

The Prince Edward Island Magazine

CHRISTMAS

Contents

1902

ABEGWEIT, a poem	W. Rogers
INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN P. E. I.	D. A. McKinnon, M.P.
EARLY DAYS OF ALBERTON	A. E. Matthews
THOMAS KIRWIN	Cecil Bagnall
ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST, a poem	J. M.
CHIPS	
THE MESSAGE, a poem	J. S. Clark
THE NATAL DAY OF CHRIST	Jas. D. Lawson
A CELEBRATED ISLANDER, an Acrostic	F. A. Wightman
LORD SELKIRK'S SETTLERS IN P. E. I.	A. Irwin
THOUGHTS FROM "THE RAVEN"	J. D. M.
GREATER SYDNEY	M. L.
THE BUGBEAR	J. S. C.
THROUGH TOMMY HAWKE'S TELESCOPE	T. Hawke
EDITORIAL, BOOK NOTES, EXCHANGES, ETC.	

The PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE is printed at its
own office Richmond St. west, Charlottetown, P. E. I., by Archibald Irwin,
Editor and Publisher. Subscription 75c a year postpaid to Canada or U.S.

THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

Contents of this Number

ABEGWEIT Photo by W. S. Louison		
ABEGWEIT A Poem	W. Rogers	339
INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN P. E. I. D. A. McKinnon, K. C., M. P.		342
EARLY DAYS OF ALBERTON A. E. Matthews		346
THOMAS KIRWIN Cecil Bagnall		251
ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST A Poem	J. M.	353
CHIPS		354
THE MESSAGE A Poem	J. S. Clark	357
THE NATAL DAY OF CHRIST Jas. D. Lawson		357
A CELEBRATED ISLANDER. An Acrostic	F. A. Wightman	362
LORD SELKIRK'S SETTLERS IN P. E. I. A. Irwin		362
THOUGHTS FROM "THE RAVEN" J. D. M.		368
GREATER SYDNEY M. L.		369
THE BUGBEAR J. S. C.		375
THROUGH TOMMY HAWKE'S TELESCOPE T. Hawke		377
EDITORIAL, BOOK NOTES, EXCHANGES, ETC.		

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The subscription price is SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS a year, for which it will be sent, post-paid to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittance may be made in stamps (Canadian or U. S.) or by postal note or money order.

Contributions are invited on any subjects that writers may think will interest the readers of this magazine.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is printed at its own office, Richmond Street West, Charlottetown, where a large general Book and Job Printing business is carried on by the publisher.

ARCHIBALD IRWIN

P. O. Box 71,

Telephone 189.

SANTA CLAUS
AT
CARTER'S BOOKSTORE

Every Christmas brings the good old
Santa Claus to Carter's Bookstore

This year there is in stock such a splen-
did lot of

Toys, Books

and numberless other

Articles

❖ **for Holiday Gifts** ❖

that we have not space to describe them

**Better
see
them
Yourself**

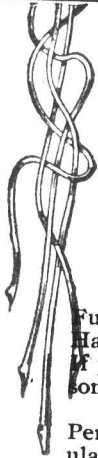
WE WANT YOU TO CALL

GEO. CARTER & Co.

Handsome
.. Fur ..
Neckwear



"The best Furs
for your price
and none but
good Furs at
any price.



That motto of ours "The best Furs for your price and none but good Furs at any price," is making business good in this new Fur room of ours. Have you thought of the advantages of Furs among your Xmas purchases? If you have you want to get close up to this Fur room of ours for we have some of the nicest things you have seen in nobby Fur Neckwear. Ruffs, Collars, and Boas, in all furs, Coney, Oppossum, Astrachan, Seal, Persian Lamb, Marten, Mink, Fox, Sable, and in fact all Furs that are popular, are here, at lower prices than you would ever expect to pay.

MOORE & McLEOD

The Choicest Groceries

For Xmas and for all the the year round you can get
at Jenkins & Sons

Everything of the best for the Xmas trade.

Try the

“Wild Lily” Flour

when you next buy a barrel.

**JENKINS
&
SON**

me but good
room of ours.
s purchases?
for we have
rachan, Seal,
that are pop-
y.

What to Give

We make it easy

NICE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Now Boys and Girls, here's a few suggestions
for nice Xmas Gifts for your friends

FOR GENTLEMEN

A warm Kid Glove	50 cents a pair
A good Mocha Kid Glove	85 and \$1.25 a pair
A nice Silk Muffler, square	50, 75, and \$1.00
A nice Silk Muffler, Tie Shape	75, \$1.00 and \$1.25
A pair Boxed Suspenders	75 cents
A Boxed Tie	50 and 75 cents
A Fur Collar for Gents Coat	\$3.75 to \$25.00

FOR LADIES

A Linen Handkerchief at	10, 15, 20 and 25c
A Silk Embroidered Handkerchief at	25, 40, 50 75, \$1.25
A pair good Kid Gloves	75 and \$1.00
A Fur Ruff of elegant Fur	\$1.75, \$2.50, \$5.00
A Fur Collar	\$3.50 to \$30.00
A nice Lace Collar	50 cents to \$2.50
A nice Lace or Silk Tie	25 cents to \$1.25

These are a few of the acceptable gifts at Christmas.
The variety of these goods we carry makes choosing
easy. We're still after your Xmas trade.

PROWSE BROS.

"The Farmers Boys"



Santa Claus



THE
BRINGER
OF
CHRISTMAS
JOYS



Who wishes to get good value for his money should call and inspect our large stock of

Toys, Games, Dolls, etc.



We could fill the pages of the P. E. I. Magazine telling of the different kinds, etc., but we don't imagine the editor would permit us.

Don't fail to call early and inspect our big

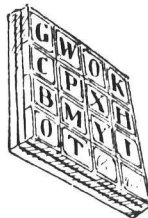
TOY BAZAAR UP-STAIRS

Toys of every description and the beauty of it is they are imported direct from the manufacturers. We won't try to sell you shabby goods imported from jobbers on the other side.

Mechanical Toys, Roaming Toys, Stuffed Dolls, Work Boxes, Purses, etc.

All Leather Goods lettered free, same as other years, Goods purchased now can be stored till Christmas then delivered free.

Our Bazaar is open specially to the children.



MITCHELL'S BOOKSTORE

Opp. Prowse's

Open Evenings



VISIT OUR
= NEW STORE =

THE
DAINTIEST OF
DIAMOND
SET
WATCHES
SUPERBLY
ENCRAVED
AND
PLAIN



TWO
IMPORTANT
SUGGESTIONS
FOR THE
CONSIDER-
ATION OF
CHRISTMAS
GIFT
GIVERS

WATCHES
FOR THE LADIES

Dainty watches with Gold, Gold Filled, Silver and Gun Metal Cases.

FOR MEN—Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel cased watches reliable and low-priced.

BOYS & GIRLS—Something special. Very cheap and very good

PEARL BROOCHES

Dainty in design, made of fourteen carat gold and set with best selected white pearls are without doubt, one of the most appropriate gifts that a lady could receive.

I have for your inspection an extra fine selection.

LOTS OF
OTHER
SUGGESTIONS
IN GUN METAL
AND STERLING



G. F. Hutchison
JEWELER & OPTICIAN

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

DESBRISAY
BLOCK

PRINTING

"Printed at the office of the Prince Edward Island Magazine" means printed better than the ordinary run of printing.

All kinds of Book and Job Printing, etc.

Facilities for the largest jobs.

Telephone 189

Office: Richmond St. w.

NT
ONS

R-
F
AS

HES

de of
t with
ls are
most
lady

on an

son

ICIAN
P.E.I.

.. OVERSHOES ..



OVERSHOES ARE NICE TO BE IN
.. .. THIS WEATHER

We have 'Something Special'
to show you in Overshoes

The "Blizzard"

A low cut Overshoe—is a general
favorite, price **\$1.30**

Then we have

The "Belmont" \$1.85

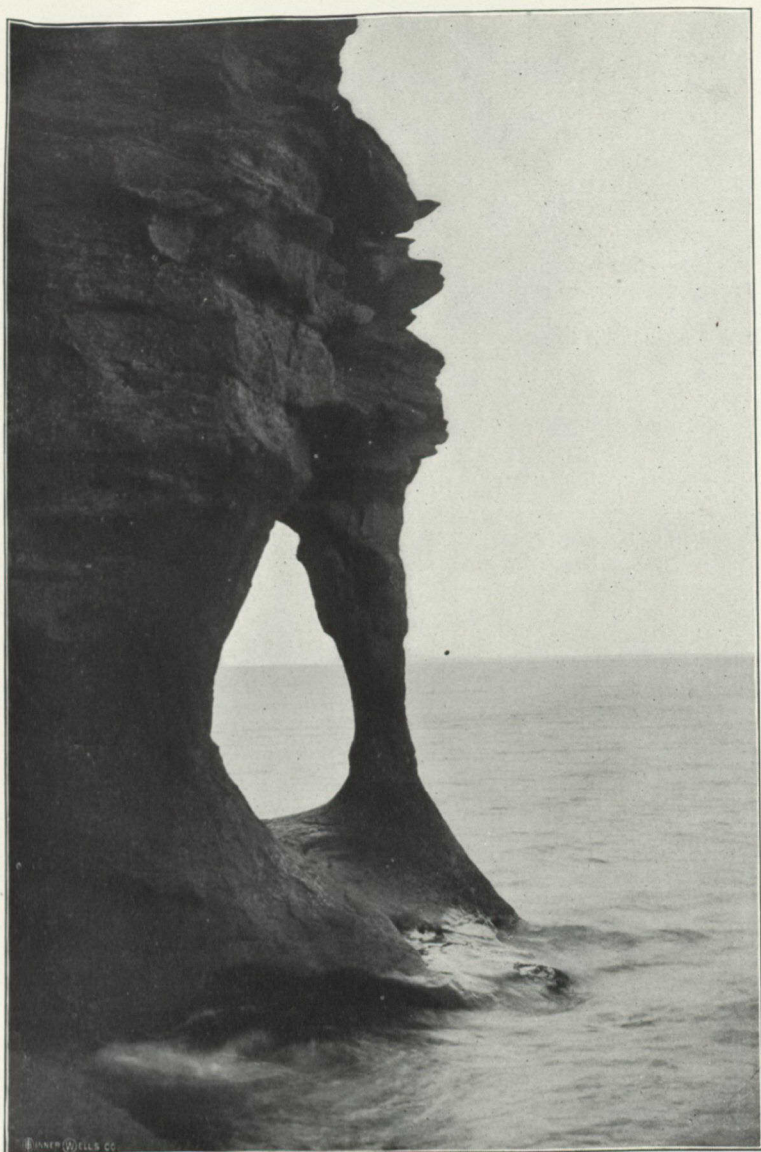
and

The "Roberts," 3 Buckle, \$2.75

We make a specialty
of Overshoes and we
guarantee every pair.

