The PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

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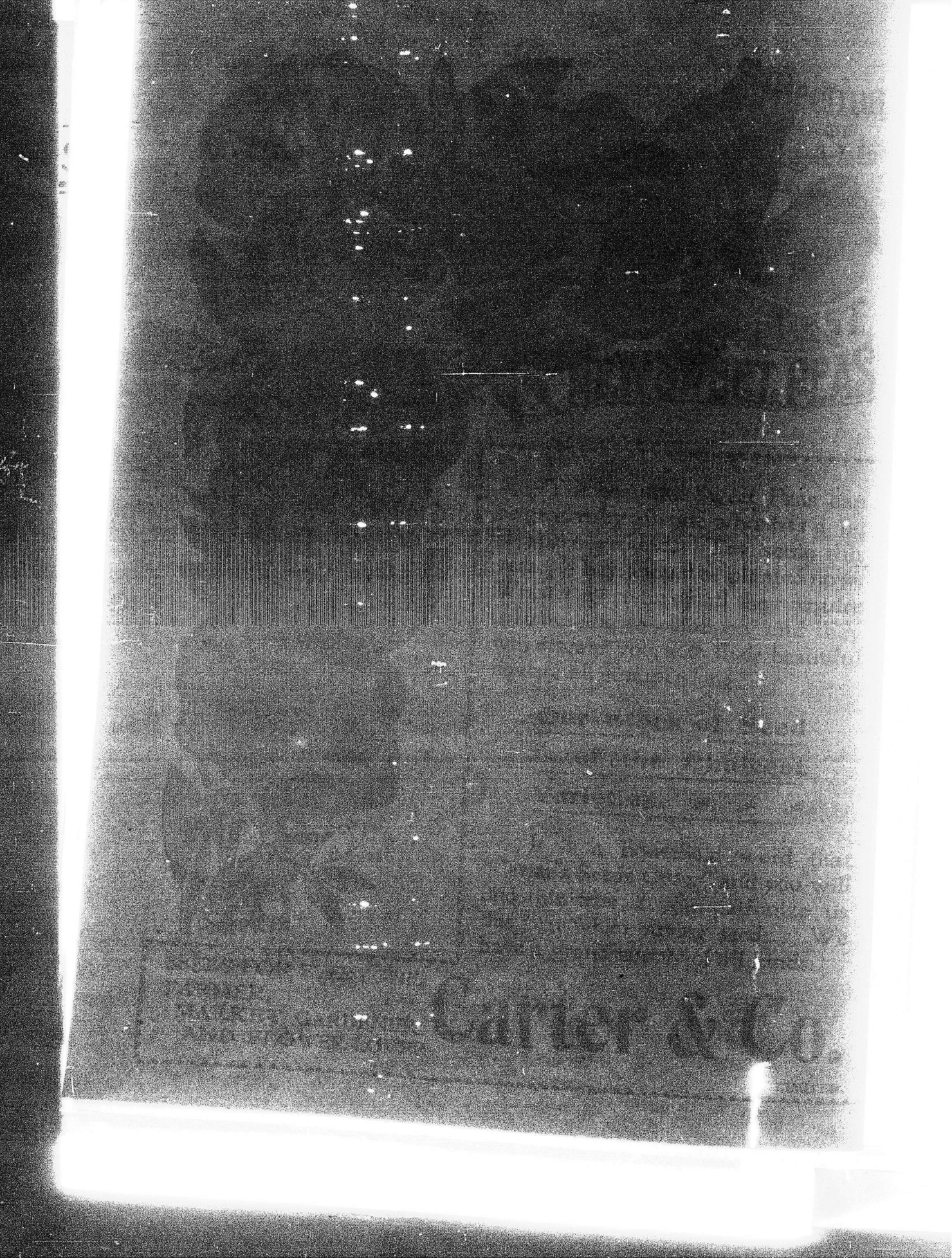


THE

Prince Edward Island Magazine

Contents of this Number

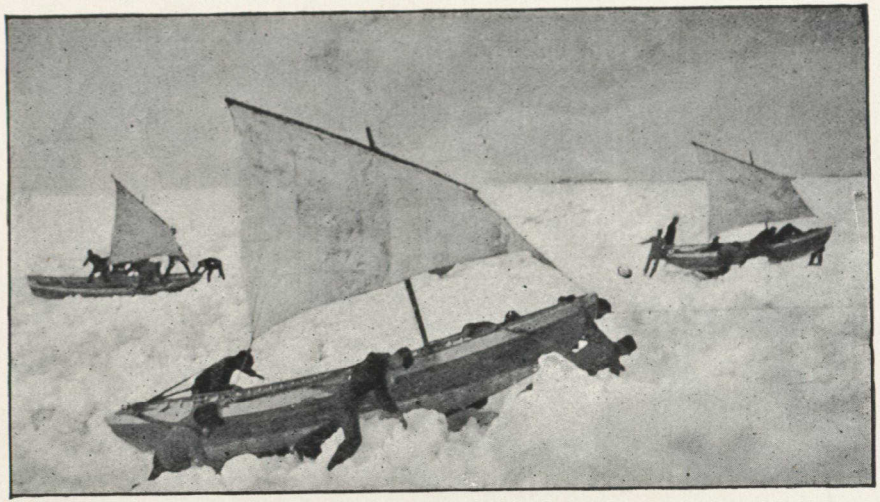
SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The subscription price is SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS a year, for which it will be sent, post-paid to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittance may be made in stamps (Canadian or U. S.) or by postal note or money order.

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

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

ARCHIBALD IRWIN

P. O. Box 71, Telephone 189.



CROSSING AT THE CAPES—A HARD PULL.

Photo by Mr. W. Erdley Hyndman]

The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

Vol. 5 APRIL 1903 No. 2

OUR WINTER NAVIGATION.

AT that season of the year when Jack Frost reigns serene, Prince Edward Island's case is one of severe or moderate hardship, according to whether the Winter King plays the scale from above or below zero. When he takes the low notes, and marks ten degrees or more below, then is the case a parlous one indeed, my friends, for it compels the adoption of a method of navigation, colloquially known as "crossing at the capes." For several year past our Winters have been much less cold than they used to be a score or more of years ago. The "old inhabitants" tell us—well, they go below zero.

Certainly the winters of our fathers and grandfathers were much colder than those of recent years—excepting last year, which nearly approached, in temperature, those that prevailed in the old days before us.

Lulled into security by the mildness of late Winters, the rigour of the last one found us lacking in facilities for maintaining traffic with the mainland, by the routes decided upon by those in authority, at the beginning of the season.

It resulted, from the fact of the Dominion Government placing the steamer *Stanley* upon an impracticable route for a boat of her power that our other winter steamer the *Minto* had eventually to be taken off the Georgetown-Pictou route to go to the Stanley's assistance. The outcome of this was that the *Minto* broke her propeller blades in trying to extricate the *Stanley*, and was then put out of active service.

In these circumstances the carrrying trade of the Island to and from the mainland developed upon the so called ice boats which are maintained by the Government at Cape Traverse, the point nearest the mainland. A

good idea of these boats may be obtained from the illustrations accompanying this article. These boats are built expressly for the purpose of conveying passengers and mails across the nine miles of Northumberland

PHOTO BY MR W ERDLEY HYNDMAN

AN EASY STRETCH

Strats which intervene between Cape Traverse on this side and Cape Tormentine on the other. This waterway is, in winter, never altogether free from floating ice in hummocks and floes of all heights and sizes. The crews of the boats have to pull them over the ice, which often is packed together in all sorts of irregularity for miles, to row through slush and open water, and to try and make the crossing every day if possible. It is no wonder that the endurance and pluck of the men engaged in this work has been such as to cause the wonder and admiration of people who have had occasion to cross by the Capes. This occupation is not without grave risks. A sudden snow storm may come up, on a day of difficult crossing, when they are struggling in the midst of the straits, and blot out the shore on each side. They then have to steer by compass and this, owing to the fact that the ice is constantly drifting under the influence of the tide and wind makes it exceedingly uncertain where they may land. The journey may thus, as it has sometimes happened, take eight or nine hours to accomplish in conditions that would try the nerves and courage of the bravest. Happily accidents seldom take place and the trip

