

THE PRINCE EDWARD  
ISLAND MAGAZINE



APRIL, 1901

VOLUME 3

NO. 2

# THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

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**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long. The editor hopes that Prince Edward Islanders, at home and abroad, will look upon this Magazine as representative of their native Province, and will be sincerely grateful for any matter, suitable for these pages, that may be forwarded to him.

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

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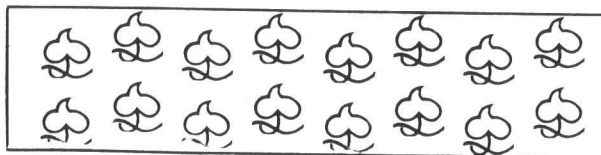
The circulation of this issue of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE is 1800 copies. Our circulation book may be seen by advertisers at any time.

The MAGAZINE is printed at its office, Richmond Street West, (two blocks and a half from Queen Street) Charlottetown. Telephone 189.

**The Prince Edward Island Magazine,**

Postoffice Box No. 71,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.



## An Organ Story

A young lady living not far from Charlottetown, decided to purchase an organ.

She got prices from several dealers, including ourselves, but considered them too high.

An ad., offering a good organ at a low figure, caught her eye.

She ordered it, paid her money, paid freight, cartage, etc., etc.

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She came to us and bought a new one—with our guarantee—and she has no more trouble.

**Moral: Buy Musical Instruments  
from Reliable Dealers**

# MILLER BROS.

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"The Reliable Music House"



## SPRING THINGS

Garden making requires Garden Tools  
and spring house cleaning and repairing  
makes other hardware necessary ❀ ❀ ❀

### Garden Things

Spades

Hoes

Rakes

Shovels

Trowels

Pruning Knives

House Things

Tacks

Hammers

Mops

Brooms

Nails

Paints

Brushes

# Dodd & Rogers

Charlottetown



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Water St., Ch

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## SATISFACTION



Everybody who has tried our Ice Cream pronounces it delicious. We don't much wonder at that, for it is manufactured from our Pasteurized Cream, the flavor of which is admittedly superior to ordinary cream. We have supplied several social gatherings already this spring and the parties interested express their entire satisfaction. We are prepared to deliver it, in good condition for serving up, till 1 o'clock at night. Keep a lookout for our delivery teams after the first of May; they will always have it **put up in 10, 20 and 40 cent packages.**

Special prices to Picnic Parties and Church Socials.

# J. C. McDonald

Pasteurized Milk Factory

Water St., Charlottetown

Telephone 238

## The Shadow of Death

may be nearer than you think: not often is it thrown far in advance.

