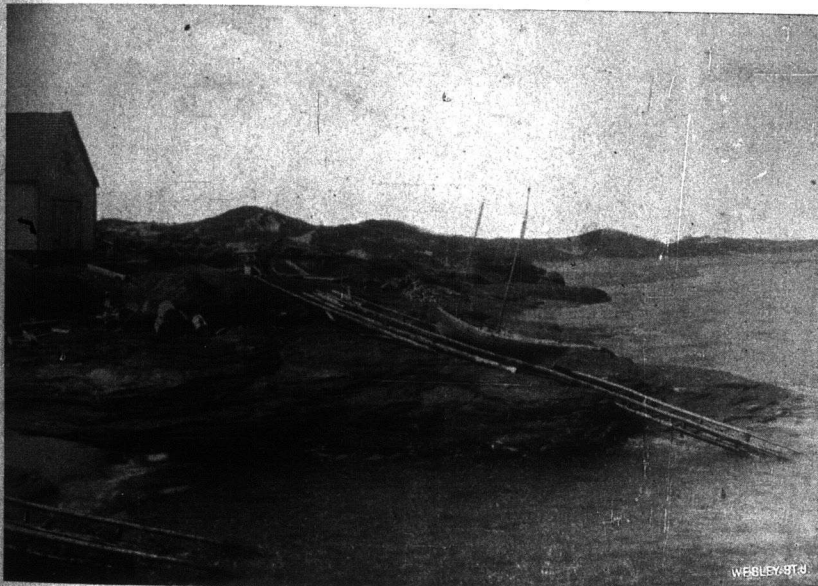


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VOL. I

JANUARY, 1900

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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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THE LAST OF THEIR RACE.—P. E. ISLAND MICMACS

From a photo by Mrs. A. W. Mitchell

(Taken during the Queen's Jubilee Celebration in Charlottetown, 1897)

- THE -
Prince Edward Island Magazine

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First Settlement of Three Rivers (Georgetown.)

BY JOHN CAVEN.

THAT tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Brudenelle and Montague Rivers, and marked on our maps as Brudenell point, was the site chosen for the headquarters of a fishing Company which commenced its operations in 1732. The streams and the headland were, at that time, alike nameless. Nature there presented herself in the entangled wildness created by centuries of license. A dense woodland, down to the water's edge occupied every spot where a tree could grow, and stretched back into the interior of the country further than the eye could reach. No interference on the part of man had checked the luxury of growth or removed the decay of ages. The tracks which here and there threaded the intricacies of the forest, were those of wild animals, not of men. In the summer of 1732, however, this scene of solitude was invaded, and its stillness broken by the noise of labor. On the tongue of land mentioned above, men toiled busily, and their eagerly plied axes, and the crash of falling trees, awoke unwonted echoes in the surrounding wilderness. France had granted a charter to a company, who had it in purpose to carry on fishing operations along the eastern shore of the Island. Grants of land for tillage and the erection of the buildings necessary to carry on the enterprise were embodied in the charter. The site for the principal establishment was chosen with a good deal of wisdom. It was the headland on

which we have seen the workmen commence the first inroad that had ever been made on the primeval forest. Three well-stored ships had arrived from France and anchored in the sheltered roadstead, bearing hardy Breton fishermen, and skilled artisans to inaugurate a new colony, to make wealth for their shareholders in the counting rooms of Bourdeaux and St. Malo.

DeRoma, the Director of this new company belonged to the former city. The character of this man has been drawn by several of his contemporaries who were on a footing of intimacy with him during his residence on the Island, and although the portraits may differ in some lines and tints, they agree sufficiently to enable us to divine what manner of man he was.

Trained in the counting-room, his mind had received so severe a mercantile bent, that schemes and projects of traffic were its constant food. Some of these created strange misgivings among the shareholders of the company, as to the mental condition of their Director. He proposed, for instance, to establish a brewery at Trois Rivières, in order to brew beer from the excellent barley that grew upon his cleared lands. The beer he intended to dispose of in the markets of the French West India Islands, and carry back to his settlement the sugars and coffees of Martinique. In furtherance of this project, he asked the Company to send him bottle-makers from France. The shareholders did not see fit to comply with this request, but they drew unwarrantable inferences from its proposal.

DeRoma, withal, was a man of unflagging energy, quick apprehension, and ready action. On account of these qualities, the company chose him as the manager of an enterprise for making money, forgetting the while that these qualities in mortals are frequently found in a setting of such delicacy, that rough treatment scatters the gems. Zeal for the company's interests undoubtedly possessed De Roma in a heroic degree; but it was fatal that this zeal far outstripped the efforts which the company was willing to make for its own advantage. The shareholders, in fact, lagged irresolutely behind their manager. If, however, De Roma saw visions and dreamed dreams, he nevertheless struggled manfully with realities. Among the busy workmen, whom we have seen wrestling with the rugged wilderness on

that unnamed headland, De Roma was foremost. He toiled, he planned, he superintended. Inactivity was no part of his character. His brain teemed with projects, which his hand was ready to carry out. But the fires which fed these strenuous exertions for the good and the useful, warmed at the same time into action other propensities, which sadly marred his work. His projects were drawn out by his own hand to the minutest detail, and were regarded by him as perfect in finish. Suggestion or criticism he interpreted into personal hostility. To differ from him was to incur his severe displeasure; and it mattered little whether the difference regarded the site of a building or the establishment of a new fishing station, the measure of his enmity was always full and heaped up. The life of a Director had for him no trifles that could be sneered at. The slightest check appeared to his excitable nature the violence of persecution, and the invasion of the chartered rights of his company. Straightway his feelings found vent in lengthy communications of indignant expostulation and bitter invective, which he sent to every one from whom either redress or sympathy might be evoked. Kind as he was to his subordinates, and honest as he was in all his dealings, there ran through his character a caustic vein, which appeared at times to court contradiction and invite hostilities. He seemed indeed to enjoy the excitement of altercation, and to revel in the luxury of proving himself a persecuted man. To follow an established routine was a species of slavery he never could brook. Late in life he received an appointment through Captain Hocquart in the Commissariat Department. Scarcely, however, was he installed, when he set about changing the methods of keeping the accounts to suit his own fancy, and managed thus in an incredibly short time to introduce into the business such confusion, that new books had to be opened in order to get clear of his improvements. These, however, were but the foibles of a man most thoroughly versed in mercantile business, and if they acted to his detriment more sharply than the foibles of other men are wont, it was because he either could not or would not, as much as other men, strive to conceal them. De Roma, the director of a mercantile company, hewing down the forest and erecting well-planned residences and offices for

himself and his workmen, on that lonely headland, was exactly in the position where his talents could shine to advantage. And such was his energy, and so masterly his tact in pushing work home to its completion, that according to the testimony of men who watched carefully all his doings, he developed the resources of the Island more in one year than the company of St. Pierre had done in all the years it had borne sway.