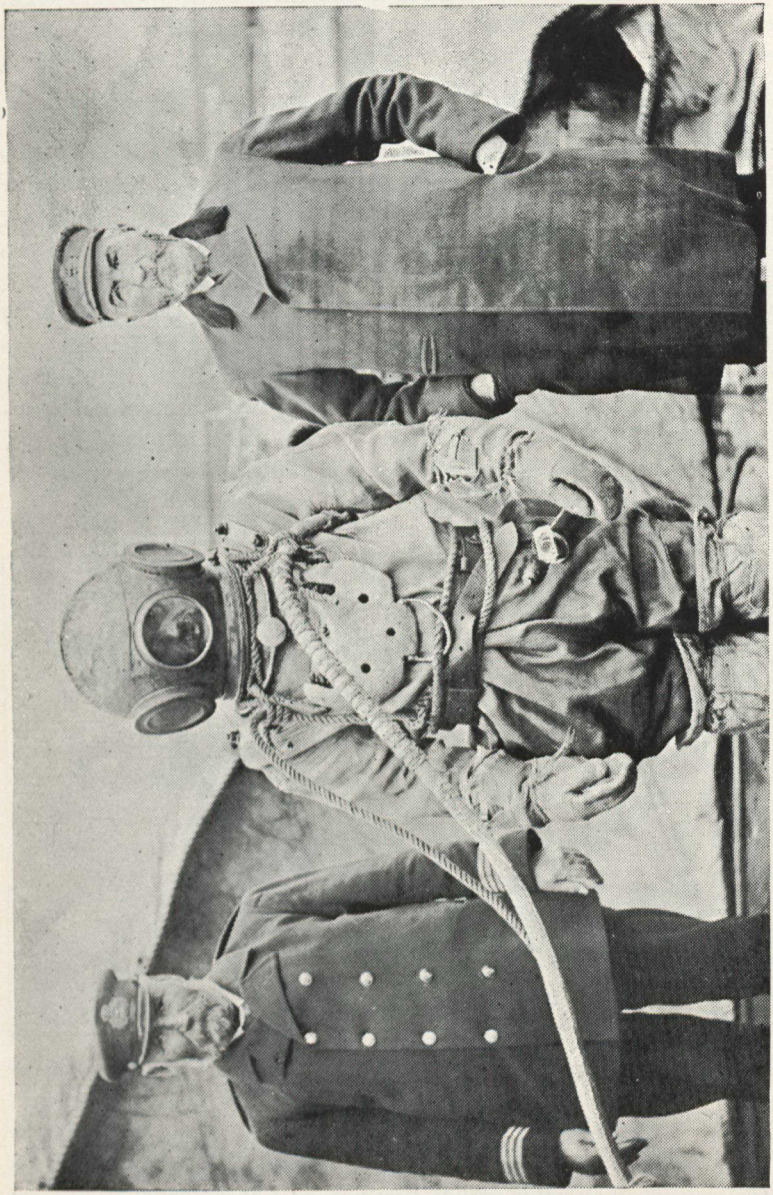
across is on an average accomplished in about three or four hours when the weather is favourable. But it is three or four hours of work such as compresses within its limit an age of physical culture and the experience when the occasion is not too trying is one that is freely repeated by those who have "been there before."

The fact that this Province, with a population of 120,000 was, during last winter, for days at a time without mails, and for several weeks utterly without facilities for the conveyance of freight to the mainland, should not be lightly forgotten. There may be those who will say: "You have two steamers to keep you in communication with the mainland in the Winter, and you have a sort of reserve force in the ice boats (as they are called) which ply between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine, and if these were properly managed there should be very few days in which the trip across could not be made. All very well. Suppose the two steamers ran regularly between the only, at present, practicable route—Georgetown to Pictou. In mid-Winter it is not safe to make return trips on the same day, and so we are face to face with the fact that all the passengers and freight, offer-

PHOTO BY MR. W. ERDLEY HYNDMAN

ROUGH ROAD TO TRAVEL

ing every day have to be taken to Pictou by one steamer, and brought to Georgetown by the other. This would mean that both steamers would be continuously engaged, in the severe weather, and their crews constantly



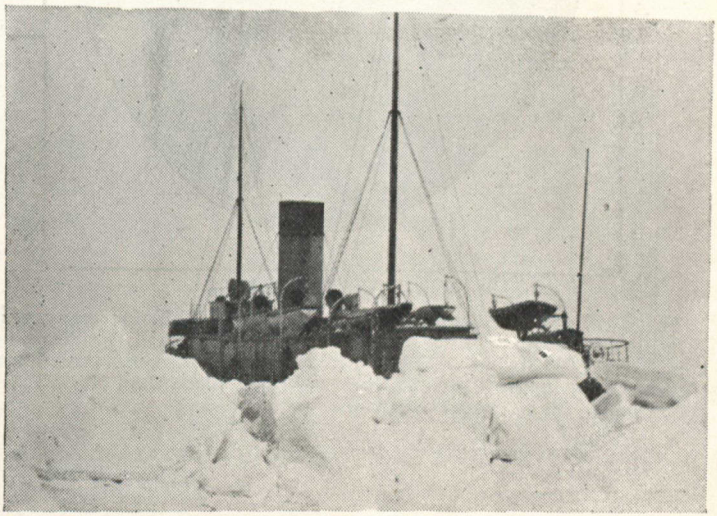
CAPT. FINLAYSON OF THE MINTO, CAPT. BROWN OF THE STANLEY, AND THE DIVER WHO REPAIRED THE MINTO'S PROPELLOR.

Photo by] [Mr. W. S. Louison

occupied. It is too much to expect, and hand neither on the other ough to afford boat is big enling. The way decent travelsengers are at in which pastogether is no- times crowded disgraceful. It thing short of fault of the is entirely the of Canada, by Government cent discom- whom our reappear to be forts and loss and careless given a scant consideration.

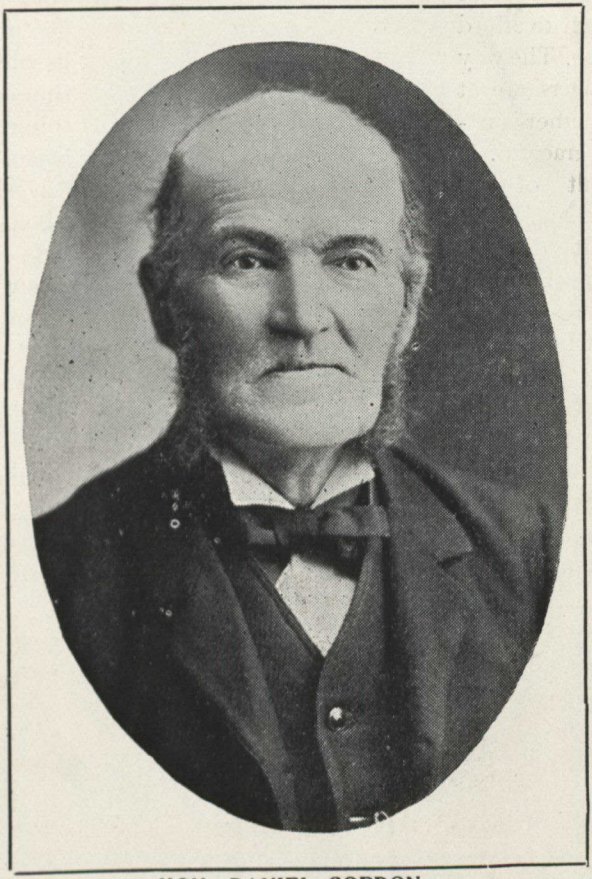
Of the captains of both the steamers it can be said that in the face of most exacting conditions and in spite of much to discourage they have shown that they are the only men who understand the problem of

The Captains consulting—boats ice-bound



our Winter navigation. If only their advice were heeded!

OUR PROMINENT MEN.



HON. DANIEL GORDON.

THE Hon. Daniel Gordon, of Georgetown, P. E. I., for many years leader of the Liberal-Conservative Party in the Local Legislature, has now, full of years and honour, retired from that position. Probably no public man in the Province holds a higher place than Hon. Dantel Gordon in the esteem of our people.

April.

AND now comes April, fair and fickle maiden
Fit prototype of Life's vain hopes and fears;
One moment bowed in grief and sorrow-laden
The next one smiling bravely through her tears!

HILTON R. GREER, in *The Criterion*.

'Neath the Deep Blue Sea.

WE inhale the delightful perfume of the water lily that fringes with its beauty the edge of river bank and running stream. We beautify our homes with the sea shells and picturesque trophies from the sea. We adorn our lawns and flower beds with the trumpet shells, the tortoise and the architectural productions of the industrious coral insects; and then recline in the imagination that we have appropriated all that is beautiful in the ocean. Revelling in the delights of an earthly Eden, its sylvan beauty enriched by rose and lily, carnation and chrysanthemum, we scarcely dream that far away beneath the rolling waves and under the sun of the tropics, submarine gardens and scenery exist, in grandeur, in coloring, and in richness, far exceeding the most gorgeous and attractive of our terrestrial landscapes.

Build for yourself a small aquarium and note the beauty of the water plants in contrast with your gold and silver fish and all reflecting the bright sunlight in the still waters, then let your fancies travel to the great aquarium of nature, where thousands upon thousands of every form and color of the finny and crustacean tribe are sporting in their native merriment through submarine forests and ocean-bed scenery. Here the lowest creatures of sea life take the form and color of flowers. The sands of the bottom are covered by a thousand strange forms and tints of sea-urchin and starfish.

The leaf-like Flustras and Escharas adhere like mosses and lichens to the branches of coral; and yellow-green and purple striped limpets, cling like monstrous cochineal insects to the trunk. Sea anemones expand their crowns upon the broken rocks, like giant cactus blossoms sparkling in most ardent colors; while around the blossoms of the coral shrubs, play those humming birds of the ocean—little fish sparkling with blue, red, and metallic lustre, reflecting ever and anon the golden green or the brightest silvery tints. Altered by every breath of wind, or every movement of the surface of the ocean, the fabulous cuttlefish displays its fantastic rays, effecting in most rapid change all the pictures of the rainbow. Amongst these, the vermillion colored sea-feather waves its phosphorescent light, and millions of glowing sparks dance by night with lustrous beauty, lighting up the great submarine garden and rivalling in magnificence the most brilliant illuminations of human invention.

On land we boast of our long prairie grasses and the rushes and palms of the tropics, but these are feeble in comparison with the Nereocystus of the North Pacific, with its slender stems three hundred feet long and its tufts of great leaves forty to fifty feet in length—the hiding place and feeding ground of the sea otter. Darwin tells of seaweeds fifteen hundred feet long, growing upon rocks in the Artic seas. The beach on the Falkland Islands is often lined for miles with seaweed thicker than a man's body and two to seven hundred feet in length.

The watery depth can also boast of its mossy lawns and artistic border plants. The Fernweed, the Fanweed in its multitudinous forms, the Water Flannel, the Peacock's Tail, the Sea Thongs and the Bladder Weed are there to spread their carpets of velvet form and changing rainbow hues.

In form and color the sea vegetation is wonderfully

varied; some rise like masses of jelly, others elastic like india rubber and others again firm like wood, with leaves of various kinds--transparent, thick, finely formed, and veinless.