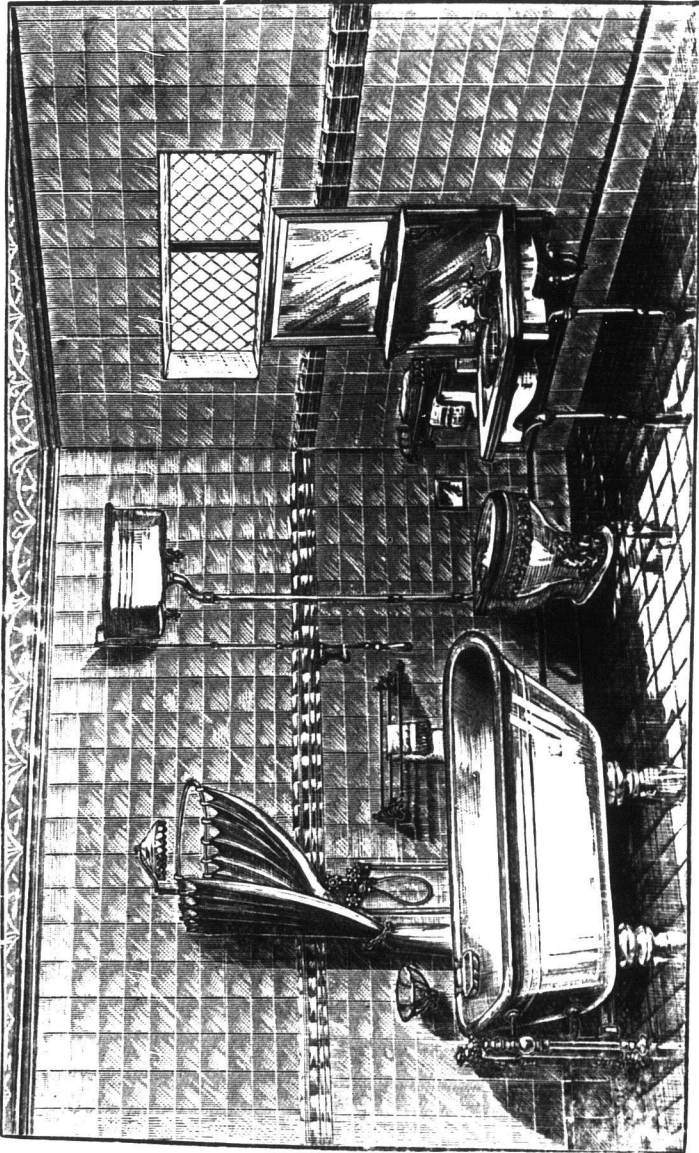
It is best to be prepared—you'll admit that And there is no excuse for being unprepared, when you are offered reliable Insurance. Life or Accident, on reasonable terms.

Let us tell you about it.

### Holbrook & Smith

Great George St. Opp. Cathedral, Charlottetown

# BATH ROOM SUPPLIES.



SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

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Iron Founder, Machinist  
and Boiler Maker

SPECIALTIES . .

**Plumbing, Steam and  
Hot Water Heating**

A full line of Plumbers' and Gasfitters' Supplies always  
an hand.

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

Get our prices before closing contracts, as we give you  
**GOOD GOODS** and at **RIGHT PRICES**.

A large staff of experienced workmen employed.

**ALL GOODS GUARANTEED**

We also carry a full line of

**Mill and Dairy Supplies**

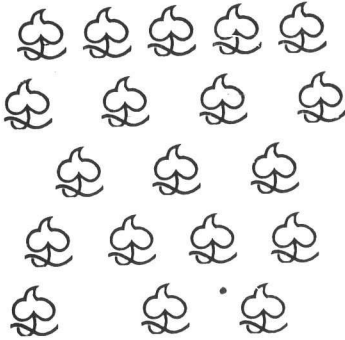
including the world-renowned DE LAVAL SEPARATOR.

FARMERS! see our Non-Slopping Milk Cans, 10, 15  
and 20 Gallons.

Address,—

**T. A. MACLEAN**

Office and Store: Masonic Temple Works: Spring Street  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



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When you meet a young lady wearing our millinery. We needn't tell you, because if it's our millinery it would be so pretty you couldn't help taking your hat off.

Don't forget this, ladies, and surely you will come to see our millinery,

Thousands of dollars worth of millinery to see here.



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The Wonderful Cheap Men





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Not only is this wall paper attractive when you see it in our stock but it is pleasing when you see it in your own home.

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are here in abundance. The sort of papers that will put spring effects into your home and keep them there.

There are so many good things here that it is very difficult to tell you about any of them especially. We would like to send you samples or have you call.

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# SLATER'S

High grade for men—all shapes—  
all leathers—all colours—fashion-  
able—comfortable—durable.

Price stamped on the sole

**\$3.50 or \$5.00**

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Fashion's dictate for this seasons Corset—is that this new, trim erect form shape—cut high over the hip—and low at the bust, shall be the correct thing.

All the popular new straight fronts are here, and they're here at a little lower price than you'd expect to pay.



