenly upon the view like a stereoptican picture, it is apparent to the most casual observer that the sheltering Islands stretching in a continuous line across the centre of the Bay were designed by Providence to protect the precious beds lying between them and the hither shores. Storms, fierce and destructive, do indeed occasionally attack these northern shores, sometimes, as occurred last year, smashing everything afloat to smithereens, yet the devastating waves of the angry ocean outside, coming with full force from the depths are shattered at the gateway, and their fury is spent ere ever they reach the beds within. This is one marked feature of this ground which distinguishes it from the otherwise excellent sea-bottom at Caraquet, N. B., and Gaspé, Quebec, and elsewhere in the neighboring provinces, which, being washed by



strong tides and exposed to the certainty of being periodically silted over by storms, have made the frequent attempts to plant oysters there practically futile.

In Richmond Bay the oysters found have grown naturally, that is to say without artificial culture, although no ground in the world is better adapted for the propagation of the oyster by scientific means. For example, the beds in the vicinity of



Curtain Island yield a special kind. This oyster commands double the price of any other. Everybody connected with the fishery can recognize it at once. It is not so large as some others, but it will stand more handling, being cup-shaped and thicker at the edge and is invariably found to be fuller and richer in flavor than the larger and longer-shaped varieties. A cut of a Curtain Island oyster picked from a barrel as a typical example accompanies this article. The oyster lover who desires none but the best will gain a pointer by a little study of its shape. But what is most remarkable is the facility with which the veteran fishmonger can detect the exact location from which every oyster has been taken.

So numerous are the beds in this Bay, it is said to be safe to assume that, taking the whole stretch from Mills' Point at Indian River to Cape Malpeque, half the bottom is oyster beds. The beds differ greatly in size, some being as large as ten acres, and varying from that to one acre, while a large number may not measure one quarter of an acre. In order to give my readers some idea of the rapidity with which the oysters grow on this ground, I may instance two cases related by two different men.

One veteran told me that he had planted a bed of not more than forty square yards with very small oysters one year, and three years afterwards took a hundred and fifty barrels of marketable oysters off the same area. Another man who owns twenty or thirty boats informed me that whereas last year the bed on which his men chiefly fished did last year yield scarcely a barrel of oysters up to the regulation size (i. e. two inches for round, three inches for long, measuring across the outer shell), this year all the oysters landed have chiefly been taken from this very bed and not a barrel of them has contained any below an uncommonly large average. A well known characteristic of the oysters in propagating is to throw off "spat" like bees hiving, and these infinitesimal mollusca spread themselves to new bottom, forming in time new beds all around the edge of the old. The average per man taken off the beds to-day is from two to two and a half barrels at the commencement of the season. Time was when one man could easily procure twelve barrels. The cause of the decrease is due to the numbers of men now engaged in the work, and the continual raking from year to year.

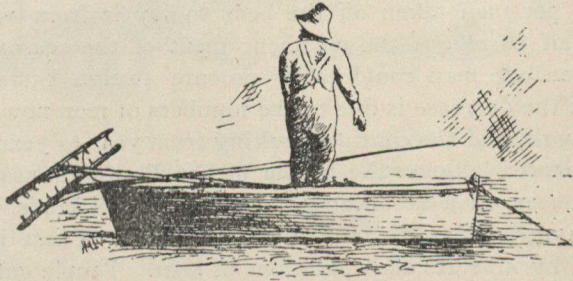
Scattered all over the bosom of the Bay a thousand boats may be seen on a favourable day—boats of all kinds, from the common ugly flat to the trim and swift yawl. These boats are manned by all sorts and conditions of men. People gather here from all parts for the harvest season. Many of them therefore are compelled to dwell in shanties erected on the shore, which for the most part are in a perennial ramshackle condition as becometh these temporary abodes. Where no females preside over these mixed households there is a somewhat loose domestic organization, which consists solely in the rule that the man who returns home first in the evening must be cook and general servant.

The fishing days,—varying according to the meteorological character of the season, must be calm, with just a capful or so of wind to keep the boats a-moving. Hence the picture of the oyster boats at work has not the monotony in it that one might imagine. It is a species of subtle moving picture, a slight squall striking at intervals here and there being enough to produce a kaleidoscopic change. Between the spectator and the islands and



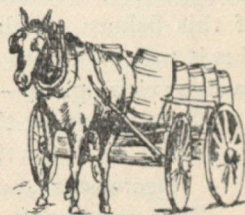
headlands on the outer fringe clothed in their mantle of rich emerald, thrown as it were over a base of island terra cotta, the water is a perfect sheet of sapphire, rivalling the Scottish lakes as the green reminds one of Ireland. It is five miles in direct line from Curtain Island to the shingly beach on which we stand and all over this beautiful surface drift at will the myriad boats, one white sail invariably left up to catch every whiff of wind which might serve to assist the slow but constant motion of the boats, each sail reflecting the sunlight to the water and forming numberless little silver patches in the blue.

As the afternoon wears on, all at once, while one is looking at the distant boats, a palpable concerted movement becomes apparent. Foresails are hoisted one by one, oars are thrown out,



and the shoreward trend begins. As they approach nearer to the land they are seen to divide hither and thither into companies, each of which makes as directly as possible towards its own special landing place. The water at these points is very shoal far off shore. Immediately on arriving at anchorage a hue and cry is raised for "barrels," not uncommonly interlarded with vernacular emphasis peculiar to fishermen, occasionally rendered mercifully obscure to the stranger by the broken accent of a Frenchman, although, to a native, a Frenchman is never more intelligible than in his characteristic profanity. The immediate effect of this outspoken irritability is intensely picturesque. It has the desired effect of setting the waiting trucks in motion and appears also to cause the drivers no little

bewilderment as they urge their horses through the shallow water uncertain as to which of the yelling fishermen they should first turn their attention. At length however, peace and goodwill is restored and the trucks return to shore having collected the catch, and stretching in one long straggling train they toil along the road to Summerside. On Saturday nights they are usually accompanied by a squad of fishermen who arrogate to themselves a license for rough humour, and constitute themselves a source of terror to timid and defenceless females, en route. Here at the shore at landing time the price of each day is announced, and one hears the word passed on from boat to boat and the comments thereon, and the news even seems to communicate itself to the in-coming boats ever so far out.



Typical Oyster Truck  
(waiting for a load)

The first days of the season, (which by Order in Council of August 6th, 1885 was fixed to open on Sept. 15), are the best both as regards the price paid and the amount caught. Then everybody detached from fixed employment is afloat, everything in the shape of a boat, everything in the shape of a fisherman, and as might be supposed, the sights one beholds at this time are not a little ludicrous. As the season advances and the price declines and quantity diminishes there is a considerable dropping off in the number of the boats. The fluctuation of price at times is a remarkable feature. This year e.g. the opening price for ordinary oysters was \$2.50 per bbl., but as I write, owing to the uncommonly smooth weather, it has probably fallen to fifty cents. In early days when oysters were plentiful and cities less populous, and these fish less of a luxury, they sold as low as twenty-five cents per barrel, and everybody was content, but at present this would be simply ruinous. To the mind of the writer there is an opening here for the enterprize of a local government. It is certainly no evidence of a progressive administration that it suffers markets to be glutted because no cold storage is supplied at home for the benefit of the fisherman to enable him to accumulate his catch at this end and hold them for a price.



Possibly too, a canning factory might be a potentiality of the future.

