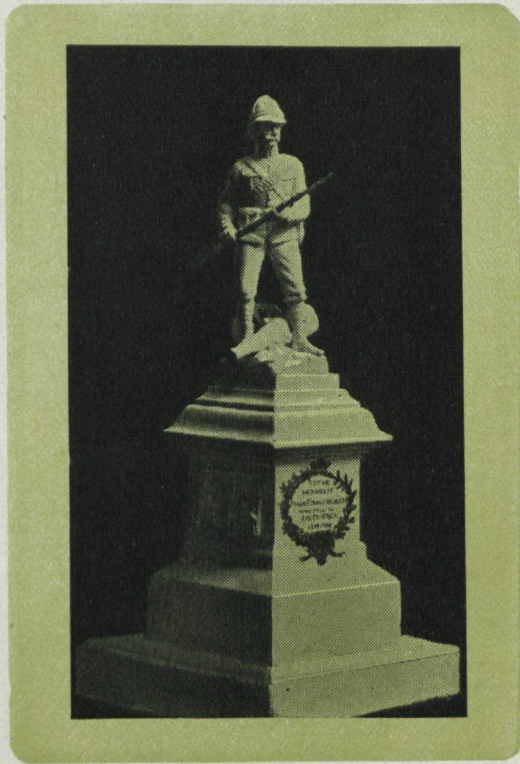


*“Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen  
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men.”*



The Monument to be placed in Queen Square, Charlottetown, in memory of Roland Taylor and Alfred Riggs, (members of Prince Edward Island's quota to the First Canadian Contingent) who were killed in the battle of Paardeberg.

*Illustration by courtesy of the Guardian Pub. Co.*

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The Acteon Trial.

FROM October 1835 to March 1836 was a period of anxiety and excitement for many of the inhabitants of north-eastern King's County : of anxiety for a few innocent persons awaiting a trial, charged with the capital crime of piracy : a season of excitement for all interested and knowing the circumstances of the loss of the ship "Acteon," stranded in St. Margaret's Cove along the Bear River shore, on the thirtieth day of October, 1835. Two years ago the writer heard of this occurrence, but then, only of the bare outlines of the story ; outlines in almost every particular, blurred and distorted by the contradictory statements of those encyclopedias of legendary lore,—the oldest inhabitants. Some of their statements were contradictory, but, so saying will not, I trust, be taken as a reflection on their mental powers or an attempt at belittling their ability as historians of the earlier days when they themselves were young. It is no discredit that they may have forgotten the details of such an incident ; the storm and stress of pioneer life would have had ample time in the flight of more than sixty years to obliterate such a memory entirely from less impressionable minds.

To those best qualified to give to their posterity a reliable account—to those mostly closely interested—such a remembrance must have been more unpleasant than otherwise, and it is not reasonably to be wondered at that they



should be willing—perhaps anxious—to have relegated to oblivion the history of a case that, through no fault of theirs, not only threatened their honor but placed their very lives in jeopardy. Why then should anyone, it may be asked, rake up the smouldering embers of their light, save only to disclose a crime anew? On the part of those with whom we are most concerned, the natives of the place where the “Acteon” was stranded, there was no crime.

That a misdemeanor was committed cannot be denied, but they were misled; and the man—if the title is not a travesty—who so imposed on innocence and made a few guileless persons the instruments of his own nefarious deed could alone be equitably held responsible.

Those persons were tried,—and without favor in the face of justice stern and cold—acquitted. What further proof of innocence is needed. And the reader will see, after an impartial perusal and consideration of the evidence, that dark as this deed of the prisoner Burns was made appear, his act of beaching the vessel was what the Captain himself intended doing; “all I can do is to run her on shore” said Captain Routledge. But when the deed was done by another, then “the devil a saint would be” and with Pharisean devotion he proceeded to prosecute a member of his crew for the very deed that he himself intended to perpetrate.

To gratify a curiosity with which the writer himself is not altogether unacquainted, trusting the personal pronoun may be excused, I will give a short sketch of my search for this locally interesting piece of history—at the risk though of kindling the editorial ire, if not the much more unsparing *fire*.

Not satisfied with the accounts of this episode given by those who might be supposed by their age to have reliable information concerning it, the writer set to work to find an account said to have appeared in an Island publication at the time of the trial.

A search for the desired newspaper in the Legislative Library, despite the care of the efficient librarian, failed; the paper was not there. A search in the Recording Office,

Charlottetown, after apparent failure at length elicited one ray of hope. In an old journal was found the following :—

“ MARCH TERM, 6TH WILLIAM THE FOURTH,  
ANNO DOMINI, 1836.

His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature Court of Assize and general Gaol delivery holden at Georgetown, within and for King's County, in Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the eighth day of March, in the sixth year of the Reign of King William the Fourth, being the first day of March.

<p>Wednesday, 9th March, 1836, THE KING VS. LAUHLIN MCPHEE. and PETER WHITTY.</p>	}	<p>Attorney General moves that defendants' recognizance be continued until the sitting of the Court of Vice-Admiralty Court. Be it so.</p>
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Halifax Office was then, at the suggestion of the Registrar for Prince Edward Island, searched as perhaps the only place in Canada where anything bearing on the case was likely to be found. The Admiralty records there for the period from August 1834, to May 1, 1838, were carefully gone over—twice—and the following from the Registrar's letter shows the result :—

“ I conclude from your letter that any process issued here in this matter would be subsequent to 7th March, 1836, but am persuaded that up to 1st May, 1838 there is nothing.”

But the paper was somewhere, and had to be found.

The editor of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE with characteristic kindness had a search made throughout the store whence is obtained part, at least, of the material for the department “ From old P. E. Island newspaper files,” but again the search was in vain. A second search in the Legislative Library by, or for, the same gentleman proved useless. But the lost has been found. Through the courtesy of the erudite Librarian of St. Dunstan's College, Prof. John McLellan, the writer is now enabled to lay before the reader an account of one of the most interesting incidents in the early chapters of our “rough island story;” an account of the Acteon trial.

The evidence is long, and will doubtless prove tedious



to many; but the writer's only apology is that he is certain there are many persons in the section of the country where this episode had its scene who will be interested in having the story uncurtailed. It might bear considerable pruning, but lest an attempt at a condensed transcription prove but a curious tale marred in the telling, we will take the history of the case *verbatim* as it was published at the time of the trial, May 10, 1836. The following from the Gazette for March 15th, might be taken as preface:—

“The Supreme Court was opened at Georgetown on Tuesday last, by His Honor the Chief Justice. The Grand Jury, of which Hugh John McDonald, Esq., was chosen foreman, having been sworn in, His Lordship congratulated them on there being only one case on the Calendar, and that not of a serious nature. It was at one time intended that three individuals charged with causing the loss of a vessel at Bear River, near East Point, should have been tried at this court, but as a commission for establishing a Court of Vice-Admiralty in this Island had arrived since these persons were apprehended, it was intended that they should be tried before that court, the offence having been committed on the high seas.”

