

The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

Vol. 5

DECEMBER, 1903

No. 10

Pretty Places on the Line of the P. E. I. Railway.



ARE you aware, dear reader, as you sit before your comfortable fire these winter evenings, recalling the pleasures of the past summer, and contemplating new delights to be enjoyed in the summer to come, that very probably you have deprived yourself of many pleasant holidays by not being acquainted with our own excellent, well-conducted, and accommodating Island Railway System. It is so true, as some one once said, and thousands have since repeated that "things near at hand are oft beyond our vision."

Really, every reader of this Magazine should have a thorough acquaintance with the P. E. Island Railway. It has been greatly improved of late years; and it is as a friend, whose kindly offices are always at your service for the purpose of introducing to you the beauty spots of our lovely Island, that I am desirous of making it better known to everyone.

Strangers, who visit us, derive far more pleasure by

travelling on our railway than do our own people. They come here in the holiday season, and like the tribes of



Shore Scene—On the line of the P. E. I. Railway.

Midian they "prowl and prowl around" finding ever courteous treatment at the hands of the railway officials, and being cheerfully supplied with information that enables

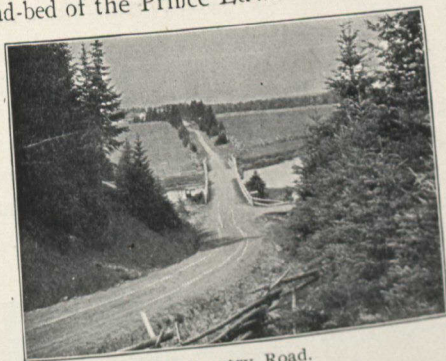


A Quiet Nook.

them to plan many perfect days of pleasure. They go hither and thither and fare well in the land.

It is to be feared that the older ones among our readers

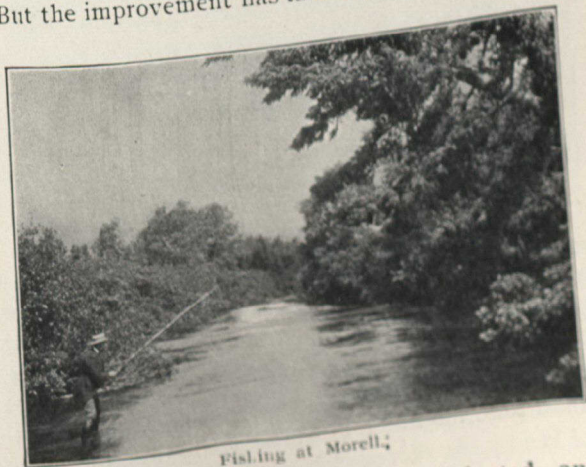
have not the pleasantest recollections of the train service and the road-bed of the Prince Edward Island Railway. It



A Country Road.

is true that the conditions of ten years ago were susceptible of improvement.

But the improvement has taken place, and old methods,



Fishing at Morell.

old cars, and other defects have been eliminated, and new comforts and conveniences have taken their place, with a thoroughness that has made the service of to-day im-

measurably superior to what it was ten years ago. The dizzily-curving roadbed,—which twisted like a snake along the length of the Island, zig-zagging in places like the familiar longer fences, even yet to be seen in parts of the country—has been wonderfully straightened, at great expense, but with a resulting improvement and saving that would absolve even larger expenditure. The old, close, stuffy cars have gone; the jolting, tumbling method of getting over the ground has given place to a smoother



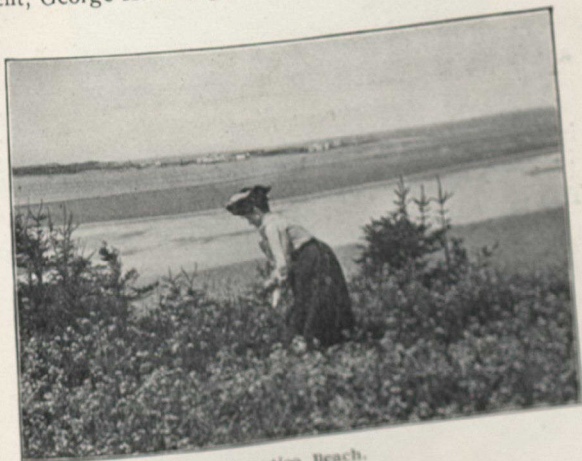
Hunter River.

motion, and one can now contemplate with far different anticipations a journey by rail on the P. E. Island Railway.

All along the line from Charlottetown east to Souris and Georgetown; and west to Tignish, there are beauty spots to be reached. Our illustrations show a few of them—it would take too much of our space to describe even one tenth of the places of resort brought within easy reach by means of the railway, and all affording opportunity for pleasant holidays. For instance, numberless chances for picnics, fishing excursions, botanical expeditions, or days on

the seashore, can be easily arranged by taking some thought beforehand and then journeying by train to the place selected. Yet this is rarely done by our own people, and thus they miss rare pleasures—for to them are hundreds of delightful haunts unknown.

In great measure, the popularity into which our railway has grown of late years, is due to the thoroughness with which its operation is attended to by the Superintendent, George A. Sharp, Esq. We are indeed fortunate



Rustico Beach.

in having him in this important position, because he has at heart both the welfare of his railway and the prosperity of P. E. Island. Especially anxious and willing is he to foster and increase the tourist travel to this province, an object in which he should be supported by all of us who have our Island's interest at heart. When the new hotel is built and tourist travel is coming in this direction, as we would wish it to come, we may feel sure the P. E. I. Railway will meet all requirements.

... Mr. Sharp has been in the service of the P. E. I. R.

ever since it was completed in 1875. He was promoted to his present position in 1897, and is esteemed both by the



South Shore.

men in the service, and by hosts of outside friends. It is with pleasure that we present our readers with his portrait.

The present working line of the P. E. I. Railway com-



A Fishing Scene

prises a system of 32 sections, a total mileage of 120 miles. There are altogether employed in maintaining the line in its present high efficiency, between 350 and 400 men. With

the completion of the Murray River branch next year an additional 42 miles will be added to the system, and a new



Rustico Beach.

and beautiful section of the Island brought into connection with the railway. Included in their new branch will be the bridge across the Hillsborough River, an engineering work



Mr. George A. Sharp.

of no small extent. Nearly every part of our Island will then be accessible by rail, and with the advantages to be derived thereby, we look for increased prosperity to all.

Events of Long Ago.

A much-esteemed lady correspondent furnishes us with the account which follows of a storm which visited this Province at this season just fifty years ago, and suggests, as a feature sure to interest many readers, the reprinting of such items describing notable events of long ago.