One pernicious practice on the part of the fishermen is being vigorously suppressed viz., that of unscrupulously taking the small, under-sized oysters contrary to law, a most detestable act in that it means a root and branch annihilation, which leaves nothing for posterity. For the sake of giving some idea of the uncertainty of this fishery which depends upon so many climatic contingencies it will suffice to quote the aggregate catch of two seasons twelve years apart,—

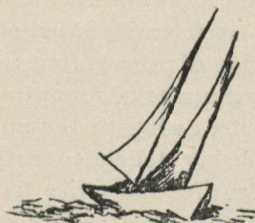
Total catch for the year 1886-87, 33,125 barrels.

Total catch for the year 1898-9, 14,779 barrels.

Decrease 18,346 barrels.

This year again it bids fair to reach a high notch, probably doubling the catch of last year. It is satisfactory to reflect that the younger beds are this year beginning to show signs of future increase in yield owing to the rapid growth of the younger fish.

The present legitimate mode of fishing employed in these waters is admittedly primitive, but it has the double merit of being very inexpensive and the least destructive to the beds. All the fisherman requires is a pair of tongs and a punt—the sorriest tub will do if nothing better is obtainable, but this is not meant to imply that finer craft are not the rule. The



Shore w a vels

“tongs” is a simple contrivance consisting of twin rakes about four or five feet long, with handles of from fourteen to twenty-one feet joined at a certain point by a pivot and operated somewhat in the manner of a clam-shell dredge—but to the uninitiated it might be more perspicuous to say—like a household tongs.

The convenient depth of the water on all the beds makes this time-honored implement all that is desired, and so no new apparatus evolved from inventive brains has been thought worthy to supersede it.

There is a more effective instrument used, but it suffers at present from the same social drawbacks as the burglar's “jimmy,” in that it may only be successfully operated in the

wee sma' hours. This is the drag or dredge used in the Old Countries.

And (tell it not in Gath) its use was first taught to the fishermen by a well known government inspector who still advocates its being made a legal appliance. As far as the writer has been able to gather, not being in the way of associating with those who, at the present time are best informed regarding its use, its business part is shaped something like a broad grain shovel weighted so as to keep it firmly at the bottom, and following this is a bag attachment into which the "swag" falls as the boat drifts silently and steadily through the midnight gloom. To watch these marauders it has become necessary to have trusty and capable wardens who patrol the beds at night, and whenever the culprit is caught in the act, his boat and tackle are confiscated and he himself is forbidden to fish for the balance of the season.

One does not long reside on the Island before he discovers that the typical Islander has an opinion of his own which he is always ready to back against all comers, experts and scientists not excepted. This fact obtains whether the specialist's department be agriculture, pisciculture or religion. He is constitutionally a free-thinker. One prayer at least he deigns to utter every day: "Thank God, the lowliest man can be an uncrowned monarch in the world of thought". The fisherman, for he is the only one we are now concerned with, is more or less at issue with the authorities on many vital questions. For example:—

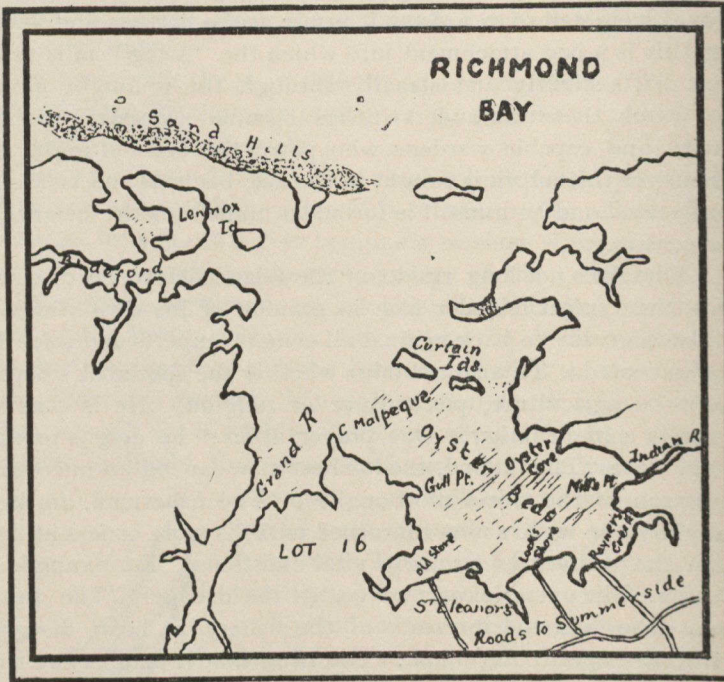
1. The oyster expert advocates the dredge. The fisherman who has the interests of the fishery at heart disagrees with the expert point blank. Granting that it may be the more profitable for the deeper water of Ireland, Holland and elsewhere it would be ruinous to the beds in our more shallow water. The oyster rests on its edge upon the beds. The drag in its progress scrapes everything as it goes and the oysters it does not catch it destroys by either breaking them or burying them beneath the surface.

2. The expert urges that areas be leased as in Holland for the purpose of wider cultivation. The fisherman raises the cry of "monopoly." They will suffer nothing to militate against



the perfect freedom of the fishery. They look askance at any arrangement which makes one man rich while his neighbors toil hard for small wages.

3. The expert is determinedly opposed to the mud-diggers which the farmers erect on the ice in winter time to dig the alluvial mud from the oyster beds; be the beds dead or alive it matters little to them. The fisherman who is often a bit of a



farmer as well, is affected by the preponderating opinion in his neighborhood and strangely enough takes the side of his farmer brethren, who oppose, to a man, the expert's righteous complaint. They will boldly quote the principle of greatest good to the greatest number. The mussel mud has become more and more widely an indispensable requirement on the P. E. I. farms. Once having tested its virtue as a soil stimulant they will not be restrained in their eagerness to procure as much of

this invaluable fertilizer as they can, and they say. "Let the Oyster Fishery go to Davy Jones, the body of thrifty inhabitants won't miss it". These are a few of the snags that must be disposed of before this rich resource is brought under the law of nineteenth century progress.

The chief market is still and always has been the city of Montreal. To the average Montrealer the "Malpeque" oyster is a synonym for succulent delicacy, and Heaven only knows how many inferior grades in Bonsecour and out of it are dignified with this magic name for commercial purposes. Quebec comes next, and then St. John, Toronto, Ottawa, and minor cities and towns in descending order. The total value to the fishermen of last year's catch was about \$60,000. One cannot review the present state and the future possibilities of so valuable an industry without hoping that all the practicable suggestions of experts and the wisdom of the more progressive may in time prevail to bring it to its rightful position of magnitude and importance.

---

## Wolves in Sheep's Clothing.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

**A** GOOD many years ago there came to these shores, as stow-aways, certain individuals, representatives of one branch of a large and important family well known in the land across the ocean whence it came. Settling along the roadsides in convenient places here and there throughout this Island and neighbouring provinces, they established themselves with as strong a claim to the ground as any companion immigrants could at the time assert. Since then the colonies have grown, and now are well known in the land of their adoption.