**D & A. 404.**

**STRAIGHT FRONT  
BIAS CUT.**

Prices:

**\$1.10**

**\$1.35**

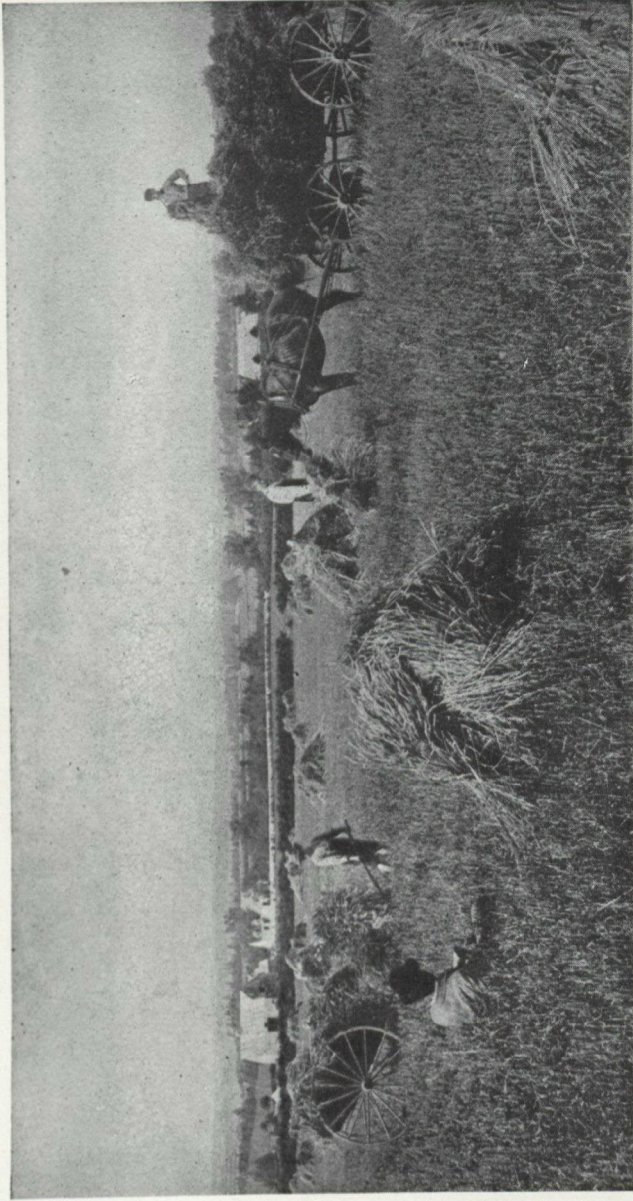
**\$1.75**

**Moore**

**&**

**McLeod**

The busiest Store on  
Charlottetown's bus-  
iest Street **o o o o**



A HARVEST SCENE NEAR NORTH RIVER, P. E. I.

T H E  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
MAGAZINE

Vol. III.

APRIL 1901.

No. 2

Spring.

'Tis Spring again  
The Sun-God's train  
Our Isle comes trooping o'er:  
The feathered throngs  
Resume their songs  
Within our groves once more:  
The unchained sea  
Rolls merrily  
Around us as of yore.

—T. CLARK.

Our Fur-Bearing Animals—The Otter.

**T**HIRTY-FIVE or forty years ago it was no unusual sight to see an otter track or slide passing over the newly fallen snow. A favorite course for them to travel lay between Moss Lake through to Wisener's or Heard's Mill Pond and on by Black Creek to Pisquid, and there the writer, in his younger days had many an opportunity of observing them.

About thirty-five years ago quite a number of otters wintered at Wisener's Mill Pond. The dam had broken away after the first frost and the windfalls, stumps and rushes kept the ice up clear of the water, thus forming a

model home for these shy and crafty animals. I remember once being badly disappointed following one of these otter trails. It ran from Ferguson's Mill Pond to the South Creek at Mount Albion; and, when it came to the roadway, suddenly ended. I did not know then that the otter could travel without making this kind of a track and I spent considerable time looking for a further trace of him but could not find it.