On the 23rd of December fifty years ago, a fearful storm visited this Island. "The roof of the north side of St. Paul's Church was completely torn off and thrown to the ground, the wind having gone under the eaves, and from thence along the roof. The interior of the Church has suffered no great injury, and a large body of workmen are engaged in repairing the damage to the roof, and in preparing the Church for the services of the morrow."—*Haszard's Gazette, Dec. 24th, 1853.*

A more extended report of the gale is given in the *Islander* of December 30th, 1853:—

"We regret to have to record the most disastrous storm ever experienced in the Colony. As the Sun went down on the evening of the 23rd, the sky wore a threatening aspect, but, although blustery weather may be expected about the solstice, we apprehend nothing worse, the atmosphere at that season being less disturbed by a change in the Sun's declination than at any other. From about seven o'clock, however, the storm increased, and continued with unabated violence throughout the night until its greatest fury was manifested about break of day on the morning of the 24th, from which time it gradually abated. * * * *

"The destruction is immense. The highways are covered with windfalls to an extent altogether unprecedented; and even vigorous young spruce trees, about eight or nine inches in diameter, we have seen either broken a foot or two from the ground, or torn up by the roots. The damage done to property is so extensive that the casualties within a radius of a few miles would present a formidable list. We have heard of one or two dwelling houses blown down and ignited by the hearth fire, burned to ashes. One of the most lamentable cases we have heard is that of Mr. Richard Clark, of Bedeque. Suspecting nothing more than an ordinary breeze the family retired to rest, and were all asleep, when the wind, forcing the doors, scattered the burning embers about, and so quickly was the work of destruction completed that the inmates had barely time to escape with their lives in their night-clothes. A Mr. Burns, in Freetown Settlement, had a large stock of horses and horned cattle, but the building in which they were housed was thrown down, and, we hear, two horses were killed, and all his cattle but seven. * * *

In Charlottetown the storm was equally severe. The roof was blown off one side of St. Paul's Church, and quite a number of chimneys, spouts, porches, fences, etc., blown down. At Bedeque, several Houses and Barns, in the progress of erection, and the frame of an English Church were razed to the ground."

The Treasure Seekers.

BY ROY LEITCH

The high and rocky cliffs of West Cape, where the sea thunders ceaselessly and monotonously on the shore, and where the delightful sea breezes sweep over the land, bringing with them health and energy, these once witnessed the landing of Captain Kidd, the buccaneer. Forests of beautiful green interspersed with red and brown spread out before the eyes of the outlaws, as they rowed rapidly from their ship, heaving at anchor on the blue waters. As they approached the shore the songs of robins and the sweet notes of the tit greeted their ears, while the whirring of the partridge momentarily startled them. Landing, they toiled up the steep cliff peopled with the white gulls, which flew screaming away, far above the heads of the intruders. Reaching the top the freebooters noiselessly entered the beautiful forest, and there, depositing the rich treasures gained in many a fierce encounter on the sea, they left the spot forever.

Years rolled away. The primeval forests remained forsaken and alone, except for the birds and the bears, foxes and other animals, which roamed through its recesses. But, at last a few settlers arrived, and cleared a space for the small log-cabins, which served them for a home. High amongst the settlers in learning and influence stood O'Leary, while scarcely of less repute was Mother Groshel, the fortune teller.

She it was who told of rich treasures in gold, hidden in the recesses of the wood; she it was who fired the temper of O'Leary, and sent him off in search of untold millions.

It was the mother who warned the searchers to observe strict silence, and neither to speak nor whisper while turning up the sod.

O'Leary, fearing failure, hid his designs from his sons, but, finding it difficult to obtain his desires alone, he communicated his designs to his friend, O'Brian. So one beautiful day in September, such a one as welcomed the pirates on their visit to the West Cape shores, the two men, armed with axes, picks and shovels, and accompanied by the horse and waggon of O'Leary, set out in search of a fortune. A cool breeze blew steadily into their faces; the sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky; and the sea rolled noisily in upon the rocks. All was beautiful, and the air was filled with a melody of song, mingled with the harsh, discordant notes of the jay and the crow. But the two men trudged along in silence beside their gallant steed.

At last they reached the end of the road, and, leaving their horse tied securely to a post, they entered the forest. They continued steadily on their way for some time, until, approaching a giant oak, stripped of its leaves, and standing naked and dead, with its branches torn and twisted by lightning, the two men halted as if by mutual consent. Above them, standing out alone against the blue sky line was a large, withered branch; but at the end of that branch was the representation of a skull and crossbones, the piratical symbol.

Throwing aside their rough woollen jackets, the two men began to dig. For hours they toiled, while the sun moved steadily towards the west, and gradually sank into the rolling sea. Finally it disappeared, and the country assumed a gloomy appearance, but still the silent men worked, and dug, and dug, and dug.

In the meantime, the sons of O'Leary, curious about his long absence, set out in search of him. After a considerable search they came upon the horse, and decided to

have some fun. Under the rug, which covered the animal, they gently placed a large Scotch thistle. Then entering the woods they awaited the result.

They had scarcely taken up their position, when a ram, straying from his home, approached the mouth of the pit in which the men were labouring, and began to bleat piteously. For some time the men in the hole listened in awe-struck silence, as the sound seemed to issue from the depths of the earth. At length they became more accustomed to the outcry and set to work again. Then the ram uttered a loud and mournful sound. O'Leary dropped his shovel, and, thinking it a voice from the unseen, whispered: "Good God ! what is he saying ?"

Instantly the spell was broken. The two men no longer wished to work, and hastened gladly towards their horse. As it was getting dark, they could not at first discover him, but, after considerable anxiety, their patience was rewarded. O'Brian took his place in the cart, and O'Leary leaped upon the horse's back. In a moment he was flying through the air, and an instant later lay upon his back in a clump of nettles, from which he hastily scrambled. He stood up and looked at the horse, standing quietly on the grass. All looked as usual. "The evil spirits have leagued against us, friend," said O'Leary, "and we shall never find our treasure."

So the two men set out for home, determined to go no more on a vain search for wealth. The bears growled in the woods; the wind howled noisily among the leaves, and minged its sad moaning with the roar of the waves. The night was dark and cold. No moon nor star relieved the inky blackness around. And the awestruck silent men continued on their way, and never more sought the treasures of the rovers of the sea.



A Patriotic Song.

BY H. R. LOCKERBY.

GOD bless our Northern land;
Firm we will ever stand
To guard it sure.
May Peace with us ee'r be,
And dwell from sea to sea,
Among a people free,
And dwell secure.

But should a foreign foe,
Intent on war to go,
Our land invade:
Shades of our patriot dead,
Whom Brock, the hero, led,
Inspire our martial tread.
And whet our blade.

We love the Union Jack;
Its wave dispels the black,
Harsh despot's sway.
For British Laws we'll cheer,
For Canada ne'er fear,
We're growing year by year,
And day by day.