True, the history of the clan in the "old country" from which our immigrants came was said to be not altogether



beyond reproach, but this was not generally known until quite recently. Equally true it is that the method of their settling here was deemed to be not quite as honourable as it might have been, but, in-as-much as it was the fashion of the time and still continues in vogue with individuals of their kind, no valid objection could be urged against them upon this score. For many years they went about their everyday affairs in a quiet and unobtrusive sort of way. They wrought, and rested, and rose again, refreshed for each new lease of life. They courted, and married, and reared their families with as much care and attention to all seeming essentials as did any of their neighbours laying claim to higher status in the place. And thus, as generations passed away, the little community spread and prospered. Its members uniformly wore a bright and comely dress, tho' parts of it at times seemed old and ragged. Yet, since adversity is threatened, some have called their garb "unsightly"; but this has always been the way of a cruel world towards those whose sun seems for the while to be dark-clouded. Many a time a passer-by would turn about to look again in open admiration at some individual or attractive group, and 'tis even said that more than once a little one was taken from among his fellows to share the tender care bestowed upon the children of the household in some better home.

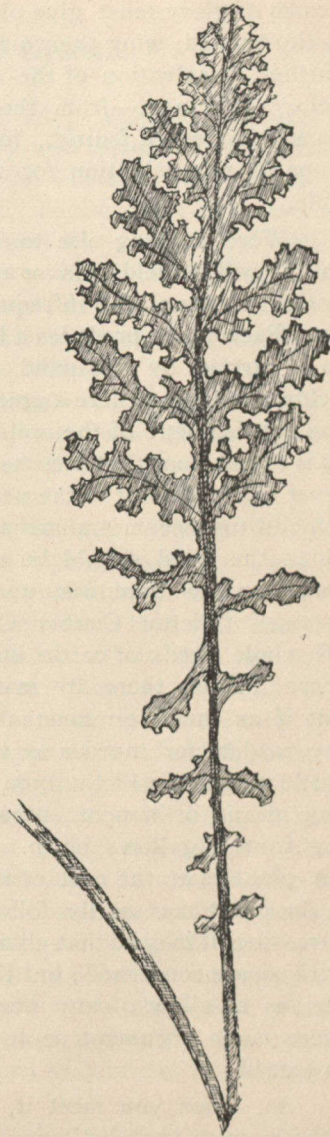
And thus, all-kindly, time passed on its way, until it was remarked that the alien colony was assuming alarming proportions, to the detriment of the rightful and more desirable possessors of the soil; nay, more than this, strangers coming hither for the summer began to make enquiry as to whether any of the race were harboured here, claiming that they exercised a baneful influence upon the health of many of our summer tourists. But the climax was delayed until it came to be suspected,—not without good reason,—that there might be some connection between these squatters and the death of herds of cattle in a sister province. Whereupon the public was alarmed, and the foreigners regarded with suspicion. The case was represented to the authorities, who instituted an investigation, which though it cannot fail to prove the undesirability of these

settlers as permanent inhabitants, may possibly result in measures being taken for their forcible expulsion from the province.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such is the history of the "Ragwort", "Tansy Ragwort", "Staggerwort"; botanists name it *Senecia Jacobaea*. More expressive, but less elegant in their diction, vulgar people call it "Stinking Billy". It is known as "Bauglan" in the north-western districts of this Island, where it spread from seeds which rumor had it had been brought from Ireland in a bedtick, by a man named Ryan. It is abundant in the eastern districts of King's county and not uncommon in some parts of Queen's. It grows in fair profusion in the eastern Royalty of Charlottetown, and has lately appeared across the harbour along the road leading from the way to Keppock to the shore at "Rosebank."

It is an erect and very leafy, stiff perennial, growing from two to four feet high; with pretty twice-dissected leaves,—some of them fully eight inches long. The plant is crowned by large and handsome compact clusters (corymbs) of brilliant yellow flower-heads, each head like a golden daisy with from twelve to fifteen rays, blazing in the sunshine of our summer season until late in August or September, when, as hoary age creeps on, the golden





crown of glory must give place to silver chaplet, and the fruits, waite-crested, wing their air-borne way from homeland, hither, thither, in salvation of the species. Pretty name, that, "Senecio,"—old man,—from the crown of pure white bristles,—locomotive crest of fruitlet, for the wooing of the breezes in the hope of race-salvation for the humble squatters by the roadside.

Were nothing else to be considered, this striking plant might well be held in favor as a grace to wayside scenery or a glad delight to the all too infrequent student of botany ; but it is not so. Each plant produces a large number of tufted seeds, likely to be carried by the wind into pasture lands and cultivated fields, producing there a greedy growth, levying heavy toll upon the nourishment of the soil—the rightful tribute to the crops. It is found, too, that victims to the scourges of asthma and hay fever suffer greatly in the neighbourhood of the flowering plant, which thus becomes a menace to our tourist traffic. For this alone the weed should be exterminated, but doubly so since suspicion has been cast upon it as the possible cause of the strange "Pictou County Cattle Disease", which has carried off whole herds of cattle in the Nova Scotian county of that name. True, there are many arguments against this charge, but if as much circumstantial evidence existed against you, my reader, for murder as there is against the Ragwort for the cattle plagues in Pictou, you would likely find yourself without any means of support other than a rope above you, hanging from a gallows beam. Even if it should be proved that the plant is at the root of the cattle trouble in Pictou County it does not necessarily follow that the disease might develop here, since it may be that climatic or other conditions, not existent with us, are concerned ; but the circumstances are too gravely suspicious to allow of any negligence in this case, especially as there is no argument as to why the plant should be allowed to spread.

So, when you meet it, root it up, and let us trust that "the powers that be" may soon inaugurate a strong crusade against it, ridding thus our province of a baneful weed.

## Our Educational System.

WHEN our Public Schools Act, 1877, was placed upon our Statute Book it was not only well abreast of the times but may fairly claim to have placed our Common School System in the very front. But the world moves, great advances in educational matters have elsewhere been made since 1877, while, despite amendments from time to time introduced into the Act, our system has practically made no real advance except in cost. What was well in the van of educational progress twenty-three years ago is no longer in that proud position.

Moreover, when the Public Schools Act became law, the expenditure necessary for keeping up our Public School System was reasonably within the limit of our Provincial revenue—that it is no longer so is not open to question.

Then again, the conditions have changed. This Island has no mines, no minerals, no forests to depend upon. It is not in the direct track of continental or inter-continental trade and so cannot look to derive great advantages from that source as the other provinces do. Leaving our fisheries to one side, we have one resource and practically only one. That is our soil. All this was as true in 1877 as it is now, but, as I have said, the conditions have changed. Agriculture and its kindred pursuits have been revolutionized in these years. Some of the latter have almost been created. No farmer conducts his business now as he did a quarter of a century ago. If, in these days of keen competition, changed and changing markets, he were to keep up the old oat-growing, soil-exhausting system or want of system, he would have a hard time to make a living. Hence, more scientific, more intelligent methods have come in, necessitating a training more adapted to present needs than that which answered well in 1877 and for some years onward. Our conditions have changed but our educational system has not changed to meet the altered circumstances.

Now it seems to me not impossible to so alter our school system, not so much in its general principles as in its details and by grafting new shoots on to the main stem and cutting off some



old ones, as to afford a much better general education to the country, to make that education more in accord with the requirements of this Province and to somewhat, perhaps materially, reduce its cost. Some time ago I began to investigate the educational question with a view to seeing if changes could not be introduced in our system and in its working which would to some appreciable extent accomplish the three objects referred to in the last sentence, and having had my interest in the matter aroused, I have, though the immediate occasion has passed away, since devoted considerable thought and attention to the subject.

Whether the conclusions I have arrived at are sound or not, or whether the changes which suggest themselves to me can be practically carried into effect may be open to question, but even though they may be thought by some to be chimerical, their being placed before the public may lead to such attention being turned to the subject as well result in improvement in some, or all three, of the proposed directions.