Now we come to the long-looked-for record. It is headed: “Piracy.”

“A special Court of Admiralty, by virtue of a commission recently received from England, to inquire of, and try offenses committed on the high seas, John Burns and Peter Whitty, late seamen on board the brig Acteon, of Sunderland, and Lauchlin McPhee, of Lot 44, in this Island, labourer, were, on Wednesday last, arraigned at the bar, for piratically destroying the said brig on the 30th of October last.”

There are five other persons, all of the name of MacPhee, included in the indictment, who are not in custody; but for whose apprehension warrants were some time ago issued.

The indictment consisted of four counts, two of which were framed with a view of comprehending the offence under the English statutes; the other two were under the Colonial statute of 10 Geo. 4, c. 11. The count chiefly relied upon was the last, which was as follows:—

“That the said John Burns, Peter Whitty, Lauchlan MacPhee, Angus MacPhee, John McPhee, Donald MacPhee, Allan MacPhee and James McPhee, on the said thirtieth day of October, in the year aforesaid, being persons of a wicked and malicious disposition, and

intending wilfully to increase the distress of the ship, or vessel Acteon, then riding at anchor on the high sea within the jurisdiction aforesaid, to wit, about the distance of two leagues from the coast of Prince Edward Island, in a state of great danger and distress, or to produce, or cause to be produced, the loss or destruction of the said ship or vessel, did, in and on board of the said ship or vessel, slip, or cause to be slipped, the iron chain cable and anchor of the said ship or vessel, wherewith she was then and there safely moored and riding at anchor, and cut and cast off, or caused to be cut or cast off, the lashings and fastenings wherewith the same were lashed and fastened, whereby the danger and distress of the said ship or vessel was greatly increased, and the loss and destruction of the said ship or vessel produced, to the great prejudice of the said Thomas Hunter, the owner of the said ship or vessel, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of our said Lord, the King, his crown and dignity."

The prisoners severally pleaded "Not Guilty."

The Solicitor General opened the pleadings; and the Attorney General, after having given a short and succinct history of the nature and jurisdiction of the court, from various statutes which had been made from the 27th Henry VIII downwards, as well as those which bore immediately upon the offence charged in the indictment, stated the case to the jury, the nature of which will best appear from the facts as they were elicited from the witnesses themselves :

The first witness called was :

"William F. Routledge, examined by the Solicitor General :— Was chief mate of the Acteon at the time she was wrecked. She belonged to Mr. Thomas Hunter, of Sunderland. The prisoners Burns and Whitty were seamen on board of her. They were hired at Bathurst where the Acteon was loaded. On the twenty-first of October last, the Acteon being all ready for sea, they hove from their moorings in Bathurst harbor, but in consequence of the warp parting, she hove round upon the bank, and soon after became leaky; it was supposed she had got upon one of her anchors. In the day following she floated, when she made very little water. Two days after a survey was held upon her. The surveyors finding that she had taken up, gave it as their opinion that the captain might proceed home with her by shipping two extra hands in case she might again become leaky. The same evening they got over the bar and moored in Bathurst Roads, and the captain landed and returned with Burns and Whitty, being the two extra hands he had engaged to assist in navigating the vessel home. This was the first time witness saw them. They set sail from Bathurst Roads on the morning of the 26th of



October, bound for Dundee, with a steady breeze from N.N.W. The day following she began to make a deal of water. On the 28th, finding the leak to increase, they stood in for the land near the East Point of Prince Edward Island on the north side; hoisted a signal, and about noon a boat with six men came off; at this time the crew were employed in getting a thrummed sail under the vessel to try and stop the leak. The people in the boat came on board, and were asked to assist in pumping, but refused, and got into their boat, Burns and Whitty also got into the boat with them. The captain told them he would swear his life against them if they deserted the vessel. Burns replied, "I will swear my life against you." The crew also did all they could to prevail upon them to stay, and told them in care of danger we had better boats on board than the one they were in. Witness did not conceive their lives were in danger. The weather was fine—the shore seemed rocky, but there was no difficulty landing in fine weather. After these men left them, thinking they were too near the shore, they wore the vessel round, with her head off the land, and laid her to. The people then insisted on getting the boats out in case of accident, About five in the evening brought her to an anchor with the best bower, in twenty fathoms of water and veered out ninety fathoms of chain. They were then about six or seven miles off the land. About dusk they landed. He was sure she would not sink, being timber laden. The master and crew went off in one of the boats to the vessel next morning, leaving the witness, who soon after followed in the long boat with eight men. Found her riding as they had left her, and gave her the rest of the chain, fastening the end of it around the foremast. The master some time after went on shore, for the purpose of going across the country to Souris, to try and procure a schooner or two there to take the vessel in tow and get her round the East Point, in order that she might be able to make a harbor, leaving the witness, the boy Hornsby and four shoremen in charge of the vessel. About two o'clock Burns and Whitty with the boat's crew that had boarded them the day before, came on board. Burns said they had come on board with the intention of slipping the cable, if they had found no one on board, for the preservation of the cargo; that they had an order from a Magistrate to authorize them to do so. Witness asked Burns what Magistrate was it, to which he replied that he was a fine old fellow, and that what he said was law in the Island. Burns produced the note, which witness looked at, but did not pay much attention to it. They stopped about one hour and then left the vessel. About six o'clock all hands went on shore for the night. On landing, saw Burns, who assisted them in hauling the boat on ashore. Burns asked if they had left anyone on board; to which the carpenter, who was present, replied that they had; witness did not contradict him. About eleven that night the master returned from Souris, having been unable to procure a vessel there. Early next



morning the master, witness, the boy Hornsby and three shoremen, seeing the vessel under sail, pushed off in the jolly-boat, leaving the rest of the crew to follow in the long boat. On getting near her the captain called to them to lay the mainyard aback. They refused to do it. They then pulled alongside, and the master and witness jumped into the chains, and got on board. Burns was standing in the gangway, with a rope in his hand, as if he intended to throw it to the boat; Whitty was at the helm. The captain asked Burns what he intended to do with the ship—Burns answered that the ship was abandoned, and that he had directions from a Magistrate to run her in with the land to save the cargo. The captain said he wished to save both vessel and cargo. Burns said the ship was his, that she was properly abandoned. The wind was off the land and the water smooth. Witness asked Burns several times what his intentions were. At one time he told witness that he had been unfortunate all his life, and he was now determined to make up for it some way or another; that he would have the salvage. The vessel went so fast through the water that the long boat could not catch her, and they pulled back to the land. Burns said that they meant to take the vessel near to where the Magistrate lived. He said they had cut adrift the sail that was under her, that she might wear quicker. Their boat, instead of being astern when witness boarded the vessel, was alongside, that they might jump into it if she did not wear. They continued to work in shore, until within little more than a quarter of a mile of the land, when witness let go the remaining anchor in St. Margaret's Cove, at the mouth of Bear River, in seven fathoms of water. The captain and Burns then went on shore. The witness, together with Whitty and some of the Burns's crew, remained on board. A boat came off to them with some provisions. It came on to blow with great violence in the course of the night, the wind having changed to the N.W. being on the shore.