ALLEY & Co.

'PHONE 137



“Like a seamark, resting in a restless sea;
Like a storm-bird, breasting waters strong and free,
Thou sittest, and thy waves bring all their gifts to thee.”

The above picture is reproduced from a photo taken by Mr. Will S. Louson, at Darnley, P. E. Island. The photograph was awarded first prize in its class at all the Provincial Exhibitions.

The
Prince Edward Island
Magazine

Vol. 4

December, 1902

No. 10

Abegweit.

["Abegweit" is the name by which the Micmacs, the native Indians, called Prince Edward Island. It means "asleep in the sea."]

C
RADLED on the Ocean,
Courtèd with her charms,
Lullèd by every motion
Of her Mother arms,
And croonèd by voices wild
And playful, soft alarms,

Like a sea mark resting
In a restless sea ;
Like a storm-bird, breasting
Waters strong and free,
Thou sittest, and thy waves
Bring all their gifts to Thee.

From the doors of thunder
Through their sombre shroud
Burst the winds from under
Yon sea-soaring cloud—
And sound their vibrant horn
Through inland forests loud.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine

Come the madcap billows
 Where the rock-wall shelves
O'er the sheltered pillows
 Of the Ocean elves,—
To burst in starry showers,
 Dissolving in themselves.

Down the fierce wind screaming
 Sails a dauntless crew,
Wild white wings out-streaming
 Skim the tumbling blue,
That slips and falls away
 And gathers form anew.

When the winds are resting
 In their dream-caves drawn
On dark waters nesting
 When the moon is gone
Thou waitest calm and still
 The trysting time of dawn.

At the loon's long warning
 From the gates of day,
Sweeps the radiant morning
 Over wastes of gray
And from the looming land
 Mist-phantoms melt away.

From the flaming borders
 Of the sea and sky
When night's dusky warders
 Pale and faint and die,
Comes up the royal sun
 And mounts his throne on high

Underneath the arching
 Of the world's blue ring,
Like a war god marching,
 Like a conquering king,
He sinks his burning spears
 Down where the mermen sing.

Blue waves under greening
 To the dark below
Fleecy caps careening
 Landward as they go
On sand-line rest and melt
 Like flakes of beaten snow.

When the sun's last glory
 Sheets the dreaming tide,
Pregnant with the story
 Of his waning pride ;
Thou sittest like a queen ;
 Thou lovest like a bride.

With the wild duck winging
 Through the deep'ning haze ;
On the far clouds clinging
 Daylight's pallid rays ;
Thine ocean voices mourn
 The dying of the days.

With their tangled tresses
 Wantoned by the wave
In its free caresses
 O'er their starlit grave,
The seaweeds slumber dark
 In marsh and mere and cave.

Where the spent tide merges
 In the pulseless deep
 Wakened by soft surges
 From their caves of sleep
 The Nereids of the sea
 Their haunting vigil keep.

All the sea breast sighing
 In a star strewn maze
 And the moon replying
 Bends her tender gaze
 And pours her lights of love
 In chaste down-streaming rays.

Morn and noon and even,
 Dawn or sunset glow,
 Clear or clouded heaven;
 Breeze or calm below,
 Thou liest, cradled still
 On ocean's ebb and flow.

WEBSTER ROGERS.

Industrial Progress in Prince Edward Island.

D. A. MCKINNON, K. C., M. P.

All our patriotic people, we may assume, are in favor of progress. Increase of population is one index of progress. How do we stand in this respect? The Capital City of Prince Edward Island had its population in

1881	-	-	-	-	-	11,485
1891	-	-	-	-	-	11,373
1901	-	-	-	-	-	12,080



D. A. MCKINNON, K. C., M. P.

a decrease of 112 in the former and an increase of 707 in the latter decade.

Our Island's population was in

1881	-	-	-	-	-	108,891
1891	-	-	-	-	-	109,078
1901	-	-	-	-	-	103,259

an increase of 187 in the former and a decrease of 5,719 in the latter decade. This is a matter that should concern every one interested in the welfare of the community.

The problem to grapple with is what can be done to provide against further loss and to ensure an increase of population.

What is our situation? Our climate is healthful—the number of people passing away during the present year over four score years of age is evidence of this. Even our climate is changing. If the average snowfall during the past fourteen years is compared with that during the previous fourteen years an annual average of over three feet less will be found during the latter period. This is a remarkable change. Navigation also remains open later.

Warmer climates may be more attractive, but if opportunities are presented for our young men and maidens to earn a competence and to enjoy the comforts of life many would make homes with us instead of going abroad. The gain, if our sons and daughters, whose upbringing and education costs much, would remain to build up our country, cannot be estimated. Our people are energetic. They can labor with might and mind. We have natural advantages for superior productiveness and a maritime situation with good natural harbours. A pier worthy of the Capital City would add to these advantages.

What are our chief resources? Agriculture on land and fish from the sea. It is often remarked in a deprecating way that we have no mines nor minerals; as if our own

resources were not important. These we have are most valuable and are capable of immense development.

Better provisions should be made for sending fish to market in such shape that more enhanced prices may be realized. An agitation along these lines is on foot in the western part of the Island that merits encouragement.

Along Agricultural lines in this Garden of the Gulf it is very natural to suggest that more vegetables and fruit be grown. The numbers of domestic animals can be increased. There is a simple way by which all the productive capabilities that our Province possesses can be called into greater activity; and that is by the establishment of Industries in our midst.

To those who desire our Island to advance it is an appropriate time, at the outset of the new Century, for our best minds to carefully consider what industries are adapted to our natural resources and to the conditions of our situation.

The proposal to establish a Pork Packing Industry on a large scale so that all the labour be employed here in shaping this product for market instead of sending a large share abroad as heretofore and so that there may be a continuous market here should meet with general approval. Canning beef, vegetables and fruit and manufacturing pickles seem all adapted to our requirements.

There are other industries such as soap factories; linen and woolen factories; boot and shoe factories, cheese put up like McLaren's; which should be developed to such an extent as to be able to compete with other countries. Several other industries might be mentioned.

The struggle for industrial progress in Prince Edward Island is begun. Time alone will reveal the results.

That a thing is unprecedented, even if this were true, should not deter us, and is calculated to alarm only the untutored mind.

Bacon's words of wisdom might be applied "set it down

to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them."

Our greatest drawback has been the lack of capital and enterprise. Without sufficient capital we cannot conduct industries on such a scale as to compete in the markets of the world.

Every increase of capital is capable of giving additional employment; the people multiply and the country is enriched.

Our transportation facilities in winter and summer are better than ever by steam and railway, and if cold storage accomodation is provided on land and sea it will vastly add to our means of progress. The advance in intellectual culture is moderate. Our Dominion is making rapid strides to become a great nation. Let us not forget that we form part of Canada and should share in the present movement.

Instead of condemning the introduction of industrial life on a broader basis all should strive to encourage industrial progress in Prince Edward Island.

Early Days of Alberton

(Continued)

FROM the date of Cambridge's departure, which was somewhere about 1842, until the great American gale in 1851, the Point was again without a business stand. During this period the site of the present town of Alberton was slowly evolving out of its primitive state of wild forest into a small business centre. The settlers of the Dock and those who dealt further to the East toward Kildare River, as well as those resident on the Peninsula and at the "Point" built a log schoolhouse, where the store of Hon. B. Reid to-day stands. The first teacher who presided over the backwoods school was Herbert Bell, a native of Scotland, and afterwards a member of the Island legislature.

Mr. Bell, noticing the advantages of a business stand in this central position between the settled parts of the country gave up the teaching profession and opened a small store. Shortly after this, Edmund Wallace, who had been doing a small trading business outside of Alberton, moved his business stand to the corner opposite Bell's store, where he carried on a mercantile business and kept a tavern. The increase of traffic and the need of shipping produce, necessitated the opening of passable roads from the outlying settlements to these places of business, and in a few years roads were opened between the surrounding settlements and continued south to the water front; in this way the cross roads grew in importance as the facilities for travel and transportation improved.

In 1851, the year of the Great American Gale, Captain Rider, an American, started a business at the "Point." At this time great numbers of American fishermen were engaged in their calling off our coasts, and very often their fleet ran into Cascumpec harbor for shelter during a storm. In Captain Rider's time (so old residents say) as many as three hundred sail of American fishing vessels, have crowded into the harbor at one time; and as each vessel had, on an average, at least ten of a crew, the number of men thus landing on our shore totalled up a respectable army. Many are the stories told of the days of the American sailor. Landing in a small sparsely-settled hamlet, such a number of men would certainly, as long as they held together, have complete control; but to their credit be it said, that on the whole, they were a manly, respectable lot, and only rarely, and that when intoxicated, did they seek a quarrel with the inhabitants of Cascumpec. Whatever of rioting and quarreling they may have had, and that is much exaggerated, was generally among themselves.