As this is intended to be, in the main, an introductory article to be followed by others, I wish to make a few preliminary remarks so as to clear the ground to some extent. Such remarks are usually wearisome and I have no doubt they will be so in this case, but they are justified, I think, by the importance to P. E. Island of this question of Education.

In the first place I wish to say that this question is not and should not be made one of party politics. If it were such I certainly would not feel at liberty to discuss it, particularly as my discussion will be of a somewhat sweeping and radical nature. I may add that should any of the suggestions set forth commend themselves to either or both political parties, then either or both are welcome to any use that can be made of them. That there are objections, and some of them very strong, I can plainly both see and appreciate. That they are insuperable I refuse to admit. I may refer to them in future articles. In this I propose to simply indicate in the most general terms the line I propose to take. This may perhaps be set out in the shape of the following questions, viz:—Is it possible to devise means whereby our system of education may be so altered as to improve the education imparted in our schools? Can it be made to conform more nearly to the present requirements of the Province? Can its cost be lessened? These together form a complex question not easily answered. If a satisfactory reply can be made to the whole or even to any one of the three parts into which it divides itself, a long step will have been taken towards solving the most difficult problem which, in its local affairs, confronts this Province.



## Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.

BY E. L. M.

(CONTINUED.)

THE churches in 1844 were St. Paul's, St. Dunstan's, the Kirk, (St. James) the Methodist Meeting House and the Baptist Chapel. The old St. Dunstan's which has so recently been pulled down, was then only in frame. The first Roman Catholic Church was found too small to hold its increasing members, and it was thought advisable to build a much larger place of worship. The small church was moved back, and a new one erected on the same site, corner of Great George and Dorchester Streets. Many people thought the new chapel (as it was generally called) altogether too large, and that they would never have a congregation large enough to fill it. The corner stone was laid in 1843, and we have been told the first funeral in the new church after it was opened, was that of the Hon. John Small Macdonald, who died in 1849. The priest was Father Malachias Reynolds, lately from Ireland, and had his nephew, John Kenny, B. A., living with him. The Roman Catholic Bishop, Right Rev. Bernard D. MacDonald, lived at Rustico.

St. James Church, better known as the Kirk and latterly as St. James' Hall, was, as many remember, on the corner of Pownal and Fitzroy Streets, where the present St. James now stands. The pastor, Rev. Mr. McIntyre, had returned to Scotland, and as the Presbyterians were without a minister for a while, they had to go to other churches. Quite a number took sittings in St. Paul's, which was then a new church, as it had been built only a few years before. The first St. Paul's, we have been told, was on Queen Square, opposite the Brown Block, and in about fifty yards from the street. It was pulled down about '41 or '42. The clergyman who preceded the Rev. Mr. MacIntyre in St. James Church was the Rev. Mr. MacIntosh. His residence was on Queen Street, between Kent and Fitzroy. He was a very tall man and always put on his gown and bands before leaving home for service in the Kirk. He had an old servant



maid who, along with other duties kept his clothes brushed and in order. At one time Mr. Macintosh had leave of absence for a while, and a very short man was sent to relieve him; old Betty the maid was very indignant that this short man should come, "he would wear out all the maister's gown trapesing along the street wi' it trailing aifter him."

The new St. Paul's, as we have called it, was altogether too small for all who wanted pews, and shortly afterwards about twenty feet in length was added to it at the east end. We remember St. Paul's before it was lengthened and the people who went there, the three decker pulpit—clerk's desk, reading desk and pulpit—one towering above the other, the pulpit on a level with the gallery, and each one having handsome crimson silk velvet hangings and cushions trimmed with fringe and tassels. The communion table also covered with the same coloured velvet and an I. H. S. with rays round it, worked in gold on the front of the draping, stood at the back of the pulpit and close to the east wall, with the communion rail all round the front of it. These handsome pulpit hangings were presented to St. Paul's Church by the Countess of Westmoreland. She also gave handsome pulpit hangings to the Kirk, and an altar frontal to the Roman Catholic Church. The monuments to the memory of General Fanning who was Governor of P. E. Island for eighteen years, and of Governor Sir Arteas William Young, who died at Government House in 1835, were placed on the east end wall, one on each side. Governor Young was buried under the church. The choir was in the gallery at the west end, directly opposite the pulpit. The late William Cundall, Esq., was choir master and leader, and Wm. Lobban organist. St. Paul's Church had the only pipe organ then in Charlottetown and we may say on this Island. It was a fairly good instrument and was built by the late Watson Duchemin, grandfather of the present Duchemin Bros. He built it at his factory near his residence, corner Prince and Sydney Streets. This organ was afterwards sent to Georgetown and was used in Trinity Church there for some years. The soldiers' seats were on each side of the choir, and the tramp, tramp they made marching up the stairs and into their pews could be heard all through the church.



The late William Cundall, Esq., was also superintendent in the Sunday school held in St. Paul's schoolroom every Sunday at ten a. m. and at 2 p. m. He and Commissary Lamont were the first to institute the Friday evening services in St. Paul's schoolroom, which were continued for many years. Captain Orlebar and Lieut. Hancock took great interest in the Sunday School and taught classes in it during the winter months. They also had Bible classes one afternoon each week for young girls. The late much-beloved Rev. Dr. Jenkins was priest incumbent of St. Paul's. The services were at eleven a. m. and three p. m. every Sunday, Christmas, New Year's Day, Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. The services on Easter Sunday were especially bright, the customary opening psalm, (the old Hundredth) was given up for that morning and "I will arise" took its place. The Jubilate was sung as an anthem. Chanting was not approved of, and a few years afterwards when the choir attempted to chant the Venite some of the congregation sat down to show their disapproval. The same thing occurred each time chanting was attempted till at last it had to be discontinued, and a few years later if anything was said or done displeasing to any person in the congregation, he shewed his displeasure by walking noisily out of the church.

The Methodist Chapel was a square wooden building with upper and lower windows. It was situated on the corner of Richmond and Prince Streets. There was nothing very prepossessing in its appearance, but it was nicely finished inside and furnished with most comfortable pews, (not like the prisoners box kind that were in St. Paul's.) There was a gallery all round the four sides, the pulpit stood at one side of the centre part and was handsomely built of mahogany, standing on four carved pillars; the Communion table was directly under the pulpit on a raised oval-shaped floor with a low railing all round it at which forty to fifty people could kneel at one time. The choir was in the gallery directly behind the pulpit; the late James Moore, (grandfather of Colonel Moore) wife and family, also the Duchemin family sang in the choir, and as the singing was very good, and the evening service at six-thirty, many Kirk people and some from St. Paul's were often seen going to the Methodist



Chapel, particularly on summer evenings, the heat being too great for them to attend afternoon service in St. Paul's. Some time toward the end of the forties the afternoon service at St. Paul's was given up in summer and the seven p. m. service commenced.

Some time in the forties a company of Highland soldiers, Captain Rollo commanding, came to Charlottetown. They were part of the Forty-Second regiment stationed at Halifax. On Sundays they all turned out in their kilts, and we remember seeing a large number of them marching to the Methodist Chapel and thought how strange it was to see such heavy looking hats upon their heads, and so little upon their lower limbs, but for all that they looked very handsome, and it was our first introduction to the kilts. On week days they wore the trows of dark Forty-Second plaid.