A. J. MCADAM.

*To be concluded next month.*

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## A Bachelor's Lament.

A BACHELOR sat in his cabin door,  
As the evening shadows fell;  
The sunbeams fell on the dirty floor;  
Of the room he knew so well.  
Weary and sad and lonely,  
Heavy in heart and brain,



He hung his hat on his threadbare knee,  
And chanted a sad refrain.

“Oh little I thought it would be like this  
When I came to Salomn Arm.  
I thought the forest would disappear,  
And soon I would have a farm.  
I thought that some fair maiden,  
Gladly would be my wife,  
To soothe my sorrows and share my joys,  
And comfort me all my life.

But look at me now and the life I lead,  
It would try a Seraph's soul  
To toil all day and return at night.  
To a dark and dirty hole,  
They say I keep things tidy,  
They say my cooking's good ;  
But somehow it is'nt like mother's was  
Nor done as a good wife could.

I wonder if ever my lonely lot.  
Will change for a better state.  
And if some sweet compassionate maid,  
Will pity my cheerless fate.  
Oh for a woman's presence !  
Oh for a woman's bread !  
Oh could I sell my potato crop,  
And purchase a wife instend !

Sometimes when asleep in my bed I dream ;  
That I'm coming home at night,  
To find my wife with the table set,  
And the house all warm and light.  
There are my rosy children  
Climbing upon my knee,  
Kissing and calling me “papa dear,”  
Oh ! sad that it cannot be.

Now I wonder if I should go back East,  
Could I find a partner there.

They used to call me a handsome chap,  
I'm sure I'd be good to her.  
"Life is beyond endurance"  
He said, with a savage face:  
"I'll have a woman before next Fall,  
Or I'll quit the blooming place."

W. W. ROGERS.

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### An Evening with Plato.

IN the bright parlour of one of our most attractive Island homes a little company of literary folk met regularly for the purpose of reading carefully-prepared papers, on various topics, and of talking over the latest matters of interest. The ancient, as well as the modern classics claimed attention during these pleasant gatherings; and one particular evening was given to a discussion of the philosophical teachings of Plato. Why should not such a subject be interesting to a company of average Islanders? It fell to the lot of the writer to furnish a paper on the assigned theme. The substance of this monogram is hereby tendered to the readers of our excellent PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE. It may help to awaken thought and to stimulate research. We have reason to fear that far too small a proportion of general readers devote their spare moments to studies of so solid a character as those pertaining to the life and doctrines of Plato.

An acquaintance with the times and tenets of this distinguished philosopher is essential to a proper comprehension of Greek thought. Plato began life at Athens just at the time when the great Pericles was passing away, 428 years before the Christian era. It was a period of great intellectual activity and social progress, the influence of which was strongly felt by the youthful student of Grecian learning. He spent his early years in pursuing the usual courses of training in music, grammar and



gymnastics, under the most eminent instructors of that age. So rapid was his progress in mental culture, that he began in early life to write epic and lyric poetry. On becoming acquainted with Socrates, however, he formed so high an opinion of that great man's lectures on philosophy, that he threw his own poetical productions into the fire, and turned his attention wholly to the speculations of his new friend. He was to Socrates, in some respects, what Boswell afterwards became to Johnson,—a devoted satellite reflecting the light of his governing luminary, constantly attending his master, and recording all his wise sayings. Unlike Boswell, however, Plato possessed a mind equal in every respect to that of his distinguished teacher. In both cases the intimacy was close, mutual and life-long.

After the death of his illustrious friend, Plato went abroad, visiting Egypt, Sicily and Italy. Having incurred the displeasure of Dionysius, the Sicilian tyrant, the unfortunate philosopher was arrested and sold as a slave. A friend subsequently purchased his freedom. About twelve years were spent in these peregrinations. Returning to Athens Plato began to teach in the gymnasium of the Academy, and also in his own private garden at Colonus, a village near Athens. He charged no fees for instructions and his method of teaching was similar to that of his former preceptor, who encouraged interrogation and dialogue as the most natural and effective means of communicating knowledge.

The pupils of Plato were not numerous, owing to the fact that his dialogues were too abstruse and deep for average intellects. But those who attended his lectures became warmly attached to him, and increased in their love for philosophy. Over the door, leading to the room in which his pupils sometimes assembled, was inscribed the significant motto: "Let no one enter here who is ignorant of geometry."

In a number of his most important dialogues he represents Socrates as the principal instructor. Doctrines of truth relating to moral, political, and metaphysical subjects are set forth in clear and popular language. His fundament-



al doctrine was that there is an eternal self-existent First Cause, the origin and ruler of all things. From this Divine Source emanate human as well as celestial spirits. The outward world, visible to the eye of flesh, is but the shadow of a spiritual realm, invisible to mortal eyes, but discerned by the more subtle eye of reason. In the constantly changing phenomena of earth are discerned images of changeless realities pertaining to an unseen universe. Sun, moon and stars are but imperfect imitations of divine originals. Nature is but a vast allegorical symbolism of spiritual verities.

Such were Plato's conceptions of the meaning of Nature. Abstract, rather than concrete terms, seemed best to express his conceptions of reality. The rose seen by the bodily eye, is transitory and therefore unreal. It fades and dies. But the ideal rose is eternal, and therefore real. Man is unreal, so far as his visible individuality is concerned, but the ideal man is immortal. All material things are unreal, according to Plato's philosophy, They merely represent, for the time being those ideal things which are everlasting. In these views the Grecian sage does not differ materially from an inspired writer who says: "For we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Respecting the soul and its destiny Plato held views not very dissimilar to the clearer teachings of the Christian religion. He believed in the immortality of the soul. "In the time of Chronos," he remarks in his *Gorgias*, "there was this law which, as formerly so now also obtains, that whoever had lived justly and piously should at death go to the isles of the blest, and dwell there in all happiness, beyond the reach of evil, but whoever had lived in injustice and impiety should depart to the prison-house of vengeance and punishment, called Tartarus."

In his *Phaedo* he represents Socrates as telling Simmias that "after death every soul is conducted by its guardian spirit to the place where the dead are gathered together before going to Hades. The wise and well-ordered soul, follows the path marked out by conscious integrity, but



the unholy soul, still clinging to the gross pleasures of time and sense, is forcibly carried away to congenial and horrible scenes." But punishment was regarded as being remedial rather than retributive, and escape from it was possible after a certain period, and under certain conditions. There were, however, two principal classes of outcasts—the curable and the incurable. The former improved in their morals, under the influence of discipline, to such a degree as ultimately to regain their happiness in the abode of the blest. But the latter were incorrigible and hopelessly vile. Their incarceration in the Tartarean prison was permanent.