Meanwhile, through the hot summer months with unflagging vigor, the work went on, and in the late autumn, when the woods were still shedding their leaves, the headland presented a changed aspect. From a considerable tract the forest had disappeared, and three solidly-built dwelling-houses, capable of accommodating all the servants of the company, and a spacious warehouse, where provisions and other necessaries were stored, rose up—the first human habitations by these nameless streams. Nor were the zeal and energy of De Roma confined to Trois Rivières. The venture to the Indies was not crowned with the success which its projector anticipated, and the shareholders of the company in France were violent in their condemnation of the enterprise. As an attempt to establish mercantile intercourse between colonies of the same nation, in need of each other's products, it was pronounced encouraging by men well-versed in such matters, and fully conversant with all the circumstances. But trading companies in those days were apt to regard as wasted what did not yield immediate profit, and to chafe at the slow growth of legitimate trade.

There can be little doubt but that the project of De Roma, as minutely described by himself, contemplated nothing short of making this establishment at Trois Rivières the emporium of trade on the Island. From it were to issue all the supplies that fishermen might need, and into it, in payment, was to come the fish caught by the fishermen. It was a mercantile arrangement that looked fair and advantageous to both the parties concerned. As things then were, the project was an undoubted boon to the Island, and received the warm support of the Government officials.

In committing his plans to paper, there is nothing on which De Roma lays such stress as economy. And what he inculcated

he practised. He found use for the stumps he dug from the earth, and the limbs he cut from the felled timber. Nothing was wasted. Molasses, sugar, coffee and rum, he calculated on receiving from the West Indies, in barter for fish, beer and timber. Flour, peas and beans, could be obtained from Canada and his own cultivated acres. Salt, and the appliances needed for fishermen, he intended to import from France. It is no unlikely conjecture that this distribution of trade met scant approval among the company's shareholders in France, who probably beheld some of their own expectations impaired by such arrangements. If the director could have established his commercial project in all the branches he devised, there is little doubt but that the Island's resources would have developed rapidly. Hampered as he was by a yet incomplete organization, and the clamors of dissatisfied shareholders, he managed, nevertheless, in two successive years of scarcity, to relieve by his importations the wants of the distressed fishermen.

The mutterings of discontent from France, although gaining in volume and intensity, yet failed to lessen the energy of the intrepid director. He was roused but not intimidated. During the winters of 1732 and 1733, buoyant with confidence in the soundness of his plans, he vigorously pushed forward operations on Brudenell Point in order to make the establishment there worthy of the high position he had assigned it in his scheme of commerce. Neither did he forget, in the midst of his labors to reply to querulous shareholders in St. Malo and La Rochelle, who never seemed to weary in their efforts to thwart him. In order, if possible, to silence these opponents, he drew up a detailed account of all the works he had undertaken on the Island, the methods by which they had been accomplished, and the ends they were expected to serve. Thus it has come to pass that the self vindication of a provoked official, becomes in our day a valuable historical document, minutely describing the first extensive settlement on the Eastern shore of the Island.

(To be Continued)



When Grandmama was Young—An Incident.

BY W. H. M.

IT is full seventy-five years since grandmama was young, and for twenty years the quiet days and silent nights have hung over her grave in the "Anderson" Presbyterian Church of French River, New London, where she sleeps, with grandfather, in the last long sleep. Yet, how clearly memory brings her picture to me—a calm, strong face, from a life that had lived, and loved, and suffered, now illumined with the peace of a life well spent; a dear, kind grandmother's face, that one trusts and loves involuntarily. But to tell of an incident of her younger days, as I've heard her tell when we children begged for a story, is my purpose.

Eighty years ago in French River the interior portion of each farm clearing was bounded by forest, unbroken except by the occasional encampments of wandering Indians.

One summer afternoon in 1823 or 4, grandma, then a girl of sixteen, strayed in search of strawberries some distance within the outer forest fringe, and finding the berries plentiful, was rapidly filling a small basket, made by stripping the white birch bark, when, being startled by a noise, and turning in alarm, she saw a half grown bear swinging leisurely towards her. Frightened beyond measure, and thinking too late of her father's warning to keep within their clearing unless accompanied by him, she jumped to her feet, and holding fast to the berry basket, ran for the clearing with the speed that terror supplies. The bear quickened his lumbering gait, and ere she reached the opening was almost at her heels.

With a wild prayer for help, swift thoughts of home so near—father, mother, and perhaps of him who even then claimed the right to see her home from the "singing," flash in an instant before her. Without heeding she still grasps the berry basket. Her bonnet—the strings becoming untied—is lifted from her head and falls just in front of the bear, who stops, sniffs it, and then comes on again. Panting and breathless, she now thinks

of the still tightly grasped berries, and drops them with the hope of once more stopping Bruin. Again curiosity causes the animal to inspect the berry basket, and finding the berries to his taste, he apparently forgets the hatless, hair-streaming figure which reaches the safety of the farm as the bear licks up the last berry and trots back into the woods.

Her father with his "gun that came from the Old Country and cost £10"—a famous goose-shot—followed Mr. Bruin's path to the forest as rapidly as his little daughter had preceded it, and its skin, which they learned to call "Grandma's bear," long served as a covering for grandma's children in their cradle days.

Two Pictures.

BY THOMAS LEPAGE.

In that thou wearest the promise of long years,
For hopeful fancies play upon thy face ;
And with those fancies, kindly humors grace
Deep lines of strength, that laugh at distant fears !
In this how changed ! For now thy look appears
As of one struggling, weighted in the race ;
And the sad eye and firm-set lips give trace
Of strength all spent in pressing back the tears !

So near are joy and sorrow—but a breath
Between. Ah, wise we know not all ! For then
The shadow of the coming doom would blight
The beauty of each opening morn, and men
Would never feel the Day for thoughts of Night,
But now where life is true, a glory lustres Death.

The Old and The New.

BY GEORGE MCKENZIE.

"What memories cluster round thy moss-grown wall,
Of daring deeds and calm endurance here;
Of happy moments, we would fain recall;
Of friendships formed with those we still hold dear."

IN a short time the old Prince of Wales College will cease to be a reality, and become but a memory which will exist for a short time in the minds of a few and then fade away. The old college will have passed into oblivion.

Those old walls which have for so many years fostered the educational infancy of the young men and women of this Province will be torn down to give place to a newer, more modern structure, suited to the wants of modern people. This is but a repetition of what is taking place around us every day. The new must take the place of the old. Old buildings, old customs, old ideas, old everything must perish and be replaced by the new.

Even we, human beings, must succumb in our turn and be followed by the younger, perhaps better, perhaps worse, than we have been. Memories of us alone remain, and these are very soon forgotten except in the case of a select few who have made their names immortal, who have left "footprints on the sands of time" which will never be obliterated.

There is a certain tinge of sadness in the thought that the old College must go. When we think of the happy days, of the pleasant associations inseparably connected with the old building, we cannot help feeling some regret at its destruction. We must, however, console ourselves with the thought that the old Prince of Wales College has been spared to see a ripe old age, and has lived a life which has not been lived in vain. From those old walls have gone forth men who are numbered among the great, who have won fame for themselves and for their native Province and whom it is our boast to call Prince Edward Islanders.