The only conclusion I could come to was that it had taken wings and sped away or turned and followed the same track back. But a few days afterwards the mystery was solved. Behind my father's barn, which was situated in a thick bush, I there saw an unusual kind of a track (I generally had my eye open for anything like that). It indicated some very long leaps and what was it but the same otter track. The travelled road had turned him off; and he had made for the first bush in sight. Coming suddenly to the barn he had again started off north and seemed to have given up the idea of getting to the south feeding ground.

The best laid schemes of otters, as well as of mice and men often fail. This otter exploded several of my ideas. One was that he walked along on his fore legs and drew his hind parts after him; now I believe the theory is that he makes this sliding mark with his neck. Anyway I am satisfied that he can use his hind legs to good advantage and can stand upright on them too. Another idea I had was that otters travelled slowly and could be outrun by a man, but by the leaps this one made when he saw my father's barn, and from information gained since, I believe they can travel pretty fast.

Mr. White, of Donagh, told me he once saw one under a log, and having no proper covering, as the creek was low, he ran across the fields and covered the ground almost as fast as a dog.

Three winters ago I saw several tracks crossing from Moss Lake to Wisener's Pond; but the tracks being a few

days old I did not follow them. I could scarcely believe my eyesight, as I thought otters on P. E. Island were animals of the past ; but a short time afterwards I saw two fine skins with Mr. Higgins, of Charlottetown, and their original wearers had been caught or trapped at Pisquid—probably two of the otter whose tracks I saw.

Charles Kelly, an adapt sportsman of Monaghan Road, tells me he got several of these animals in his day. The year they wintered at Wisener's Pond he went on watch one night with a neighbor of the same name. They built a snow house near McAdam's Spring, but the first night proved too cold and they had to leave before morning. The next night they prepared themselves better to stay it out, and about daylight they heard the otters splashing in the big spring quite near. Two of the otters came out and sat on the bank. The watchers fired and wounded both of the animals, but before they could get within reach the otters had scrambled into the water. They caught one and threw him on terra firma, but the other one managed to get away.

Mr. Kelly says he was watching another night and just about daybreak he saw an otter on a log, fishing. It would dive down and bring up a fresh water shell-fish or clam (there are some of these clams in this creek and also in Black Creek, and they seem a favorite food of the otter) open it, and swallow it with a gulp ; letting the shell fall into the water. Mr. Kelly was spending his time snapping at his highness from his snow house. The gun had got wet, and do what he might he could not get it off. Finally he came to the last cap ; but before using it he reprimed his gun, and took every precaution possible, but the result was a snap again. I suppose had some of the small boys at Mount Albion been within hearing distance they would have called for a bucket of water. (This was a favorite expression when we heard a gun miss fire). There was nothing now to be done but pack arms and go home, leaving the otter to finish his breakfast in peace.

The next otter Mr. Kelly shot was at Heard's Mill Pond. Following the track to an opening in the ice he secured a concealed place and watched. In a short time the otter came up on the ice. He fired and the animal plunged into the opening again and was lost to sight; but imagine the sportsman's surprise to see it coming up at another place quite near. The shot had evidently struck him and he did not care to remain under water. The next shot placed the poor otter 'hors de combat.'

Mr. Kelly says he had the first otter skinned by an Indian, as he did not know much about it himself. Brother Indian, with an eye to business, offered him a very modest sum for the skin, which however Mr. Kelly refused, much to his profit, as he found out afterwards when he was disposed of it.

I will close this article now as my limited knowledge forbids me writing more. Perhaps some of the readers of the MAGAZINE will give something more interesting about this now almost extinct animal, and I may write some other time about others of our fur-bearing animals.

ROBT. JENKINS.

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### Farmers' Institutes.