Captain Rider in company with a Mr. Deene, did, as was said before, a large trade at the "Point," mainly in

supplying these fishermen. During the latter years of Captain Rider's residence at the "Point," he was in partnership with Mr. I. C. Hall under the name of "Hall & Rider." This firm also built a number of ships at the "Point." The last vessel built was the 'Reciprocity,' which name one of the shipyard employees facetiously turned into the "Race of Poverty," a name he considered fitting as the failure of the firm was imminent. Shortly afterwards, about 1862, Captain Rider went out of business at the "Point." Mr. J. C. Pope, afterwards Minister of Marine and Fisheries for Canada, built a number of ships here and carried on a considerable business well up in the seventies, but after his departure, trade slackened at the "Point," until to-day not a building, wharf, or any trace remains to mark what was once the principal business centre of the west.

In 1853, Adam C. Fife came to Alberton from Halifax, and built a store and warehouses at what is to-day the Port of Alberton. Through Fife's influence the present Government wharf was built; and for a number of years he did a large business in shipping produce and trading with American fishermen. He left Alberton in 1861, or '62, his premises being afterwards occupied by Mr. John White, who for a number of years carried on a business at this place.

In the meantime the 'Cross-roads' was slowly growing in importance. In 1856, a new business was opened up here by David Rogers, and two years afterwards James Reid opened a general store on the premises formerly occupied by Moses Ryan—where now the Alberton Postoffice stands. In this same year Benjamin Rogers purchased the store and premises of David Rogers and still carries on a general mercantile business on the original site.

In 1860, the late Geo. W. Howlan opened up a store in what is to-day known in Alberton as the "Temperance

Hall." This was not Mr. Howlan's first experience in business with the residents of the west, as he was employed as clerk by Captain Rider in his establishment at the "Point." He left this concern and went to Charlottetown, then in the above-mentioned year came to Alberton, where he carried on an extensive trade for a number of years, in the course of which he removed to a larger building on Main Street, where he remained until he went out of business in 1880.

A number of other firms were doing business in Alberton during the years covered by this history, nearly all of which have long since ceased to exist. Of the establishments at present carrying on business at this place their history is of comparatively recent date and need not enter into this article.

In 1873 the P. E. Island Railway was opened to Alberton. Before this all the western trade passed out and in through Cascumpec harbor. Capt. Rider had a packet service running between this place and Boston, and the other firms received their goods and shipped their produce by sea, but with the opening of the railroad all this was changed to a great extent. Stores were opened along the line of railway around which have grown up small villages and which, as they take their share of the country trade, have been to the detriment of business interests in Alberton.

The winter of 1878 was long remembered by the residents of Alberton as the year of the smallpox. This dread disease was brought to Alberton in a vessel that came here from some port in the province of Quebec to load produce for Geo. W. Howlan. The captain of this vessel took sick and was taken to a house in Alberton; but when the case was diagnosed as smallpox he was removed to a building on the sand-hills, across the harbor, where he eventually recovered. An inmate of the house to which the captain was first taken, contracted smallpox and shortly afterward a

number of people were stricken with the disease, it is claimed, by attending the wake of a child that died of smallpox, which last fact was not known until some time afterwards. The Alberton Board of Health purchased a building to the east of the town for a hospital, procured attendants for the sick and also secured the services of a Charlottetown doctor to treat those infected. In all, something less than twenty persons in Alberton contracted the disease, about seventy-five per cent. of whom recovered.

In addition to the dread of smallpox, the residents of Alberton were forced to bear the privations and solitude of a long, dreary winter. All the places of business were closed and the necessaries of life hard to procure. The villages and settlements in the vicinity of Alberton maintained a rigid quarantine against the people of that place; in this connection the story is told of two Alberton gentlemen who drove to Tignish on a business errand and found the doors of that village barred against them. After a fruitless attempt to obtain either shelter or refreshment for man or beast, they were compelled to turn their faces homeward, where they arrived at the close of a bitter winter day, cold and hungry.

In the early days of Alberton the residents of that place were not without their local newspaper, if that name can be applied to a number of sheets of manuscript, issued every now and then under the name of the "Stumptown Recorder." The subject matter of this paper was usually made up of personal articles bearing on the life and character of the Alberton citizen of that day, which article did not always meet with the approval of the individual thus noticed. Moreover the man, who considered himself to have been calumniated in the pages of this periodical, had no redress, as the personnel of the editorial staff was kept a dark secret. Two of the editors of this paper

are still residing in Alberton. The first newspaper of Alberton was issued in 1875, when Mr. J. L. McKinnon began the publication of "The Pioneer," and issued it weekly from its office in the Temperance Hall. After remaining here for a few years, Mr. McKinnon removed his paper to the growing town of Summerside and since then Alberton has been without a newspaper of its own, manuscript or otherwise.

The history of Alberton since 1880 is that of recent years, and would therefore be out of place in this article. In what has been written there may be much that is uninteresting to the general reader, and probably something has been overlooked that would have added much to the article from a historical and also literary standpoint; if so the writer's only apology is the infallibility of man's memory, as this article is based on tradition and reminiscence.

A. E. MATTHEWS.

A Name Which Sends Our Thoughts Back to The Old Time.

I HAVE been waiting for a long time for some one to tell about the first magazine published on Prince Edward Island—the *Progress Magazine*. It was started in the *Progress* office in Summerside in the winter of 1866 by Thomas Kirwin. It contained many well written articles by Islanders, especially by those who had gone to the "States." It was a very creditable publication, but conducted as a side issue it did not live the year out, I think. But to many it will be more interesting to tell of Thomas Kirwin, one of the many intellectual men the Island has produced. Few may now remember him, but I think a little sketch of his career ought to appear in a magazine that is read so largely for its touch with the old times, old places, old cus-

toms, and with its departed people of undisputed worth. Mr. Kirwin, (a splendid specimen of Prince Edward Island manhood by the way, which is saying a good deal), was born in Tryon, April 17, 1832. Losing both parents before he was eight years old, he was taken to Charlottetown by an older married sister, and sent to a private school, afterwards entering the old Central Academy, (changed to Prince of Wales College), then under the mastership of John Arbuckle. He learned his trade in the printing office of John J. Pippy in Charlottetown, and came to Boston to work as a journeyman printer and writer for the Daily Press. Mr. Kirwin revisited the Island in 1855, and then married the daughter of Samuel Westacott, a well-known bibliophile in his day, working for a time in the *Examiner* office, under Edward Whalen. Returning to Boston, Mr. Kirwin was induced to come back to the Island by Mr. Whalen and report the debates of the House of Assembly. The House was then Liberal, with Mr. Coles as leader, and Mr. Whalen an influential member. Mr. Kirwin and David Laird (or was it Robert?) reported the debates in conjunction during the session of 1857. In August of that year, Mr. Kirwin began the publication of the *People's Journal*, which he disposed of a year or so later to an old Island printer, John McDonald. The sheet was edited almost entirely by Mr. Kirwin, although Archibald McNeill was supposed to be the political giant of it. Mr. Kirwin returned to Boston, worked on the *Traveller*, then on the *Commercial Bulletin*, which Curtis Guild was just then starting. In 1862 he went to war, fought bravely as Islanders can, was wounded in North Carolina, and sent home. In 1866 he went down to Summerside and started the *Progress*, at the solicitation of Robert Holman, and continued to publish it for three years. He returned to Boston and has occupied a responsible editorial position on the *Herald* for the last twenty-nine years. Few more honorable, upright

and intellectual sons of Prince Edward Island can be thought of at this moment to write about, by one who has known him so many years, as Thomas Kirwin.

CECIL T BAGNALL.

On a Picture of Christ by G. Max.

O THORN-CROWNED CHRIST, our brother! Man
divine,

Upon whose brow such cruel mockery lies!

Dost veil with drooping eyelids weary eyes—

Is dark despair, or woe world-weighted, thine?

Or, gazing deep, dost search this heart of mine,

With all its grief and guilt to sympathize;

And in that gaze a sorrowful surprise

That one should grovel still through will supine?

We mock thee, truly, when we make thy birth

A time for laughter and unseemly mirth,

Forgetful surely that thou wert not sent

To cause thy brethren reck not of their ban,

Nor them endow with careless soul-content;

But our exemplar—yea, the perfect man!

Charlottetown, December, 1902.

J. M.



Chips.

WHAT a quantity of reading matter is being published everywhere! No such literary activity has ever been known. Harper & Bros., in their *Monthly* of twenty-one years ago, had three pages advertising new publications. To-day they have fifty-one pages in their last number, calling public attention to the latest issues of the season. Mudie, of London, offers one hundred volumes of one-vol. well-bound novels for eighty-four shillings! and for sixty-three shillings he will give you fifty equally well-bound volumes—one half travel, biography and general literature, and the other half fiction.

We refer only to these two well-known English and American publishing houses. They are by no means the largest in their several countries. There are now, it is said, some thousands of books published daily in America; and the English and Scotch houses are reported as issuing not greatly below that figure. Every town and village has its local paper—if it is not blessed with the discord of two. The larger cities, confining ourselves to Canada, send forth broadcast, millions of newspapers weekly—one Montreal paper alone having a weekly circulation of nearly half a million.

Add to this, the magazine, or monthly publication, of which there are over five hundred in the English language. Some of these have a circulation approaching the million figure.

Our reader leans back in his chair and says '*qui bono?*'—what good?'

* * * * *

It is a difficult question to answer. We admit that a large portion of this is unfit for human food: nauseating, unsatis-

factory, and working permanent injury to soul and body. We admit that this plethora of publication has an unwholesome scum of much larger proportions than the pot-pourri should contain. But it sells, and sells well. *Munsey*, though not in the froth of this scum—a fair specimen of the weak one-dollar magazine—earned last year some seven hundred thousand dollars. It, and a much lower class of literature, is apparently what a portion—not a small one—of the people want, and to supply that want the Publisher is working overtime, with an eye to the profit made in selling to the greatest number.