Let us cherish the memory of old P. W. C., and let us hope that the new college will carry on the good work with increased success, and long remain to watch over the educational interests of our Province.

A Ghost Story.

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

DENY it who may, the people of Prince Edward Island, especially the Irish and Scotch, were considerably superstitious thirty or forty years ago. Doubtless, lingering traces of this superstition can still be found. The Irish believed in hobgoblins and banshees, and the Scotch in ghosts, fairies and apparitions. I have even known persons of both nationalities who believed in warlocks and witches.

When I was a boy my father owned mills at the head of the Orwell River on the same site and stream as those now owned by Mr. John F. McLeod. They were then known, and I think still are known, as the "Orwell Mills." Every brook, and rivulet and stream; every hill and hollow; every house and haunt; every rill and rock is still stamped on my memory. I fancy I can see the old stump on which I sat when I used to draw the finny occupant of the pond to the land; the old log from which I slipped and came nearly meeting with a watery grave; the old quarry in which I used to look for gold; the old hole in which we used to bathe a half-dozen times a day when the weather was warm and our parents were away from home; the grounds upon which we used to fight and play; the old paths on which we used to tread; the grove in which we used to snare rabbits. All these are hallowed spots, and are connected with hallowed associations that will never leave me while I live. I think I can still see the ground in which I buried my favorite dog, who died in battle, and whose untimely death caused many a tear to trickle down my youthful cheek. I can still look in the room in which my father died. I see the bed in which I slept when my angel mother leaned over me as the day began to dawn in the sky, and planting a kiss on my cheek said between her sobs, "My dear boy, I am left alone. Your father has gone to Heaven." Half bewildered, I listened. All was silence. The dreadful moaning had ceased. I knew, young as I was, that the

struggle was over—that his spirit had passed into light on the shore of another world.

In consequence of owning a sawmill my father always had from three to five men employed. Sawmills, in those days, were chiefly used for sawing ships' planks, and our mill turned out the plank for many a vessel built by the Hon. B. Davies and the late Charles Welsh, father of William, Pope, and James Welsh, all of Charlottetown. Mr. Davies' ship-yard was located at Orwell Point, and Mr. Welsh's at Vernon River Bridge. Toward the spring of the year two of these men used to work in the mill, and the others in the woods, cutting and hauling the logs that were to be put into the planks.

When night came, and supper was over, these men invariably drew their chairs around a blazing fire in an open chimney-place. Then they would dry their boots and light their pipes, and tell of the wonderful amount of work they did through the day. This over, the remainder of the evening would be spent in relating ghost stories, that either they or their fathers had seen or heard of. And we little boys would get between the men and the fire and drink in all the weird and mysterious tales, until wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that all the "wealth of the Indies" would not induce us to step outside the door after dark. These tales were enough to harrow the souls of the most skeptical. They used to tell how the devil put his hand through the floor one night to show his power; how he used to cut the threads in a loom of a weaver he wanted to get; how his cloven hoof appeared under a table where men were playing cards; how he used to appear in the form of a huge dog. These and a thousand other pranks, he used to play in other times and in other places. To say that these monstrous tales produced a marvelous effect upon our minds, and upon our lives, is to put it very mildly indeed. After we grew to manhood and had learned to discredit all these absurdities and silly superstitions, yet it required "an effort of philosophy," as Robert Burns would say, to shake off these idle terrors when passing a graveyard at night, or travelling alone in a dismal place. The fact is they made cowards of us all.

When I grew up and fully satisfied myself that there were no

such things floating around as ghosts and goblins, demons and devils, sprites and spirits, I used to spend a good deal of my time combating the superstitious beliefs of others. I would denounce these barbarous notions so strongly that many of my companions looked upon me as a hardened infidel, for with many of them a belief in demonology and apparitions was a part of their religion. They thought it was very wicked in me to doubt the dogmas and ridicule the beliefs of their fathers. In my young days I knew men and women, sensible in everything else, who believed that a display of the Aurora Borealis was a sign of war, that a comet was an omen of evil, and a Jack O' Lantern the harbinger of death. And these people were always hearing unearthly noises or seeing unnatural sights, just as a skittish horse always finds stones to shy at. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that I considered myself proof against all such nonsense, and scouted the idea of their existence, still, when I got into a suspicious place after dark, I always looked over my shoulders to make sure that no unnatural visitor was crawling on me from behind.

I have a very vivid recollection of one circumstance that tested the faith that was in me. It was a dark and drizzly night in the fall of the year. At this time, I lived near the Uigg school-house, on the Murray Harbor Road at the head of Orwell. I had to make an errand to a blacksmith-shop about a mile distant. In going to it I had to cross a small stream by a bridge that was always badly out of repair. By the side of this stream, and close to the road there was an old graveyard where many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." It was a much "neglected spot." Many stories had been told from time to time of women dressed in white, and headless men that were seen moving among the mounds in this old burying-ground.

In going to the forge I got along very well, for it was not yet quite dark, but I took precious good care not to gaze too long or too intently in the direction of the tombs. I remained for about an hour at the forge talking and chatting with some of the neighbors I had met there. Finally I started for home. It was then as dark as pitch. The blackness of Egypt was not any blacker than this rainy Autumn night. Nothing could be seen

but a feeble light here and there shining from the windows of the farm houses. I thought of the graveyard, but it would be cowardly to back out now. It was so intensely dark that it required all my skill and judgment to keep upon the road. As I neared the graveyard I began to grow nervous. I would stop and listen. The silence seemed to be painful. The quiet was as profound and holy as a temple. And then I would boldly move on again. I tried to keep myself from remembering the defiant things I had been saying on the ghost question, but like Banquo's ghost they would not down. Again I would straighten myself up and say: "be a man." Finally I reached the gate of the graveyard. I had made up my mind not to look in, but unconsciously, as it were, my head turned, when lo! in the centre of the ground there stood a tall white figure. In spite of my philosophy I felt my hat rise from my head. It is an illusion said I. No; there stood the tall figure clothed in white. There was no mistaking it. It is only imagination. I looked out into the darkness again. I saw it move! "My God," I said to myself, "can it be that I have been wrong after all?" I looked again. There was no mistake about it—the spectre continued to move! Can I be mistaken? It slowly began to advance toward me. It gradually appeared to grow taller and whiter. My God! it is a spirit in the form of a woman. Shall I run? No; that would be unmanly. It may be some one trying to scare me, and if I run I will never hear the last of it. So I resolved to stand my ground and die game, if die I must. Slowly it came nearer and nearer. It must be the troubled spirit of one of the dead. A cold chill crept over my body. I trembled from head to foot. All doubts were now dispelled—it was indeed a ghost. What must I do? I reasoned with myself: "Fletcher play the man. It will not hurt you. It is perhaps the spirit of a dead friend who wishes to communicate with you." For a moment my courage grew stronger, and I felt better. But the figure was so near that I felt I must do something. I saw it raise its arms above its head as though in the act of prayer. There was no longer any room for doubt. So gathering up all my strength, and summoning forth all my resolution, I decided to speak to it, and to speak in a defiant and fearless tone, and said: "How do you do?" And

to my surprise the response came at once,—“Well, thank the Lord.”