Rockcliffe Range.

BY JAN MAYEN.

FOUR hundred and sixty men encamped on Rockcliffe Range. Four hundred sixty picked shots of Canada. Men from far British Columbia, by the shore of the great Pacific; and men from the Lower Provinces, by the rock-bound coasts of the North Atlantic; men from little Prince Edward Island, cradled on the waves of the St. Lawrence Gulf; and men from the Prairie Province, and the Northwest Territories; men from the great Province of Ontario, and men from old Quebec; the son of the millionaire, and the son of the artisan; the son of the merchant prince, and the son of the backwoods pioneer; the gold-laced city swell, and the trapper in his hunting shirt; the grizzled veteran, and the beardless boy; all side by side upon a common level on the butts of Rockcliffe Range. And he who is possessed of a cool head to make allowance for variation of wind and light, and a clear eye and steady hand to hold his rifle on the bull's-eye, he who can make the greatest number of points over the range, be his position in life or society what it may, is the better man for the time being and his comrades honor him as such.

The Dominion Rifle Association is doing a great work and deserves the support and assistance of every thinking man in the Dominion; not alone for training riflemen for the defence of our country in time of war, but also incidentally in bringing together from the different provinces so many of the best men of Canada and thereby enabling them to form acquaintances and exchange ideas which may be of benefit to the country in time of peace.

A finer body of men, physically and intellectually; a more orderly or intelligent body of men than assembled at

the annual Dominion Rifle Association competition could not be found elsewhere on this round earth. They meet together and fraternize, exchange ideas and form acquaintances; friendships have been formed on the range between men who but for that institution would in all probability never have seen each other; which are cherished by them among the most sacred reminiscences of their lives, and to which death alone can put a period.

Year by year the annual meeting at Rockcliffe is more eagerly looked forward to by our provincial rifle men until it has become almost part of our national existence.

It was the good fortune of the writer to pass four days at the Range during the competition of the present year, his impressions of which are given in brief as above, while the remembrance shall be a pleasure as long as life continues.

At 8.20 o'clock, Sept. 4, in company with part of the Island team, the "Canada Atlantic" train for Montreal was boarded, and after a pleasant run through a section of Eastern Ontario, including the County of Glengarry, rendered classic by the writings of "Ralph Connor," the city of Montreal was reached, and the Intercolonial Railway's fine train, the "Maritime Express," boarded for home. Crossing the broad St. Lawrence by the great Victoria bridge we felt that this time we were indeed headed for the Lower Provinces. After crossing the historic Richilieu we rushed down through the Province of Quebec until Levis was reached, and the famous fortress of Quebec lay like a sleeping lion on the opposite side of the mighty river. Four line of battleships, three flying the British flag and one the tricolor of France, lay to their anchors in the stream under the guns of the world-famed fortress. Short was the time given us to review the historic Citadel, ere the ponderous train, consisting of ten passenger cars, drawn by two engines of the most powerful class in use on the Intercolonial started on the night run to Moncton, which place

we were scheduled to reach at 10 on the following morning.

At intervals that night, as the writer awakened and heard the ceaseless rumble of the wheels and the never ending roar of the exhaust in the smoke stacks of those two mighty engines broken at intervals by the wild howl of the whistles, his thoughts ran on the perfect machine the locomotive engine had become since the first crude, but successful attempt of Stephenson to master the problem of steam locomotion; how many times during that long night's run had those ponderous wheels revolved, how many times had the steam valves opened and shut, how true must every part of the huge machine work and how clear must be the brain and steady the hand of "the man behind the lever," as that mighty train, freighted with human lives roared and rushed and howled through forests and tunnels, over bridges and around the shoulders of mountains: the wonder seems to be not that accidents were so many, but that they are so very few. After a short stay at Moncton the train was again boarded for Point du Chene, where we found awaiting us our own fine S. S. the Northumberland, commanded by Captain Cameron, than whom a more genial companion or better seaman never trod a plank. The passage was made in the usual time "and then home."



Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy.

BY PERCY POPE

Mr. Orthodoxy, that austere gentleman who, with dignified air and calm assurance, asserts his right to be recognized as the authoritative expression of all truth: "Madame Fashion," the frivolous creature who, tyrannizing over her votaries, leads them into countless vagaries regardless of the inconvenience her exactions inflict upon sober-minded persons: "Mrs Grundy," that vulgar individual whose meddling superintendence of our affairs is especially distasteful: who has not, at one time or another, been made to feel the menace of their frowns? Whether we realize the fact, or not, they have been factors in the life history of each of us, and it may be profitable to enquire more particularly into the parts they have played and are playing therein. Such is the purpose of the present article.

Some matter-of-fact individual may here interpose: "Why! there are no such persons." Assigning to the word person the precise value he here gives it; there certainly are not. But is the meaning he attaches to it necessarily the only, or in this case the right one? Words are merely symbols of ideas and fulfil the only duty they are called upon to perform if they adequately express the thought to be conveyed. Should you find occasion to say that such a man "is an ill-conditioned cur," these words may effectively set forth your meaning though the statement, if taken literally, is manifestly untrue. Words are very useful servants but make very bad masters, and many unconsciously, and more willingly, come under their domination. It is possible to frame, of them, imposing sequences, put together in accordance with the strictest rules of logic, but though the conclusions reached follow justly from the premises, they are not necessarily true, for the original ideas, the basis of the superstructure, however trustworthy they may have been in the original mental picture, if crystallized, removed from their proper connection, and built up, into new mental images, therein become mere fancies masquerading as representations of fact which but cloud the vision and confuse the understanding.

A bold image, a vague perception, however loosely expressed, may embody a measure of true enlightenment, whilst the most closely reasoned and scholarly treatise may be purely imaginative.

Teunyson expresses this :

“For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers
“Where Truth in closest words shall fail
“When Truth embodied in a tale
“Shall enter in at lowly doors.”

More particularly is it necessary to realize this when dealing with new or complex problems. In such cases the mind is forced to project itself into regions which at first can only be covered by vague conjectures or loose generalizations. It is not wise to measure the worth of these, merely by their accuracy of definition, but rather a certain value should be assigned to even the crudest effort of the imagination,—for so understanding is gained. As illustrative of this will our matter-of-fact friend follow me in thought for a few moments.

There are few words in more common use today than that of “electricity.” It is derived, as he knows, from the Greek word ἤλεκτρον—amber, the first electrical phenomena having been observed in connection with this substance. How came the Greeks to give that particular name to amber? This takes us back to a very old story, according to which Phaeton persuaded his father Helios to permit him to drive his chariot across the sky. Having won his consent he set out upon his journey but soon lost control of his horses and, driving too near the earth, scorched it. Mountains were set on fire, rivers and seas dried up, Lybia became a desert and the inhabitants of Æthiopia were blackened by the heat. To save the earth from absolute destruction Zeus hurled him from the chariot with a thunder-bolt. His dead body fell to earth into the river Eridanus. His disconsolate sisters were turned into poplar trees along its banks, and their tears became amber.