Who complains? The generation going out, mostly; to whom Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, were a relaxation after a hard and genuine effort at self-education as well as for daily bread. Around them their sons and daughters discuss the latest novel. The man of sixty marvels at the number of books read by them, and their knowledge of the various authors; their vehement admiration of some; their summary dismissal of others. But he is painfully conscious, at times, of the lack of knowledge these younger readers possess of the times, and characters, portrayed in the historical novels they read, and of the want of a right moral perception, evidenced by the enjoyment they take in the portraiture of the frowsy 'Anna' in *The Fighting Bishop* or of the open, bold, heartless infamy of 'Orchid Wiley' in *Truth Dexter*; two fair specimens of the production of the hour, hundreds and thousands of which are in the homes and circulating libraries of the people everywhere,—easy of access, easy to read.

* * * * *
* * * * *

The struggle for life is keener than it was twenty-one years ago. It is well to remember that. The scholar is somewhat out at elbow to-day, jostled contemptuously aside by the man whose brains are on fire with the desire for

wealth and power. Life in the office, or public mart, absorbs the whole man,—body, soul and spirit. He has neither the time nor the desire for much reading. The newspaper supplies his every daily want; and for relaxation when he takes it, the magazine, or popular novel soothes his tired brain.

But, we have to face the literary activity which is behind this deluge of publication. What of it? We answer, has it not recognized this struggle, and adapted itself to the new life? It knows it must catch its patrons, the moment the reins drop—in the short let-up from intense effort; and knowing this has written accordingly. Who can well blame the effort. *The Prisoner of Zenda* caught thousands of such, and a host of imitators are in the field to win a like success.

But again, this publication is not alone of the short story or of the longer novel. Ruskin's works in the writer's middle life could not be purchased for less than three guineas per volume. To-day you can purchase a readable edition for fifty cents a volume. The standard works of science, history and biography are being issued by the thousands, in form cheap enough to reach the poorest reader. The demand is strong for such literature or the supply would not be forthcoming. It cost Abraham Lincoln, many days work, in 'the forties' to purchase a book, which a few cents will buy to-day. But there must be many Lincolns, 'out in the wilderness,' reading the best the world has offered in Art and Literature, for the publisher is not catering to any uncertain market. He has no philanthropy in his make-up. He prints and issues, for, and to, those who want to buy; for the wearied slave of mammon, the giggling girl, and the young 'Webster' whose foot is upon the cow-path, but whose eyes range over the hilltops. Tons of the best literature of all times, are going forth out of the printing press, into the homes and

hearts of the people, though maybe, side by side with the drivel of the hour.

Are we nearer an answer to the *qui bono* of our reader? Possibly not. Let him think it out for himself.

The Message.

HEAR now the message that the angels bring;
 PEACE ON EARTH,—GOOD-WILL TO MEN.
 Glory in the highest! how they shout and sing,
 TILL THE VAULT RESOUNDS AGAIN.

Christians! glory in the Christmas days;
 GOD'S OWN SON IS BORN A MAN!
 Come, let us offer up our songs of praise;
 BUT TO APPRAISE HIS GIFT WHO CAN?

Sing how the Stainless One has borne our sin;
 DIED HIMSELF THAT MAN MIGHT LIVE!
 Down with complaining, - let the song begin;
 UNCONCERN MAY GOD FORGIVE.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

The Natal Day of Christ.

WELCOME! yea thrice welcome, Day of all days—the
 Incarnation of the Son of God. Hail thou long
 predicted Messiah—mystery of mysteries—"Great is the
 mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." Per-
 fect man and very God—"His name shall be called Wonder-

ful' Blessed epoch ! Sun of all time till time shall be no longer, all hail!

Thou art indeed the day long promised and long expected. Day of gladness in heaven, and day prophetic of peace on earth! The poets sang of thee, the prophets prophesied concerning thee, and now in the fulness of the time the angelic hosts make the arches of heaven resound with the joyful acclamation: "Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled."

Joy to a world steeped in wickedness, for perfect humanity joined to perfect divinity, and subsisting in the Second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, has appeared to redeem the elect of every age, of every clime, and of every nation. "God over all blessed forevermore," yet "low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall" What exaltation, and honour, and glory were His; yet what condescension, and ignominy, and shame did He submit to! "Though He was rich yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." What marvellous words! No finite mind can fathom their meaning.

"The Tabernacle of the Lord is with men." Abraham, with prophetic eye, pierced the darkness, and looking down through the vista of the ages, saw Christ's Day, and it rejoiced his heart. His true seed--those who are 'blessed with faithful Abraham, look back to that momentous time when God manifested in the flesh, took and kept their law place, dying for their sins according to the scriptures, and all their powers both of soul and body exclaim: "Lord who is like to Thee"! Well may the true Israel of God, everywhere, rejoice and be glad: "For now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; and unto them that look for Him He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

But does the day of our saviour's birth, stand out clearly and distinctly on the page of reliable history? It does not, With equal propriety can the words of Christ "Knoweth not

man" be appropriated concerning His Incarnation, which He used in reference to His second coming. The Holy Spirit—the spirit of wisdom and truth—did not grant liberty to the sacred penman to transmit the knowledge to future generations, the legitimate and true inference being that the day and the year are unimportant. Were it in any measure essential to salvation, or even necessary for any good purpose, would it not be written on the page of nature—the rocks—the footprints of the Eternal—and in the Infallible Word, so unmistakably that even the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err concerning it. Were the Gospels "cunningly devised fables" instead of God's inerrant truth, the year, the day, and the hour would unquestionably have been infallibly registered for future commemoration. But the Roman Catholic Church and the nations bearing, at least, nominal allegiance to the King of kings have fixed upon a day to celebrate our Saviour's birth, although we have seen the thing is nonsensical. The fact was present to the mind of the Spirit that man is prone to worship the thing more than the Creator; the day rather than the God of the day.

Even the year of our Lord's birth cannot be established with certainty. Dionysius Exiguus, or the Small of Scythia—an abbot of Rome—in 527, A. D., fixed it at 754 of Rome; but all scholars worthy of the name know that he was in error by at least four years, although it is the one from which we usually reckon, for Jesus was born before the death of Herod the Great. History tells us that Herod died about the 1st of April, in the year 750, of Rome. In all probability, then, His birth occurred nearly five years before the date usually assigned. The introduction of this festival in Antioch is placed about the year 380 A. D., and in Alexandria about 430 A. D.

If the year of our Adorable Redeemer's birth is unknown, surely the day of the year will be in greater uncertainty: Our best scholars and ablest chronologists, at all events,

are not agreed as to the day. Indisputable scholarship and unquestionable erudition have been laid under contribution as to determining its exact date, but with very unsatisfactory results. The problem is still unsolved, and doubtless will so remain. Some assign it to September, Lightfoot for instance. Others to October, chief among whom is Lardner; Weseler thought it occurred in February, Paulus in March; Greswell and Alford in April, and not a few in August. Andrews—an able Biblical scholar and a writer of renown—could not place it any more definitely than between the middle of December and the middle of January. Archdeacon Farrar asserts that “neither the day nor the month can be fixed. All attempts to discover the month and the day of nativity are useless. No data whatever exist to enable us to determine them with even approximate accuracy.”

Those who hold to the 25th of December as the Nativity, do not repair to the East for authority but to Rome, where in the Papal Archives they find Chrysostom to affirm on the authority of others that it was on that day from “the beginning.” In the East it was generally celebrated on the 6th of January, but the Western time was introduced between the 4th century and the 5th.

The consensus of opinion of most men of scholarship is, that the selection of the 25th of December was largely governed by the existence of heathen festivals about that time of the year. The Christian observance was a transfiguration of such as the Saturnalia, Sigilaria, Juvenalia and Brumalia. These were observed in the month of December to commemorate “the golden age of universal freedom and equality in honor of the unconquered sun.” These festivals were great holiday occasions for children, for the poor and for slaves.

Some profess to discover a deep spiritual significance in the transformation of these heathen festivals. There was in them—their sensual abuses to the contrary notwithstanding—

ing--what has been called unconscious prophecy of Christian truth—a beautiful meaning in the typical allusion of the sun after the 25th of December, and its beginning of a new career as illustrative of the birth of Christ who is the sun of righteousness, "for the light of the word is Jesus."

Believing, for the reasons assigned, that the Omniscient God did not intend that we should know definitely the day, the month, or even the year of our Lord's birth, it appears to us that true religion does not demand the celebration of His day. There was danger, we opine, that undue importance should be attached to merely historical dates, and it was important that we should not know Christ merely after the flesh. It is much easier to observe a general feast to gratify the flesh—much easier to observe "days and months" than to believe in Christ and follow Him fully, making great sacrifices for his holy name, daily as we have opportunity.

Would you keep the feast? The Lord Jesus Christ was holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners; be you the same as much as in you lies. Would you keep it as a Christian festival? Remember the kingdom of God consists not in meat and drink but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Let not a vestige of the heathen feast be seen, but let every token of the Christian festival be manifest. "Purge out the old leaven of malice and wickedness that ye be a new lump in the Lord."

If it be the children's grand jubilee, make it so in very deed. When you give them useful presents and memorable gifts, tell them you do so by virtue of the wonderful love of the Son of God, who though he was rich with all the wealth of Heaven, came to earth and had no place to lay His head, that we might be eternally saved.

May the holy fire of sacred love glow in every heart who knows the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Redeemer, and exhibit itself on this holiday occasion in good and timely gifts to the poor and in spiritual counsel to the sinful.

JAS. D. LAWSON.

A Celebrated Islander.

(An Acrostic.)

THE gently sloping fields inclose the spacious bay,
 Holding in its mouth protecting barriers, low
 Enchanted isles, where many sea-gulls lay.

Such was his home in limpid depths below,
 Myriad wings reach up, not white, but in repose;
 And spirit-like are flitting in the far away.
 Let nearer vision now the scene disclose,
 Plain fisher-folk are seen—the men of everyday,
 Each striving for the pearl of greatest price.
 Quickly and strong their gaping tongues they ply
 Until at eve, they're homeward in a trice,
 Each scanning close the signs upon the sky.

Such were his friends upon the distant shore.
 O Sir Bivalve, to thee is homage paid;
 Your fame is told from cities great and far.
 Society awaits thy time, and waiting maids
 Tarry thee to serve, thou rising star,
 Eloquence and wealth await thy further stay—
 Remember home and friends of Malpeque Bay.