But the great body of Plato's philosophy related to the present rather than to the future life. This was but natural, for since the future weal or woe of mortals depends upon the manner in which the present life is spent he conceived it to be all-important that our attention should be fixed upon right living in this world. In his *Republic* he gives ideals of what human society and civil governments should be. These ideals seem very Utopian, yet they serve to show some of the many philosophical conceptions of what is possible in human aspirations and progress.

Plato's works are voluminous and profound, but no intelligent reader can peruse any of them without receiving substantial benefit.

W. H. WARREN.

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### At Rocky Point.

IT was the twenty-sixth of October, 1901, a beautiful autumn day, warm and bright—an oasis in a waste of dreary days. With three friends, a coterie of kindred spirits, I crossed over to Rocky Point, on the western side of the entrance to Charlottetown Harbor, in hope of finding fossils on the beach.

As all my readers are probably aware, the exact position of Prince Edward Island in geological time is still a matter

of uncertainty; but, as many of the plants and animals which lived during each of the periods into which the past is divided by geologists are well known, it is necessary only, after studying the rocky structures, to find fossil remains of animals and plants, with which paleontologists are familiar, to settle the vexed question. Hitherto but one positively animal fossil (the *Bathygnathus borealis* of scientists) has been found in our strata, this and another rock-written evidence found on the shore of St. Peter's Island last year by our Natural History and Antiquarian Society upon its annual outing, which fossil, however, while declared by certain well-known Canadian authorities to be certainly organic, was in such a worn condition as not to warrant a definite opinion as to its identity. Hence the importance of further investigation, and the object of our hopes as we scanned the rocks and shores of this unexplored and promising place.

We had had a wonderfully advanced season; crops were harvested this year a full month earlier than ever before in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant;" hence the question naturally arose as to whether the winter season was to be delayed, or heralded in a month earlier than usual. The latter appeared not improbable if we could argue from the flock of Snow Buntings (*Plectrophenax nivalis* L.) which flew over our heads shortly after we had arrived upon the beach, for while these come to us in October they usually linger on our distant shores until later, when the failing sources of food force them to the haunts of man. These and the Terns (*Sterna*), circling noisily above us, and a solitary large gull, resting on a rock too far distant to enable us to distinguish its species, were the only birds we saw that day, except the ever-present, ubiquitous crow.

Plant life was past its flowering stage, as evidenced by the Asters and Goldenrods in hoary fruit, tho' a belated Buttercup (*Ranunculus acris* L.), here and there, and some scattered blooms of the Fall Dandelion (*Leontodon autumnalis* L.) relieved the otherwise flowerless landscape.

Let us leave for a future time, or for some more worthy pen, a description of the historic places we saw and visited—



the site of the ancient fortifications, first French then English; the quiet resting-place of those who died at the forts, either in times of peace or in one or other of the three skirmishes of which we have record as having taken place here; wherein, too, were laid the bodies of those pioneers who passed to rest in the little colony whose habitations clustered for protection under the shadows of the military strongholds. In the field which slopes northward from Fort Amherst, a depression was evident, probably indicating the course of the tunnel which led from the beach at Amherst Cove to the fort, the entrance now concealed by the disused limekiln. One of the party, the present proprietor of the place, learned in all the historic lore of the locality, told me that the iron gates which had closed the entrance to this tunnel had been bought for old iron by a blacksmith named Robinson, then living in Charlottetown, who turned these appurtenances of warfare to the service of peaceful pursuits.

On the shore we found dark, well-glazed bricks, manufactured by the French out of clay taken from a locality near by, now marked by a depression in which tall bulrushes grow, while, a stone's throw distant, a similar pit shows wherefrom the mud was taken for bricks for the first house of that material in Charlottetown, the property of the late John Morris, Esquire, on the south side of Queen's Square.

Passing, on the west, the place where once stood the abode of the French Commandant, and, later, the residence of our first English Governor, let us continue our wanderings on the shore. A joyful exclamation greets the finding of a fossil marking. Deep down in the alternating strata of dark-red sandstone, soft micaceous sandstone, light red calcareous sandstone, shales, conglomerates, and chalky deposits, red and gray, runs a band of hard grey rock, standing out in prominent endurance from the ruddy strata above and below it. Slabs of this are scattered on the beach at our feet. We eagerly scrutinize each stone, and with success, for here on one is perpetuated the outline of a branch of some forgotten plant which waved its luxuriant foliage

high in air when man was yet unborn. Would that we could carry away the rocky record with us, but it weighs full too many a pound. And so, we reluctantly leave it, perforce content with a drawing of the markings.

Strewn along the beach are many slabs of the same kind of stone bearing indelibly preserved perpetuations of what is known as "ripple-mark." Who has not seen the loose and plastic sands of our shores ridged and marked by the waves in their ebb and flow? No great task to carry our imagination back to pre-historic times, when a more ardent sun baked the imprint of the primal wavelets into moulds in which other sand, having drifted, found lodgement and was hardened into an exact counterpart of the former markings. The upper surface of the new deposit then, in turn, received the print and tribute of the waters, forming a second series of ridges and depressions above that first laid down. From the repetition of these alternating processes of mould-making and being moulded, these stones are capable of being split into thinner slabs with the rock-perpetuated story of "ripple-mark," written upon both upper and lower surface. Oh! for the track of an animal trailing his way over these history-making records. But no such traces are seen. The trail of the body of some ancient reptile with the imprints of his feet on either side might settle the vexed problem we set out in the hope of solving to-day; but no such luck is ours.

There are many other things on the shores to command our interested attention. There are the mutilated bodes of Squids (*Illex illecebrosus*), the head and arms torn away by no other force than that of the waves. Shells there are at every step—the common black Edible Mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) with its less plentiful kinsfolk Horse Mussel (*Modiola modiolus*); and the Ribbed Mussel, (*M. plicatula*); the Razor-fish (*Solen ensis*); the Quahaug (*Venus mercenaria*); the Periwinkle (*Littorina litorea*); and the are well worth studying more fully. The whelk (*Lunatia Clam* (*Mya arenaria*); to say nothing of oysters, which *heros*); too, is here, the stout spirally-twisted little white or yellowish shell of the Dog-periwinkle (*Purpura lapillus*);



and—parasitic upon other shells—the dome-shaped Slipper-limpet (*Crepidula fornicata*); like a miniature boat with half a deck.