The great Creator who built for us the mountains and valleys, who carpeted our landscapes and planted our forests and gardens, was not unmindful of the inhabitants of the vast expanse of waters. Far beneath the great ocean he built mountains and valleys, and planted most magnificent gardens and submarine forests to make a delightful home and a paradise for the uncounted living creatures of the great and mighty deep.

LEWIS P. TANTON.

A Few Remarks on Shakespeare.

THERE is a period, I venture to say, in the lives of a great many persons, when they cannot fully appreciate the works of Shakespeare, whilst other writers at their hands receive undue consideration. This is not owing to lack of merit on the part of the author, but because of lack of taste on the part of the reader. How often does a want of true discernment prevent us from seeing the beauties in nature, in religion, in art, in literature, as well as from detecting the imperfections of human productions! As one grows older—as the judgment ripens, and the powers of the mind become developed, one can read and re-read the works of this great master of thought and language with pleasure and profit.

Doubtlessly to a great extent Shakespeare was the creation of his age. He lived at a time when the drama had reached a high state of perfection, and he himself was

surrounded by great dramatists, whose beneficial influence on one another must have been very great; but his genius and peculiar experience enabled him to take the highest place among his literary contemporaries.

Is there not some resemblance in point of versatility of talent between him and one of his characters, C. Julius Cæsar? The latter was not only a great general, but also a historian, a philosopher, an orator, an astronomer and a statesman. Likewise Shakespeare was not only a great poet and dramatist, but he was also in some measure a historian, as well as a philosopher, a rhetorician and a humorist. The great Marlborough once said that he knew no English history but what he had learned from Shakespeare—and no one can read the plays of Henry IV, Henry V, and Henry VI, without obtaining a deep insight into the period of history covered by those reigns, particularly in regard to circumstances connected with the War of the Roses. The works of our dramatist abound with philosophy, that will stand the test of any age. No one can study the address of Henry V. to his army without being impressed with its oratorical power—and did ever any special pleader rise to such an eloquent strain as that manifested in Antony's speech over Cæsar's dead body?

Patriotism is not so evident in his works; for perhaps like modern Englishmen, no doubt, he valued "not words but deeds." But when he gives expression to this sentiment, he does so with no uncertain sound. Witness the passage, quoted from King John, Act V, Scene 7:—

> "This England never did (nor ever shall.)
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself,
> * * * * * * *
> Come all three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself but rest as true."

Carlyle says in "Heroes and Hero Worship" :—

> "Consider now, if they asked us: Will you give up your Indian

Empire or your Shakespeare, you English; never had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakespeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part, too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without our Shakespeare! Indian Empire will go at any rate some day; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up our Shakespeare!"

If the sentiments quoted from King John continue to hold true, in all probability we will not only have our Shakespeare but our Indian Empire as well for an indefinite period of time, with numerous other possessions too numerous to mention.

B. F. MESSERVEY.

The Riot at Belfast

THE following is taken from *The Islander* of March 6th 1847: "We postpone the publication of a number of original communications, and a portion of the debates in the House of Assembly which we have on hand, in order to place before the public the most authentic information in our power to afford respecting the recent dreadful outrages at Belfast. To attempt to express the indignation and horror with which we regard these infractions of the law of God and man, would be in vain. With a deep feeling of sorrow and humiliation we confess that anything more atrocious it has never fallen to our lot to record. The great anxiety evinced by the public to obtain correct information of this melancholy event has induced us to publish a copy of the official communication made by the High Sheriff of the county to his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor. In connection with an affair of such serious importance, any

attempt to mislead the public as to the facts connected with this election, would be deeply criminal—we therefore take nothing from common report ; nor do we for a moment intend to lay before our readers the exaggerated statements of party, but submit to them an authentic document from the pen of the officer appointed by law to conduct the election. Every line of it contains a great moral lesson."

"'Sheriff's Office, Charlottetown,

March 2nd, 1847.

"'Sir:—I beg leave to acquaint you, for the information of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, that the Poll which was opened at Pinnette yesterday morning, for the election of two members to represent the Third District of Queen's County, in General Assembly, was summarily closed at about half past two, p. m., in consequence of a tumultuous riot and affray, by which the lives of all present, were endangered. Although I had appointed John C. Binns, Esq., an experienced and well qualified officer, returning officer, to take the poll ; yet in consequence of the riotous proceedings which took place in the same district at the General Election in the month of August last, and at the request of several individuals of respectability, resident in Belfast, I thought it advisable to proceed to the poll in person, for the purpose of rendering, by my presence and exertions, all possible assistance in keeping the peace, and of preventing any obstruction to a free and independent exercise of their franchise by the electors. I arrived at the spot at half past eleven, at about which time the preliminaries were gone through, and the voting commenced : and although there seemed to be a great deal of angry feeling displayed by some parties in the front of the hustings, yet no breach of the peace that I was aware of took place until a quarter after twelve, when an adjournment for a quarter of an hour was found necessary, in consequence of a sudden outbreak. The origin of this is unknown to me, but the plan seemed to have been predetermined. The first I perceived of it was that in several parts of a large open space or field fronting the hustings several persons armed with sticks were chasing individuals; these were in general thrown down and then beaten severely several blows, and then left on the ground to bleed. Among those beaten at this time were Allan McDougall, Esq. J.P. severely, Alexander McDougall his brother, and Malcolm McRae (since died from a factured skull) and a great many others. These were mostly Scotchmen—the aggressors, Irishmen, chiefly, from the County Monaghan. After the sub-

sidence of this riot, I succeeded in getting a few persons (seven) to consent to be sworn in special constables to keep order in the immediate neighborhood of the hustings; which had the desired effect until about half past two, at which time a body of persons, perhaps two hundred or upward in number, chiefly as I understand from Pinnette and Flat River, appeared in the distance armed with sticks, and arranged themselves in a line about two hundred yards from the hustings; these, I believe, were chiefly Scotchmen, persons intending to vote for Mr. MacLean and Mr. Douse. The approach to the hustings was covered with the adherents of Messrs Little and McDougall, chiefly Irishmen, also armed with sticks. I endeavored by persuasion and entreaty to avert the coming conflict, but expostulation seemed to be unavailing. I descended at length from the hustings, and passing in front of the Irishmen, who were yelling and brandishing their sticks in great excitement, besought them in God's name to abstain from shedding blood. Finding my entreaties unavailing, when the parties came into collision, the melee became general, and I was obliged to leave the field to secure my own personal safety. The Returning officer closed the Poll, having proclaimed a riot, and we prepared to leave. On returning to the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. MacLennan, Malcolm McRae, before named was lying on the parlour floor, in a dying state. Others wounded and stunned, were afterwards brought in and submitted to the inspection of Drs. Conroy and MacGregor who were present. This morning I received a letter from Alexander McLean, Esq., informing me of McKays death. I immediately waited on the coroner, who left town for Belfast without delay, and will doubtless fully investigate the circumstances. I do not think it would be possible in the present excited state of different parties in the Third District to hold a contested election under the present law, without the aid of a strong armed force—perhaps not without the aid of the military.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most obedient servant,
William Cundall,
Sheriff.

To the Hon T. H. Haviland,
Colonial Secretary.

"The number of deaths" continues the *Islander* "on both sides up to the present time is three. The maimed and wounded are very many, and we regret to add, several are considered in great danger. Dr. Hobkirk was sent to Belfast on Tuesday last, and returned to the town on Wed-

nesday, after having dressed upwards of sixty wounds.

The following postscript is added to the report: "A communication was made to the house yesterday afternoon by command of His Excellency relating to the parties injured by the riots at Belfast. It was stated that the Lieutenant-Governor had ordered Dr. Hobkirk to proceed to Belfast and had caused such necessaries as were required for the sick and wounded to be also forwarded. Dr. Hobkirk stated to the Executive Council that from eighty to one hundred persons were suffering in the settlements of Belfast, Pinnette and vicinity. The House authorized the Hon. E. Palmer to convey to His Excellency their approval of the steps taken by him, and recommended that two other medical men, in addition to Dr. Hobkirk, should be employed. Mr. Palmer stated in his place, that Dr. Hobkirk had stated that he was unable to give information respecting Newtown, as the people there would not allow any interference amongst them and were secretly burying their own dead."

JAS. D. LAWSON.

The Devil's Punchbowl.

YOU may locate it, if you will, beside the Old Malpeque Road, amid the Granville hills, and almost on the stage road from Bradalbane to the shore. It is no bottomless lake, nor horrible hole, hidden far away amid untrodden forests, nor is it mentioned in guide-books as a centre of attraction where strange wild creatures dwell, and tourists travel in the summertime. True, Brimstone Hollow lies quite close at hand; and awful are the legends that were once quite sagely told, though now of course forgotten

since men have "so much to do." See it and live; then drink of it and die.

Why yes, I have been there, in early April, too; in fact I saw it yesterday, and that is why I write. It was a wild uncanny place; great snow-banks lined the border round, and held the lofty spruce-limbs firmly bound;

"Gray birch and aspen wept beneath,"

a score of petty torrents rushed from under twenty jutting rocks, and mingled in the hole below as many varied tints of red. Down thirty feet I climbed alone, within that roaring bowl of punch. It is a fiendish place at any time, but yesterday the task would baffle any tongue. I am no adept at describing punch, but here flowed every liquor true to name as are the mixtures famous vendors blend.

Yonder is the full red wine pouring over its precipice! that,—what may it not be, with its peaty tint, as it oozes from amongst fallen leaves? while, here at hand, various translucent streams pour in their contributions, with these pearly jets whose each drop glitters as it falls into the seething bowl.