IT is worthy of note that in these schools for the people as organized, there is no punishment for truancy, except the mantle of ignorance which the truant pulls over his head as a fools-cap, to protect his owl eyes from unwelcome light! Questions and interruptions on the part of scholars are everywhere encouraged, as the schools meet for a two days' session here and there all over the country, wherever the people want them. Of course mistakes are made, and will be made, so long as men are human; and it is well to remember that the Institute teacher must be better prepared for his work than the ordinary College Professor, because he has a more independent and critical, even if a less intelligent audience. He

is compelled to dive away down to the depths of scientific problems, and he must understand every step so thoroughly that he can explain the mysterious processes of nature in everyday words which the most unlearned can understand.

Our sister Province of Ontario has used the Farmers' Institute system to accomplish a great deal : there is a greater uniformity, and a marked improvement in the quality of the products of the farm ; economy in tillage and fertilizing agents has been taught ; the best seeds have been introduced into every community, and the gross quantity of products increased. Fifteen years ago the Agricultural College had but a limited field of operation, it was not known then even in Ontario ; while now excursions are organized and cheap travelling arranged so that almost 35,000 people visited the College and Farm last June. Students who used to struggle in by ones and twos now attend in numbers, so that last year there were forty who could not be accommodated and had to board in the town. Englishmen send over their sons in numbers ; this year five are attending from that mighty storehouse of the world, the Argentine ; our own boys too, have attended there, and we are proud of the name they have made for us among their fellows from every Province of Canada. The movement here in the Maritime Provinces to establish a similar College is being freely discussed. We could have a splendid institution nearer home, but we would be always more or less hampered by many difficult considerations,— why not throw our force in with Ontario, and in co-operation with them establish the Canadian Agricultural College at Guelph, with twenty-five years of a start, and the best record of any Agricultural College in America, if not in the world. But this is a digression ; the Farmers' Institute system has helped the College, as well as the farming community, and its work is only properly begun.

Finally, the application ! What is there for Prince Edward Island in the Farmers' Institute System ? Let every reader use his judgment, and form his own conclusions ;



would it be sacrilege to say:—"much every way"! Surely it would not; as we cannot find a better condensed expression. There is no good reason why we should take second place in any department of activity. We of the Garden Province have a great deal to learn, and we are willing to learn,—at least we are if the lessons prove interesting, and easy, and especially if they may be applied to the practical everyday work of earning our livelihood.

The Farmers' Institute System furnishes a splendid basis of union for fruit-grower, grain-grower, dairyman, stockman, and indeed for every department of farm life. The movement appeals to our noblest sentiments of patriotism,—talk about heroes! has not such a man as \*——done as much for Canada as the whole regiment we sent to Africa? They did their duty nobly, and we are proud of them, but larger men in quiet ways have spent a life-time doing more. We like display; and we cheer ourselves hoarse over the blue and the red, the khaki; but yet it is as true to-day as when Robbie sang it, that:—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Professor Robertson has said that the problem of greatest importance to Canada is not stock, or grains, or fruits, but MEN; and what is it about a man that distinguishes him from other animals? True, man is a biped without feathers, but he is a little more,—he has the gift of reason, and he has been given powers which open up wonderful possibilities. Our schools exist that man's intellect may be trained in order to make him 'more of a man'; special schools exist for special purposes; and the Farmers' Institute system is a special school system which adapts itself to the large class of men and women who have not had the opportunities they longed for; it brings the instruction of the College to the door of the farm-house, thus enabling the great body of our people, the foundation of all progress, to do their work wisely and well, and to live as men in a world of men. We have passed a resolution at our last Farmers' Convention expressing

our willingness to co-operate with Federal and Local Governments in introducing the system here; and that means that we will soon enjoy larger privileges and responsibilities; there is endless work to be done, and naturally prejudices to be overcome; but the announcement will be hailed with pleasure that the system is entirely removed from politics in every possible way, and that F. W. Hodson, who has done so much for Ontario in this connection is to assist us in the work of establishing Farmers' Institutes here.

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\*It might be invidious to mention any one name here, some would insert Robertson or Saunders, or Sir John, or Sir Wilfrid, or . . .