After the Methodist brick church was built the old one was sold, hauled down Prince St., and placed on the north corner of Prince and King Streets and is now a double tenement. The only other church in 1844 was the Baptist chapel. It was a plain, unpretending building with two arched windows on each side, and was situated at the head of Prince and facing on Euston Street. The congregation was small and not wealthy. Rev. S. T. Rand was their pastor. About 1850 they moved their chapel down Prince to Great George and placed it on the east side Great George Street between Dorchester and King, and a flag with Bethel on it was hoisted over it.

In all that has been written about the public buildings there has been no notice taken of the Post Office. The Post Office of 1844 is still in existence, on the south side of Water Street on the Peake property, between Queen and Pownal Streets, directly back of Carvell Bros.' store. It was afterwards used as a tobacco factory by the Messrs Lowden Bros., Hickey and Stewart, and T. B. Riley, whose sign still ornaments the building. The west end of the building with a door and two windows was the Post Office. It was divided into two rooms, front and back, with a narrow passage between them. The front room was the Post Office, the back one the Post Master General's private office. A hall or passage ran



directly through the building from front to back, in which was the wicket or delivery from the Post Office. A letter and paper drop were outside. The late Thomas Owen, Esq., Senior, was Post Master General, and George W. Owen, his son, clerk. He went to California in the Fannie in '49, and now resides in New Zealand. There were no postage stamps in those days, nor for many a day after. All the letters had to be weighed and the price marked on each; ninepence and a shilling sterling, were the usual prices for English letters and they were often addressed to P. E. I. via Quebec, or Montreal. Letters were supposed to be paid for when mailed or taken from the post office, but many preferred having them charged. There was quite a book-keeping system kept up and bills for letters sent out and collected every three months. Some parties neglected to pay their bills, but the money had to be forthcoming, no matter who paid, and the poor P. M. G. had often to pay up for those in default at the end of the quarter, and trust to the honesty of those parties to get his money back. Mails and passengers from the provinces came once a week in a packet or schooner, that is if the wind suited, and once a month from England in summer; and as there were many English, Irish and Scotch families here at that time, the enquiry often was "when are we to have an English mail?" A lady now living in Charlottetown who came to this Island in '43, tells that when her father brought his large family and five servants from England to live here in P. E. I., they came to Halifax in one of the Cunard steamers, and on their arrival made inquiries as to when they should leave for P. E. Island. They were told the stage coach from Halifax to Pictou left on Sunday afternoon. Her father demurred as he had never travelled on Sunday, but was told if he did not go on that day he would have to wait a week in Pictou, and must go on Sunday to be in time for the steamer Pocahontis which left Pictou for Charlottetown every Wednesday that summer. The Pocahontis was thought to be quite a wonder and every one was talking about her, but the next year all mails and passengers had to come by the packet again. It is told of an Islander who went to New Brunswick to be married, that on returning to this Island with his bride, they had to come by



schooner to Summerside; the weather was very stormy with contrary winds, and the food bad, or not suited to refined or delicate tastes, so their only alternative was to make their meals on the bride's cake, which the bride was bringing with her. As far as we can remember there were only three wharves, Queen's Wharf at the end of Queen St., Peake's Wharf on the west side of Queen's, and Tremaine's, or the Ferry Wharf on the east side of Queen's. All the wharves were much shorter than now; Tremaine's was only a few blocks or piles long, quite long enough for the sail and team boats that crossed to Southport. A sail boat crossed on Mondays and a teamboat the other days of the week. The team-boat was run by two or sometimes three horses. There was a large wheel in the middle of the boat, (just such a one as is used in a tannery to grind bark) to which the horses were attached; the horses going round and round in a circle, turned the wheel and propelled the boat. Passengers came from the Southport side and returned again about four times a day, twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon. A story is told of a middle-aged lady who came across the ferry to do some shopping in town. She had not taken it into consideration that the tide was falling when she left home; it was one of the sail-boat days, and when she got to Charlottetown side the tide was low, and she being very stout and heavy, could not climb the wharf, neither could her friends lift her up, so she had to remain in the boat for some hours, until the tide fell lower and rose again sufficiently high for her to reach a proper stepping-place. That was one of the inconveniences of long ago.

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### Aspen Poplars.

Tipsy, tilting, tattling leaflets,  
Telling all ye know;  
Music-making, myriad leaflets,  
Rattling, tattling so.

—J. S. B.



## A Journey from Port La Joie to Trois Rivières (Georgetown) in 1751.

BY JOHN CAVEN.

FRANQUET had yet to visit Trois Rivières, but the journey there involved less toil and less hardship than that to St. Peters. As Franquet sailed up and down the spacious harbour taking soundings, examining headlands, and exploring the three great rivers that like so many highways offered safe communication with the interior of the country, he was struck with the magnificence of the situation, and its great importance as a sea-port whether in peace or war. The entrance in every condition of the tide was safe to ships of the heaviest tonnage, with an abundance of deep water inside to afford good anchorage to the entire navy of the nation. From such a station a fleet could watch the passage of Canso, sweep the waters of the Gulf, protect the communications between Bay Verte and Canada, and between the Island and Isle Royale. And yet as Franquet turned over in his mind all these advantages, the beautiful expanse of water was disturbed only by the wind, the rush of the mackerel, or the splash of the wild fowl. Not a boat save his own was visible. Not a human being save the sailors on board his own craft was to be seen. The water was a solitude, and the land on all sides a wilderness, stretching farther than the eye could trace it. Only from Brudenell Point had the forest disappeared. It lay cleared but houseless, for the hand of the New England spoiler had in 1745 swept away every vestige of the flourishing settlement that adorned the headland, leaving only the arable lands to tell a story of ruined hopes.

That a tract of country possessing in such rich abundance all the qualities powerful to attract the settler, should be without an inhabitant at a time when Acadian families were pouring on to the Island in steady streams, was due to the fact that the allodial rights conferred on the company represented by De Roma were still in full legal vigour. Two thousand and five hundred acres of water frontage with forty acres inland had been granted



to this company by the Crown, and although it was next to certain that the shareholders had for ever abandoned their speculation, yet their charter existed still, and the immigrant wisely preferred the Crown to a Lord Superior. Franquet urged the Government to put an end to this stagnant condition of matters by effecting some compromise with the company, and so allow the matchless harbour and the rich surrounding lands to be turned to some account. In view of a settlement, and the possibility of the Crown establishing defences to protect the settlers from marauders in war times, Franquet drew out the plan of a redoubt to be built of stone and brick on Brudnelle Point.

Such is the account which Franquet has left of his journey through the Island of St. John. The picture he draws of the condition of the Island at the time of his visit is truthful; his suggestions for improving that condition are conceived in a vein of administrative wisdom which does him credit, his eulogies on the fertility of the soil, the richness of its pastures, the value of its natural harbours, and the navigable character of the great estuaries that allured the waters of the ocean far up into the heart of the country, were all true, but they shared the fate of Cassandra's prophesies—they were either not believed or deemed unworthy of being quickened by action. Franquet also, as we have seen, drew up for the defense of the Island four permanent places of strength. These never rose in solid masonry and earth-work on the sites they were designed to occupy, but lay rolled up in the quiet recesses of Government archives, useful only to the moralist to illustrate afresh the futility of good intentions, even when carried to the verge of action, but left there.