How the place re-echoed as the streamlets rattled down! tumbling sharp rocks the frost had burst a few short months before, and held until an added warmth released them for their downward plunge,—how the hoarse roar reverberated in that pent-up bowl, until thrown upward to the vault above! I revelled in my new discovery, it was a feast to stand there and enjoy it all alone. I spoke aloud; I tried my voice to Bryant's famous lines:—

"To him who in the love of Nature
Holds communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language....."

Here I had found a miniature Niagara; with a far deeper crescent, and I think a richer bass; for the echoes were caught up and carried to my ear, not lost in the awful lunge and roar of that mighty mother of waters, which still

disappointed me from every stand, until I went beneath its tons of spray, and felt its mighty power thrill my soul. Niagara's voice is grand—but twenty times a season on our outside shore we have sea-scapes almost as grand as any in the world; and even here we may learn many things, if we but cultivate the ears that hear.

Here are strange-coloured rocks, and richest keel, in which lie bedded fossils of a former time; here grows our native shamrock, "rabbit clover" if you will, one of the stray oxalis plants that flourishes in shady nooks; here lichens fasten on dead trunks, or spread themselves amongst the moss; while down below the seething punch pours into a dark hole, beneath a grimy arch of mud stained-snow; to rise again in tainted springs down in the murky gorge beyond.

The fascination of the scene leaves me; I am sated, and remember that I must climb out again; for though I be sometimes a dreamer,—stern duties await me; I had a leisure hour; I enjoyed it heartily, but now I must to work again, —I must climb out, but how?

"*Facilis est descensus Averni.*"

but it is a different matter when one would leave the bowl; down showered rain and muddy snow to baffle every effort, dead branches broke at touch, my footing slipped; I thought of dripping caverns down below, where punch in puncheons surged beneath the snow; then, bending to my toil, I raised myself, grimy and soaked, like gorgon from the pit, until above I breathed free air again, and found the silence sweeter than before, since new arriving songsters tuned their voice to swell their cheerful morning song "Rejoice."

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

NOTE.—The Devil's Punch-bowl received its name from a tradition related to me with fullest detail by the late William

Hawkins. His father, John Hawkins, was hauling a puncheon of rum from Charlottetown to Darnley, by the Old Malpeque Road. It was before the days of "wheeled carriages," and Mr. Hawkins had the precious liquid lashed to the two drag-poles which were attached by a sort of collar to the horse's neck.

Imagine him, painfully dragging his load along over stumps and cradle-hills, past the seven-mile-house, ten-mile hill, Hazel Grove, and on until when he came to the turn in the road just above the Punch-bowl; here the lower drag-pole slipped into the hole, and, breaking away from its lashings, the puncheon of rum tumbled down the sheer precipice, crashing through the thick undergrowth, until it lay far down in the depths below. There are various traditions, but Mr. H. assured me that he often heard his father tell how he "swamped" a road around to the defile, and, taking his horse into the depths, loaded the unbroken hogshead single-handed, and went on his way to Darnley.

Evidently a council of demons had decreed that the stuff would accomplish its mission more directly if trucked to its destination than if poured out amongst the slime and creepy things of the horrible pit. Who shall say that Hawkins toiled unaided when he raised that ten-men's-load, and bound it to its place a century ago?

J. S. C.

The Pacific Cable.

"MAKE a chain!" our scattered peoples
Chorus forth the grand decree,
"Brother will have speech with brother
Space and time must vanquished be.

Far off from the parent rooftree
Are our hearths and altars set,
Oceans roll and rave between us
But our hearts are English yet.

Where the conquering Hindoo Mogul
Once in savage splendor sate;
Where Vancouver's hoary Lions
Guard the Occidental Gate;

Where the berg 'mid awful silence,
Crashes down the lone defiles;
Where the sun-kissed Austral Ocean
Laps its million palmy isles;

Hearts remember, hearts are British
Kindled at that same first flame—
Longer than the Planet's girdle,
Are the chains of race and name.

We have part with all the heroes
Who for England dared their doom;
From the brave and gentle Alfred
Down to Gordon of Khartoum;

Part in all the classic treasures
England's genius sang and wrote,
From the quaint, sweet verse of Chaucer,
Down to Kipling's triumph note.

Part in that all - golden harvest
When, in days whose dawn we see,
Equity the new Evangel
Sets the toiling millions free.

Clang the bells! and boom the cannon,
Flash this message round the earth:—
"Chivalry hath not yet perished,
Change hath wrought her grander birth—
Work and Workship, Right and Reason.
Sheathe the sword and wield the pen."
Hark! the trembling wire sings "Glory:
Peace on Earth goodwill to men."

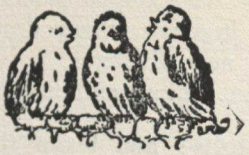
Not the pyramids of Egypt,
Relics of a race sublime;
Not the ancient tomes that treasure
All the chronicles of time;

Not the power of the Roman,
Not the glory of the Greek,
Can to earth and after ages
Such potential watch-words speak.

We the heirs of age-long effort
Hold in trust a grand bequest,
In our seed must every nation,
Of the waiting earth be blest.

On far fields our paths dissever
But our clan call yet will be
"Foward where the Day star beameth
On the glories yet to be."

WEBSTER ROGERS.



Harbingers of Spring.

WHEN the ice becomes stale; when we have had enough Winter; when comes that period of the year in which we feel impatient and a lot of our time is spent in growling about the weather, and in dodging "La Grippe" by means of quinine and other medicines now prohibited; then it is that man's morbid mind is saved from misanthropy by the appearing of the harbingers of Spring.

There is something poetic about the phrase. At least the writer thinks so, but that is probably because the word harbinger was learned in an early schoolday, when failure to tell the master its meaning resulted in an electric shock transmitting it, by means of a cane, from my finger tips along a tingling line of communication that communicated with my brain. Nowadays, being grown middle-aged, and reflective, I find pleasure in marking the coming of the season's heralds.

I do believe that even the most unreflective mortals are stirred by the signs of Spring's approach. A man need not be a modern Nature-student in order to bring his sensibilities into accord with Nature.

To prove the truth of this last sentence, just consider how the 'honk, honk' of the wild-goose operates upon the men of your acquaintance. It reminds some that they are run down after their Winter's work, and that they will surely be victims of La Grippe if they do not have a holiday. Forthwith they excuse themselves from their business,

and with a gooseboat and a bag of ammunition—among which is usually included a Canadian Club or a House of Lords, they travel to Cascumpec or to St. Peter's Island. There they spend hours, crawling over wet ice or lying hidden in cold corners, waiting for the wary wild-goose and using their Canadian Club to keep off La Grippe. Most wild-goose hunters succeed in catching La Grippe and losing the goose. Some get a goose or two and escape La Grippe. Some escape both ; some catch both. Hunting the wild-goose (after this manner, more or less,) has been practised from such early days that the phrase has become a recognized English proverb. My private opinion is that Spring shooters deserve to catch La Grippe, and catch it so well that they will ever after go shooting only in the Autumn—after the birds have reared their young.

Another sign of Spring in our Island is the lobster fisherman. When you notice upon the roads sleighs loaded high with affairs made of laths and not unlike, in shape, the bustles affected by the ladies a decade ago, you may be sure that the ice is beginning to loose its hold on our shores. These bustle-shaped structures are lobster-traps, and are cunningly contrived so that the lobster who hustles into one of them in quest of a mummified decoy—in the form of an ancient salt-herring—finds it incumbent on him to remain. He cannot "lobster" once he enters in. There is no backing-out, even for him, and his subsequent history is of travel encased in a tin can, hermetically sealed.

There are other indications—infallible signs that occur year after year—and which afford material for natural history students. Let us in the short space left at our disposal consider one or two of these.

Down in the mud at the bottom of the ponds, where they have spent the Winter beneath the curtain of ice, sleeping as soundly as the servant-girl when the seven o'clock horn is blowing, the frog is beginning to stretch his

legs and rub his eyes. Late last Autumn he wriggled down into the ooze, and went to sleep; nor stirred, I warrant you, until the ice above him broke and melted, and the sunlight began to pierce through to his bed. But, in a day or two, Brer Frog "limbers up" and gets to work. If you visit his dwelling-place about this time—and he may be found in almost every pond and stream, you will hear a solitary, melancholy croak at intervals. If you should show yourself the croaking will suddenly cease. Day by day more frogs join the philharmonic circle, until the noise can be heard afar off. If, later on, you visit the pond, you will be almost sure to see about its margin, lumps of jelly-like substance, almost transparent, in which are deposited numbers of eggs. This is the frog-spawn, and from the eggs the tadpoles eventually emerge after having been hatched out by the heat of the sun, the time varying from four to eight weeks according to temperature. These little tadpoles wriggle through an interesting period of evolution, and if they survive the affectionate attentions of their grown-up relations—who will be very fond of them, for dinner—to say nothing of other enemies who like tadpoles on the bill-of-fare, they at last reach the frog stage of their existence, when they take front seats in the aquatic choir, which by this time makes endless melody by day and night.

Until he is old enough to vote, the young frog has to content himself with whistling among the sopranos of his concert company, but upon arriving at majority he changes his juvenile pipe for a rotund, vibrant croak, and thereafter takes his place among the bassoons of the orchestra.

Then there are the feathered "songsters of the grove," the birds whose notes betray their identity. Among the first arrivals is the song-sparrow, a cheerful little bachelor, who may be seen usually near the top of a tree, trilling his little melody and waiting for a mate to yield to its charm. He is a companionable little fellow, and his liquid notes

make a welcome variation to the strident chatter of the common sparrows, which like the poor, are with us always. Behold, also, Robin Redbreast and wife now appear,—he with his waistcoat bright and burnished, and she intent on family cares—to look over last years nest and add thereto after making sure that it will not have to be rebuilt. Robins take life quietly for a day or two after arrival—probably are tired—but soon are in a whirl of work building the nest. During the period of incubation Mr. Robin will be heard singing from morning until evening, as he sits perched in some tree near his mate. This comparatively pleasant condition of affairs gives place to a busier season, when from the eggs come forth the youngsters,—with oh! such gaping mouths, that are ever open for meals at all hours. Then Redbreast and his wife have to "fly around" and catch the early worm, which then becomes a "late" worm, besides a vast number of other grubs and insects. There is no such modern convenience for Mr and Mrs Robin as telephoning to the grocer. They literally have to "work hard for their *grub*."