What thinks he of such statements as these? That they are arrant nonsense? They may indeed seem so. When first made acquainted with these myths our dominant thought was naturally one of wonder that rational men and women could ever have constructed such improbable and often objectionable tales. But, we are beginning to realize, that in some forms of nonsense there may be embodied an appreciable perception of truth. In the first place we must not assume that they are as senseless as we may be tempted to consider them. Did they serve no useful purpose and possess no veritable significance when they were first told and in the telling enslaved the attention and gained the assent of their hearers? We can only imperfectly project ourselves backward to the time when our ancestors framed them. When they conceived of everything about them, even the most abstract phenomena, such as the heat of the sun, the light of

the moon and stars, the movements of air and water as the actions of living beings bestial or human. Could we do so and, appreciating their mental and moral condition, realize the world as they realized it, these old myths would become not merely intelligible but altogether reasonable. Have you ever noticed a child beat and scold a chair against which he had fallen? Was there ever a time when to you a watch was alive? The child's idea may seem silly to the adult but did it not embody an actual perception and, though subsequent study enabled him to form a more intelligent comprehension of the facts for which he cast aside his first mental image as inadequate, instead of being useless was it not a necessary step in the stairway of knowledge?

Prior to the last eclipse of the sun the Chinese Court issued instructions to a number of Notables, directing them to arrange a programme of action to be taken in view of the fact that the sun would again be threatened by the monstrous dragon who periodically seeks to swallow it. The Chinese were sufficiently versed in astronomy to determine the period of eclipses when our ancestors were ignorant barbarians. What means their retaining such an absurd mental image? From our point of view it is rank superstition; yet this fanciful picture undoubtedly embodies the perception of a truth which the most precise astronomical statement completely ignores,—a phase of it too that appeals particularly to the eastern mind which ever concerns itself more with the mystery that lies behind the seen than with the seen itself. Light swallowed up by Darkness : Good threatened by Evil. Can the human mind grapple with such a problem save by a creative effort of the imagination which if interpreted literally must appear as rank superstition?

If you question the same people as to why they object to having railways or telegraph lines run across their country they would tell you that these might offend Feng Shui—the local god as we would most erroneously put it. Feng Shui is rather an indefinite abstract deification of all the unseen agencies which make a locality exactly what it is, and what they dread is that the introduction of new factors may upset the existing harmony and lead to disastrous changes—a reasonable thought to a race whose dominant characteristic is conservatism. Are our own mental images, when we venture to project our thoughts into the realms of the unknown, of a very much higher order. Heaven's streets paved with gold,—human beings equipped with wings and provided with golden harps,—the popular ideas of Deborah and the Devil. We are prone to flatter ourselves that we have replaced all crudities of thought by an accurate knowledge, but

let us not so delude ourselves. The limits of accurate knowledge are very restricted. There is much that we are dimly conscious of that we can neither analyze nor define and yet these are the most important perceptions with which we have to do, for upon them only can be founded our belief in God and our hope of Immortality. In this domain crude mental pictures and confessedly imperfect conceptions are the highest form of apprehension that we are as yet competent to acquire and these instead of being worthless are our sole hope and earnest of a better knowledge yet to come.

We may speak of the impelling force of Public Opinion, in matters of correct thought, correct appearance, and correct behaviour, but if we conceive of these as merely the ideas of a number of individuals we fail to realize a most important feature of the reality, for unless we discern in the expression of such public opinion somewhat of the cohering force and formative principle discernable in personality we will fail to realize its most salient characteristic. For it is not merely a collection of opinions but rather a Public Mind and a Public Will, appertaining to the community, growing with its growth.—something greater and longer lived than the opinions and wills of the individuals composing such community, which indeed it practically moulds and controls.

Yet while it is legitimate to make use of such concepts it is absolutely necessary to be ever mindful of their limitations, and to bring them time and again to the test of experience to ascertain how far they are descriptive of the facts.

If we proceed to do this it will at once become apparent that men in association possess only to a limited extent a Public Mind and a Public Will for, instead of there being only one Mr. Orthodoxy we find many, each community, however small, being separated into distinct groups holding particular opinions upon all matters of religious, social, or business import. The conflicts everywhere being waged reveal but too plainly that human society has not yet attained to the possession of a common standard of thought and action, save perchance in embryo, for a measure of it is discernible. There is undoubtedly a corporate life pertaining to the community and it is much greater and more important than the lives of the individual members of that community. The life of a man may extend to three score years and ten whereas the lives of the cells of which his body is composed rarely exceed as many days. Similarly the corporate life of humanity far transcends that of its individual units. It had its beginning before men displayed any closer bond of union than that which induced them to gather into hordes as do all gregarious animals. The acquisition of property, by leading to the tracing of descent from the father as well as the mother and so constituting the family upon a firmer basis, drew its bonds closer. It took another step with the formation of the clan, essentially an extension of family relationship. It advanced again when, under the leadership of some potent warrior, the clan, admitting many to its fellowship, became a tribe. Still further when, with increased proficiency in the arts, the patriarchal constitution of the tribe was replaced by that of the petty

kingdom. Yet again when petty kingdoms became merged into nations. This process has been going on for thousands of years yet it is doubtful whether the corporate life of humanity has passed the stage of infancy, for instead of showing any sign of diminution its growth is ever accelerating until today we stand almost aghast at the rapidity with which concentration is being effected. In the industrial world huge combinations are everywhere absorbing smaller associations, and are already aspiring to cover the whole field open to human effort. Trade and commerce are reaching out, extending their sway in every direction, and creating a community of interest where none before existed. Among peoples the tendency sets strongly towards imperialism—the building up of huge confederations and vast empires. Everywhere the fabric of human society is being interlaced with new ties and bonds. Thus, the accumulated intelligence and power of the Chaldean, Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman, and modern civilization finds expression, as an ever active influence moulding and fashioning men into subordinate units of a mighty corporate life which day by day is gaining in form and energy—a mighty being, imperfectly organized as yet but carrying tremendous potentialities.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

Christmas Thoughts.

BY GEORGE J. MACCORMAC

“**N**O wonder Christmas lives so long,
 He never knew but sunny hours;
 His nights were spent with mirth and song
 In happy homes and princely bowers;
 Was greeted both by serf and lord,
 And seated at the festal board,
 While every voice cried, ‘Welcome here,’
 Old Christmas comes but once a year.”