Cast up by the sea is a log, tunnelled by the Ship-worm (*teredo navalis*). We could well spend an hour studying his habits. He enters the wood a tiny creature, through an aperture correspondingly small, and burrows inwards, carefully avoiding the course of his neighbouring fellows, lining his gradually enlarging burrow with a calcareous shell, until, shortly, the whole mass of the wood is honey-combed, a menace to shipping and piers. I have seen a plank of hemlock, two by sixty inches in size, riddled in five weeks by this dangerous destroying agent. Some day we may return to study this fellow. Meanwhile, on! The short day is drawing to a close; so we take a short cut across the land, through the old French road which led the civilized settlers to the protection and patronage of the forts. And herealong the wealth of fungi arrests our steps, compelling admiration. Here an Amanita, probably poison-bearing like many of its tribe, side by side with golden orange Chanterelle (*Cantharellus cibarius*)—spicy, luscious delicacy; with its upper surface almost hidden from view by its up-turned, stunted, blunted gills, arranged in wavy ridges, running well down upon the stalk from the irregular margin of the cup-like *pileus* or cap. Like many-colored corals, the branching Tufted Fungi (*Claverei*) stand out in striking contrast from the brilliant green of their mossy bed. Harmless "toadstools," these, and some of them as good to eat as they are to look upon. But we must hurry now, retracing our way till once again we walk along the shore.

The few fast-fleeting hours of the shortened afternoon of an autumn day are far too brief a time, in which to make an exhaustive examination of the beach and banks. There are stones to be over-turned to reveal the shelter of errant Annelid worms, with their fringes of processes on either side, Sand-hoppers and other small crustaceans; the seaweeds hide a host of animal forms, most interesting though small; while strewn along the sand-stretches on every side, are green and brown and ruddy Algæ, tender, graceful sea-

plant forms. It is almost a relief that the trees and shrubs are leafless and the summer wealth of bloom is past, for they were irresistible distractions from our predetermined quest today. There is material here for many a day's examination. The discoloration of the rocks alone would afford food for an hour or two of study, for, what is this dark green shining matter covering the stones at the foot of the cliffs like incrustated deposits from the sea? Our magnifying glasses reveal a vegetable growth,—some small species or immature growth of Algae. And what that sulphureous incrustation in yonder crevice of the bank? At almost every step some new enigma entices us to linger and attempt to solve its entrancing mystery; but the short-lived sun of this October day is already sinking to rest, drawing about him for his couch the heavy drifting clouds. The air is chill and darkness comes apace. 'Tis time for us to gather up our spoils and "as silently steal away."

LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

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### Port Lajoie — 1728.

IN the year 1728 there were seven settlements of more or less importance on the Island—Port Lajoie, St. Peter's Harbour, Savage Harbour, Harbour of East Point, Tracadie, Malpec, and East River. In the last issue of this Magazine, I treated of the establishment at St. Peter's Harbour: in this, I purpose to set down a few facts regarding Port Lajoie.

A feeling akin to melancholy possesses the visitor, who, landing at Rocky Point, pursues his way past the Indian cabins perched on the high bluffs over the sea, and thence descending crosses the scanty rill, at whose mouth once was formed a landing place, and climbs the natural glacis on the other side, to where the old Fort, hemmed in by a circle of stunted firs, still shows its deep fosse and robust earthen walls little impaired by the casualties of a century.



Standing on the north eastern angle of the redoubt, the eye wanders over a rural tract, which would be houseless save for a farm-steading which nestles at a short distance up a quiet valley, which lies at your feet, and down which trickles a slender stream from a spring close by the farm. An undulating ridge, on the last wave of which stands the fortress, extends northward, now exhibiting itself in half cleared pasture land and again in scrubby undergrowth, while the remotest heights are still crowned with waving woodland. The land shelves abruptly down to the valley, and rises with nearly equal abruptness on the opposite side, where it terminates in a height commanding the one on which the fortress stands. The summit of this hill was cleared, and it is in every respect likely that it was defended by a military work of some kind. A well made road, portions of which can still be seen, ran from the shore over the crest and along the face of the slope in a western direction, probably to some creek or landing on the western river. The entrance to the fort looked to the south west, whence the ground sinks with a gentle slope until it terminates in the rocky boulders, amid which stands the light house. From the southern face of the fort, the land drops in a severe declivity home to the channel way leading to the harbour, but, without descending to water mark, it terminates suddenly in steep red banks, which the waves wash and wear. The slope is such a one as cannon and musketry would effectually sweep; and make the assault of the hardiest veterans a venture to cost dear.

Such is the aspect which Port Lajoie now offers to the visitor—a scene of rural tranquillity, with which the grass-grown fortress is in strange contrast. But in 1728 this quiet solitude was quickened with active life. On the height and on the slopes in rear of the fortress, scattered here and there without plan or order, rose cabin and log-house, the homes of one hundred and five settlers. No fortress in those days crowned the height. But, close to the water's edge, a breastwork was thrown up, from which frowned eight pieces of cannon. On the breast of the glacis, half-way between the summit and the water, a deep excavation

is still visible, where stood the barracks for the soldiers. A force varying in strength from thirty to fifty men, drawn from the garrison of Louisburg was usually stationed at Port Lajoie; although the Governors had often complained of the unprotected condition of the place, and of the easy conquest it offered to any marauder daring enough to assault it.

The usual landing place was at the mouth of the streamlet, which still threads its way down the valley, half concealed in luxuriant herbage. A bridge for foot passengers was thrown across it, from which a road bending a little from the sea ran up the acclivity to the Government buildings.

These buildings consisted of a dwelling and offices for the Commandant, quarters for the soldiers and subalterns, a decaying structure which served as a chapel, a vaulted powder magazine, a bake house, a forge, three store-houses, one for clothing and dry-goods, the other for flour and provisions, and a third for molasses. There was also a residence for the doctor whose nearest neighbor was the Recollet Cure, Father Felix. These buildings were constructed not of logs, but with posts and boards. When new they were neat and comfortable, but the frosts and heats of seven years had sadly impaired their beauty, and destroyed their comfort. They were erected by the unfortunate company of St. Pierre, and were now crumbling to decay. De Pensens writing to the minister in October, 1728 says "It will be impossible to live longer on the Island of St. John, if your Excellency does not order the erection of new dwellings. Those left here by the Count St. Pierre, are so completely rotten, that the soldiers and myself run, every moment, the risk of being crushed under their ruins. It would excite your pity, did you see the manner in which we are lodged." No pity was excited, for the pathetic appeal failed to arrest the attention of those, who at Versailles, shaped the policy of France, not for the well-being and benefit of the people, but to suit the vanity and caprice of Madame Pompadour. De Pensens had therefore to patch up the crumbling tenements as best he



could, and brave whatever disaster an inclement winter and ministerial neglect might entail.

Port Lajoie seems to have been at this time a favorite settlement with those who desired to employ themselves in clearing and tilling the land. From the valley, its slopes and the heights on either side, the forest had well nigh completely disappeared. The axe of the settler had also broken the contiguity of shade that darkened the waters of West River, and an ancient plan of the settlement shows the tract of land lying between the Government buildings, and the point on which the lighthouse now stands, more completely won from the forest, than it is at the present day.