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Kirklawn, 12th February.

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### Orwell.

**I** WISH that Mr. J. H. Fletcher, who has written so much for THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, or some one who wields a pen more readily than I can had given a short sketch of the early history of Orwell and its first settlers, for Orwell is a very pretty and a very important part of the Island; a place that has produced men who have taken a creditable stand in the ranks of the different professions.

Orwell, as far as I can ascertain, was settled in the year 1829 by a hardy, sturdy, intelligent class of people from the Isle of Skye, Scotland. They did not bring much of this world's goods with them, but each had a heart, a Bible, and a high moral tone. They waged a successful war against the primeval forest, though ignorant of that kind of warfare at first; yet, through undaunted bravery, great physical strength, moral courage and perseverance, the forest fell before them and gave place to beautiful, green fields. Churches and school-houses were soon erected. In the course of time large frame houses took the place of the log cabins.

The late Rev. Donald McDonald came amongst them at

an early day. He was a proficient scholar and a sound theologian; a true, kind-hearted man. He ministered to the spiritual wants of the people freely, without any fixed stipend; took a free-will offering and gave most of what he got to the poorest of his flock. He was a powerful orator; his audiences, at least some of them, would, towards the close of his sermons, often give vent to their emotions. This outward demonstration was considered to be a true sign of conversion. I believe Mr. McDonald was the means of doing much good amongst the people. He died in the year 1867 and his funeral was one of the largest ever seen on the Island.

Besides Mr. McDonald, the late Rev. Samuel McLeod looked after the spiritual wants of the people of Uigg, a district of Orwell. Mr. McLeod was a man of a good mind, and of deep piety. He wrought on his farm all week and preached to his flock on Sabbath,—never getting anything in the way of salary, and never expecting any. He did the work for the love he had for it, and the cause prospered with him. God gave him souls for his hire. I do not remember when Mr. McLeod died; I think it was somewhere in the seventies. He was much missed by an attached flock; his widow is still living, and is considerably over ninety years of age. The late Dr. James McLeod, of Charlottetown, was his son; D. C. McLeod, K. C., of Charlottetown, is another son.

The McPhails and Lamonts of Orwell did a great deal toward educating the young minds of this district. Both families were bright and well educated. Mr. Ewen Lamont was a man of a very superior mind, and of great originality, but his talents were buried in the rear of Orwell; he has written several hymns, which are still preserved in the McDonald Hymnal. Some years ago he moved from Orwell to the west of Charlottetown. The McPhails had a great talent for imparting education. They had a good deal of energy and perseverance and have made their mark in the world.

Many of the young men of Orwell were ambitious, and

aspired to positions of usefulness in the world, a large number of them took a foremost stand in the ranks of the different professions.

Dr. Hugh Martin, of Virginia, was the first to enter the ranks of the medical profession. Before going to college he taught the Uigg School. About that time the late Malcolm McLeod, Q. C., entered the legal profession.

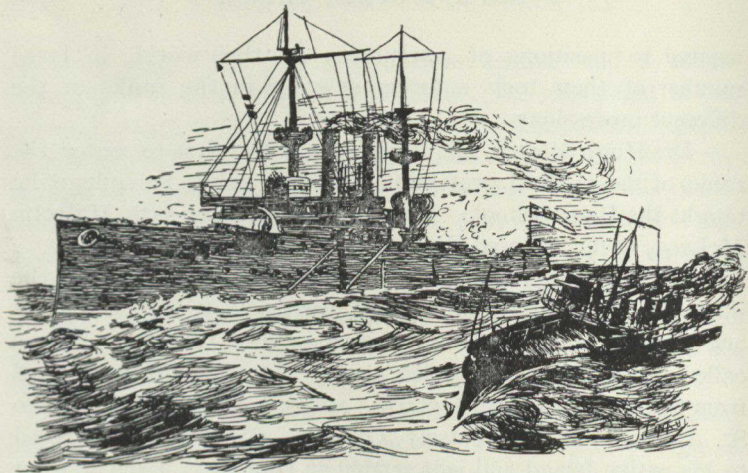
The Rev. John Gillis, of Orwell, was the first to enter the ministry. He studied abroad and was first settled in the western States. He visited Scotland in the spring of 1875, and was called to an important parish there. In 1883 he was called from Scotland to Eldon, Ontario; and was afterwards called to St. Andrew's Church, Paisely, Ontario. In 1893 he was called to his native Island and was settled at Dundas. Then he went to Murray Harbor South, and now he is at Dominion City, Manitoba.