F. A. WIGHTMAN.

Lord Selkirk's Settlers in P. E. Island.

IN the September issue of this magazine mention was made of the fact that the Selkirk Settlers came to P. E. Island, in 1803, in three ships. It has been a matter of surprise to many readers, who thought themselves well informed on this subject, to find that the statement is true;

some affirming that the ship Polly brought out all the settlers. Why the other two ships should have been overlooked is not easy to say, but certainly there is little knowledge of them possessed by the descendants of the immigrants who came in the vessels. A visit made by the writer, personally, to many descendants of the original settlers of Belfast was singularly barren of information bearing on the subject of the ships by which their fathers and grandfathers came out from Scotland. The general idea is that the Polly was the only ship that brought out the settlers, but such is not the fact. Not only is Chappell's diary—quoted from in the former article—sufficient to prove the arrival of three ships, but we have also Lord Selkirk's own words, which I copy herewith from his book on Emigration, viz:—

“ I had undertaken to settle these lands with emigrants whose views were directed towards the United States; and without any wish to increase the general spirit of emigration,* I could not avoid giving more than ordinary advantages to those who should join me To induce people to embark in the undertaking was, however, the least part of my task. The difficulties which a new settler has to struggle with are so great and various, that in the oldest and best established they are not to be avoided altogether. Of these discouragements the emigrant is seldom fully aware. He has a new set of ideas to acquire; the knowledge which his previous experience has accumulated can seldom be applied; his ignorance as to the circumstances of the country meet him on every occasion. The combined effort of these accumulated difficulties is seen in the long infancy of most new-settled countries. I will not assert that the people I took there [to Prince Edward Island] have totally escaped all difficulties and discouragements, but the arrange-

*The idea actually seemed to prevail in the minds of many people in the Old Country that England, Ireland and Scotland, would be depopulated by the rush of emigrants to the North American Colonies.

ments for their accommodation have had so much success that few perhaps, in their situation, have suffered less or have seen their difficulties so soon at an end.

These people amounting to about eight hundred persons of all ages, reached the Island in their ships on the 7th, 9th and 27th August, 1803. It had been my intention to come to the Island sometime before any of the settlers, in order that every requisite preparation might be made. In this, however, a number of untoward circumstances occurred to disappoint me; and on arriving at the capital of the Island, I learned that the ship of most importance had just arrived and the passengers were landing at a place previously appointed for the purpose. . . . I lost no time in proceeding to the spot where I found that the people had already lodged themselves in temporary wigwams (tents composed of poles and branches)."

It will be noticed that Lord Selkirk says he landed on the Island shortly after the arrival of "the ship of most importance." This ship of most importance was the good ship Polly, and his lordship's evidence proves that the date of her arrival off Charlottetown was August 7, 1803. On the following day her people landed at Belfast, and on the following day Lord Selkirk arrived.

It is the Polly to which, for the present, we will confine our attention. Of the total number of immigrants—some eight hundred in number—nearly three-fourths were brought out in this vessel. She left Portree, in the Isle of Skye, with five hundred and sixty-five people on board—men, women and children, comprising persons of different callings and of various characters and dispositions.

The voyage to Prince Edward Island—if we are to believe all the traditions extant—must have been a very eventful one. This is only space to mention a few of the most romantic episodes that are related in connection with the passage across the ocean.

The ship was one day borne down upon by a suspicious looking vessel which quickly gained on the Polly. The anxiety that this ship's appearance caused the captain was soon communicated to the passengers. On the stranger coming near it was discovered that she was a pirate. Those on board the Polly determined on what is now-a-days called "making a bluff," in order to divert the pirate from attacking them. All hands set to work with a will, opening ports (the Polly it is said was formerly a 24-gun man-of-war) and arranging the crew and passengers about the ship in such a manner as to convey the impression to the pirate that the Polly was a ship of war, with her trained crew waiting to receive an enemy. The trick availed, for the pirate sailed away—so the legend runneth. Another day—as related in the paper published on the subject in the September issue of this magazine—the Polly was hailed by a man-o-war in quest of seamen and escaped by pretending that all on board were ill with fever. Also it is told that the ship for days was in greivous danger by reason of getting jammed in the Arctic ice-pack when off the banks of Newfoundland. And it is said that there was among the immigrants one who had formerly been a man-o'-war's man, and that in him the people on board had the greatest trust—so much so that when the weather was tempestuous they compelled the captain of the ship to allow this man to take the wheel; and when this was done they became confiding, reasonable creatures again. There is some probability that this story of the steersman is true, for it will be noticed in the translation of Buchanan's Gaelic poem on page 367, that allusion is made to something of that sort. Again, a record has been left of the voyage of the Polly, said to have been compiled from a manuscript written by one of the settlers; which manuscript relates with much detail the doings of Lord Selkirk's agent, Williams. According to this account there appears to have been much ill-feeling on the part of the agent towards the captain; which

culminated in the agent being confined to his cabin by order of the captain. This manuscript adds that the agent, upon arrival at Charlottetown, retaliated by causing the captain of the Polly to be arrested and thrown into prison—but it is difficult to verify this tale.

The daily life of the immigrants aboard the Polly must have been altogether interesting. Comprised within the number of her passengers were men familiar with nearly all trades and occupations—elders, dominies, farmers, soldiers, tailors, blacksmiths, millers, and so on. There was also a piper, whose position on board the ship was one of honorable distinction—his name was Hector Campbell (I would be glad to be told the history of his descendants, if there are any).

The immigrants were of all ages—from the new-born babe, for three children were born during the voyage, and these three births filled the vacancies caused by the same number of deaths, which took place ere the vessel reached Prince Edward Island. We may feel assured that the incidents of the voyage were worthy of being chronicled, but no record of that kind seems to exist. In some cases information given has been found incorrect even though it has been considered authentic by all those who have taken an interest in the Selkirk settlers, and in other cases requests made to those who may possess data worth publishing have been met discourteously. Perhaps I may be forgiven for saying here that whatever object people have in hoarding one or two little facts of history as if they were of untold value, they surely should consider that, after all, they are only gratifying a selfish pride. This reproach applies only to two or three so-called historians of local repute who may have an idea some day of publishing a history of P. E. Island and making a fortune thereby. But by every indication both of the information they possess and the possibility of its publication being profitable, the writer, having experience, can wish them no worse punishment

than the realization of the first part of their vain dream.

Here follows a translation of "ORAN IMRICH," le Cal-lum Ban Mac Mhanainn, for which I am indebted to Murdock Lamont, Esq., author of the life of the late Rev. D. McDonald:—

WHEN, as emigrants, we
Sailed away from Portree,
Many stood on the quay bewailing :
Looking sadly upon
The good ship that was gone
Slowly, proudly by Rona sailing.
There approached me McFaid
From the Dig and he said;—
"She will veer I'm afraid to Trodai
And till So-an is cleared
Let the helm be steered
By the canniest, bravest body!
There's an Island ahead,
And Sharp-skerrie so dread—
Always treacherous—hiding under
Other craigs as Oar Stone
And the Red Bow are known
Off the height of Mc Tòrlan yonder.
Now Craig Bunnie is nigh
And point Ferry near by
And that bouldering high Mull Madai.
Sail away and aside
And the current avoid
Of Cape Hunis' great gliding eddy!"

A north breeze on us bore
From above Fladdie shore,
Then our vessel was song and motion :
Quite at home she did glide,
Cutting foam on each side,
Long accustomed to ride the ocean.
As I look far astern,
O'er the point of Grey-cairn,
Mists are all I discern remaining ;
But McPhail * peering o'er

*The ancestor of the Murchisons of Orwell who are still called McPhail in Gaelic.

Cries: "Ah! me, there is more,
See the peak of the Storr a-waning!

"*Moire!* † many a day
Near its slopes did I stray
In fair Rig, which the kine loved dearly;
Soon as March would return,
Cattle made for the cairn,
Plants and flowers were blooming fairly.
Green, the rushes would grow
From the burnies that flow
Neath the hillocks, all clothed so rarely,
And the sheep were not spare
That were frolicking there
With their lambs that they bear full early.

"Now a stranger is sent
To take charge of the rent;
'Tis a change we're lamenting under.
Men are leaving the place,
Their possessions decrease—
Scarce a cow on the moors to wander.
Some for rent have been sold
Some have died on the wold—
Scarce a hoof to build fold or pen for:
Where to me is the gain
In the land to remain
Since the cobbling trade is done for?

"I will go with the rest
O'er the sea to the west;
Where are homesteads and freedom for us
Virgin soil we will get
Without hinder or let
Purchased out with no rents to harass.
With a grove that excels
All the heath-covered hills
Of old Groban, so bleak and dreary,
With its cold, barren moor,
When the weather was dour,
There to travel how lonely, weary.

† *Mary*, i.e. By *Mary*? When used by a Protestant indicates a Catholic environment or Catholic influences.

“Moire ! long have we stayed,
In this country delayed,
Raising stock with great pains and cumbers :
Oft diseases and ills,
Mists, and chasms and hills
Brought disasters and thinning their numbers;
And although we'd repair
With a flock to the fair,
And get each his full share of money,—
Souise ! the bailie comes down,
With a threatening frown,
To extort every crown and penny.

“How ill-omened the hound
That has lately come round
In the room of McLeod as bailie !
Haughty, pitiless, hard—
Without any regard
To your penury he'll assail ye.
'Tis no wonder, tho' men
Should his company shun,
For I know not of one to share it
But red Campbell who hied
Here from North Assaint side,
And may none of his tribe be spar-ed.

“But if ever again
You sail on the main
Bring my blessings to friends and neighbors;
From the rents let them flee
To the land of the free,
Here rewarded shall be their labors.
When they get, with their gear,
Means to carry them here,
Of McDonald they're independent.
Here there's land for them all
Where the barley grows tall—
Where potatoes are so abundant.