J. A. M.

The First Families of Canada—Continued.

THE Indians of the American continent have three distinct forms of speech ; spoken, written and sign language. The languages and dialects are numerous, nearly 1300, differing according to the tribes. The sign language is universally employed by the Red-man, and such is its adaption to the needs of this people that, though ignorant of the spoken languages of their respective tribes, they can by means of signs, converse intelligently together.

Some mode of communication was necessary, however, for conveying thoughts to people at a distance. This was done by means of messengers, bearing wampum-belts, which spoke the thoughts of their fellows. Written communications were also necessary, and the Red-man employed what is called "picture-writing." The language of colour was very significant, and helped to express ideas. Picture-writing is the lowest stage of writing in use amongst men. An Indian desirous of writing "Black Snake," the name of a once-famous Micmac chief, would draw the head of a man, a rock upon which a snake is coiled. and this reptile would be painted black.

A nomadic people never adopt a foreign language. The Micmacs of the present day speak substantially the same language which their forefathers spoke when they first landed in America. The spoken language of the Micmac is very remarkable. One would think it must be exceedingly barren, limited in inflection. and crude, but just the opposite is the fact. It is so musical and refined, its copiousness and its expressiveness lead us to the belief that they had long been a civilized and thinking race. Like all languages during the early stage of their development, it is

agglutinative in form, and like Indian languages in general, the entire language becomes a language of verbs. The full conjugation of one Micmac verb would fill quite a large volume. Differences of pronunciation are manifest among the tribe using the language, induced no doubt by separation, the influences of religion, population and local surroundings.

There are fewer elementary sounds in use, and consequently few letters are needed to give expression to them. Sexual gender is not denoted, but instead there are two forms employed, namely, animate and inanimate, referring to things with and without life. There is no article in Micmac. The verb "to be" is irregular, and is never used for the purpose of connecting a subject with its predicate. They have a dual number like the Greek. There are some words in the language like the Greek, and more like the Basque; (in 1523 the Basques had a fishing station on the Island, and in the records of the fleet for that year, it is stated that the fishermen had no difficulty in understanding the natives; many words being so like their own). There are also some words evidently derived from the English and the French.

The whole of the New Testament has been translated and printed in Micmac, with several books of the Old. The Gospel of John, and some religious tracts, have been published in the Maliseet language; tracts, catechisms and hymns have also been prepared in the Micmac. A dictionary of Micmac and English, containing nearly 30,000 words, is about completed. If I am not mistaken mostly all the translations are by the late Rev. Silas T. Rand, D.D., who for forty years or more was a faithful missionary among the Indians of these Provinces. The Dictionary has been compiled and prepared by Jeremiah S. Clark, B.A., the biographer of Rand, and an earnest student of Indian life and customs, whose articles on the mythology of the Micmac, and kindred topics, have called forth praise from all of the readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.

The Indians are a religious people; undoubted evidence of which is seen in the elaborate religious systems existing among them. In their ideas of religion the various tribes differ but little from each other, and with scarcely an exception they are without images. The devotional spirit is manifested daily in their customs and in all the routine of life. Many of their traditions are of a religious character and the mythology is moulded by their ideas of the spiritual world. They believed in a great spirit, who may or may not be the creator, the author of good; and also in an evil spirit, the author of evil.

The Indians of Canada call the Great Spirit Manitou or Menedu. The Micmacs have several names for God; they call him Nixham, which intimates that they are his offspring—Nixhamick meaning a grandfather or progenitor. Another word used is Nesulk, which is the form of the verb *kesuda* (to create), and literally means "He makes us." "Our Maker," says Rand, is the correct translation. Mendu is the Micmac word for devil. Besides the Great Manitou they believed in lesser spirits, and secondary creators; these reside in mists and storms, in the rapids of rivers, and in the strange things resulting in the freaks of Nature. A peculiarly shaped stone, contorted tree, or a lonely cave are recognized as the stopping-places of the spirits, (vide the "Legend of the Fair Miniato.")* Creation and providence are prominent doctrines in the theological system of the Micmac; the latter is to them a powerful reality.

Close examination makes it evident that the primitive Indian's idea of a Supreme Being was a conception no higher than might have been expected. The moment that he began to contemplate this object of his faith, and sought to clothe it with attributes, it became finite and commonly ridiculous. In the Red-man's conception of a God the idea of moral good has no part. The primitive Indian believed in the

*P. E. I. Magazine, February, 1901.

immortality of the soul, but he did not always believe in a state of future reward and punishment. The belief respecting the land of souls varied in different tribes and individuals. Among the Micmacs there were those who held that departed spirits pursued their journey through the sky, along the "milky way," while the spirits of animals went by the route of certain constellations, known as the "Way of the Dogs."

The early Micmac had his personal guardian Manitou, to whom he looked for counsel and protection. These spiritual allies were gained by the following process: In early youth he blackens his face and retires to some solitary place, and remains for days without food. His sleep is haunted by visions, and the form which first appears is that of his guardian manitou. An eagle or a bear is the vision of a destined warrior; a wolf of a successful hunter; while a serpent proclaims a medicine-man.

The North American Indian in general believed in necromancy. Booowin was the Micmac word for wizard. It was owing to this belief that their pow-wows, or medicine-men were formerly able to exercise so much influence over the others. The Micmacs now believe that *mundu abajunumuje* (the devil) helped these medicine men; but he has no doubts of the reality of their powers. The devil, they will assure you, is very strong. The ancient boooin could fly through the air, go down through the earth, remain under the water as long as he chose, and change himself into any animal he desired.

Some of the medicine-men possessed marked ability; they had a good knowledge of the human system, having a very fair list of remedies, some of which were excellent, judging from the effects produced; and performed by the aid of their herbs some wonderful cures. The power of the will, the magnetic influence, has been such, that even the conjurations of the medicine-men have been at times pro-

ductive of much good. Their knowledge of poisons, which in some instances is quite extensive, and the power possessed by them of inflicting injury to persons in the camps, make them feared by the people. They believed that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and took good care that they were well paid for their services. The redman would take the last garment he had and give it to the medicine man, as they dread his anger. So strongly attached are the Indians to all their native ceremonials, and especially to the rites of the medical priesthood, that it is very difficult for them to give them up. The last custom rejected by the civilized indian is his appeal for assistance to the medicine-man in his hours of pain and grief.

J. EDWARD RENDLE

To be continued

Ancient Abegweit; or Something New

By Tom A. Hawke

"WHERE the gentle Micmac roamed,
And the great St. Lawrence foamed,
In the days of long gone by—
When it wasn't P. E. I.
Where the fishers came for cod,
Where the settlers turned the sod,
Sent it up, clod after clod,
'Mid the stumps:
There some warriors still are homed—
Chilblained feet and hair uncombed,
War dance done away with now,
Tomahawk, and big pow-wow.
Gentle reader—overfed—
Don't forget the hungry Red

With his language almost dead
P'raps from Mumps."

—From a boquet of "Forgotten Poems." Reward offered for the scalp of the Poet.

[Following the example of eminent historians who have not told me how they do it I close my eyes and conjure up the scene of this veracious history of Abegweit. I apologize for my lack of originality, but in doing so do not intend to waste valuable time over the matter. Writers of historical works fritter away good time and also waste much valuable paper in a half-hearted sort of endeavor to apologize for their nerve in turning their work loose upon an unprepared public. The writer of the present work does not intend to lose valuable or any other kind of time asking people whom he is not acquainted with to forgive him for he knows they might not forgive him if he did know them and he isn't particular about the forgiving part of the business anyway. But enough has been said. I will now take off my coat and get to work.]

CHAPTER I.

FAR out in the midst of the Atlantic, sometime near the middle of the sixteenth century an intrepid sailor of St. Malo (they are always intrepid), was having his first experience of Newfoundland fog. (Later on he had his first experience of a Newfoundland dog—when short of provisions.) This bold sailor wore the picturesque name Jacques Cartier, pronounced by some people, (mostly French), Szhack Cart-e-a; and by ordinary English folks, Jakewis Cart-ier. You may take your choice but to save time, we will call him Jake Carter, as that is good enough for all ordinary everyday purposes. On Sundays, however, perhaps it would be just as well to pronounce it the other way.

I do not intend to take up much space in dealing with the period in which Commodore Carter and his brave crew lay enveloped in that fog, but would say that the Commodore took things easy,—not even blowing a fog whistle to warn off any ocean liners that might happen to come along.

People might suppose that in neglecting such an important function as this the Commodore showed a reckless spirit, and should have been deprived of his Master's Certificate. But the Allan and White Star Liners did not sail on any sort of a regular schedule in those days, so Jake did not worry. He simply stood on the deck, stuck a pin in the mast and whistled for a breeze that would enable him to run down the fog and do it no end of damage. Thus he filled in his time during these few uneventful days and when not otherwise engaged.

The fog lasted for about three days, during which Jake succeeded in filling some few empty Bass's ale bottles with the elusive vapor, which he intended taking back with him to France for scientific analysis. Then the fog lifted and raised the spirits of Jake's men to such a pitch that some more spirits had to be put down to counteract any strange effects that the sudden change might produce.