Cold indeed is the heart that does not feel a glow of love at the very mention of Christmas, the season of good

feeling, good deeds, good will and peace. Other festivals there are:—Easter, Thanksgiving, Hallow'een, etc.,—but Christmas is King of them all. The divinely inspired 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' which the angels sang nineteen centuries ago, and which has ever since been wafted down the aisles of time with almost all its pristine sweetness, has enthroned this festival on a love-encircled pinnacle, to which no other can ever attain.

"It's getting close to Christmas, there's something in the air
That seems to breathe of Bethlehem and all the glory there:
And sweet the bells and bugles sound through our dreams of rest—
Ring, bells, your sweetest music! and bugles, blow your best."

Yes, Christmas, merry Christmas, so old and yet so new, is near at hand. No other season is hailed with such universal joy. But, in the universal cheer, we must not forget that there will be many desolate homes and countless joyless hearts where Santa Claus would not be unwelcome, but, where he will not go unless Kind Charity sends him. Should we not, in observing the auspicious natal day of the Christ-Child, mingle the melody divine with the sadder earthly strains which too frequently fill to overflowing so many human hearts?

"There is silence high in the midnight sky,
And only the sufferers watch the night,
But long ago there was song and glad
And a message of joy from the Prince of Light,
And the Christmas song of the messenger through
The echoes of life shall forever prolong."

So in the season of joy and happiness, we should not forget those to whom

"The Christmas time no beauty brings,
To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness, and want, and woe,
Who never love's great bounty know,
Whose grief in kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age."

"Good will to men" is another name for Charity—the charity that "thinketh no evil—hopeth all things" and "covers a multitude of sins." Father Faber says "It is harder to have kind thoughts than to speak kind words. The interior beauty of a soul, through habitual kindness of thought, is greater than our words can tell. To such a man, life is a perpetual bright evening, with all things calm, and fragrant, and restful. All sounds are softer, as in the way of evening, and all sights are fairer, and the golden light makes the enjoyment of earth a happy, pensive preparation for Heaven."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," and we should remember, especially at this season that there are many whose lot in life seems less blessed than ours, many without parents and without homes, many who have little to cheer them and to whom a "Merry Xmas," a little useful present or a toy for their children, would do much toward making them happy. And even if we have no gifts to offer, a kind word, a warm hand-clasp, will express our good will, for

"A smiling face and a hearty hand
's a religion all folks understand."

He stretches His tiny hands towards us,
He brings us all grace;
And looks at His mother who holds Him—
The smile on her face
Says they welcome the humblest gifts
In the manger we place.

"When love takes let love give, and so doubt not;
Love counts but the will,
And the heart has its flows of devotion
No winter can chill;
They who cared for "good-will" the first Christmas
Will care for it still,"

In some countries there are some very pretty customs observed at this season. In Norway the last sheaf of the

harvest is never threshed, but is laid away until Christmas morning, when it is fastened to the top of a pole or set upon the roof of the peasant's humble house that the wild birds may feed upon it, for the peasants say it is not fitting that anything should want at such a season of joy. In England a beautiful custom is that of the Christmas waits who go about from house to house singing in serenade fashion the quaintly sweet old Xmas carols, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," "In Bethlehem in Jewry," and "The Holly and the Ivy."

In the Old Country the holly figures conspicuously in all Christmas decorations. In Scandinavia the holly, or holy tree, is called "Christ's Thorn" from its use in church decorations and because it bears its berries at Christmastide. The loving sentiment imprisoned in the holly bough and transmittable into every language can hardly be more happily expressed than in Charles Mackay's verses "Under the Holly Bough."

"Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother
In this last fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here !

"Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough."

In Canada the well-beloved Xmas Tree is the young people's chief attraction, but in some places even this charming institution is dying out and being replaced by the simple exchange of presents. To Germany the civilized world is indebted for this institution, which was first introduced into England by the late Prince Consort. In houses

where there are children the gifts are generally entrusted to the care of old Santa Claus, who carefully stows them into the expectant stockings that so faithfully keep vigil by the chimney side, so that Santa may have no difficulty in finding them.

To be sure, Christmas is a children's festival, and Charles Dickens, the eminent novelist says: "It is good for grown-up people to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas." Those who have read Dickens' works cannot have failed to notice his tenderness for children. His Christmas Tales are just the thing to amuse and instruct children on long winter evenings when lessons are over and they sit around the fire. Although the old-fashioned fireplaces he describes in those charming stories are a thing of the past, the kettle still hums, and the village bells ring out as of old their notes of cheer, and, perhaps, if we listen closely we, too, may find in them a language, even as Toby did. We may hear the words: "On this day was born, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Let each one think of Christmas as Scrooge's nephew did, "as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts, and to think of people below them as if they were really fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

Christmas is a *home* festival. Everyone knows the old familiar song, "Home, Sweet Home," yet every one may not know that it was written at this season by a homeless man in a foreign land. The author, John Howard Payne, was a lonely man in a strange city and in his sorrow and loneliness he wrote that beautiful song which everybody loves. How few families *all* meet, even once a year, when once separated. How many families sit at the family feast and miss the merry laugh or the absent voice of the loved one, who, but one short year ago, filled what is now the vacant chair.

The March of the Toilers.

BY WEBSTER ROGERS.

NOT with the gleam of bayonets
Where the gapped ranks rushed to death
In the smoke of crumbling cities
And the flame-fiend's withering breath.

Not with the crash of cannon,
The rifle and thundering drum,
But armed with the peaceful ballot
The laboring legions come.

I hear their feet on the hillsides
Their tread on the dusty street
A sound like the voice of waters
Where winds in the darkness beat.

A sound like the groaning thunder
Far borne from a troubled sky
When thrilled on the trembling spaces
A fathomless fear goes by.

Scarred with the billows of conflict
Stained with the sweats of toil
Paled in the noisome sweatshop
And browned by the sun and soil.

Hands that are weak and weary
And calloused with burdens borne
And hands that are clenched in fury
Made strong with a vengeance sworn.

Feet that are slow and listless
And feet that are wild and strong
And feet that like martial music
Keep step in the serried throng.

Brows that the share of anguish
Hath furrowed in life's dark morn
And hearts that were seared with sorrow
New thrilled by a hope half born.

Ranged on the outer marges
Massed in the central ranks
Wave upon wave uprolling
As a stream o'er leaps its banks.

Centre and flank and vanguard
Marching with steady tread
With the awed earth mute before them
And the muttering skies o'erhead.

Up from the murky lowlands,
Up from the vales of gloom
Where backward the evil ages
Are left like a baffled doom.

Spent with their weary travel
Onward they toil and climb
Their eyes on the sun-bright hilltops
And faith in their hearts sublime.

Freedom the dream of ages
Burns in their hearts to-day
Smites with its forceful impulse
Feet that are crumbling clay.

Feet of an age long image
Of iron and brass o'erthrown

Give place to the earth's grand mountain
That grows from a single stone.