“'Tis a beautiful isle
We inhabit the while ;
Naught we plant in its soil grows sparely
Oats will flourish with ease,

Wheat will wane in the breeze,
 Cabbage, turnips and peas grow fairly,
 And our sugar is free
 Coming out of a tree
 And we'll have it in junks to quarter ;
 And there's rum to be got
 In each boothie and cot
 Just as plentifully as water."

This song, of which the above is a translation was composed shortly after the arrival of the Polly in Orwell Bay, in 1803, by Malcolm Buchanan, one of the immigrants. It was first published in Mac Talla in 1895, and republished in the Oban Times the same year, and again in McTalla this year with introductory notes; of which notes a translation will appear in the next article.

ARCHIBALD IRWIN.

To be Continued.

Thoughts from "The Raven."

SEE that angel's fairy finger,
 On the dial plate doth linger,
 Counting o'er with weary finger,
 Memories that will not cease.
 Hear thy conscience ; hear it pleading ;
 From the depth of soul proceeding—
 Empty echoes then succeeding
 Show no passage of releases,—
 Save that angel's timely warning
 Traced upon that dial - piece.
 In this solemn, ghastly chaos,—
 Everything that may dismay us—
 Is there not a hand to stay us
 In our downward-driven race.

Ah! that finger, see it moving ;
 Now the hidden past 'tis proving ;
 Throughout all eternity 'tis moving
 Onward at that given pace.
 'Tis that angel's timely warning
 Moving o'er that dial face—
 Slowly o'er that dial face.

See that eye, so weirdly beaming,
 Into the future piercing, gleaming :
 Ah! this world is empty-seeming—
 Vacant dreaming, nothing more—
 While this soul may shudder, linger,
 While this angel's fairy finger,
 Nearer Heaven still doth bring her,
 Live our hopes for evermore.
 Let this solemn, silent warning
 Be Time's message—nothing more ;
 But Time's message—nothing more.

Charlottetown.

J. P. M.

Greater Sydney.

Is now about three years since the great compass that describes the limits of cities gave new boundaries to Sydney. Set at a radius of full two miles it moved around; Sydney a little village clustered about the fixed leg while the other in describing the circle encountered nothing but barren waste, mostly flat, wet and mossy, overgrown with scrubby soft-wood, with here and there an elevated spot partly cleared, poorly tilled and with a small farmhouse near the centre. But what a change has since taken place! What a weight of iron and steel, and brick and lumber, and

what a mass of humanity have entered that circle in these brief three years! Who could dream it? But somebody did! There was some man or men who had a vivid design of the whole panorama in their brains. They saw two or three miles of furnaces, blooming-mills, rail-mills, machine shops, etc., stretched in a line along the waterfront, and the coke-drums at one end stretching at right angles nearly two miles inland. They saw the thick black smoke coming out of the tall steel chimneys although they did not put it in the drawings, — perhaps they did not see the blasts of steam that escape the engine of the Blooming mills, when it begins to roll an ingot, shooting high above the chimney, then forming into beautiful rings of Saturn and sailing away one after another on the wings of the wind toward Lingan. But they saw the tramway lined with dwellings on both sides, trolley-cars humming outward and inward loaded with people, the little trolley-wheel, as it ran along the wire above, giving out frequent flashes of lightning till far on in the night; the brilliant headlights, which remind the old Highlanders of the "death lights" that used to be seen going toward the graveyards, speeding away across the wilderness toward Glace Bay.

That is part "of the dream they dreamed" and who knows what more? Doubtless they saw a big town but how big? Pittsburg! Glasgow? London?

But did they see the mongrel population that would congregate here? Hungarians who find it so hard to learn English, whose women make good bread, keep the house dirty and walk bare-footed on the frost. Negroes from the south with white blood in their veins and the heart of a slave in their bosoms; whose women raise hundreds of chickens about their dwelling and who feel supremely happy when they can get plenty of snuff to place between the big underlip and the teeth. (I had my Anglo-Saxon goggles on when I wrote this paragraph; but they do use the snuff

as stated). Newfoundland fishermen who "shack it" in stables and delight to make a boisterous noise in the night as though they missed the sound of the wild waves dashing on the rocks beside them. But they tell their beads and send money home to their families. Jews who deal in clothes and who will ask two dollars accept one for a fifty-cent article. Italians who. . . . Poles who. . . . etc., etc.

Did they think of all these? Did they think of the lives sacrificed? Of the man who died looking reproachfully at the "boss" who was the cause of his death? Of the other man who—but the list is too long,—for there is, alas! a dark side to the story.

The man who climbs the one hundred and fifty or two hundred iron steps that lead to the top of the blast-furnaces and looks about at the buildings, and cranes, and the tall chimneys above, and at the trains and tracks and trucks below: amid a puffing, and a thumping, and a sound like the voice of a cataract; when the molten metal pours into fifty-ton ladles on one side and the liquid, sputtering cinders, into huge tubes on the other; without thinking of the master-minds that conceived it all before even an engineer's tape was stretched across the grounds, must have a small mind indeed; yet how many or how few of the hundreds that work here consider this? Such is the unthinking world! How few of the millions of mankind consider that themselves and all they see in the heavens above and on the earth beneath was once contained in the mind of the Great Designer of the Universe, who saw every plant before it was in the ground, and every blade of grass before it grew? But we must go down and follow the low cars that convey these ladles of molten metal to the "open hearths" into which their contents are emptied and mixed with dolomite, lime, manganese, etc., and converted into steel. A "melter" kindly offers us a pair of coloured glasses, and we look into one of the open hearths and see the steel boiling and bubbling like a pot of potatoes.

By and by one of the hearths is swung on its axis and fifty tons of liquid steel is emptied into a ladle, which, when empty weighs twenty-five tons. Thence it is put into square metal tubes or moulds which stand in a row upon low, iron cars; their legs projecting on each side near the top,—to every tube a pair. These tubes are bottomless, but the cars on which they rest keep the steel from leaking out until it becomes solid. When a score or more of these tubes are filled, they start for the blooming, or rolling-mills, but on their journey thither each tube pauses for a moment under the "stripper." This is a one-legged, two-armed steel giant who grasps the tube by the legs and planks his leg on top of the now solid steel inside, and, with one surge, pulls the tube off as easily as you would pull on your boot. The steel ingot, thus stripped of its jacket, is ready to pass through a heater to the rolls.

And now begins the most interesting operation of all. The stout ingot, after being re-heated, speeds along over a roller-way to the two large corrugated drums that run one above the other; the space between them being widened to a foot or more and narrowed to a hair by the man who sits in a box above with his hand on a lever. When the ingot strikes the drums there is a loud report, and the red-hot log of steel begins to pass through a space two inches too small for it. When it comes out on the other side, the machine is reversed, the space between the drums narrowed, and the steel is squeezed back again.

Then there is a pause and the huge steel bar, resting on its roller-bed, looks as if it needed to be turned on edge before again entering between the drums. It is of an oblong cross section, and four or five feet longer than when it first appeared. But how is a red-hot bar, weighing so many tons, to be set on edge? Away yonder is a man and a lever, (I cannot define a lever, but if you see one in a machine shop pass by on the other side, for fear you might touch it

and upset the world—see Archimedes.) There is the man and the lever, and they get into a tussle—the man and the lever, and lo! from the nether regions of the steelworks comes up a mighty steel hand, and, passing its fingers up between the rollers on which the bar is resting, it dandles with it as if it were a cane, tosses it on edge, and disappears. The rolls and drums again revolve, and the glowing bar after passing again and again through the narrowing space between the drums, and having been dandled again and again on the tips of these giant steel fingers is thirty feet long, four to six inches square, and is ready to be rolled along to the big scissors that clip it into billets.

The Bugbear.

ONCE upon a time in a country named Epagwit or Abegweit, a place which people know very little about, there was an appearance truly marvellous to relate. I who record the occurrence in volapuk for future readers, was but a youth at the time, but I shall remember every most trivial detail so long as I There was a great deal of debate as to just what it was all about, and how it came to pass; antiquarians have not yet settled the matter beyond question, and all look forward hopefully to the results which a post-mortem will reveal. Now, my dear, in the beforementioned country, the name of which means "asleep on the sea," the inhabitants became so thoroughly awakened that many of the braves forgot the comforts of the camp fire and the glory of the chase in their eagerness to participate in the councils tribe divided into two hostile camps regarding the Bugbear, for such is its classical name; the one party declared with frantic gnashings that it

was at heart a bug, because it would make its living upon offal, merely disposing of the flesh and blood of its victims as an accommodation; while the other party caught on, from the fondness of the creature for live flesh and fruits; and called men and angels to witness that it was a bear, and like other bears would drain the heart's blood from its victims, mangle the choicest portions, and leave all the rest to be worked up into sausages. The bug party had an organ which gave forth dulcet strains in praise of the bug bear, which it still maintained to be a bug, because forsooth, it wilyly poked out feelers ahead, — what if the feelers were known by another name than antennae, that they were like elephant's trunks in magnitude and grasping powers, and could be withdrawn from view as a moment's notice! it knew a bugbear must be in the nature of things more of a bug than a bear as it would otherwise be a bearbug and not a bugbear at all. It would prove its statements to all who would drink buckets of "slop" procured from reliable sources, frozen into columns, and decorated after the manner of the flavouring it contained, which was sarsaparilla and swamp-root, (don't tell anybody, my best beloved) . . .