I knew the voice. It was human after all. It lifted a load of anxiety and fear from my heart. It was the most welcome sound I ever heard, and yet I became so weak I could scarcely walk.

There are hundreds of people still living who will remember, a respectable old religious enthusiast who made his home somewhere about New Perth. At one time in his life he was a bright intelligent man, but through religious excitement he lost his reason, and on occasions went about dressed in a most fantastic garb, preaching and erecting altars on which to offer sacrifices. Indeed, I have heard, and think it was true, that he once built a pyre, set it on fire, and was about offering up a neighbor's child as a sacrifice, and was only prevented from doing so by the arrival of the child's parents on the spot. I once before had seen the old patriarch dressed in his long white robe with a little white skull cap on his head, but it was in day time. It was the same dress he wore the night he appeared to me in the graveyard. He was there no doubt performing his oblations among the graves of the departed. For years he went by the name of “crazy Donald Gordon,” but he was scarcely ever before seen in the vicinity of Orwell head.

To-day I am a stronger disbeliever in ghosts than ever before, and I am convinced that all the stories that have been told about the appearance of spirits, ghosts, and hobgoblins originated by some such things as I witnessed in the old graveyard by the road-side. Had I ran away when I first saw this hideous spectre, I suppose I would to-day be a believer in all the supernatural stories told me in my youth. I am therefore glad that I remained to see this mysterious something solved.

Allow me to say in conclusion, that I have been in many perilous places since that memorable night. I have stood in the open prairie, heard the wildest bursts of thunder, and saw the lightning dance a zig-zag waltz on my eyelids; I have stood in the midst of a howling blizzard with the thermometer at 40 below zero; I have travelled the dark streets of a rough mining camp when revolvers snapped as I passed along, and people

sprang behind doors and dodged behind boxes to save their lives; I have been aboard a train when the cars were derailed and went thumping over the ties, and saw women faint and men die from their wounds; I have seen the stately ship struggling with the angry waves in a howling tempest while the passengers stood around strapped in life preservers ready for the fatal plunge—but I never saw anything that frightened me so badly as poor old Donald Gordon when performing his oblations in the dilapidated graveyard at Orwell Head.

A September Trip—Victoria B. C. to Seattle.

BY E. A. EARLE.

WHAT a day! Not a cloud in the sky. The faintest breeze. A pet day.

With the Fifth Regiment Band cheerily pouring forth "one of Sousa's best," and seven hundred men, women and children gaily attired, laughing, chatting, waving "adieux" on the promenade deck, the beautiful steamship "Victorian" in all her purity of white and gold, hauls in her lines and glides majestically down the harbor.

How picturesque "old Victoria" looks in the morning light, with the dome of its magnificent Parliament buildings yet in sight though we are well on our journey.

Everybody is bright; everybody apparently happy; *all* are enjoying to the utmost the "beautiful day on the water." Camp stools and their occupants are in every nook and corner on all three decks and "old Sol" is excelling himself.

Land is in sight throughout the voyage—eight miles in all, down the Puget Sound. During the first twenty or thirty miles the Olympian Range of Mountains to be seen in all their grandeur, their snow-clad tops towering unto the very skies. Interrogate a stranger as to how far he or she would estimate they are distant and almost undoubtedly the reply would be: "Oh, four or five miles." They gaze at you in abject wonder when

informed that the mountains are from fifty to one hundred miles away.

The first and only stop we make is at Port Townsend, a scattered sleepy town of about fifteen hundred population. It is one of the many towns of the Pacific Coast that has "seen better days." (!) To look at it now and believe that but ten years ago it was a "boomer," with a street car system and a population of some ten thousand is hard indeed. Grass grows in the waggon and street-car tracks. A team on the streets is well-nigh a curiosity. A stop of fifteen minutes or so and we are off again.

The Sound now gets narrower and narrower as we near Seattle, where the distance from shore to shore is not more than a mile.

Seattle has upwards of seventy thousand inhabitants. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was a mere village. It is very scattered, stretching one and a half to two miles along the Sound, rises to an elevation of possibly a thousand feet and descends again towards Lake Washington in the rear. In Seattle you have possibly the most "hustling" city of its size in all America. *Everybody* seems to be in a hurry, and the business streets and cars are crowded from daylight till dark.

There are many fine buildings, chiefly of brick and stone,—the shops are very good. You ask how it is and the answer comes: "Klondyke!" Yes, the Klondyke has made Seattle. No other city on the whole Pacific has "outfitted" to anything like the extent or received the same amount of the "yellow metal" per returning Klondykers. Millions of Klondyke gold has poured into Seattle in the past three years. A very good illustration of the prosperity of the place is the fact that but two or three years ago the cable-cars ran to the Lake Washington Parks (a distance of three or four miles) every twenty minutes, while to-day you have a car either way every four minutes. The cable car service, by the way, was to me one of the wonders of the place. At first you gaze in wonder at these cars as they swiftly climb and descend hill after hill—veritable toboggan slides. Your initiatory ride has a most "hair-raising" effect, and as you go over the top of one of the hills and dash rapidly downward, you think your

"last day has come" and indistinctively begin to wonder how far out to sea you will go if the car breaks away.

The grandest sight in Seattle by far, however, is Mt. Rainier, (or "Mt. Tacoma" as it is called in Tacoma,) which rises to an immense height above the level of the sea. It is snowclad the year round and an ascent takes from three to five days.

The people of Seattle are bright and hospitable, a fact which one cannot but be impressed with upon visiting their city.

At eleven p. m. all were on board, and amid cheers from the three or four hundred people gathered on the wharf, and "For they are jolly good fellows" by our band, we bid "adieu" and "seek the seclusion that a cabin grants" for the night voyage homeward.



Memories of the Past—Continued.

BY JOHN P. TANTON.

THE oldest record here of the Brecken family is that of Ann, wife of John Brecken, who died May 15th, 1811, aged 82 years. John was acquainted with the difficulties which had to be encountered by our first inhabitants in the settlement of the colony. The business of the firm of John Brecken & Co., conducted on the north corner of Queen and Water Streets, increased with the growth of the colony, doing a considerable trade in general merchandise for over thirty years. Mr. Brecken was elected a member of our House of Assembly in 1785. He lived to a good old age and died at Kingston upon Hull, England, March 6th, 1827, aged 84 years. His son Ralph, who died in 1813, as intimated on an adjoining stone, became a member of our House of Assembly, of which he was Speaker, in 1812.

In one enclosure we observe a number of tablets to a well-known and numerous family who have passed away. The head of the family, Samuel Nelson, died in 1866, at the ripe age of 90 years. Mr. Nelson was a native of Philadelphia and came here a boy with Gov. Fanning in 1776. Subsequently he embarked in trade and was for several years a member of our Assembly. He married a daughter of Joseph Robinson, a noted Loyalist of New York, who acted as guide to the British Army during part of the war. Mr. Nelson was an active business man. Of him it may be said that by his death "he severed from the present the associations of the past."