And lo! on the mount 'tis written
With fingers of living flame
"No more shall they buy and sell us—
The traders who trade in shame."

But nursed on her kindly bosom
The meanest of all earth's brood
Shall eat of the fruits of labor
And share in the common good.

And all in their chosen places
Shall answer the muster call
And shoulder the common burden
Of each for the good of all.

Off from their lifting faces
By justice and love new made
The sign of their shame and bondage
Shall pass like an evil shade.

Lips that were locked with envy
And hearts that were chilled with greed
Shall feel like an opening blossom
The spring of a kinder creed.

Then in the earth's new morning
By prophet and sage foretold
The bloom of her fullblown glory
Shall over her wastes unfold.

But neither from creeds or crosses
Nor temple nor sacred tome
Nor faith in an abstract justice
Can virtue or comfort come.

But love on her moss-grown ramparts
And song where the silence was
Shall flow from the sons of nature
Who live by her perfect laws.

The Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island 100 Years Ago.—I.

OF the administration and enforcement of the Law in Prince Edward Island, up to the year 1801, there appears to be no official record. But there can be no doubt that offences against the statutes provided for the welfare and peace of the colony were punished with Draconian severity. There is evidence—both of tradition and, in some instances, written testimony—that the stocks and the pillory were often occupied and that a gibbet was, on frequent occasions the way of exit from this mortal and law-bound existence for criminals whose offences would nowadays seem to us pitifully trivial to deserve such punishment as death.

Compare the recent pardoning of a murderer, sentenced to death by the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, with the punishments inflicted in those old days, and it will be confessed, that times have changed. Yes, indeed, those days were different. Criminals were not then feasted and presented with flowers and petitioned for as if they were popular heroes. For stealing a sheep men were in some cases hung; and in a former volume of this magazine a story was told, by Mr. L. W. Watson, which vividly described the severity with which minor offences against the law were punished at the time of which we write.

Some idea of the punishments thought adequate to fit the crime may be gained by reading the extracts from the old records to appear in future issues. Their publication in the P. E. ISLAND MAGAZINE has been made possible through the kindness of John A. Longworth, Esq., Prothonotary of

Queen's County who placed the old minute books of the Supreme Court at our service.

The oldest minute book now in possession of the Court opens with this entry:—

“COURT

“Peter Stewart, Esq., Chief Justice.

“Robert Gray and James Curtis, Esqrs., Assistant Judges.

“Peter Macgowan, Esq., Attorney General.

“Charles Stewart, Esq.,

“Joseph Robinson, Esq.,

“John Wentworth, Esq.,

} Attornies.

“Robert Hodgson, Clerk of the Court.

“8th Feb'y, 1801.”

The Court met on the 19th. of February of that year and sat until the 24th. A number of cases were tried, all unimportant as far as affording material for this article is concerned.

On Tuesday, the 30th June, 1801, the Court met as usual, and the Grand Jury was called and sworn; and on July 1st, (there was no Dominion Day to be observed as a Statute holiday in 1801) the Court ordered the Sheriff to “summon a good jury against the morrow.” On this day some unimportant cases were dealt with.

On the 2nd the Court met and read a petition of John McDonald and James Douglas, Esquires. I am sorry that I cannot find what this petition was about, but it shows that the experience of Court practice was felt in those days pretty much the same as in these, for the record proceeds, stating:

“The Attorney-General moves that John McDonald, one of the petitioners be brought into Court to answer for his contempt to the Court therein contained in the following words: ‘The said Captain John McDonald also represents that he has long had continuation of many serious causes of

regret for having, under similar circumstances, been persuaded to appear in vain, in the similar cause against Mr. Hill, to say nothing of the prohibitory discouragement in the personal, very harsh, impolite, mistimed, misplaced, far-fetched and unmerited reprimand of the day.' The Chief Justice for it. Justices Gray and Curtis against it. Rule refused."

On the 8th July the Court adjourned until the last Tuesday in October; and under date of Tuesday 27th October, the record makes known the fact that the Court met, and Thomas Cochran, Esq., produced His Majesty's commission appointing him Chief Justice of the Island, which was duly published.

On Tuesday, the 16th of February, 1802, the Court met with the usual formalities; the Grand Jury was called and sworn and received the charge and retired. During this term nothing important claimed the attention of the honourable court, but when it met on Tuesday the 29th of June, 1802, it had a large and varied programme of cases to settle.

On Friday, the 20th day of July, 1802, the court met (ex-parte). "A negro named Sam*, brought up by *habeas corpus*, calling on Thomas Wright, Esq., to bring into court the body of the said negro, together with the cause of his detention. In obedience to which the said Thomas Wright personally appears, and brings into court the body of the said negro and produces a bill of sale of him from John Strickland to himself. "It was ordered by the Court that Sam should return to the service of his said master, whose title to his slave appeared to the Judge's mind to be "perfect and complete."

* Who was this Sam?



CHRISTMAS.

BY A. J. MACADAM

RING out, ring out ! ye gladsome bells !
 Ring, ring ! of joy your message tells;
 A message told
 Full oft of old
 And wafted forth
 From harps of gold;
 A message sweet, rejoice, rejoice !
 And list to the angelic voice,
 The sweetest voice since time began,—
 "Glory to God, and Peace to Man !"

"Glory to God !" our hearts we raise,
 Loud swell the angel's anthem praise;
 To God most high
 Our pæans fly,
 In joy now one
 Joined song and sigh;
 Come peace sublime ! now soothe a while,
 Caress the wearied brow of toil,
 The haughty mind in suppliance bend,
 "Glory to God !" one anthem blend.

Ring "Peace to man; men of good-will !"
 Each heart from Love's sweet fountain fill;
 Shine from afar
 Love's faithful star
 Let hate not now
 Thy splendour mar;
 Lead warring man, o'er all the earth,
 With offering meet to Bethlehem's Birth;

Make man for man more kindly feel,—
 Before the manger lowly kneel.

Ring out, glad bells, ring far your sound !
 The Infant born: the Saviour crowned !

Inspiring thought,
 Our ransom bought,
 And paid with life—
 Redemption brought.

Rejoice, rejoice ! this day of days,
 In Christ-mass sing the meed of praise;
 Re-echo grandly once again
 "Glory to God, and Peace to men !"

.....

Our Lord's Nativity.

BY JAS. D. LAWSON.