Land was sighted soon after. This we are told was the Bird Rocks, which Jake described as being " steepe and upright as any wall." Of course he did not mean a tottering wall—or a wall that the boys had been celebrating Hallow E'en with. He meant a wall that had always been used to leading a straight and upright life. I mention this fact as a hint to my readers that they might do worse than follow the example of the wall which brave old Jake referred to.

Jake stayed at Bird Rock long enough to lay in a goodly supply of fresh eggs. Not having cold storage on board, his previous supply had succumbed to the appetites of the crew many moons before. But now his jolly tars were happy again and the thought of roast chicken and custard pie made them forget their troubles.

We are told that at Bird Island Jake saw many bears, which were in the habit of coming over from the mainland in search of birds. One of these bears, he said, was: "as

great as any cowe, and as white as any swan." This bear we are further informed was chased by Carter in his ships and could swim as swiftly as they could sail. Notwithstanding this last fact Carter overtook the bear. This leaves us with the impression that the bear must have become exhausted. If not, how could the ships overtake the bear when they were both going at the same number of knots per hour? But the commodore in his journal does not event hint at exhaustion. The chances are that in dictating to his stenographer he may have forgotten this point or perhaps after all he may not have stuck to the "bear" facts.

We next find Carter coming down the Straits of Belle Isle. Here he laid in a supply of ice (counting on warm weather in Baie des Chaleur). The words of the first mate as given in a certain ancient document, in my exclusive possion, enlightens us at this point:—

"We cannot do bettyre than laye in a goodlye supplie of yce at ye place where we now are, for if not ye sharks at ye citye̊s and townes farther down ye coast will soake us like funne."

From the same document we learn that the ice had all to be thrown overboard afterwards on account of being so highly saturated with salt. But this did not daunt the gallant mariner—not one whit; "live and learn," he exclaimed, when told of the mistake. There is a great lesson for all of us in this phrase, but how many will profit by it?

Precious few I am afraid.

To be Continued.

We Hold a Vaster Empire Than Has Been.

By WILL S. LOUSON.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!"

WHETHER born in far-off Australia, Africa, Asia, the Mother Country, or her many Islands of the Seas, all the British subjects will rejoice at Canada's great prosperity.

Thousands upon thousands from all countries, and from the United States, are settling in our great North-west Provinces. Every portion of our vast Dominion is prosperous and we Canadians are proud of forming part of Great Britain. The past history of British North America, taking up all its varied phases and conditions would fill a large Carnegie Library.

In this article we propose having a chat upon some of the stamps of British North America that have made history, and to relate some personal experiences that may prove interesting to the readers

of this magazine. What I do not know about stamps,— dates of issue, perforations, water marks, cancellation marks, original gums, quality ofpaper,'provisionals. etc., etc., etc., etc., — would fill, I fancy, about seven books the size of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

Dr. Burgess, resident physician of the Hospital for the Insane, Montreal, stated on two occasions, upon visiting patients there, that the more hobbies people had the better for them. The changes and chances of this mortal life are apt to unhinge some people unless they have some hobby to divert the mind from business or family cares.

I fancy I hear a reader say, what on earth do some people see in collecting many stamps. I can understand collecting coins, in being fond of music, of books, of pictures, china, old furniture, brass, door knockers, candle sticks, fire irons, grandfather's clocks, spinning wheels, pieces of stone nicked off celebrated monuments, drinking fountains and tomb stones, but this fad of collecting little pieces of coloured paper and paying good money for them is beyond my comprehension.. To any readers who may think in this way let me say: There are 20,000 stamp collectors in our Dominion 300,000 in the United States and over half a million in Europe.

Speaking in a general way stamp collecting commences at school and should be encouraged. The hobby acts as an educator and boys and girls are more interested in history, in geography and in the natural resources of the countries represented by the stamps in their collections. How some of us look back to these days, that are no more. How we

remember the three pence, three-cornered Newfoundland, the five cent Canada beaver, the three-cornered Cape Good Hope, the swans of Western Australia.

If we only had these first collections now, how we would prize them.

The second conversion to the stamp hobby is of a more serious nature; takes a person between the ages of twenty and thirty, and comes to stay. As far as my knowledge goes, I have found stamp collectors to be people of culture and refinement, and it is always a real pleasure to compare notes and relate experiences. It is said that the largest general collection of stamps in the world is one held in Paris and owned by Phillipe la Renotiere. The collection is estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of one million dollars. The British Museum has a valuable collection of stamps, presented by the Hon. T. K. Tapling, and worth probably over half a million dollars. There are hundreds of other private collections of postage stamps in the United States, Great Britain and Europe, the values of each running into many thousands of dollars.

The list on page 81 clipped from a recent stamp weekly, will be read with interest.

To those not interested in stamps the information will act as a surprise. How is it possible that some people will pay such prices for little pieces of colored paper, not over an inch square. It is pleasing to notice that in the list of one hundred valuable stamps, as given, that British North America is well represented, and that half of the entire lot of stamps selected are British or British Colonials. We form a vaster empire than has been: as British subjects are we proud of our inheritance?

Just think of it! one hundred stamps being worth over $15,000, or averaging $150 each.

These figures need not disturb a lover of Philately: col-

lect in the way that gives you the greatest pleasure. Between fifteen and twenty years ago I became interested in stamps for the second time. In my collecting I made up my mind to interest myself in British stamps, and more especially British North America. The stamps of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland go together to form some of the most valuable stamps of the world.

The reason for this is not hard to find. The earlier issues more especially, owing to the small population of these provinces, were not large issues, neither were they very often used in comparison with other countries.

I have always had a weakness for possessing the stamps of these provinces upon the original envelope or cover as it is called.

For example : the stamps of our far West British Columbia, and Vancouver Island, generally speaking, had alongside of their own stamps those of the United States. This had to be done in those days for there was no C. P. R. then, and the mails went down by steamer to San Francisco through Uncle Sam's Territory and back again into Canada. Several years ago I had the great pleasure of seeing a rare collection of original envelopes in Toronto; it was rich in experiences, as stated above. I had the chance of buying (I think it was) a 5c. rose, of 1865, on the original envelope for $100.00. Not having the money handy, I allowed the bargain to pass. I may be bold in making this assertion, but I honestly believe

that the earlier issues of British North America stamps on original covers, nicely post marked, and having the

dates when posted and received stamped on the envelope are worth 50 per cent more, to those fond of stamps and history.

When such things as half-stamps and quarter-stamps are used provisonallv, these conditions are absolutely necessary--to have them on original envelope otherwise they are useless. I shall never quite forget meeting a stamp collector in one of the smaller places of Prince Edward Island. A few weeks previous to my seeing him, he had soaked a number of cut stamp provisionals off the original envelopes, and was trying to make whole stamps out of them ! Right here it may prove interesting to remark that Capt. A. A. Bartlett of Charlottetown, P. E. I. recently sold a quarter shilling Nova Scotia provisional on the original envelope beautifully cancelled, half on stamp and half on envelope, for $400.00.

Capt. Bartlett has a superb general collection of stamps, used and unused, also original covers, which is valued at $20,000.00.

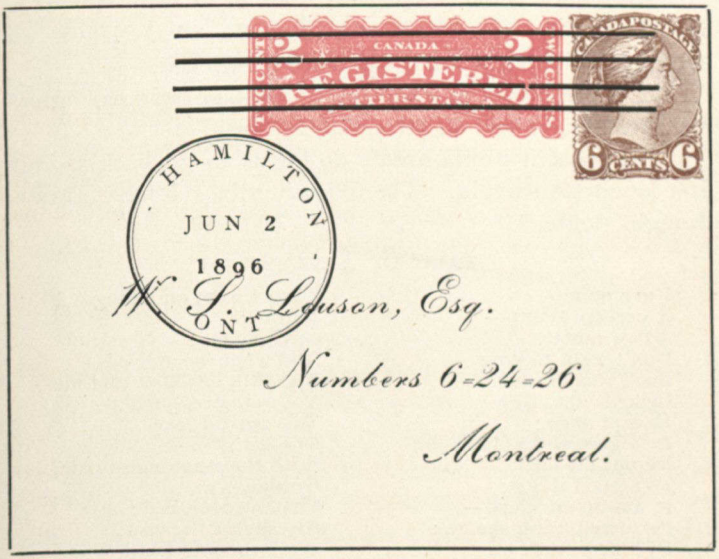
I will tell you a stamp I would like to possess on the the original envelope,—5c. New Brunswick "Connell," a cut of which you will notice among the other stamps herewith accompanying this article.

The nearest approach I ever got to this was an envelope addressed to him at Woodstock, N. B., but, alas ! without his photograph. These stamps were very quickly suppressed, and very few I understand were cancelled going through in the usual way.

Should any of the readers of this magazine run across half dozen of these Connell stamps, house cleaning or otherwise drop me a line. But please be sure before you write, as so many people imagine when they strike a bunch of old letters with stamps on, that there are millions in it. There are stamps and stamps, like everythiug else in the world.

One of the most valuable stamps of Canada is the

twelve pence black of 1851. ¶ Just think of it. I had it in my hand an original envelope with one of these stamps nicely cancelled, that had done service in the early days of our country. This stamp in this condition cannot be estimated in cool dollars and cents. The gentleman who showed it to me is quiet and modest. His collection is estimated to be worth between seventy and eighty thousand dollars, and is the largest and richest in British North



America, of any in our Dominion. He resides in Montreal, and there are other collectors there whose collections run into many thousands of dollars. Before leaving the subject of original envelopes let me try and describe to you the most original of my collection. The circumstance happened many years ago, and I was then employed with one of the largest wholesale houses in Canada. Writing to a Christian farmer in Western Canada, upon the printed bill head of the firm I

was with, I wrote asking a donation for a charitable cause. At the bottom of my letter I placed beneath my name a quotation of scripture thus, Numbers 6-24 to 26. About ten days after sending the letter I got a reply, which I here, on page 73, reproduce from memory.