Communication between the different settlements was effected in those days chiefly in canoes, hugging the shores along the bays and estuaries. Travelling in this way was always laborious and at certain seasons dangerous. But it was the only method, for the Island was roadless. The nearest approach to a highway was that lying between the Grand Source and St. Peter's Harbour, along which Franquet made his journey with much toil and discomfort. The Count De Raymond, perceiving the necessity of establishing some means of prompt communication between the principal settlements, ordered a road five feet wide to be



opened between Point Marguerite and Trois Rivieres. It was intended that another road should run from the latter Harbour in a straight line to St. Peter's. Franquet suggested a change, which without adding much to the length of the journey, would afford additional convenience to travellers going between the different settlements. His plan was to carry a road as straight as possible between Brudnelle Point and a spot on the left bank of the North East River, opposite to the Grand Source. A line drawn from Point Marguerite to East Point would cross this road almost at right angles, and from the point of intersection a third road could be laid out to St. Peter's Harbour. We have no means of knowing how far these suggestions were adopted. A traveller who in the following year visited many settlements of the Island, remarks that through the dense forest which covered Point Marguerite ran the "Royal Road" of Three Rivers. It was undertaken by the Count De Raymond, and was carried on as far as the peninsula of Three Rivers. From this it may perhaps be inferred that Franquet's hints on road-making shared the same fate as his administrative suggestions, and his plans for securing the Island against the aggression of foreign enemies.

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## The Ambitious Man.

BY JOHN MACLAREN.

(CONTINUED.)

THE occasions of high, heroic daring seldom occur but in the history of the great. He will, therefore, leave the less obtrusive and more commonplace opportunities which frequently offer themselves, to the exertions of men of moderate energies. He will not be the little spring by the wayside, rippling and gurgling merrily all day and all night; nor is he going to mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of a quiet life; he must be the magnificent, mighty, flowing, rushing river, rolling on in the pride of its own mighty waters, carrying great burdens on its bosom—more brilliant than solid. He must mix up with

social, political, or literary convulsions, As one cannot learn to swim on a table, so he is going out into deep waters to buffet and battle with the angry surges. The mountain nook from which he took his source may be hidden in obscurity (no fault of his); but he is going to be distinguished by commanding a sweeping influence by his own self exaltation. He seems to have heard that every man has within him the seminal principle of great excellence, and he must, of necessity, aspire to that virtue. He must be great, for he recollects that the words of the great have a power, their name a charm, and their deeds a glory; that to greatness the world will bow in reverence. This thought invigorates him to merit immortality and prompts him to wish to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory. His name, therefore, is to be a watchword of power set high in the temple of fame which future childhood will lisp in reverence and coming ages shall feel a thrill of pleasure at the mention of his name or as they contemplate his wondrous acts. To secure this secret of ambition's highest claim and mightiest power he will exert every muscle, sinew and nerve from "the sole of his feet to the crown of his head." His thoughts, he persuades himself, will fill, stir, invigorate and expand the souls of others. He will be a glow-worm glistening in the darkness about him. To do him honor

"Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,  
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day."

So, too

"The gray  
Dawn and the Pleiades before him dance."

To secure position, fortune, fame, the ambitious man will devote wearisome days of toil and sleepless nights of anxiety. What the many esteem—amusements, pleasure, "society," and the thousand and one gratifications of life—are to him mere bagatelle till he shall have secured the object of his ambition, when he himself, he hopes, shall be the one commanding and inspiring figure. He is an electrician, himself the battery; he turns the poles upon and electrifies himself. He becomes his own hero. He rides in a chariot drawn by Pegasus. By his



inordinate ambition, twaddle, moonshine, and ignorance, but with a rather keen insight into human nature, he may soar to the skies while genius lies in the gutter. He evidently believes that one cannot dream himself into a great character; that no mysterious spirit exists that humors the whims and idle fancies of visionary cowards and drones. The only luck to which he pins his faith is indomitable pluck. He, therefore, decides to hammer and forge himself into a great character. He is to be the architect of his own fortune. He will not be a weathercock young man who changes with every passing thought; he will be the mountain itself that changes the wind. His whole purpose and will take hold on his being; that inflexible purpose and indomitable will look for fortune and future greatness through present difficulties. He makes no timid resolves nor takes uncertain and irresolute counsels. Exaltation and depression of spirit know no alternation. His is no spasmodic action or fitful effort. His is no vacillating, vaulting policy, his mind is fixed; he permits no word or act to distract his attention or divert him from his purpose. To this he adheres without wavering. The advice of the cautious, if bold enough to offer advice, is rejected, and the auguries of the timid he defies. Someone has told him that weathercock men are nature's failures. He believes and acts upon his belief. In this he is to be commended, for fixedness of purpose is a great element in human success. If he knows anything of defeat, it serves only to redouble his efforts. Difficulties teach him to put forth still greater exertions; dangers give him boldness, even recklessness, for he views in the distance the coming glory and his plan may not be thwarted. Success, he holds, is the child of perseverance and confidence—confidence in oneself. His confidence in self is unbounded, and his perseverance knows no stalking. His success naturally confirms him in a very favorable opinion of himself, and he becomes as pompous as a king, as suave as a dude, and as dictatorial as a judge. He adopts the saying of Disraeli—"The secret of success is the constancy of purpose" yet he deigns not to accept the advice of the old Arab sage—"Beware my son of self-incense. It is the most dangerous on account of its agreeable intoxication."

Perseverance in carrying out the sole object of his pursuit, and we may say of his existence, gives him greater success than either natural powers, friends, or favorable circumstances. Great talents stand aghast and genius falters in his presence. He would have us look at him till our eyes weary at the sight and become dazzled by the brilliant light. He would have us who move in the humble walks of life, amid the mists at the foot of the ladder, fancy that a kind Heaven has let him drop to earth, that we may become habituated to look upon greatness ere we pass beyond "the bourn whence no traveller returns," to gaze upon superior intelligence! He would have us lie prostrate at the foot of our ladder, as Jacob did beneath his, and dream that he was an angel and ascended to the topmost rung by a heaven-born genius! The brilliancy he anticipates with which he will shine fascinates him. It is not so much a question with him; What good can I effect?—But how shall I shine! He is bound up in his own egotism. He believes that man is born to dominion, and he is going to make the conquest.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## A True Fish Story.

BY CARLE.

IT had been hot that day, but now it was getting cool; and I went out to ask Rob—my brother you know—if he would come fishing. A friend of mine was coming to the neighborhood whom it would devolve upon me to entertain some evenings, and for various other reasons, I should like to be initiated into the mysteries of fishing.

Rob consented; and procuring his fishing pole and a covered tin-can we set out for the wharf, where these, to me, highly interesting operations were to be conducted. The first damper was put upon my spirits by his opening the can, and taking from it a long worm, which he proceeded to torture by sticking it on the hook. I got behind him and closed my eyes at this act of cruelty.

"But," I protested, "I never could touch a worm, much



less torture the poor little thing in that way ; I thought you used a fly." "Not at this season of the year, except on a cloudy day" was the reply. "But don't those worms bite?" I asked. "Dreadfully, unless you know the secret of holding them the right way."

Immediately I saw him catch a trout I was very anxious to try, and he resigned the pole to me. My first proceeding was to entangle it, hard and fast, on a little island, near which I saw a trout leap. I couldn't disengage it ; the tide was rapidly coming in, even now my feet were wet, so I threw the pole into the river at the same time shouting desperately to Rob, who had strolled down along the shore ; for now with "the utter depravity of inanimate things," the rod became disentangled, and floated up the river.