THE generally recognized day, in these western lands, as the Anniversary of Our Lord's Nativity, is again at hand. Whether it be the 25th of December, or be not, is nothing to the point. Let it be, on the present occasion, to every reader of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, a new epoch in his life. Nay, from this time forth, let hatred give place to love, pride to humility, selfishness to self-sacrifice, smallness of soul to magnanimity of mind, worldliness to Godliness; his own will to the will of God. Appropriating the sage counsel of the Apostle Paul to the Philippians, as contained in chapter 2: vs 3-11, let us say: "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Let not every man look on his own things but every man on the things of others. Let this mind be

in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also has highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

The Lord Jesus Christ was born, in a sense, without a will of His own. Hear His words: "Not My will but Thine be done." "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O My God: Yea, Thy law is within My heart." Well, if Christ's will was subordinated to His Father's will, surely our will also ought so to be.— "This is the will of God even your sanctification."

Now it was His Father's will that He should be born in a stable with the oxen lowing by, that He should live a life of the greatest hardship and self-denial, and that He should die the cruel death of the cross.

Therefore, the Lord Jesus delighted so to live; delighted so to die—and all for the sins of rebel men. In Nazareth and elsewhere, He lived for us, keeping the Law, and on Calvary He died, paying the Law's righteous demands. And during one of His most solemn hours on earth, at a time of extreme sorrow, He gave thanks—thanks that He could make His soul an offering for sin—thanks that He could give His body a curse for the iniquities of men.

Whilst He could have been cradled in gold, lying on down, His first cradle was but a manger, and His bed, methinks, was only Judean grass. But He knew it all from

eternity's morn. When He created the world He stored away the ore in the bowels thereof, out of which were going to be forged the spikes that would transfix His sacred flesh, as we sinners nailed Him to the cross. And when He formed that pristine tree, He knew it contained in embryo that accursed tree on which He was going to hang a spectacle of woe. But so great was His love for guilty man that He so did. And when He lived that holy life of reproach, of want, of woe, did He murmur or complain? Nay, did He not set His face as a flint to go up to Jerusalem to endure that baptism of suffering, that bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemane, and that agonizing crucifixion on the hill of Calvary? Yea, that cruel pillar at which He was so mercilessly scourged, as well as Gethsemane and Calvary, was ever present to His holy mind. And should they, too, not be ever present to our minds?

Reader, your Saviour did all that for you, what have you done in return for Him? He emphatically says: "If ye love Me ye will keep my commandments." Now the sovereign and irrevocable appointment of high heaven is this: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God supremely and thy neighbor as thyself. "Herein is My Father glorified," the Lord Jesus again says, "that ye bear much fruit." "The poor are always with you." And if you relieve one of the least of these His brethren you do it unto Himself. He says yet again: "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me?" What are you denying yourself for your Saviour? What cross are you daily taking up for His name? What sacrifices are you making for His cause? Have you ever gone without your dinner, that you might feed the hungry? Shabby, that you might clothe the naked? Moneyless, that you might cover the perishing heathen with the garments of salvation? If you have, you have done well. But, after all, how very little is even this as viewed in the light of what the Lord Jesus has done for you! II Samuel 24: 24 contains the following beautiful incident concerning the Psalmist David: "And the King said unto Araunah, neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."

The Lord Jesus Christ ever went about doing good.

Go and do thou likewise. Let this be thy daily prayer as thou doest:—

“Lord, help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for OTHERS.

“Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I do for You,
Must needs be done for OTHERS.

“Let ‘self’ be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain,
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for OTHERS.

“Others, Lord, yes others,
And none of ‘self’ for me,
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.”

Christmas Green—Our Club-Mosses.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

“**S**OMETHING for the Christmas number—botanical, seasonable and of local interest.” This my commission; what shall it be?

All the wild flowers have bloomed and passed, the fields are covered with snow, the trees have put off their vesture of leaves and only the ever-greens (spruces, hemlock and fir, with cedar principally in the western county) stand green against the background of white, or the blue of the heavens coursed by clouds. At some other time we may consider these interesting evergreen trees, from which we take branches to decorate our churches and our homes for Christmastide and for other festive occasions. For the present let us take the



Fig. 1

Ground-spruces which we weave into festoons for similar purposes or use as a setting of contrasting green for the wild flowers which we gather when foliage is scarce.

These running evergreens adorn almost every grove and wood. Scarcely a wayside coppice without their pretty tracery, and many a mossy bog-surface is covered by a network of their vines. From early spring-time until snow comes and covers them in their winter sleep, these pretty plants lend ornament to wood and swamp, irresistibly appealing to our appreciation of the beautiful in Nature.

Little children, lads and maidens, twine the running stems to ornament their hats; florists use their tufted branches to emphasize the charm of colour, shape and outline of blossoms in bouquets; and, when times of rejoicing come and homes and places of assembly are to be decorated, to add to the atmosphere of festivity, we bring into service the trailing Christmas-Green and Running Pine.

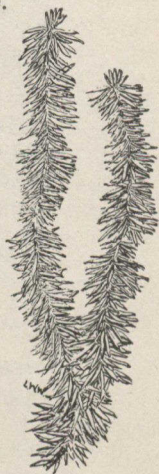


Fig. 2 *Lycopodium-lululum*, Michxl. Shining Club-moss.



Fig 3 *Lycopodium obscurum* T. Ground-Pine.

Naturally, flowering plants have a larger clientele of admirers and students, but few persons can resist the charms of Ferns. Next to those latter in point of favour come the Club-mosses. These are very aristocratic plants, of ancient lineage, tracing their ancestry back to the earliest appearance of terrestrial plants upon the earth. In the *Lepidodendron* and *Sigillaria* (so abundant in the coal measures of the carboniferous period of geologists) we have the ancient allies or ancestors of our humble Club-mosses. These, the monarchs of the forest primeval, attained a height of one hundred feet or more. Their trunks measured three feet in diameter, and

in some forms the leaves were upwards of two feet long.

It is only another instance of family reverses. Another Pharaoh has arisen in Egypt; a new dynasty has succeeded to supremacy. The departed greatness of the mighty race is recorded in the enduring pages of the rocks, but the modern representatives of the ancient autocrats are humble forms, content to earn a modest living under the shadow of their conquerors' vastness. Yet they are too proud to beg. They do not flaunt in gay attire, but deport themselves in an unostentatious manner befitting their reversed circumstances.

They do not bear flowers to produce seed, but, like their neighbours and kinsmen; the Ferns, (these, too, have fallen from a high estate) they produce spores from which the succeeding generation is born. These minute vehicles of generation are produced in flattened, kidney-shaped, leathery sporanges or seed cases (Figure 1) situated in the axils of the simple leaves, and when ripe separating into two valves, thereby liberating the tiny yellow spores. These spores, being rich in oil, are highly inflammable, and are in consequence used in stage effects to produce mimic lightning.

The several species are arranged in three groups according to the shape of the leaves protecting the spore cases, and their position on the plant.