The Rev. John McDonald, of Uigg, came after Mr. Gillis; also the Rev. D. G. McDonald of the same place. The Rev. John McDonald died some years ago at his post in the State of Nebraska. The Rev. I. S. McDonald is now settled at Austin, Maine.

Professor Nicholson, of Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., is also an Orwell boy. The last but not least is the Rev. D. B. McLeod, formerly of Orwell, now of Zion Church, Charlottetown.

The late Dr. Augustus McLeod, who practiced at Boston, Mass., for several years and died there in the prime of life, was born and educated at Orwell. The present Dr. Martin, of Murray Harbor Road; the late Capt. Alexander McLeod, of Orwell, and others have sprung into public life since I left Orwell, in the year 1854. They will excuse the writer for not making mention of their names.

*To be continued.*



## England's Ships.

**I**N soft luxurious seats of ease,  
The children of the Sea-king sail,  
Their engines scorn the feeble breeze,  
And hurl the iron through the gale.

From point to point, from port to port,  
Their time-appointed course they run ;  
Their magic glass tells how to court  
The oracle of storm and sun.

No more Vallhalla's wine cups pour,  
And Odin long hath ceased to reign ;  
And Woden rules the fight no more,  
Nor drinks from skulls of foeman slain.

But still the Viking blood runs strong,  
The soul of daring dwelleth deep ;  
And like a sea-borne saga song  
Their pathless march the English keep.

They sail where summer seas are bright,  
Where dancing waves kiss bending sky ;  
Along the long and level light,  
To where the quenched sunsets die

They sail where isles are warm and green,  
Where wanton waves kiss lingering land,  
And coral seas absorb the sheen  
Of constellations strange and grand.

They sail where western blasts are blown  
And Orient breezes perfumed sweet,

To bear the spoils of every zone  
 In tribute to the Sea-queen's feet.  
 They sail where seas are cold and gray,  
 Or white with Fury's foaming lips;  
 For every reef and rocky bay,  
 Hath taken toll from England's ships.

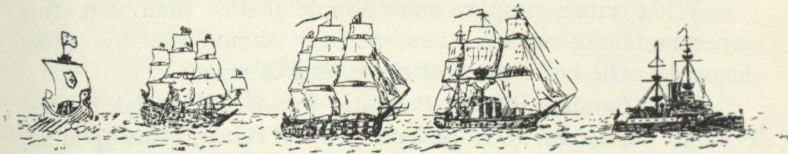
Where icebergs mould, and where they melt  
 Before the South-waves' fleecy brow;  
 Nor sea hath rolled, that hath not felt  
 The cleaving of an English prow.

For on each sea by night or day,  
 Where Ocean's mountains heave and dip;  
 Borne like a phantom of the spray,  
 Swings on their crests some English ship.

And still they come, and still they go,  
 For Fortune's largess or her loss,  
 Till every coast hath learned to know  
 The ships that fly the blood-red cross.

And still may English hearts be bold  
 As when their isle its firstlings gave,  
 Lords of a realm whose bounds shall hold  
 Their field, their fortune, and their grave

W. W. ROGERS.



## Funds and Other Things.

**F**ROM the threshold of the Twentieth Century look back upon some of the many anomalies of the bygone age.

Prominent, glaring, coldly zealous. Uncharity meets the eye. Grim and harsh is this much too substantial spectre. Cold and hunger and destitution grovel and cower round about, whilst above, scarce deigning to cast down the crumbs from its table, revels plenteous profusion.