Although there are thousands upon thousands of people in Montreal, this original envelope, with five dollars, and a kind letter therein reached me without any trouble.

No money could purchase this envelope from me. It is sacred to a departed friend, rich in good works, Have you ever noticed the scriptural reference mentioned.

Everything about a post office, postage stamps, letters etc., has always had an attraction for me.

I suppose it would hardly do for us to go back to our first love letters again. The following lines I have always thought "cute."

TALE OF A STAMP

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two center.
Don't want to brag
But I was never
Licked
Except once;
By a gentleman, too;
He put me on
To a good thing;
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink square;
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk,
More's the pity
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer,
It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days;
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
With the stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked;
Say she's a dream!
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin:
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully!
I would be stuck
On her if I could.
Well, she placed

The writing back
In the pink envelope,
Then she kissed me.
O, you little godlets
Her lips were ripe
As cherries.
And warm
As the summer sun,
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom ;
We can hear
Her heart throb,
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me
O, say,
This is great !
I'm glad
I'm a stamp—
A two-ceuter

In this wonderful age of invention and progress, we must not lose sight of the fact that the 2c postage system is one of the greatest blessings of our higher civilization.

The postage stamps of Canada together with the bill stamps, law stamps, weights and measures and revenue stamps, are as a whole exceedingly beautiful, varied in design and color.

I have always had a weakness for the 17c Jacques Cartier stamps of 1859 to 1864, the 7½ pence green, of 1857, the 6 pence of 1851, the 5c, Beaver of 1859, and the 6c of 1868.

I have always thought, the 5c olive green, of 1877, under-catalogued in price for both used and unused varieties. The 2c stamped envelope of 1895 is of beautiful design.

The Jubilee issue of 1897 and of which is shown a speciment on page 71 fails me to describe. The engraving, the design, and the idea, go to make up one of the most beautiful stamps ever printed in this or any other country of the world.

Having travelled for fifteen years, more or less, in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, it is natural to suppose I have had some amusing experiences in picking up stamps. I will not weary the reader with many of these—one or two from each province, as I introduce the stamps, will suffice.

Boys are fond of trains and steamboats on stamps,

therefore they like the 1c New Brunswick, and 12½c blue of 1860 issue. I have already mentioned the 5c Connel Stamp, the post-master who wanted to have his photograph take the place of the Queen's. The 17c black of 1860, see cut, is a photo of our present King Edward, when he visited Canada in 1860, as Prince of Wales. The one shilling New Brunswick is a hard stamp to pick up cheap. It is similar in design to the three pence stamp, a cut of which accompanies this article. I shall never forget the beautiful morning in summer, on the St. John River, that I took a team and drove out to see a person who had one of these shilling stamps. He was a gentleman evidently from England, for in his scantily furnished home there were books and medals and stamps. The house was papered with ordinary newspapers, but everything was scrupulously clean. I heard afterwards that this gentleman was an author. I offered him $40.00 for a beautiful copy of the violet, one shilling, New Brunswick. He took my name and address down and had the courtesy to write me months afterward and tell me he had sold the stamp for $90.00 to a party in England. I heard once of a six-pence, New Bruswick, similar design as the three pence, being in the country near Woodstock. It was reported as unused and original gum. I sent a party after it, who reported having seen it crushed and creased. The maiden lady who had it thought it so valuable that she slept with it under her pillow. She may have been *well posted* in other things, but not in the knowledge of taking care of valuable

stamps. To those who love collecting, the stamps of Nova Scotia generally appeal strongly. Herewith are three illustrations of their beauty. Perhaps the sight of these may induce you to begin collecting,—who knows? The best of these stamps that I have ever seen is held by a Mr. Craig, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. This gentleman also had a magnificent collection of shades and varieties of West India Island Stamps. I have picked up some good stamps of this Province in Bridgetown, Shelburne, Lockeport, Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Sydney, etc.

A gentleman once volunteered to take me to visit some old residents, near one of the places above mentioned. He said that they had lots of rare stamps, and that was enough to make me interested. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the only caution given me was to not appear too anxious to see the stamps, but to be interested in all that was said and done. I was shown old spinning wheels, old brass candle sticks, feather mattrasses, and other family relics dating from away back. I bore it all patiently, seemingly interested. At last this amiable lady—a spinster who had seen many summers—said: "Would you like to see my stamps?" I said; "Oh, yes indeed, if not too much trouble," my heart in the meantime beating a rat-tat, like a door-knocker inside my vest. Imagine my surpise, my consternation, my horror, and my sorrow when this lady brought forth to view a lot of rare Provincial stamps, glued to cardboard, cut in many ways to fit into certain designs, — the whole work of art being completed with a coat of varnish and then framed. Scissors, and glue, and varnish have their places of usefulness

in the world, but very few stamp collectors use these things in the way this maiden lady did, to protect and save their treasures. The one penny Nova Scotia, see cut, is a majestic stamp and seeing copies on original envelopes, that have seen service seems to add dignity to its beauty.

Generally speaking the stamps of Prince Edward Island that are the most valuable are those that have been used, or

have seen service. The 4½ pence, brown, is a very beautiful stamp. I have never been able to get one of these upon the original envelope, and would like to possess one in this way. The large perforation 6d, green of 1861, used or unused is a good stamp. Judging from the trouble I have had in seeing and securing copies I would say the catalogue price is too low. The 4d, the 2c, 4c and 12c are rare stamps to get on original envelopes used. Years ago I have secured good Island stamps, at Georgetown, Montague, Souris, Charlottetown, North River, Malpeque, Summerside, Alberton, etc.

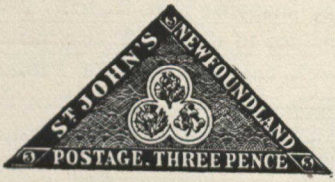
One experience at least will interest some of the readers of this article.

In my pursuit for business, one evening, I incidentally heard of a family who were likely to have some old Island stamps. I called and the lady gladdened my heart by showing me a large bunch of original envelopes with the stamps thereon, just as I wanted them. As the lady was going out to spend the evening she kindly gave me three or

four of these envelopes, saying if I would call before noon on the following day she would have a lot gathered together for me. I stated I would be pleased to give her a fair amount for any I received, to which she replied "Oh not at all, you are welcome to as many as you want." Reader can you imagine my suspense that night. I went back to the hotel but it was not to sleep. There must have been something wrong with the mattrass, for I tossed to and fro, got up and bathed my head, went back again and pictured to myself all the hours of that never-to-be-forgotten night the rare stamps I was to get on the following morning. I said to myself that women, anyway, were far more unselfish than men; were generous, were noble, were everything beautiful. It is really wonderful how a kind act reflects credit upon the human race. After the longest night comes the dawn. My ardour was not dampened a whit, although the morning settled down to a steady rain. I I called about noon, at the same house, and saw the same lady, but alas my most sanguine hopes were soon dashed to the ground. In very few words I was informed that several of the relations had had a consultation and had decided not to part with any of the stamps whatever. I was requested to hand over the three envelopes given me the evening previous. To this request I gracefully complied. The lady then burst into tears, and stated she could not part with any of the old Island stamps because they were valuable, and besides that she would not part with any of her father's correspondence for all the world. This experience happened over ten years ago. I have never had the courage or the heart to go back to that home, to find out if any other stamp fiend got the stamps, or whether he had to win the hand of the daughter before securing the father's valuable correspondence. The one hundred thousand or more people that live on Prince Edward Island are very

loyal to Britain, and their kind hearts are larger than their beautiful province by the sea.

Let me now take you in imagination to that grand old colony—Newfoundland. Every boy that likes stamps



loves collecting Newfoundland stamps, and there are others also. If you do not possess an assortment of her postage, take up an up-to-date illustrated catalogue of stamps, and notice the endless variety of subjects the different issues include. We have Newfoundland dogs, seals, fishes, birds, flowers, and deer. We notice sailing ships, capes, icebergs, boating scenes, mining scenes and woodland views. Here you will notice a picture of Cabot, who discovered the Island, and there a view of his ship, the Matthew, leaving the Avon. But, if for nothing else, all British subjects should love Newfoundland stamps for one reason, if for no other; this being the liberal way she has given to the world,

beautifully engraved photographs our of Royal Family. Take for example the present issue now in use, which by the

way stands unique, throughout the entire British possessions. The 1 cent, green, gives us an excellent picture of the good Queen Victoria. In a few days, as loyal citizens, we will celebrate Victoria day, in many cities and in many lands. We shall not forget her noble reign, her beautiful life, her motherly interest in us all. Hundreds of wreaths aud flowers will be laid beside the many monuments and statues raised to the memory of a world-loved sovereign. Let us hope, in view of our anticpated new issue of Dominion stamps, that one denomination may be retained to bear the familiar picture of our late Queen Victoria.