In the first class are those species in which the leaves covering the spore cases are similar to those of the stem. Of those we have two in Prince Edward Island — (1) the Shining Club-moss (*Lycopodium lucidulum*, Michx.) (Fig. 2) with its dark green, shining leaves, turned down-

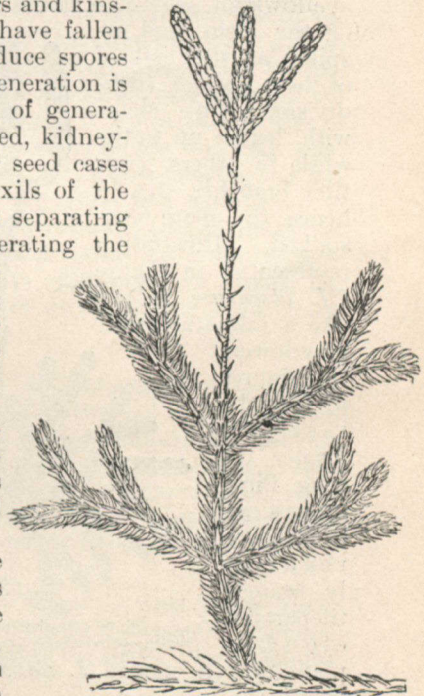


Fig. 4. *Lycopodium claratum* L.
Running Pine.

wards, and arranged in alternately longer and shorter series—and, (2) the Brittle-stemmed Club-moss (*L. inundatum*, *inundatus*—over-flowed) of the bogs. In this latter the leaves at the end of the branches are gathered into a slightly club-shaped spike, suggesting the aptness of the name "Club-moss." [I may here say that the botanical name, *Lycopodium*, meaning wolf's foot, is supposed to have been given to the family because of the fancied resemblance of the branching roots of some of the species to a wolf's foot—an evidence of an easily satisfied imagination.]

In the remaining species the spore cases are in the axils of yellowish, scale-like leaves, broader and shorter than those of the stem, and arranged in cone-like spikes at the end of these species (condivision) the stems with leaves up to the while in others, (our tile branches have hence the spore-bearing stalked. Illustrating represented in Figure (*L. obscurum* L.) a like a miniature tree, mayflowers Our figures present the last division former is ning Pine, monest one thick wool-regularly branch-tilepart like elongated plant is well named *L. clavatum* L. ("set, with studs of gold.")

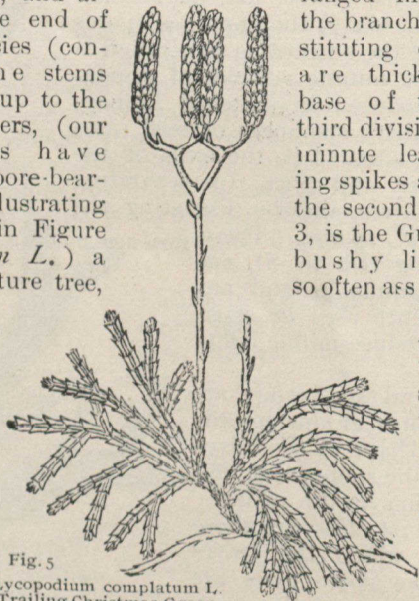


Fig. 5
Lycopodium complatum L.
Trailing Christmas Green

The last species illustrated (Fig 5) is the Trailing Christmas-green, which might well be called Cedar Club moss because of its flattened fan-shaped branches by which it is easily distinguished.

ranged in cone-like the branches. In some stituting our second are thickly clothed base of the spike, third division) the ferninnte leaves, and ing spikes appear long the second class, and 3, is the Ground Pine, bushy little growth so often ass ciated with

inbouquets 4 and 5 re- third and sion. The the Run- our com- like long, y cords, ir- and coarse- ed, the fer- two or more cones. This

EDITORIAL

OUR Christmas number we send forth confident in the hope that it will be welcomed by Islanders wherever they may be. We feel a pardonable pride in being able to present, this month, contributed articles of so varied a nature, and particularly recommend Judge Warburton's papers, begun in this issue on Great Epochs in English Literature—a subject that is, we are afraid, greatly overlooked by our people of all ages and degrees. To but read this present article will convince any reader, with a love for Literature, that there is a rare charm and entertainment afforded by the English Masters of the Art. That pleasure will be derived from reading the articles of all our other contributors, is our sincere hope. It is a pleasure to have in this issue four writers who contributed to our earliest numbers,—Hon. James H. Fletcher, Mr. L. W. Watson, Mr. Webster Rogers, and Mr. George J. McCormac. And of all the others who have helped to make our pages worthy to represent our Island's taste in Literature, we think we can say that, besides being entitled to credit for their patriotism, they are also entitled to much praise for making our Island Magazine worthy of the place we are glad to know it now occupies in public regard.

AS regards the new hotel spoken of for Charlottetown, it is good to have the assurance that so far as Charlottetown is concerned our people have done their share in the matter of subscribing, and that further steps are only delayed while awaiting the decision of an outside party. It looks as if this great necessity were finally to be secured. When it is an accomplished fact it will be really seen what a good thing it will be for our city, and the Island at large.

IN *Donahoe's Magazine* last month appears a very racily-written sketch of our Province written by Rev. J. T. Roche, of Fairbury, Nebraska, (himself an Islander). Describing among other things the famous "Belfast Riot" which has been told of this magazine, he humourously observes that after the battle both sides must have occupied strategic positions—for both claimed a victory.

THE love of trees should be taught in our schools. But to teach children part that is of interest in connection with our trees would be

to educate them to protect those that are planted for ornament and use. The destruction of trees that occurs in Charlottetown's streets might be prevented in a great measure if more were interested in them to the extent of interfering when they saw them in danger of being ruined.



No time should be lost—that is if we are certain of having the requisite hotel accommodation—in organizing a Tourist Association and advertising our Island. This matter is even now being worked up, and its formation will probably follow quickly upon definite news with regard to the new hotel.



THERE are in preparation at this office some guide books, which will be issued at a very small price, for the purpose of informing summer visitors of the various resorts, and of the opportunities of enjoying themselves while in Prince Edward Island. The guide books will be illustrated and made as complete and useful as possible.



WE want to get copies of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE of March and April, 1899; June 1900; and Oct. 1901. A good price will be paid for copies of these issues.



In closing up this last page of the last issue of 1903, we wish these lines to convey to our many contributors and to our readers our thanks for their help during the past year. The PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE has nearly completed its fifth year of life: that it has survived the trials and hardships of infancy and entered upon a stronger growth, is owing to the fact that it has found sincere and encouraging friends. With all modesty we say that in 1904 we will endeavor to do better than in the past, and the continued favour of all who are interested in our publication we would like to have. If you can find opportunity to say a good word for us, pray do so; if you can gain us another subscriber you will be helping the Magazine. Our hope is to waken up our people to a sense of the value of their native province, and in helping us you will help the cause we have at heart.