About the centre of the burying-ground is recorded the death of Job Bevan, son-in-law of Wm. Pepperal. He did duty at the block house as a soldier in the artillery when he came to the Island. The recollections of what it was, if we had them, would throw some light upon the hidden past.

Many of the principal men who figured in our early history, lie here with no stone to mark their graves. We are reminded of them and their acts by members of the family who have been more highly honored. A monument to the Hon. Geo. Wright, Surveyor General, who administered the government at five different periods, is a partial record of a family mixed up with all our early public transactions. His father, Thomas Wright, was on the Survey with Capt. Holland in 1765, and was appointed Surveyor General Sept. 19th, 1770. He resided with Patterson on Warren Farm, occupying one of those "extensive offices" which the governor erected. As stated before, Mr. Wright was taken prisoner by the Americans and conveyed to Boston, was a supporter of the Governor in his political measures, was one of the commissioners appointed on the suspension of Chief Justice Stewart, and subsequently in 1788 made an assistant judge. On the memorable field of Waterloo, "where the fate of empires hung upon the balance," a native of P. E. Island, then an officer on the royal staff of the British Army had the honor of escorting Field Marshal Blucher to the Iron Duke. This officer was Thos. Wright, son of our first Surveyor General and brother of George Wright, who died in 1842, aged 32 years.

Among the many mechanics whose names are written here,

we observe that of James McDonald, who died in 1845 aged 64 years. Mr. McDonald erected many of the old buildings of the city. In 1812 he built the old court house and in 1825 the old kirk of Scotland. The first of these buildings still exists, being moved to Euston Street. Mr. Nathaniel McDonald, father of James, came here in 1778 from New York, with Patterson's brother, who engaged him to work on the barracks in Charlottetown then in course of erection. He is said to have built the first house, north of Queen Square, the site of which was just behind where Mr. W. A. Hutcheson's store now stands. He died at Bay Fortune, March 16th, 1825, aged 88 years.

Among the old worthies whose names we trace among the mounds is Arthur Owens of Princetown. He died in 1823, aged 67 years. His children and grandchildren have been largely engaged in mercantile pursuits, and have filled important positions in the colony.

A stately monument is erected in the east corner of the ground, to the memory of Francis Carpenter, wife of Gov. Smith. This gentleman was a brother of John Spencer Smith, British Minister at Constantinople in 1799, and of Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, the hero of St. Jean de Acre. From the year 1813, when he arrived, to 1824, when he was recalled, the colony was more or less agitated by the imperious and arbitrary manner in which he discharged the duties of his office. His efforts, like those of his predecessor, Patterson, to enforce the payment of quit rents, in obedience to the law, were frustrated by the vacillating and dishonorable policy of the colonial office, stimulated by the incessant efforts of the most unscrupulous of the proprietors. Had Governor Smith acted with ordinary discretion in the discharge of his duties, he probably would have enlisted the sympathy and support of the very men who eventually were his most inveterate enemies.

Two men who took an active part in the transactions of that day are buried here, viz., James B. Palmer and Charles Binns, Esqs. Their forensic abilities were tested in opposition to each other in their varied opinions of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

In a shady spot reposes the remains of Wm. Dockendorff,

Esq, one of Mr. Binns' clients. He was a man of integrity and a member of our Assembly during the troublesome days of Gov. Smith.

A monument to Fanny, wife of Robert Hodgson, Esq., Attorney General, reminds us of two old families who were residents of Charlottetown in the last century. Mrs. Hodgson was the daughter of Town Major McDonald. She died in 1832, aged 28 years. Her husband erected this stone to one whom he evidently never forgot. As Sir Robert is well known and buried elsewhere, we will only say that he filled the most important positions in the Province, lived and died universally respected by all classes of the community.

Our record of lawyers will close with the name of Peter McGowan, Esq., who died in 1810, and who we read was thirteen years Attorney General.

In a secluded corner rarely seen by the pedestrian is a memorial stone to Robert Barker, Esq. He was a son of Capt. Barker, of His Majesty's army, a grandson of Major Holland, formerly Adjutant-General, by whom he was reared, and a great-grandson of Capt. Samuel Holland, who made the first survey of the Island in 1765, and who gave Charlottetown a "local habitation and a name." Mr. Barker was a noted sportsman in his day, being extremely fond of fishing, shooting, and boating. While hunting game he was often assisted by James Louis, the venerable Micmac, whose picture is to be seen at Mr. Lewis' studio. He died in 1861, aged 32 years.

The name of Elizabeth, wife of John Webster, reminds us of early transactions in the Island. John Webster, Senr., the father-in-law of Elizabeth, was originally in the army, was at the capture of Louisburg in 1758, and was among the troops dispatched by Gen. Amherst under Lieut. Col. Rollo to take possession of the Island. Fort Amherst near the harbor's mouth was constructed immediately after the arrival of the troops, and there Mr Webster and his wife who came with him resided until the reduction of the force after the treaty of Fontainebleau in 1763.

During the war of independence Mr Webster had charge of the Commissariat department of the garrison in Charlottetown. The issue of a large quantity of provisions, which he lent to Gov.

Patterson, led to his removal by the Commander-in-chief on complaint of the commanding officer. He was subsequently reinstated, and was elected to our House of Assembly in 1784 and re-elected in 1785. The total number of votes polled at this last election for the whole Island was 130, and these were all polled in Charlottetown, there being no division of districts at this time. Mr. Webster was a leading member and active supporter of Mr. Calbeck. He died at St. Peters Bay in 1813. John Webster, Junr., the husband of Elizabeth, was born on the 24th Oct., 1760, we presume at Fort Amherst, and is claimed by his descendants to be the first British subject born on the Island.

In our young days we bought sundry articles for school such as pens, pencils, &c., and also as much candy as our finances would allow. In common with the boys of the Academy and National Schools we patronized an old lady by the name of Mrs. Campbell, who kept store on King Square. She got married again, and the record of her death here reads: Elizabeth Douglas, died Jan. 1855, aged 62 years. Mrs Douglas was a daughter of one of the first six settlers of Lot 31, Mr. Michael Seeley.

Here also is recorded the name of Francis Longworth, J. P., the head of a numerous family of descendants. He came from Ireland in the last century, and for over fifty years resided in our quaint little town. His residence and tannery stood on the east end of the town. He was a man of intelligence and was deservedly respected by all who knew him. His remains were followed to the grave by a large number of friends, including the members of the Irish Society, of which he was formerly President. He died in 1843, aged 77 years.

There has been placed in the old graveyard a stone to the memory of Rev. James Bulpitt and his wife. The rev. gentleman was the first Wesleyan minister stationed on the Island, having arrived here in 1807. He died in 1849, in Tryon. His good lady, long and favorably known in Charlottetown, is interred here.