The hundred different stamps from one hundred different countries that won the gold medals at Chicago for Henry J. Crocker, of San Francisco :—

1	6d brown. N S W,	1	$ 140 00	18	5c gr. Uniontown	141	700 00
2	12d black, Canada	2	600 00	19	20c bl. St Louis	22	2000 00
3	1sh mauve F. Scotia	6	386 00	20	4-4 red Mec'k Sch.	4	90 00
4	1sh violet N B'nswk	4	400 00	31	3kr red pf 13 Baden	18	35 00
5	1£ Great Britain	92	600 00	22	½n.g. error Saxony	4	400 00
6	1sh gr'n Mauritius	23	225 00	23	2m or. W'm'burg	62	45 00
7	6d gr'n Trinidad	41	100 00	23	20 0. error Sweden	33	100 00
8	2d error W Austl'a	31	125 00	25	dbl Geneva Switz'd	2	140 00
6	4d blue St Chris'phr	12	30 00	26	8 sk Norway	5	9 00
10	5c red B Columbia	2	350 00	27	5sgr green Bremen	8	15 00
11	4d rose Ceylon	5	1200 00	28	½tor. blue 2 Sicilys	8	375 00
12	1sh ver. Nfld	9	350 00	29	4d roul & perf S Aus	31	200 00
—	6½d orange N'fld	23	650 00	30	6d perf 15 Virgin Is	16	35 00
13	81d blue Moldavia	4	1250 00	31	1 sh gr. Gambia	11	15 00
14	4d blue Br. Guiana	41	92 00	32	25k violet Hurgary	6	18 00
15	15c black Reunion	1	350 00	33	5 centimes Alsace	93	100 00
16	1sgr yel'w B'nsw'k	15	50 00	34	3l. Tuscany	30	500 00
17	10 pesos Mexico	231	50 00	35	¼ sch Heligoland	7	45 00

36	½ peso rose, Peru	5	200 00		
37	£1 bl'k & blue BCA	40	35 00		
38	5sh rose Natal	56	25 00		
39	3 pesos Uruguay	112	7 00		
40	5c error Guatamela	25a	50 00		
41	6d green P E I	3	7 00		
42	1sh Fiji Islands	5	25 00		
43	5p gray Egypt	114	7 50		
44	5c violet, Cauca	2	300 00		
45	1d roul 8 Transvaal	27	80 00		
46	rose M'c'y Austria	103	400 00		
47	10 reis red P'gse Ind	2	15 00		
48	2 reals Spain	8	200 00		
49	1sh violet Turk's Is.	6	125 00		
50	5sh rose St Vincent	29	125 00		
51	1m violet Bavaria	44	75 00		
52	$5 inverted Liberia	19a	30 00		
53	12c Labuan	3	40 00		
54	5sh green Samoa	8	12 00		
55	6pi gray Cyprus(SG)	15	15 00		
56	1sh ver Tasmania(SG)	83	65 00		
57	1sh violet Queensland	18	30 00		
58	5sh yel paperV'toria	124	75 00		
59	1d brown, N Zealand	38	150 00		
60	10 br. & blue Russia	1	30 00		
61	10 m Finland	37	20 00		
62	10 h yel Servia(Kohl)	4	25 00		
63	200l Greece	23	25 00		
64	25c blue France	72	45 00		
65	2m violet Germany	36	10 00		
66	£5 Br Bechuanaland	---	60 00		
67	1sh C A Dominica	24	17 00		
68	2 annas India	15	20 00		
69	10 sen green Japan	27	15 00		
70	4d blue CA Montser't	9	40 00		
71	4d blue CA S Line	23	40 00		
72	12cand Shanghai	67	17 00		
73	100c black Bolivia	19	30 00		
74	20c br Fernando Poo	1	10 00		
75	10c de peso Ph'pine Is	69	25 00		
76	240 real Portugal	33	12 50		
77	20 sh Gold Coast	23	75 00		
78	10 sh Lagos	25	75 00		
79	5 sh C A, C G Hope	38	175 00		
80	6d violet Bahamas	35	35 00		
81	5 fr Congo	5	7 50		
82	5 fr Belgium	28	11 00		
83	20 pesos Argentine	88	45 00		
84	4d Barbadoes	4	50 00		
85	14c D West Indies	12	15 00		
86	6d blue St Helena	6	15 00		
87	5 fr Monaco	10	15 00		
88	6d violet Jamaica	5	10 00		
89	80c Porto Rico	89	15 00		
90	4c 12½ Hong Kong	21	200 00		
91	10 green Cuba	71	6 00		
92	1 sh perf 12½ Tonga	5	25 00		
93	6d gr Antigua		15 00		
94	6d Granada	4	35 00		
95	£5 Zululand	24	45 00		
96	1 sh gray Br Hond's	17	20 00		
97	1 sh or. br. St Lucia	32	27 50		
98	Malta	2	12 50		
99	1 sh yel.green,Nevis	11	100 00		
100	6d C A, Tobago	18	50 00		

The Newfoundland 2c. ,present issue, gives us a picture of H. M. King Edward, see cut. During his Majesty's serious illness of last Summer, and amid the trying events of the Coronation he won the hearts of all British subjects by his manliness and grace.

God save our Gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,

Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics ;
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign :
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

The 3c Newfoundland shows us an excellent picture of H. R. H. Queen Alexandra, a noble woman beloved by all British people. The 5c, and 4c stamps of Newfoundland, give us Photographs of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The ½c, a sweet little stamp, bears a picture of their little son, Prince Edward, who some day may become King of Britain and her colonies.

The Prince of Wales has been a collector for many years past, He possesses a very valuable collection, the most of which he has gathered together in his many visits to different paats of the Empire.

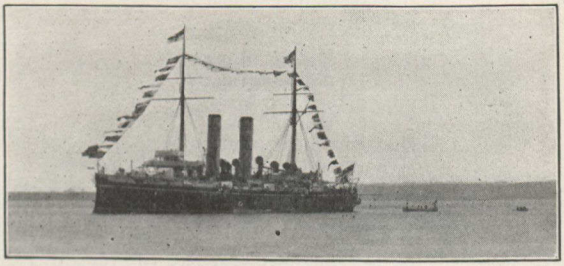
The scarlet and orange pence issues of Newfoundland stamps, many in unused and used varieties are rare, and generally command a high price.

I have always had a liking for the three-cornered 3d. 1857; the 5½d. 1857; and the 24c. blue Victoria of 1866. In the near future we hope to see Newfoundland, and her loyal people, forming part of our great Dominion of Canada. Where there is union, there is strength.

We notice a number of the different countries, provinces islands and sections over which Great Britain holds her sway, adopting the picture of H. R. H. King Edward upon their stamps. We believe this will interest many in the collecting of these little labels. Long may our Sovereign

reign to grace the stamps of every portion of our British Empire.

WE HOLD A VASTER EMPIRE THAN HAS BEEN



AND WHAT WE HAVE WE HOLD.

Publisher's Announcement.

THE table of contents for the May issue of this magazine will include "Methodism in Charlottetown," by Henry Smith, Esq. (the second article), illustrated by portraits of the trustees and ministers of the Old Methodist meeting house (and a likeness of that building) that was used prior to the erection of the present brick church; an illustrated description of the Pacific Cable, by Mr. Albert E. Morrison; an article on Ranching in the North-West, by Dr. J. T. Jenkins, with pictures of the country described.

The present series of articles on the Selkirk Settlers at Belfast, P. E. I. will be concluded, but the subject will, in following issues, be taken up by Judge Macdonald.

By no means least will be the continuation of Tom A. Hawke's narrative of Ancient Abegweit. There will be several other contributions, and the number will, we trust, be the most interesting as well as the best illustrated yet put out.

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

SHE stood on the high school platform
In her sweet white muslin dress,
From her essay a ribbon fluttered,
And it dealt with "Happiness."

"It is what we do for others,"
She said, "that must bring us bliss;
The highest delight the selfish
Can never fail to miss.

Just in giving there is gaining,
He who stops to count the cost
Loses all the good he might get
If the thought of self were lost."

And her mother heard the essay,
But her thoughts seemed bound to roam
From its subject: and she pondered,
For she'd seen the girl at home.

—*Somerville Journal.*

NEVER SUCH FIREWORKS BEFORE.

WORK has begun on the vast system of frameworks for the great fireworks display on the occasion of the World's Fair dedication ceremonies at St. Louis, on April 30th. Magnificent as have been former displays of fireworks at famous jubilees and celebrations in Europe and America, these programs will far surpass all former efforts. Some of the set pieces are nearly half a mile long and one hundred feet high. Many tons of explosives and chemical ingredients for producing the different colors of fire are necessary in the manufacture of these novel features. The balloons to be used in one feature of the display are so large as to require three days for their inflation. Expert aeronauts are in charge of this number on the long program. One central balloon, much larger than the rest, will discharge the initial volley from a position 1,000 feet from the ground and will be followed by salutes from fourteen other balloons rang-

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES. Cont'd

sixty years and better. Come on, you fellers! Hurrah, boys!" Seizing a blanket, he rushed once more in the front door. He was so wet from the bursting hose that we knew he couldn't burn, so we waited unmoved. However, the question of his return was becoming acute, when he came out with a great whoop, carrying something in the blanket. "There you are, you fellers!" he cried. "Some things can be done as well as some other things, as I heard Sam Patch say more'n once. Got a fine case of Jedge's champagne from the dining room. Consider the stuff a sin and a 'bumination, but it'll tickle the Jedge. Look a' that!" He threw off the blanket and displayed a half dozen round bottles of patent liquid fire extinguisher in a wire rack. Then he went right on making a nuisance of himself.—*Lippincott's.*

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds are black, the grass is low.
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep,
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see! a rainbow spans the sky,
The walls are damp, the ditches smell;
Closed the pink-eyed pimpernel,
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's nerves are on the rack,
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are seeming nigh,
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings:
The cricket, too, how sharp, he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
'Twill surely rain. I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off tomorrow.

Does Your Hat Suit Your Face?

It is not enough that your hat is stylish—that it is artistic and up to the minute. It must be all these—and more.

It must suit the face of the wearer—must blend with her individuality—must lend distinction to her costume.

That is the kind of millinery work we do here, and that is what has made this the greatest millinery store in the Province. If you've ever had millinery troubles, leave your next order with Miss [illegible] and your troubles are at an end. Millinery of distinction costs here less than ordinary millinery elsewhere.

Moore & McLeod

"The Millinery People"

UNION BLEND TEA

Harry W. de Forest

St. John, N. B.