No fisherman had settled at Port Lajoie in 1728. It was a community of farmers and soldiers. Of these two classes the hardships inseparable from an early settlement in a new country seemed to have fallen heavier on the soldier than on the civilian. The former owing to the neglect of the Government he served, was inadequately sheltered against the rigors of a long winter. His comforts were few. The latter was at once the architect and builder of his own dwelling, and to judge from the size of the cellars that are still to be seen scattered along the slopes in the rear and on the flanks of the fortress, many of these dwellings were of considerable dimensions. The rudest tillage was rewarded with abundant harvests. An eye-witness declares, that the fields of wheat he saw at Port Lajoie were equal to any he had seen in France, Spain or Italy. The extent of land under cultivation at this date cannot be accurately ascertained, yet some notion may be formed from the fact, that in the Government returns of 1730 the yield of grain around Port Lajoie is set down at two thousand bushels—a crop more than sufficient to support the entire population. The staple sowings consisted of wheat, barley, oats, peas and rye. Although secluded and laborious, life, in those times, round Port Lajoie, was not wholly barren of comforts or enjoyment. With a few exceptions, the settlers were all French Acadians who preferred building new homesteads and wrestling with the wilderness under their country's

flag, to enduring the threats and exactions of rulers, who hated their nation and insulted their creed. These Acadians, moreover, came of a race so constituted as admirably to possess many of those qualities which go to fit men for the toils of the pioneer. They were hardy, laborious, frugal, capable of turning their hands to any species of work, light-hearted, and easily made contented. Indeed a minute of council in 1717 initialled by the Regent Louis Antoine de Bourbon and the Marshall D'Estrees, declared the Acadians to be "born blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers and builders." They span the wool, wove the cloth, and shaped and sewed the garments they wore. The land they reclaimed was their own, and it yielded harvests which richly repaid their toils. The sea at their doors swarmed with fish, and the forest land that bordered the newly made fields, abounded in game. Fuel was plentiful, and they trimmed their lamps with the oil of the seal caught on the Magdalenes, or round the shores of the Grand Ance. Luxuries from old France found their way at times into this hardworking and homely colony, and the generous vintages of Bourdeaux, and the warmer products of Cognac, were not unknown among the dwellers of Port Lajoie.

Among the earliest settlers at Port Lajoie were two Acadian families Hache Galland, and Martin. Both bore a high character for integrity, and both were assiduous cultivators of the soil. Michel Galand, and Pierre and Joseph Martin left Acadia and settled at Port Lajoie in 1720. In the succeeding years up to 1724 five of the Gallands and four of the Martin family followed the example of their fathers and left Acadia for the Island. All the Gallands were married and had residences and families; only two of the Martins were householders and married. The members of the two families numbered in all fifty—very nearly one half of the entire population. There were two carpenters in the community, Pierre Jacquemain, from Lorraine, and Louis Desmoulin, a native of St. Onge. Among the settlers at this time we find the names Precieux, Surean, Gourdan, Hebert, Buhot and Pregean, all householders and farmers. Of the Galland family there



was one named Mary, who in 1728 advanced some claims for land which surprised the officials. She came to the Island with the first settlers in 1720 (under the administration of the St. Pierre Company). She was married to a man named Poirier, who died leaving her with a family of five sons and two daughters. It was stress of circumstances probably, and a maternal solicitude to provide for her sons, that suggested to her the demand she put forward. Resting her claim upon the first article of the conditions offered by the company of St. Pierre to settlers, she asked De Pensens for five tracts of land along the East River, each tract to measure two acres in width and forty in depth. On these lots she proposed to settle her sons, who were now she averred, old enough to clear and till the land. The reception of her demands by the Governor does not seem to have been of an encouraging nature, for we find her in the autumn at Louisburg pleading her case with much energy before the Intendant De Mezy. That official was nothing moved either by the expostulation of the widow, or the justice of her demands. Sharp words bordering at times on insult, were the ordinary weapons with which he was accustomed to demolish the claims of importunate suitors; as a matter of right however, it could scarcely be expected that the crown of France would redeem the promises of the bankrupt Company of St Pierre.

There is another settler in the little community of Port Lajoie who possesses strong claims to the notice of history. His name, slightly changed, is still borne by a prosperous settlement of his countrymen, although as a family name it is no longer known there. Rene Rassicot came to Port Lajoie in 1724. He was a native of Avranche, in Normandy, whence probably he emigrated directly to the Island. His family consisted of seven boys and three girls. In 1735 three of his sons disappear from the census roll, and as the population of Port Lajoie had been for several years previous to that date, on the decrease, while along the North shore from St. Peter's Harbor westward to Malpec, French life was assiduously establishing itself, and new homesteads were rising on the forest clearings, it may reasonably be

inferred that the sons of Rene Rassicot were among these busy workers, Whatever uncertainty may hang around the date of Rassicot's change of settlement, there can be none regarding the fact that his name displaced the cumbrous designation given by the Micmac to the swift current sent in from the Gulf among the far-stretched sand hills, and that it has remained attached to a district up to our own day, in the slightly altered form of Rustico.

Communication between the different settlements was kept up in early times chiefly by water. The three great rivers which met under the very heights, on which Port Lajoie stood, served as so many highways, on which the settler, in his batteau or canoe could reach remote distances. Roads along which traffic and travellers could be carried from place to place, were luxuries of a later period. All the establishments we have above mentioned could, however, with the exception of that near East Point, be easily reached by water in summer, or by the ice in winter. Entering a shallop at the landing at Port Lajoie, we steer up the broad expanse of the East River, passing on the left hand, the site, on which a century hence Charlottetown will rise, but where a rough tangled forest now holds absolute sway down to the water's edge. To the right stretches, far as the eye can reach, a leafy sea of woodland, varied only by the lighter or deeper tints of the waving foliage. Huge trunks embedded in the tidal slime, lie rotting, while flocks of water fowl, not yet familiar with man and his devices, spring up at the approach of the boat, and hurry away in low flight to more secluded haunts. Every valley is filled and every rising ground is covered with forest, whose sway for miles up the river, only stops at high water mark. Then the aspect of the banks is changed. The woodlands cease to darken the water, and are succeeded by broad level marshes bearing rank grasses, and stretching for miles along either bank. These "prairies" as they were called by the French, excited the admiration of all who sailed up the East River. Such marshes were indeed in those days of vast importance to the farmer, as on them he depended for the fodder to feed his cattle. The land he cleared, was



planted with grain for the maintenance of himself and his family, and he could not as yet afford to allow the smallest portion of his conquests over the forests to lie fallow.

JOHN CAVEN.

### Summer Vacation of the Acadian Schools.

THE Acadian schools of Prince Edward Island have, for the last few years, enjoyed the special advantage of vacations during the summer season. How this has been brought about, it may interest the readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.

The prejudice against summer vacations was deeply rooted in the minds of the people, and it was only by persistent agitation of the good cause that the French teachers at last obtained the much-desired rest.

All the "whims and fancies" of the prejudiced rate-payer were combated one by one. The question of vacations were discussed at each succeeding Convention of Acadian Teachers, and as these conventions met in different French localities each year, the entire French population heard the question debated, and arrived at the conclusion that, if the teaching force was unanimous in its demand for summer vacation and the clergy endorsed its opinions, the prayer might be granted, at least on trial for several years. The teachers had often declared their willingness to prove, by figures from the register, that summer vacations would not impair the average daily attendance. The parents were invited to visit the schools, during the warm weather, and notice the wearied looks of the tired children.