The old cemetery was closed by law on the first of January, 1874. The last interment took place on the day before, when

the remains of Richard Nankivell was consigned to its mother earth. He died December 29th, 1873, aged 81 years.

How varied and extensive the field for thought, as we examine the records on stones of men and boys we knew in the middle of the century. Recollections of happy days cling to the memory as we read inscriptions to companions with whom we played on grassy sward. There, too, lie relatives around whom memory will cling, whilst memory lasts. The scythe of the reaper death has long ago laid them low.

We stop for the present, although the ground is fruitful of "incidents of the past." As we wandered over its numerous mounds, beside its broken stones, dilapidated rails and verdant shrubbery, we thought of "man's inhumanity to man," and of how many tears were shed over those who lay in the narrow portals of the tomb, of the memories of the past, and the vanity of the present; and as thought after thought arises from a perusal of its engraved records, we are led to the conclusion that the unwritten history of the Island lies buried in the old graveyard.

Reflections of Theodore Isaac George Blickens.

(ONE OF THE ELITE OF CHARLOTTETOWN CATDOM.)

BECAUSE they do not understand our language, human beings take it for granted that we do not possess one. It is so easy and self-satisfying to, ostrichlike, shroud one's head in the cloak of one's own ignorance, and cherish the delusion that what is not perceived does not exist.

Certainly, compared with human speech, our vocabulary is limited, but within its own range it is, at least, as expressive. Not being concerned with the thousand and one artificial wants wherewith man makes life burdensome to himself and those dependent upon him, we naturally require fewer words to express our needs, but it does not therefore follow that our feelings are not as acute. Surely it is possible to enjoy an emotion without being able to define it. And is it not better to feel much and

say little, than to say much and feel little. In this connection I may venture the remark, that man's treatment of us does not in general warrant our forming a very high opinion of the feelings which are most active in the human breast. Personally I am deeply conscious of emotions of love and hate, of contentment and unrest, keener by far than I am ever credited with possessing. Nor are we devoid of the means of adequately expressing these to each other. Who that has listened at all attentively, and sympathetically, to a vocal encounter between two cats whose paths, in the pursuit of their love affairs, have chanced to cross, will deny that, in richness of tone, and extension of range, it was as expressive of the feeling which raged within, as any words in the human vocabulary could have been? Is it to be imagined that such sounds lack meaning as they fall upon a cat's ears?

Again, at the other end of the scale, is there any sound in human speech as suggestive of comfort and contentment as our purr?

The fact that even the most unintelligent cat learns to understand human language, in so far as it has to do with cat needs, ought to suggest that we have capacity sufficient to enable us to communicate with each other. But we go beyond this. Notwithstanding man's noted objection to learning any language other than his mother tongue, we, in some cases, contrive to make him understand ours.

For instance I can make my mistress comprehend when I ask her to have the door opened for me and convey to her a fair appreciation of the exact measure of my desire. The task was a difficult one. Morning after morning I have stood at her bedside in the early dawn, when every cat eagerly longs to go abroad in the fresh bracing air, to exchange greetings with his acquaintances, repeating over and over again my humble request to be let out, without obtaining any response to my pleading save a sleepy "Go away Teddy," to say nothing of having occasionally a boot or other missile hurled at me by my master. Patience, however, won the day, for now, notwithstanding her natural disinclination to stir from her comfortable bed, my pleadings are sufficiently intelligent to be effectual.

True when our desires clash I find it difficult to impress upon her my view of the case as fully as I could desire. Still I am making some progress, and to succeed in this direction would mean so much. Human beings are most unreasonable where we are concerned. They expect us to govern our actions by standards higher than they themselves, with all their superior advantages, find it possible to live up to.

Do they, for instance, realize how difficult it is for a cat to sit quietly with a dainty morsel of food placed temptingly a few inches from his nose? If they did, I think they would be more astonished at our forbearance than at the fact that occasionally the temptation proves too strong for us. I have sat for half an hour while my mistress could see that every nerve in my body was quivering under the anticipated enjoyment of securing a small portion of the food she was serving, yet she seemed utterly oblivious of my condition, and deaf to my every entreaty. Time and again I have been forced, contrary to my usual habit of self-restraint, to, uninvited, stretch out my paw to secure a morsel of the food which ought to have been properly served out to me. Thus my reputation for dignity and sobriety has to some extent suffered.

Another instance of her lack of consideration, or rather appreciation of our nature and requirements. Some time ago a miserable half-starved mongrel cat found refuge in our cellar. Without consulting me in the matter, my mistress permitted him to foist himself upon us. Now if there is one thing that I am especially intolerant of, it is the presence of another cat of the same sex as myself. However, as this poor animal was almost dying of hunger and exposure I made no further protest than to absent myself from the kitchen while he was present there. This entailed no further inconvenience to anybody than bringing my meals to me up-stairs. But when I found that he took advantage of my forbearance to range over the whole house and to intrude into every part of my domain, I caught him by the throat and by my actions gave him unmistakably to understand that I objected to his behavior. Immediately my mistress caught me up, boxed my ears, and cast me out, leaving my rival in full possession. True, she afterwards apologized and endeavored to

explain matters, but none the less do I feel the injustice of her action. If another woman came into her home, usurping her place, would she exercise as much forbearance as I did? I very much doubt it.

I may here mention that, though I am generally made to keep the peace indoors, occasionally I have the pleasure of meeting my rival without, and cherish the comforting assurance that the ensuing proceedings are as satisfying to my feelings as they are distasteful to his. At present he finds it convenient to go around on three legs, and in consequence I am the recipient of many reproachful glances and remarks. I am, however, making the best of the situation.

I would not for an instant seek to convey the impression that my lot is an unhappy one. On the contrary, I have an idea that I am treated with much more consideration than is usually accorded to cats in general. Often times I have heard my mistress declare that I "am a great deal nicer than some people." To what extent this was intended as a compliment to me or as a reflection upon the individuals in question, it would be difficult to determine. Still I am convinced that the former idea is involved.

Putting aside my own case I do, however, feel that human beings do not realize our just claims upon them. At present they tolerate us in so far as they deem us useful in exterminating vermin, but fail to appreciate the fact that our mission extends beyond this. Do they ever pause to consider how many a child owes its keenest perception of the poetry of motion to the gambols of a playful kitten? Perchance a closer study of the question may lead to the conclusion that our presence here has a deeper significance than they imagine.

Thoughts such as these may seem out of place in the mind of a cat. I think, however, that I may justly claim to be above the average order of intelligence.

As in a dream, and yet having a reality that no dream possesses, my memory seems to carry me back to a time when, enshrined in a vast temple of massive columns, richly adorned with sculptured forms, troops of privileged and haughty priests

were devoted to my service, and led a subject and obedient people to recognize in me a being sacred to the gods, and worthy of particular reverence. This memory is ever present with me and lends a dignity to my character and bearing, not common to the race. This I offer as my sole apology.—F.

Cavendish in the Olden Time.

NO. 2.

BY WALTER SIMPSON.