I couldn't tell you what he said when he understood the situation ; it was something dreadfully wicked. But he got into a boat and started in pursuit. He captured the truant where its course was fortunately obstructed by a little island. When he came back I begged him to take me for a row ; we rowed across the river, and I wished to land and gather some wild flowers which I saw growing along the bank ; he assented and rowed the boat up beside a steep bank, where he clambered out and told me to follow. But as I leaned over to grasp the bank I felt the boat suddenly rock, and, splash ! I was precipitated into the water. "Rob" I screamed. "Help ! I'm drowned." But my heartless brother was stretched upon the bank in fits of uncontrollable laughter. But even in death (as I imagined) the impulse of anger overcame that of fear and in some manner, I know not how, I dragged myself up that bank and pushed him, paralyzed with laughter over the edge. Then when the tables were turned I commenced to grasp the humour of the situation. "A turn about is fair play" I remarked, as he dragged himself up, dripping. "Oh, if you could only see yourself" was the retort, while he shrieked with insane laughter. "How are we to get home?" brought his humour to an abrupt end. He ran down along the shore to a point opposite where the boat was drifting, and waded out to it.

When we rowed back to our own side I had decided that it

would never do to go back without catching a single fish, as it would be an everlasting disgrace; so after waiting patiently for a long time I was rewarded by a tug at the line. I called out excitedly "O! it's a salmon, it's a salmon," but was brought back to earth by Rob's contemptuous remark. "It's only a smelt." He took the rod and clambered up on to the wharf, telling me "to make a heap of the trout, up and out of reach of the tide." The mosquitoes, in the language of an old friend, "were paying great attention to us." I was also becoming chilled from my unexpected bath, so I suggested going home.

We took the shortest course via the dyke road, and reached our own gate with but one more mishap; in trying to gather a bunch of the pretty "wild heather" as our people call it, I tumbled over the dyke and narrowly escaped a second unwelcome bath.

When we entered the grove below the house I observed company in the garden—and recognized them. I resolutely declared my intention of not going a step further, while that crowd was near the place—I wasn't going to be disgraced, not if I got my death of cold. After reasoning with me for a while Rob was fain to go home without me. On reaching the garden he could meet their enquiries for me only by roars of laughter. Whether they divined the real state of affairs, or whether—as I have always accused him of doing—Rob told them, the whole party headed by my sister started for my hiding place, captured me, and dragged me into the lighted room. They didn't let me go until they had had a good look at me, and then I crawled away to my own room "weary and broken in spirit."

I didn't honor them with the pleasure (?) of my company that evening, but from the top of the stairs I could hear them "poking fun" at my first catch. However, in spite of all misfortunes the cloud has a silver lining. I will tell you mine. The next time I met Jack (one of the visitors) he teased me unmercifully; I only laughed, and challenged him to come fishing some evening, and I'd show him which of us could catch the more. "I wager a volume of Tennyson's Poems that I can beat you" he said. I agreed, but took pains to keep it no secret.

When the eventful evening came we reached the bank of



the pretty mill pond early ; Jack arranged our poles, and sat down very seriously. He caught the first trout, a small one. I didn't even get a bite. I said I was tired in one place, and that I was going further up along the stream. Encouraged by his success he said he would stay where he was. After a while I saw him go further down. When the time was nearly up, he came along anxiously in search of me, and behold, I triumphantly produced four fine large trout, while he had only two small ones. I wish you could have seen his crest-fallen look, but it can be better imagined than described. I made him come home by the village, too, and you may imagine I didn't keep quiet about it.

That is why I always smile when my eyes fall upon a beautifully bound volume of Tennyson which adorns my room.

As it is likely this will reach the waste basket, I will let you into the secret. I bought the fish from a little fellow in the vicinity, and arranged with him to hide them in that convenient spot.

This may seem unfair to Jack, but why didn't he show regard for my feelings? He might have known that first episode was a sore spot with me, and, as I told him afterwards, it was on his account I first wished to learn.

Even if this appears, Jack will not see it, he will be safely off to the 'Varsity by that time.

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## Two Dreams.—II.

**B**UT the bonds of sleep are strong, and it was not long ere they had once more embraced me in their drowsy grasp. Soon certain sonorous nasal vibrations informed my inner consciousness that I was again asleep. Then, as these suggestive sounds became fainter, I drifted as it were into a state of expectancy, born of the experience I have related above. The fitting figures again played and crowded before my vision. Again as I watched them, one withdrawing from his fellows approached me. It was another of the Dream Spirits ; but not the

same as had served me before. "Brother" he said "thou hast tasted some of the bitters of our kingdom ; thou shalt now enjoy some of its sweets."

As out of black night the world rolls into clear day, so did now my thought emerge from darkness to light. I was in a land all bright with sunshine, and fresh with cool breezes. Standing on a sun-kissed hill-top, I looked down at a beautiful lake ; its waters as transparent as crystal, and repeating to me all the beauties of the mountain peaks above. An island lay placidly in its bosom, green with verdure, soft with grassy slopes and hollows. Out of a bower of foliage peeped a little wooden roof glinting in the sun, giving to the beauty of the island an additional aspect of home. Drawn by an irresistible impulse, I scrambled down the rocky hillside, and in a trice had come to the edge of the lake, where a little bark canoe lay, half in the water, and half on the white, pebble-strewn sand. Having shoved off, and jumped in, a few vigorous strokes of the paddle brought me to a landing place—two or three mossy logs shaded by the branches of an overhanging birch tree. Cautiously and circumspectly I climbed a not very high bank, and then made my way through thick undergrowth to the front of the little house I had seen. No one appearing, I walked in quite unconcernedly. Having, I suppose, travelled some distance, I was glad to throw my tired limbs on a low couch opposite the door ; and was just wondering what would happen next, when I heard a light step on the threshold and looked up. Ah ! We poor mortals have never seen beauty but in dreams ! In the door stood a girl gazing at me with timid, questioning eyes ; yet there was in them the consciousness of authority. In one hand was a bunch of flowers—I only glanced at them long enough to see that they were beautiful—the other hung loosely at her side. Standing up in confusion, I was about blurting out something when in a tone of sweet dignity she said : " Traveller ! none ever came here but received a greeting of welcome. To you the Lady of the Lake now gives that greeting." Then, with a grace in which modesty and ease were perfectly blended, she came to me and sat down. Then we talked—without any conventional restraint, for that has no place in dreams. And oh ! the soft sweetness



and melody of that voice, the deep, loving blue of those eyes, the tenderness of that little hand as it gently returned the pressure of mine ! But now, after many long years have passed, and I recall that dream to mind, I only know that I loved, that she loved, and that the bond between us was nothing less than the perfection of human love. But this was not to last. All at once the little house, the island, the lake, the mountains, were enveloped in a dense mist ; only the face of my " Lady of the Lake," stood out clearly to me, as it still stands out through the mist of years, crowded though they be with changes, and doings and experiences. Then it too began to fade ; and as it did, that aching lump, which we strangely call heartache, rose in my throat and almost choked me. Feebly I protested, but in vain, for soon nothing remained save the aureola left by the light of her golden hair.

" And once again my dream was changed." The mists lifted and cleared away. I was still on an island, but instead of the lake, there was an illimitable sea ; and as I looked to east and west and north and south, I could see myriads of islands ; far outreaching my vision, though no horizon limited its range. " This " thought I " is the sea and these the Islands that Mirza once saw—

The islands of the blessed in the everlasting sea,"

They were all lighted by the same sun, whose rays they mutually reflected towards one another. I first thought that I was alone on my island. But no ! A presence was there that I had not seen. And ah ! Had I never before seen eyes—blue eyes—like those that now met mine ? Yes ; but these were deeper, as they peered into, and seemed to light up, my very soul. Had I never heard a voice speaking thus in accents sweet and low ? Yes ; but this was a fuller voice, and in its tone sweet melody and limitless authority were mingled. Had I never felt that tender touch before ? Yes ; but these were stronger hands, and as they took mine a feeling of perfect security and satisfaction thrilled me through and through. Had I never loved before ? Yes ; but the lovely Lady of the Lake and I only knew earthly love ; and here was a higher, holier affection, a more ecstatic joy.