Some parents persisted in saying that they needed their children during the autumn for potato-digging. The saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" was brought to bear against this.

Many teachers, adopting the tactics of the ambitious politician, made a house-to-house canvass, and enlisted the

sympathy of enough rate-payers to carry the election of the good cause, when, on the day of the annual meeting of the ratepayers, a vote would be taken on the motion made for the adoption of the mid-summer vacation system. The strongly prejudiced men would be as carefully avoided as an unchangeable Liberal is shunned by a Conservative candidate. But the summer vacation plan had a better fate than the Conservative principles had at the last election.

All the French schools with perhaps a rare exception, of which I am not certain, have adopted the summer vacation option. And good results are the consequence. The average attendance is not lessened ; the children return to school with renewed vigor, and satisfied that they have had enough play,

My experience has shown me that, when children are in school during the summer heat, they acquire a lazy and listless disposition, which cannot be shaken before the Christmas festivities bring them to their senses.

As long as the option remains on our school statutes this vexatious question will be a source of annoyance. And the Government, which is supposed to do the will of the people in this democratic age, cannot very easily compel the people to adopt a system which, optionally, they may choose for themselves. Though the notion of Spring and Fall vacations is antiquated and certainly useless, the people of many country districts will cling to the old ways.

It is only by agitating the question of reform in this matter that the Acadian schools have succeeded in removing the old prejudice. But this must be done peaceably, and the teachers must not be selfish. Many people will imagine that the teachers are looking forward to summer vacations for a good time and summer sports, whereas their very limited means are unquestionable evidence against such a charge. With persistent zeal a teacher can accomplish a great deal in a district where his work is appreciated. Any teacher, whose standing is good in his district, should be able to influence the ratepayers to the extent of granting midsummer vacations.



## Who Discovered Prince Edward Island?

THE discovery of Prince Edward Island has long been a subject of debate, some claiming that it was discovered by John Cabot, on June 24, 1497, others claiming the honor for Jacques Cartier, who visited the island in 1534.

In Hakluyt's *Voyages* we find the following description of the discovery of what the upholders of Cabot's side of the question claim to be Prince Edward Island:—

"In the year of our Lord 1497, John Cabot, a Venetian, and his son Sebastian, discovered that country which no one before that time had ventured to approach, on the 24th of June, about 5 o'clock in the morning. He called that land *Terra Prima Visa*, because, as I conjecture, this was the place that first met his eyes on looking from the sea; on the contrary, the island which lies opposite the land he called the *Island of Saint John*, as I suppose, because it was discovered on the Festival of Saint John the Baptist."

Without doubt the Cabots discovered the mainland of North America, but the general opinion of those who have made a very careful study of the voyages of the Cabots is that the *Prima Visa* of Cabot was Newfoundland, and not Cape Breton. If such be the case the *Saint John's Island* of Cabot could not be this Island, but probably Cape Breton. There seem to be good reasons to assert that it was Samuel Champlain who named the *Island Saint John*. However, the evidence procurable is far from being conclusive enough to place the Cabots as the discoverers of Prince Edward Island.

That Jacques Cartier visited the Island in 1534 cannot be doubted. Perhaps the story of his visit may best be told in his own words:—

The next day, being the last of the month save one (June 29th), the wind blew south and by east. We sailed westward until Tuesday morning at sunrise, the last of the month, without knowledge of any land, except in the evening towards sunset, when we discovered a land which seemed to be two islands (probably Grenville, P. E. I,) that were beyond us west-southwest, about nine or ten leagues. All that day till the next morning at sunrise we sailed westward about forty leagues, and on the way we perceived that the land we had seen

like two islands was mainland lying south-southeast and north-northwest to a very fine cape called Cape Orleans (Kildare Cape). All of the said land is low and flat and the fairest that may possibly be seen, and full of beautiful trees and meadows; but we could find no harbour there, for it is a low land all ranged with sands. We, with our boats went on shore in many places, and among others we entered a goodly river, but very shallow, where we saw boats full of savages, who were crossing the river, which on this account we named River of Boats (Richmond Bay). But we had no further acquaintance with these savages, for the wind came up from the sea and so beat us against the shore that we were constrained to return with our boats to our ships. Till the next morning at sunrise, being the first of July, we sailed north-east, in which time there arose great mists and storms, and therefore we struck our sails until about ten of the clock when it became clear and we recognized the said Cape Orleans (Kildare Cape), and another which lay from it about seven leagues north and by east, which was named Cape of the Savages (North Cape).

“On the northeast of this cape, for about half a league there is a very dangerous reef and banks of stones. While we were at this cape we saw a man running after our boats that were going along the coast, who made signs to us that we should return towards the same cape again. We, seeing such signs, began to run towards him, but he, seeing us come, began to flee and to run away before us. We landed in front of him, and set a knife and a woollen girdle in a staff for him, and then came to our ship again. That day we sailed along the said land nine or ten leagues (the N. W. coast of P. E. I.), hoping to find some good harbor; but it was not possible, for, as I have said already, it is a low land and shoal. We went ashore that day in five places to see the trees, which are marvellously beautiful and sweet smelling; we found them to be cedars, yews, pines, white elms, ash trees, willows, and many other sorts to us unknown, but all without fruit. The ground where no woods are, are very fair and all full of peas, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, black raspberries, and wild wheat, like rye, which seemed to have been sown there and cultivated. This land is of the best climate than can be possibly be, and very hot. There are there many pigeons and ring doves and other birds; they want nothing but good harbors. The next day, the second of July, we discovered land to the northward of us, which joined unto the land continuously, and we found that it formed a bay of about twelve leagues in depth and as much in breadth. We named the bay Saint Laurino. We went to the cape on the north (Cape Escuminac) with our boats and found the shore so shoal that at more than a league from land there was only a fathom of water.”

Whether or not Cabot discovered Prince Edward Island is a matter of much conjecture, and the weight of evidence



seems to be on the negative side of the question. There is no doubt but that Cartier visited the Island in 1534, as the above extracts from his log will show; and either to him or to Cabot belongs the honor of discovering the "Garden of the Gulf." To whom does the honor justly belong? It is a difficult question to answer.

G. J. MCCORMAC.

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## If You Sing Before Seven—

### A CHILD SKETCH

MARJORIE had awakened that morning aglow with the joy of life. While being dressed it was impossible for her to help giving little jumps, now and then, out of pure happiness. At breakfast she fairly bubbled over, talking incessantly; asking questions of her father, who was trying to read the paper, until he threw it down in despair and took his departure.