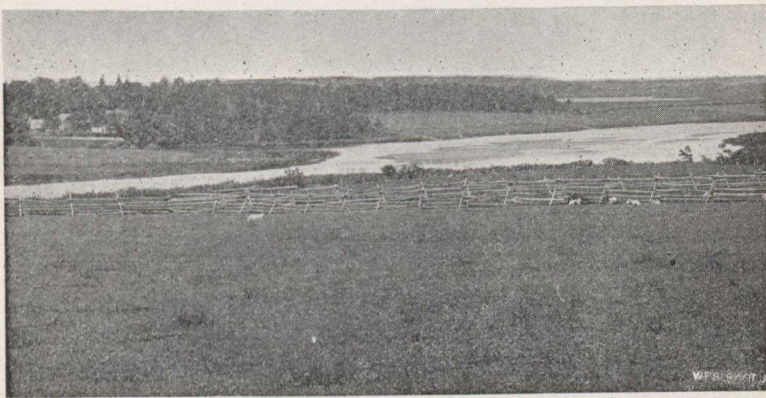
IN this article we will commence with a sketch of the original McNeill family of Cavendish.

As stated in a former article John McNeill came to the Island in 1772, with the late Chief Justice Stewart of Charlottetown. The Townsends, who settled at Park Corner, and whose descendants now live at Traveller's Rest, came in the same ship. McNeill lived with Stewart for several years after they came. He cut down the trees then growing on the spot where the Colonial Building now stands.

One day when thus employed, Governor Patterson's servant man appeared and ordered him off, whereupon McNeill, who was an athletic young man, struck him with his fist and knocked him down, and then calmly went on with his chopping. History does not record just how the Governor and his servant felt about the matter. An anecdote of William Simpson will not be out of place here as it relates to the same Governor. The Governor being out of wood on a certain Sunday sent for Simpson to take his horse and get him a load. Simpson, when he got the word, coolly replied to the messenger thus: "Tell His Excellency that neither I nor my horse work on Sunday." The Governor, though cross at the time, afterwards told him that he respected him for having the courage to stand by his principles, even though the Queen's representative ordered otherwise.

Some time after this McNeill married and then moved to

Pisquid, where he engaged in farming till he came to Cavendish in 1790. William Simpson lived in Charlottetown at the time McNeill was married. He afterwards moved to Covehead and settled on the "Higgins Farm" where he lived several years till he moved to Cavendish. McNeill, after living in Cavendish a number of years, died in Charlottetown eighty-two years ago and is buried in the old cemetery on the Malpeque Road. No stone marks the spot. The remains of William Simpson and his wife also lie there in an unknown grave. John McNeill had eleven children, all of whom lived to grow up, marry, and have large families of their own. William, the eldest, was born in Charlottetown in 1782. He, when quite a young man, went to Nova Scotia and was clerk in Judge Haliburton's office, and



AN ANGLER'S PARADISE—MCNEILL'S POND

knew the younger Haliburton (Sam Slick) very well. He afterwards taught school at Windsor, N. S., for a while. He returned to the Island and for a time engaged in ship-building with James Townsend, M. P. P., of Park Corner. Their shipyard was, I believe, at French River. In 1806 he married Eliza Townsend and engaged in farming in Cavendish during the rest of his days. In a former article we referred to him as a legislator and Speaker of the House.

He was one of the party who accompanied the surveyor and

laid out the main post road from Charlottetown to Tignish through the almost unbroken forest. It is related of him that once, after he had walked along the sea-shore from Cavendish to New London harbor on his way to his shipyard at French River, and had been disappointed in not finding a boat in which to cross the harbor, that he, with that indomitable courage and daring characteristic of his countrymen, plunged into the cold waters and swam across, carrying his clothes on his head to keep them dry. He died in Cavendish in 1870, eighty-eight years of age. His direct descendants up to the present time number two hundred and eighty.

Malcolm, the second son of John McNeill, married a Miss Campbell of New London, and lived in Cavendish, down by the Pond where his son, W. C. McNeill, now lives. The late and much lamented Thomas LePage was his grandson. The third son, John, married Sarah, daughter of William Dockendorff, and lived in Cavendish where his son John still lives.

Neil, the fourth, married a Miss Trowsdale, of Crapaud, where they lived. He was also in the Legislature when a young man. Two of his daughters, Mrs. McQuarrie and Mrs. Smith, are now living at Searltown, and his son A. A. McNeill, at O'Leary.

Nelly, the eldest daughter, married Alexander Marquis, a member of a wealthy firm of that name doing business in Ireland. He came out to Millvale in the year 1800 and started a branch of the firm's business. He did an extensive trade in shipping timber to the old country, and in importing and selling general merchandise. He was the father of William Marquis, who formerly lived in Cavendish, but died in Boston three years ago at the age of eighty-seven, and of James Marquis, one of Detroit's prominent citizens, who is hale and hearty at the age of eighty-eight. (The writer is indebted to this gentleman for a very interesting historical account of families of the connection that moved out West half a century ago.) There were two other sons, John and George. John died in the United States some years ago, and George was killed by the falling of a tree in New Brunswick, in 1840. Alexander Marquis died in 1820.

A man named Fairbairn, who was afterwards in the P. E.

Island Legislature, was sent out by the firm in Ireland to settle up the Marquis business. This man afterwards married the widow, and was the father of Mrs. Thomas Clark, Cascumpec; Mrs. Ewen Crosby, Bonshaw; Alexander Fairbairn, who was a sea captain and had his home in New York, and Thomas, who now lives in Lawrence, Mass.

Euphemia, the second daughter, married John Simpson and lived on the farm where the last of their children, W. J. Simpson, died about two months ago.

James, the fifth son, was married to a Dockendorff also. His daughter Mary still resides on his old homestead. Another daughter married Andrew Crosby, of Bonshaw, where she still lives. Charles, the sixth son, married a Miss Johnston of Brookfield. He was in the Island Legislature in Escheat times with Cooper and LeLacheur of Escheat fame. He moved to Western Ontario in 1847 where many of his descendants still reside.

Daniel, the seventh son, married Sarah Poole and kept the post office in Cavendish for many years. He also was miller for the settlement for a number of years.

Janet, the third daughter, married Robert Simpson and lived at Hope River, where two of her sons, John and Junius, still reside.

David, the youngest of the family, married a twin sister of his brother John's wife and lived on the homestead which is now occupied by his son David.

We will now give a short account of the family of William Clarke, the founder of the Clarke family. As before stated, he came to Cavendish in 1790 and married Ellen, daughter of William Simpson. They had twelve children. William, the eldest, married a Miss McEwen of St. Peters. He was a member of the legislature about the same time as Speaker McNeill. His son William was collector of customs in Charlottetown over thirty years ago.

Mary, the eldest daughter, married John McEwen of New London, where they had their home.

Thomas, the second son, married a Miss Woodside, and

lived for a time at Darnley, but afterwards moved to Michigan.

Frank, the third son, married Miss Schurman, and lived at Darnley, where some of his family still reside.

James, the fourth son, married Eliza Bell, and lived at Campbellton. His daughter Ellen (Mrs. D. McKay) is living now on the homestead.