The bear party had also an organ which could be played vigorously with a knee-swell though run by the latest crank method; but you must not suppose, my dear, that it could draw a crowd, try as it might, for people had gone off in a body and were trampling each other to hear a radical instrument that had on other occasions proved itself ready to grasp the situation by the forelock, and take the wind out of the bellowing apparatus of the two party organs, so to speak. It was not an organ, nor was it worked by wire like the modern substitutes for organs; but you could toot on it like a flute. wearisome to you, but there was a great deal of out-spoken and suppressed anxiety regarding the appearance of the horrible bugbear, and for the best reasons. It loomed up so large that for

months it eclipsed the sun by day and the moon by night; until vegetation became a sickly yellow, like the sere leaf of autumn; the leaves fell from the trees; the very rabbits paled; and people huddled in the halls of that country resolving and crying out for light. It was impossible to sleep (on account of the bug); the cattle, sheep and pigs went to the dogs (for protection from the bear); but all things have an end; the big chief of the bug party who had maintained a dignified silence through many weary nights, at length took from the corner of his waistcoat a tiny pin, and publicly pricked the bugbear near the centre of inflation, when lo, like Æsop's frog it may be here recorded: *rana rumpsit!* for the thing rump-sitted immediately, to the intense gratification of us all. And now best beloved, since the phenomenon sits on its own bottom (as every tub should) it is no longer a threatening bugbear, but a commonplace industrial enterprise. With many salaams, Yours,

J. S. C.

❖ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❖

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

ONCE more the Christmas season is upon us; once more the living world emerges from the joys and festivities attending the season to contemplate the fact that it is the senior of the previous Christmas by a good twelve months.

This realization of the fact that we are exactly a year

older than we were last Christmas is probably thrust home to us more acutely at this particular time than it will be until about this time next year if we are spared until then.

Getting older year by year is the natural thing, of course and consequently quite proper; we can't help it. Nevertheless a great many people object to it and would like to remain young, especially those who are already that way. This wish I think is also natural, although perhaps foolish. It seems natural to be foolish these times anyhow. A great many people on the other hand seem to think it foolish to be natural. But it is only foolish people who are foolish enough to be so foolish.

It's a mighty sure thing that we cannot stay young all our lives, but nevertheless, it has been proven that if people would only keep a common-sense guard of their minds and bodies they could do a great deal towards extending the front end of their lives. In fact they could keep young in spirit until old age almost. To be able to bring about this state of affairs one must try to be always cheerful; not worry over anything; and always hunt around for a bright side, although trouble may appear to be piled up in chunks all around us. But hold on; enough of this wandering, let us get down to hard common sense for a change.

Now, that Christmas is upon us, perhaps a few little remarks bearing more directly on the subject may not be objected to. I haven't got time to say much, and there may not be a great deal of cheerfulness in what I do say, but I promised to say something, so here are a few "don'ts."

"Don't let your charity consist entirely of a generous

impulse to give away something for which you have no further use. This is a small piece of business.



Don't go preaching to your friends, telling them of what a blessed thing is the gift of charity and the dispensing of the world's goods to the needy; if you never do anything in that line yourself. This is inconsistency.



Don't gorge your little darlings with all kinds of sweet-meats to such an extent that they will make themselves sick. Save a few of the good things for the untutored little brats near by, who seldom sample such things and who would be happy with half that your dear little angels get. This would be doing a stroke of genuine charity.



If you happen to be one of a Sunday-school Committee appointed to get up a Christmas tea for the children, don't make the motion to hold the same on a Saturday evening, so as to afford an excuse for bringing the affair to an early close, to allow the kids to get home in good time to be sent to bed early in order to be around in time for church the next morning. Children can see through such small motives and it consequently weakens their good opinion of you—if they happen to have any.



There are a good many other "don't's" I was going to touch on, but I "don't" think I will, after all. If any of these already given happen to apply to you, kindly refrain from getting "mad."



Charles Dickens was a great lover of Christmas. When he wasn't loving Christmas you may depend on it he was

doing something just as good. I think it always seemed to strike Dickens that the needy, seeing the joys and luxuries of the rich so greatly in evidence at this season, would feel their poverty more keenly than at any other time, and so he did all he could to alleviate their sufferings. Good old Dickens! May the good that you have done in the past shine forth, in rays of dazzling effulgence, into the future. Your stories have made us happy in the past; we will be happy in the present—the Christmas present. If we get one.

Comment, Reviews, Exchanges, Etc.

CHRISTMAS, we fancy, brings to many people thoughts somewhat removed from the sentiments popularly supposed to belong to the Christmas Season. While we trace its less intellectual phases back to barbaric sources, there remains the story of the birth of the Child at Bethlehem whose nativity was acclaimed with that ideal message "Peace on Earth, good will to Men." And all who will study for themselves the words of that message, will find a text to guide their lives into a channel which, if followed, will make the world the better: even if one person should do his share, towards fulfilling the message of the angels. And if all our readers will carry these words in their hearts, Christmas will be a happy one for themselves and will add to the happiness of all with whom they come in contact.



In the loss by fire of its Market House, which sad event occurred on the 17th of this month, Charlottetown—to use a newspaper expression—has sustained a distinct loss. Charlottetown people have always regarded their market with pride, but the admiration was probably owing more to the excellence of the products of the farm, on each market day displayed, than to any architectural beauty possessed by the old building. The market house just destroyed has looked out of place with its surroundings ever since the buildings all about it have been rebuilt in stone or brick. It is reassuring to feel that, with a City

Council Board that has proven itself to be worthy of all confidence, citizens who take a pride in Charlottetown's appearance may look forward to a creditable, modern building being built to replace the one destroyed.



The middle of the present month found Prince Edward Island fast caught in Winter's grip, navigation practically closed, and ice in the Straits blockading the carrying of passengers, mails and freight at this most important time of the year. The situation has not been improved by the bungling methods that prevail with regard to the management of the Government winter steamers. Mails from the mainland every other day and freight being moved correspondingly slow at Christmas-tide, is a condition of affairs that is quite sufficient to cause the public at large, and the merchant class in particular to complain of the bad administration of our Winter boats. The people of the Province should be unanimous on this matter, and should insist on having the best service possible. There is room for improvement.



A pretty album of portraits and autograph poems entitled *Canadian Singers and their Songs*, comes to us from the publishing house of William Briggs, Toronto. Those whose portraits appear, accompanied by a characteristic poem, embrace some of the best known Canadian verse-writers,—and some who are not best known. This album is the first one of a series of similar little books and later editions will treat of other poets—for of course the twenty poets enumerated in this first issue embrace but a portion of the singers of Canada. The editor of this really beautifully got-up booklet has our sympathy in the task of selection that lies before him, even when he allows himself such scope as we may assume from his own words: "It is not assumed nor was it intended that the score of our native poets here presented are here by reason of a severe application of the law of selection." It is intended that, should this little venture find favour with the public it shall be followed by a second series, for which some of the most talented of our poets are reserved."



The editors of the booklet hope that the publication of their little Album "will result in a closer acquaintance with and fuller appreciation of the excellent work done by our Canadian writers of verse." Precisely so, but there are many writers of verse in Canada and a few poets. And we fear that the writers if they are all published in issues

of the Album will swell it to an enormous size. There are many who write verse worthy of a place in the album. We refer readers to the poetry in this issue of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, which in our opinion is entitled to rank with any published in the Album of Canadian singers, but the modesty of our contributor, J. M., will, we fear, prevent his obtaining a place among our poets to which his ability entitles him. Of Mr. Roger's poems, we can only thank him for being content to write for his own people, and we have the assurance of his fellow-Islanders that his verses are read with pleasure and with pride.



From the same publishing house also comes a novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, entitled *Fuel of Fire*. The story is fully equal to the best of the author's work already given to the public and that will be sufficient to impel all who know her fine stories to read this one. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated.



If anyone wants to read a book abounding in the three graces of novelty, charming style, and interesting description of strange people, we recommend *Samoa Uma*, by Lewella Pierce Churchill, which published by the Forest and Stream Co., of New York. This book is one that should be read for its vivid descriptions and its skilfully gathered information about a country and its people that are made intensely interesting by the talented authoress.



The Canadian Magazine, comes splendidly made up of interesting matter and is a Christmas number that will afford some good reading. The illustrations and presswork now rank *The Canadian* with the best of monthly magazines.



Lippincott's, is most entertaining. There is a variety and brightness in its different tales and articles that is sure to afford recreation, and the complete novel is always worthy of being read.



Rod and Gun, a Canadian sportsmen's paper that all who engage in the pursuit of game should see. Nor is it without interest to the naturalist. *Rod and Gun* affords evidence each month that our Canada offers much more scope for exploiting in a journal of this kind than any other country in the world.

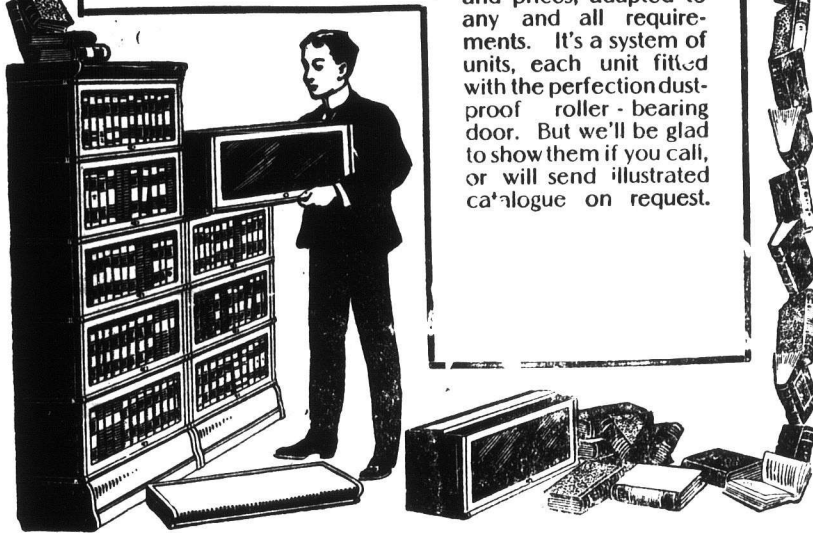
PROTECT YOUR BOOKS!

They're too valuable to be strewn about the room or house exposed to dust and damage! Of course you can't help it, if your book-case is full and of the old style solid construction. Better get rid of such a case, or start a new one that will always accommodate your books without being either too large or too small—one that grows with your library and always fits it. The

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Book-Case

is the original and only up-to-date sectional book-case and is made by the largest manufacturers of such goods in the world. It's furnished in a variety of grades, sizes

and prices, adapted to any and all requirements. It's a system of units, each unit fitted with the perfection dust-proof roller-bearing door. But we'll be glad to show them if you call, or will send illustrated catalogue on request.



MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON

NEW BRUNSWICK AND
P. E. I. AGENTS

ST. JOHN,

N. B.

CANADA'S SWIFTEST TRAIN

THE

. Maritime Express .

VIA

Intercolonial Railway

Between Halifax, Truro, Painsec Junction, Moncton
Quebec, and Montreal, ensures a

SAFE
SWIFT
SMOOTH **Journey**

And you will travel via your own line.

Write for rates and time tables to

G. A. SHARP,

Supt. P. E. I. Railway.
CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. I.

JNO. M LYONS

Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agt.
MONCTON, N. B.

E. TIFFIN,

Traffic Manager
MONCTON, N. B.



JOHN T. MCKENZIE

= The Tailor =

QUEEN ST.,

CHARLOTTETOWN

✻ ✻ Prince Edward Island ✻ ✻

HIGHEST CLASS CUSTOM TRADE

If you want to keep
posted on the news
of the day in P.E.I.

Read

The Patriot

DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS

LARGEST, BRIGHTEST,
MOST POPULAR ❁ ❁

The Islander who is away from home is never out of touch with his native province if he gets The Patriot.

The Daily Patriot will be sent to any address for \$2.00 per year, or 50 cents for 3 months; the Weekly for \$1.00 a year, or 25 cents for 3 months. Payable in advance. The best in both cases.

PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLOTTETOWN,
P. E. ISLAND

.. With the New Year ..

to many will come a house-cleaning in their line of reading. It is the most popular time of the year to commence or renew subscriptions to desirable periodicals and let old ones that have not proved satisfactory remain for someone else.

We have prepared a whole years treat for the readers of 1903 in **Literature Art and Music**. You will miss the most for your money that ever fell to anyone's lot if you do not subscribe for Literature, Art and Music to commence January first. It will be the best yearly visitor in the form of a magazine that ever entered your door, for we know what you want and have left no stone unturned to give it to you. A magazine full of brilliant articles and stories by the best writers of the country, and six new beautiful sheets of music and six Art Studies in colors, separate from the magazine, will prove it, and all for **ONE DOLLAR**. Did you ever have a more generous offer? Then take advantage of it, you will eagerly look for its coming every month.

Artists, Musicians and Elocutionists! It will delight you to know that Literature, Art and Music is to open up departments of special interest to you. These will respectively be called:

In Music Fields—giving details of interest of what is transpiring in the Musical world and of Musicians.

In Art Fields—of the Artists who are doing things of note, and of exhibitions and works of interest, keeping you in touch with all in the Art world.

Among Elocutionists—Recitals, Elocutionists, and notes of Elocutionary interest to all studying this art will be a valuable addition to an already valuable magazine.

Following are the regular departments to be carried through the year from month to month.

Club Woman's Page—Edited by the most prominent club women in America.

Literary Chat—A feast among the books and writers of each month and season.

Art in all its departments—Oil, water-color, china, tapestry, modelling, illustration, and every other phase of decoration presented by the Artists of fame.

Music—Vocal, instrumental, stringed instruments, technic, harmony, and all knowledge pertaining thereto, by musicians of note.

Oratory—With the greatest possible help toward its attainment viewed from all points.

The Mother and the Home, by Margaret E. Sangster. A page of indescribable help to the mother in her varied relations in the home and toward her children.

With Young Men—A familiar, practical, exceedingly helpful talk with the young men of the nation by one who thoroughly understands and believes in them by James I. Vance.

Our Girls—are by no means left out. Every month a page devoted to them and their interests elicits many questions from them and evokes much enthusiasm among them.

Little Men and Women—find in the magazine, as they do in the home, a warm heart and place, and bright little stories by Superintendents of State Kindergartens and those high in the scale of students of child-nature, contribute something of interest to them every month.

SEND TO-DAY—Do not delay. You could not give a better present to anyone for the coming year. If subscription price—one dollar—is received by February first, the October, November and December numbers with a superb study of Chrysanthemums (in colors) and two sheets of beautiful music will be sent you **FREE**.

Address— **Publisher Literature, Art and Music,**

22 Clinton St., Newark, N. J.

T. A. MACLEAN

Iron Founder, Machinist and Boiler Maker

PLUMBING, STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

SPECIALTIES

A Full line of Plumbers' and Steam Fitters' Goods always on hand.

Call and see our up-to-date Bath Room Supplies. The largest stock on the Island to select from.

Get our price before closing contract, as we give you good goods and at right prices.

A large staff of experienced workmen employed

All work guaranteed.

We also carry a full line of Mill and Dairy Supplies, including the world renowned DeLaval Separator.

Farmers! see our non-slopping Milk Cans, 10, 15, and 20 gallons.

Address,—

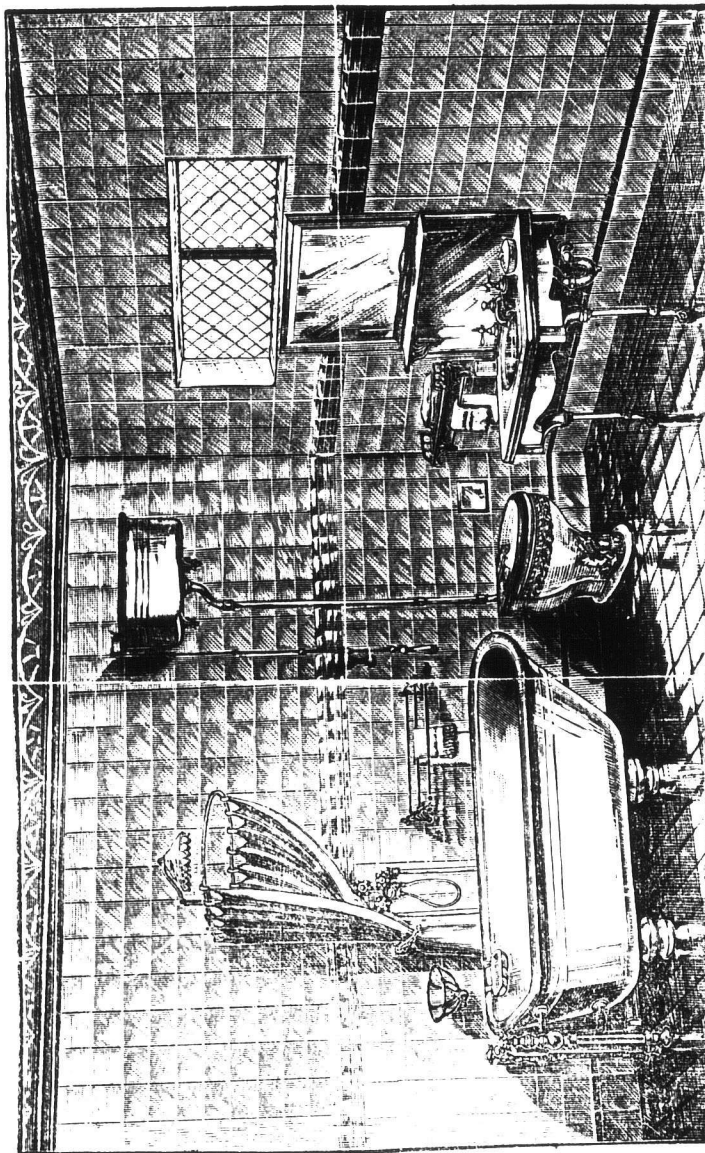
T. A. MacLean

Office and Store: Masonic Temple

Works : Spring Street

CHARLOTTETOWN

Bath Room Supplies



T. A. MacLEAN

MACHINERY REPAIRED

No job so large that we cannot handle it.
No job so small that it will not receive our
closest attention. We are here to save money
for you on your machinery. Will you let us?
Call on us or drop us a postal card and we
will give an estimate on any job.

BRUCE STEWART & CO.

FOUNDERS, ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS AND BOILERMAKERS

'Phone 125

STEAM NAVIGATION CO'S. WHARF

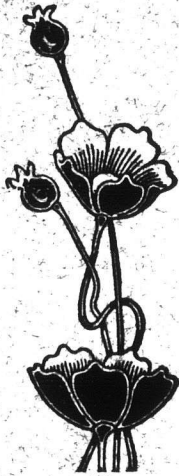
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Leadership Means Superiority

For nearly a score of years the Happy thought Range has been Canada's leading range, and has obtained a popularity never before equalled.

The name Happy Thought is a synonym of quality, the standard by which others are judged. Economical because best. If every housewife knew how easy cooking is made by use of the Happy Thought, how much time, trouble and labor is saved, she would use no other. The evenly heated oven, answering instantly the action of the dampers, makes cooking a delight and not labor.

Simon W. Crabbe



**A SUGGESTION FOR A CHRISTMAS
PRESENT OR NEW YEARS GIFT**

A YEARS Subscription to THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE which will be sent one year to any address you wish for seventy-five cents. This will remind any friend to whom you wish to send it that you thought of them at Christmas Tide.

We send a card with the first number saying it is sent with your compliments.

Telephone to No. 189 or call at the office. If it is more convenient leave the subscription at any of the Bookstores or with Mr. A. Brown, Stamp-vendor at the Charlottetown Post Office who is authorized to give receipts.



Holly and Mistletoe

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS



CUT FLOWERS—Roses, Carnations, etc. Smilax, Asparagus, and Plumosus,

POT PLANTS—Suitable for Xmas Gifts, comprising Palms, Ferns, Rubbers, Begonias, Hyacinths, Primulas, Cyclamen, etc.



Several specimen Palms at
\$3.50 and \$6.00 each

Holly and Mistletoe in quantity. Bowker's Plant Food, the best food on the market to make plants grow and bloom put up in packages at 25 and 35c each.

Orders taken during the winter for Shrubs, Ornamental Trees, and Fruit Trees.

Design work a specialty.

TELEPHONE 359

P. O. BOX 544

JAMES TAIT, Jr.

FLORIST

Charlottetown, P. E. I.