Unfortunately for Marjorie she had her sunshine mood all to herself. Her mother had a busy morning before her. The woman's club met that afternoon, and she was to read a paper. It was nearly all written, but she was thinking of certain additions and alterations, which she thought would improve it. Then the front of the bodice of her new frock didn't look right, and she must alter it herself or it couldn't be ready in time. She set to work at it immediately after breakfast, and Marjorie brought her doll and her sewing and sat near her, chatting away gaily. The mother answered occasionally, with an absent-minded "yes" or "no", but the work she was doing was fussy; so, when Marjorie upset the large work-basket; wanted dolls' clothes cut, and interrupted her while she was thinking of a telling peroration; her patience gave out and she said gently: "Marjorie, mother is very busy this morning. You must run away and play in the garden."

All the brightness faded from the little face. Nothing

takes away the joy of life like feeling that nobody wants you. It was a very sober-looking little girl who went slowly out of the house, and sat down on the grassy terrace near the sidewalk. Her doll had been thrown on the lounge, while passing through the hall. It was a delightful morning in May, and not quite ten o'clock ; but, for this little maid of six, the world was a howling wilderness. A caterpillar, moving slowly and humpily along, attracted her attention ; and her face lighted with a defiant resolve, which she began at once to carry out.

When Bobbie Harper came along, about half an hour later, she was again sitting dejectedly on the grass, her chin resting between her hands.

“ Hello, Marjorie ! ”

“ Hello, ”—sadly.

A squirming heap of caterpillars on a handkerchief caught his eye. “ What are you doing with the caterpillars ? ” he asked.

“ Eating them ”—calmly

Bobbie looked interested : “ Are they nice ? ”

“ No ! ” then in explanation : “ Mother was cross, and I wanted to do something horrid. I ate one smooth one, and two woolly ones. ”

Bobbie sat down, and kicked his heels thoughtfully. He wanted very much to sympathize, but didn't know how to begin. He and Marjorie were the best of chums. She was almost as good as a boy ; didn't cry, nor “ tell ” if he hurt her, and had such heaps of good ideas to “ make believe. ” They went to the Kindergarten. Bobby was just two months older than Marjorie. In the games he always chose her to help him. One day when asked why he didn't sometimes choose Maisy Black, another little neighbor of five, he had replied, scornfully : “ She is too easy ; she is always wanting to kiss a fellow ! ” So now he sat looking almost as gloomily as Marjorie.

Up the hill came the Dean, and she stopped to greet the children, with whom she was on excellent terms. “ Good morning, ” she said, pleasantly. Bobbie rose politely, and took off his hat. Miss Maxwell quickly noted the sad



expressions on the little faces, and asked: "Is there anything wrong?"

"Marjorie has been eating caterpillars," replied Bobby.

It was rather a shock. "Oh! why," she gasped.

"She didn't feel good. People were nasty to her.

Miss Maxwell had wonderful tact with children. She never condescended; never asked: "whose little boy are you?" never preached—and children appreciated her. She sat down now, and remarked, thoughtfully: "It is rather odd that I should have the same feeling this morning. All the time that I was at my classes I felt that everything was wrong and everyone horrid. I think we ought to cheer each other up, don't you? Suppose you and Bobbie and I take the car; and go away out to the lake. There are heaps of blossoms out. I believe your mothers would let you come with me?" Seeing, by a slight hardening of Marjorie's face, that she wasn't disposed to ask a favour of her mother, she went on: "we won't stay long. Will you come?"

"I'd love to,—thank you," said Marjorie, gratefully, and Bobby smiled his thanks.

"Then I'll take these books home first, and get a parasol." She intended, privately, to leave word, at her lodgings, that the children's mothers be telephoned to. The parasol found, and books disposed of, they took a car down town; and, while a nice little lunch was being put up for them at the Women's Exchange, they went into a confectioner's shop, and had some ice-cream.

It was quite a long run out to the lake shore. They sat on the front seat of the open car; which, when they got past the business part of the town, went along very fast. It raised such a jolly breeze, and you could see everything so well in front. By the shore, under the trees, was a lovely spot where they decided to have lunch. Marjorie, soothed, and delighted with the impromptu treat, had regained her cheerfulness. After lunch they picked flowers till they were tired, and then sat under the trees again; while Miss Maxwell told of things she had done when she was little, and listened to their plans for the future, with

much inward amusement. They all thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and didn't get home till half past five.

Marjorie's mother, looking so pretty in her new gown, met her at the door, and kissed her tenderly.

"Did you have a perfectly delightful time dearie? Eleanor," to Miss Maxwell, "how perfectly dear of you to do it."

So Marjorie decided that mother hadn't "meant anything," and was rather sorry about the worms.

LOUISE LAIRD.

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## November.

The autumn skies their dull aspect of grey  
Fling out o'er wave once blue, and red sand bar:

The moaning sea to ocean seems to say:

"The icy grip of winter is not far"

The wild geese fly in broken flocks, and slow,

The boat to sea goes with no summer glee,

Afar the huntsmen hears the cattle low,

And turns to reach the shelter of the lea.

From where the cold bank rises 'gainst the sky,

A bulwark rough, and red, yet ever nigh.

Athwart the barren fields the tempests sweep,

And showers of leaves from forest gaunt and bare,

The young herd, out all summer, homeward creeps

And strive their lair with those about to share;

The smoke in curls the sooty chimney 'sakes,

The blast breaks louder, and the pelting rain—

While those about the fireside speaks of wakes

And wars and crime; and, on the trembling pane

Like shot of battle beat the great hailstones,

And chills of heavy frosts creep through our bones.

When thus November, bleak and blue and sad,

Warns all the land that snarling winter's near,

Man's thanks go up and wife's and lass and lad,



For all the favors of the dying year.  
 And prayers ascend to Him who seasons rules,  
 To whom is Time but as a passing sigh—  
 For grace to greet at burning of the Yules  
 The infant Lord of man and earth and sky,  
 Whose sacred lips rich blessings shall increase  
 In the new age at hand of never-ending PEACE.

A. E. B.

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### Charm.

As in pure crystal radiant colors be,  
 So through that prism, thy personality,  
 Thy soul's white light shines humanly and warm,  
 A wondrous mystery that men can call a charm!  
 —Edna Kinsley Wallace in *The Criterion*.

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### The Victors.

God gives the battle to the strong—  
 What were His justice otherwise?  
 The valiant heart, the equal brain,  
 The fortitude that mocks at pain,  
 On these the light victorious lies.  
*May I not speak these things—nay I not know  
 Who hid my face and cowered from the foe?*

God gives the battle to the strong—  
 His heroes armoured with their might:  
 To those undaunted souls who fling  
 Light laughter to sore suffering  
 And dare to stand, resist and smite.  
*Do I not know, who shrank and fell dismayed,  
 Anxious, and feeble-hearted, and afraid?*

God gives the battle to the strong—  
 Amen! Amen! And ever thus  
 They jubilant sweep on to be  
 Crowned and enrobed with victory—  
 Strong hearts with courage glorious.  
*May not a coward know, who groveling hears  
 Their distant song of triumph in his ears?*  
 —Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in *The Criterion*.