John, the fifth son, married Ann, daughter of James Simpson and sister of John Simpson, who still lives at Bay View. He lived and died on the farm at South Rustico, now occupied by his son Lemuel.

Andrew, the sixth son, married a daughter of Richard Bagnall who kept the tavern at Hazel Grove. He lived in Cavendish on the farm still occupied by some of his daughters. John C. Clark, Esq., of Bay View, is his only surviving son.

David, seventh son, also married a daughter of Richard Bagnall, and lived on the old homestead, now occupied by his eldest son, W. D. Clark. Another son and three daughters never married but lived and died in Cavendish.

To follow the McNeill family a little further, we might give some account of the family of William McNeill, the eldest of the second generation of the McNeills. Margaret, the eldest, married Jeremiah Simpson and lived at Bay View till within a few years of her death, which occurred in Charlottetown in 1895, in her 90th year. John, the oldest son, married a daughter of John Simpson, formerly of West River. He moved to Corrunna on the St. Clair River. His wife and family are now living, I believe, in Bay City, Michigan. Helen, the second daughter, married Alexander McNeill and lived in Cavendish. W. S., of North Rustico, married Ann Jones of the same place. He farmed there, but also built vessels and sailed them for many years. He represented the Second District of Queen's County in the House of Assembly for several years, between 1867 and 1873. Was in the legislature in the stirring times consequent on passing the Railway bill. He still lives with his wife on the old homestead, hale and hearty at the age of eighty-six. Thomas married Charlotte, daughter of James Simpson, and lived for a time in South Rustico. He moved to Elmsdale, in Prince County, over thirty

years ago. He is still living there aged eighty-four. James married Jane Harker, and they are still living in Cavendish. Alexander married Lucy Woolner and spent his life on the old homestead where he died two years ago. The Rev. L. G. McNeill, the popular pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church,



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND PART OF CEMETERY, CAVENDISH

St. John, is his eldest son. Another son, Chester, is a member of a law firm in Vancouver.

Jane married Duncan McKenzie, of Cavendish, and moved to Michigan, where she and her family now reside. Mary married David Lawson, of Covehead, where they lived for a number of years. They afterwards moved to Crapaud where they engaged in merchandizing. To this lady, whose memory is as good as ever it was, the writer is indebted for most of the information in this article.

Euphemia married Peter McGregor, son of Dr. McGregor, of Brackley Point. They settled in Michigan, in Bay City, where she is still living.

There are three grand-children of William Simpson still living ; two of them on the Island. John Simpson, of Bay View, in his 90th year ; Mrs John McKee, who lives with her granddaughter at O'Leary, aged ninety-three, and Mrs. John McNeill, of Bay City, Michigan, who is, I believe, ninety-one. James Marquis, of Detroit, writes me that the last two persons mentioned and himself are the only ones living who can remember seeing William Simpson, the first settler here. Mr. Marquis also writes me that he attended school in Charlottetown in 1820, and that among his schoolmates, whom he remembers very well, were John and Charles Binns, Joseph and Ralph Nelson, John McNeill, formerly Secretary of the Board of Education, and John Hyde, of West River. The writer's father, Jeremiah Simpson, attended school in Charlottetown from 1810 till 1817. He lived with his uncle, Samuel Bagnall, who did business at that time on Pownal Street. The late Daniel Hodgson, and I also think the late Sir Robert Hodgson, were among his schoolmates.

Three sons-in-law of William Simpson occupied seats in the Island Legislature in the early part of the century. They were William Hyde, of West River, William Dockendorff, of North River, and Samuel Bagnall, of Charlottetown. Five of his grandsons also had seats in that body. They were William, Neil and Charles McNeill, William Clark, of Darnley, and Jeremiah Simpson, who was a member of the Legislative Council and also of the Executive in the days of Governor Dundas.

W. S. McNeill, a great-grandson, had a seat later on. Then a great-great-grandson, the famous Jerry Simpson, has sat two or three terms in the United States Congress, where he has been the advocate of about all the political isms of the day, viz., Greenbackism, Fiatism, Populism, Silverism, and is now advocating Single taxism.

We mentioned in a former article that a Mr. McIntyre taught the first school in Cavendish. We now give a list of teachers that succeeded him. Robert Robertson, of St. Peter's Road, taught in 1826. Sebastian Davidson, a graduate of a Scottish University, succeeded him, I believe, the next year. Then Roderick Campbell taught afterwards, and Captain Irving,

of the Fanny that sailed for California in 1849, went to school to him here. Mr. Blaney, an Englishman, came next, and a Mr. McGregor, a brother of John McGregor, historian of the Island, followed. Donald Livingston, and Donald Lamont, of West River, were succeeded by Robert Bellin, who married a daughter of James McNeill. Then came — McLune, followed by A. A. McKenzie. After this, in 1859, J. H. Fletcher taught for two years. Then a man by the name of Bentley followed for a year, when Lemuel Miller, now Principal of West Kent School, Charlottetown, took charge and continued teaching the school for thirteen or fourteen years. The celebrated diplomatist and President of Cornell University (Dr. Schurman) and many others who have made their mark in the world since, went to school to him here. But this article is too long already. We will reserve for our next a sketch of the social life, amusements, customs and remarkable occurrences connected with the history of this place and people.



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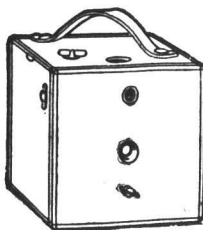
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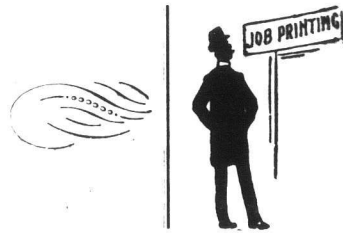
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Nov. 1st

150,866

SURPLUS

Dec. 1st

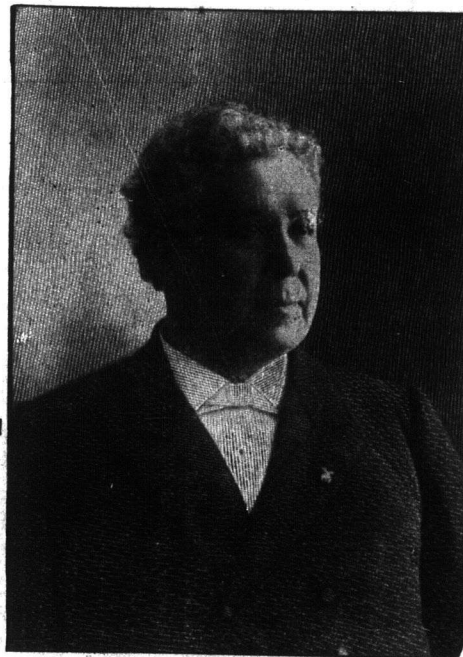
\$3,705,562.92

DEATH RATE

last year

5.67 per thousand

Thirty-seven
Courts and over
fifteen hundred
Members
in P. E. Island



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