The earthly love had an end. This was unending and infinite, and in it all human affection found a perfect consummation.

Whenever now I hear in dreams derisive shrieks of fiendish laughter, they are drowned and lose their echo in those loving, reassuring tones; whenever hobgoblin shapes flit across my fevered fancy, they melt and fade away, like a dissolving view, before the pure, penetrating light of those deep blue eyes; whenever now, in dreams, I feel that awful falling sensation, there is a strong hand stretched out to lift and buoy me up, and to replace despair and fright with rest and peace. And often as I think and ponder over these dreams, there comes to me a deep-rooted conviction that they have a meaning, and carry a deep truth. It is not only in dreams that demons push and drag us downward; it is not only in dreams that we go with them, down! down! down! that we taste of their putrid atmosphere, feel their horrid touch, hear their wild yells and see their loathsome deformities; neither is it only in dreams that we get to know what true strong love means; and catch glimpses, momentary perhaps, and broken, and soon fading away; yet surely true glimpses of the "Islands of the Blest."

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### Book Notes.

"The Lane that had no Turning" is the name of Gilbert Parker's collection of short stories, published by George N. Morang, Toronto. It is a book that will while away a dull hour better than most books, for apart from the worth of the stories, there is all through the tales the atmosphere of the old French-Canadian life so truthfully depicted that its very naturalness is the highest tribute to the author's ability. Paper covers 75c.

"Sons of the Morning," by Eden Philpotts, is a story that will absorb the interest of those whose inclination is for the more serious kind of novels. It abounds with clever bits of moralizing, and some quaint philosophy is expounded by the bucolic characters who form the setting for a story, the scene of action for which is the county of Devon. The strong love of nature and the sympathetic insight into human character make the book one not to be passed over. Published by W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto. Paper 75c; cloth \$1.50.

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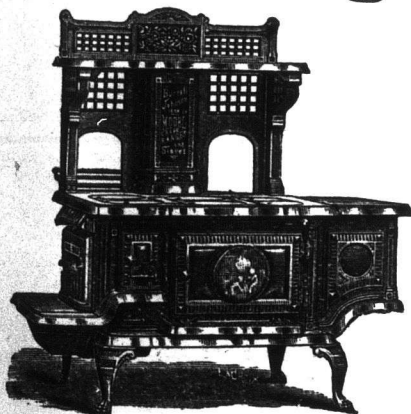
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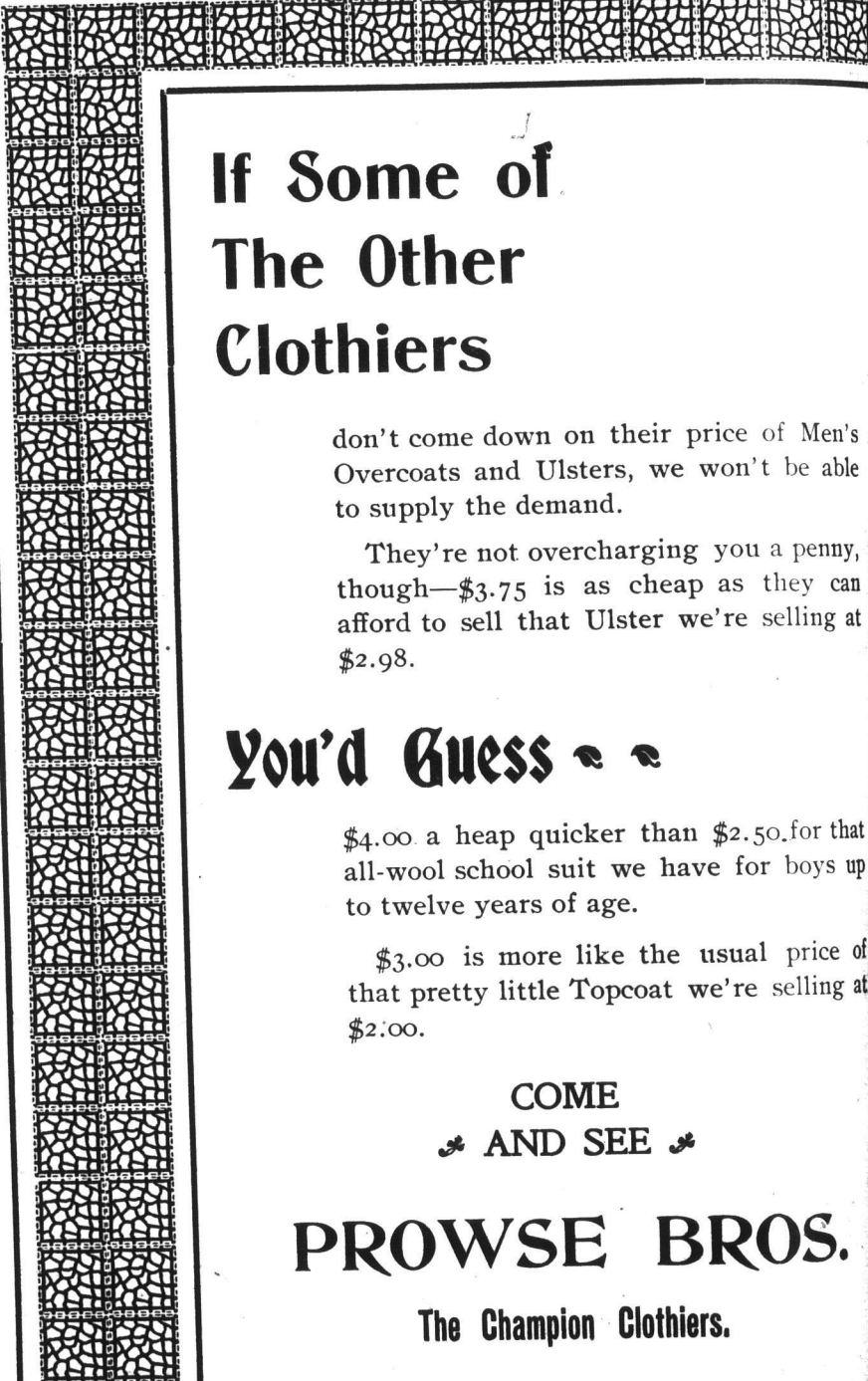
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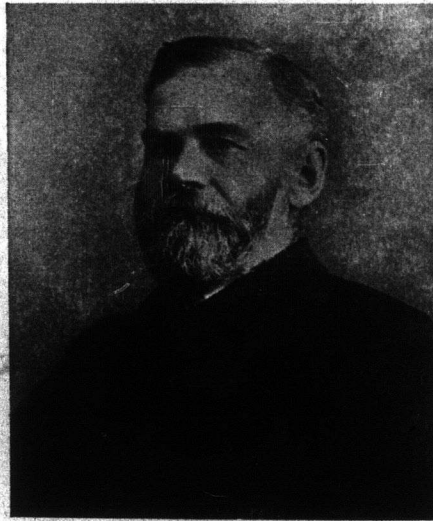
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