"But," says my friend, "never has there been such vast

sums donated in charities, never such generous benefactions. Classical, industrial, scientific universities have been richly and substantially endowed; Homes and Refuges have been founded and are maintained by these 'crumbs' as you are pleased to call them. Surely, they are generous, well-rounded, abundant 'crumbs,' well warranted to quell the cry of distress, to appease the gnawing of hunger, to protect, upbuild and improve." Even as you say friend; still is the number of inmates of our poor houses and other public institutions growing less? Is the number of needy, shivering hungry wretches outside our poorhouses growing less? I think not. And this despite all these heretofore unequalled beneficences.

Cræsus of this twentieth century endow universities, establish funds for charitable purposes, found Homes and Shelters. And why not? They are but giving to the sons and daughters of men that which they have acquired through the labors of men—and speculation.

What more proper, more simple justice than that this superabundance which they possess should be by them devoted to the betterment of these sons of men.

India Famine Funds, Patriotic Funds, Memorial Funds, Foreign Mission Funds and many other funds, come upon us, all but overwhelm us, beyond question over-tax our resources and lessen our means of attending to "Funds" nearer home. One, then another, appeals to us and regarding each as a possible last we contribute. 'Tis not to be, however? One begets another and this yet another until the very word "Fund" palls upon us, perverts generosity to parsimony, charity to covetousness. The worthiness of these Funds is beyond cavil. The starving millions of India, the war-maimed hero, the memory of the "interred warrior," the widow and the orphan, alike cry aloud to us for aid and succor.

Think you not, friend, that the main object of these endowments of the Cræsus, of the Funds, of the Public might be realized without all this ado about something?

These various Funds are, each and all, most commendable ; as a means of relieving distress and affording opportunities to the charitably inclined to succor his less fortunate brother, they must not be decried, nor is such my intention ; as a means, however, of so draining our charities, that we cannot bestow assistance upon the poor and needy at our very doors these "Funds" should be contributed to with the utmost care, so that none should exhaust his home charity and be obliged to overlook an equally deserving "Local Fund." In so much as these "Funds" cause us to neglect home charities, so much are they less charitable, less good, less proper. Friend, I know you will not deny that here at home, at our very doors, hunger and cold and want grovel and cower. Is that then good which causes us to look over and beyond those to search elsewhere for that which is at hand? Is it charity? And that which erects monuments to the dead—heroes though they have been—yet shuts its eyes and muffles tears that it may not see the sufferings and hear the wailings of the living, is that charity? Foreign Mission "Funds!" But, friend, there are so many civilized, christianized, half-starved, half-clad barbarians right here at home, that methinks such a "Fund" might be expended here. Expense would thereby be saved, we should be benefitted by the betterment of our nearer neighbors.

Patriotic Funds are decidedly one of the most worthy and commendable of these various Funds, but even such have certain disadvantages. As a rule such "Funds" are so wedged in by Red-tapeism as to greatly impede, retard and even destroy their primary object. (There are to-day in London some hundreds of thousands of pounds of Crimean Patriotic Fund unexpended and yet more than one in right and justice entitled to relief therefrom have lived and died in the workhouses of Great Britain). Of a truth, methinks, too great care cannot be exercised in the matters of "Funds."

I seek not to minimize the advantages of these "Funds,"



I but wish to say that one should exercise discernment. Contribute, you who may, to each and all of these, but contribute not in such a way that you must, perforce, refuse more immediate and more deserving charities at home.

“But,” says my friend, “have we not local Funds, committees, institutions, societies, the objects and duties of which are just this to which you ask us to contribute, namely, the distribution of charities to relieve local applicants. “Verily, my friend, we have such. Your very words, however, serve but to show that “Funds” are devoted to other than these local institutions. Enquire of one and all such Committees, Institutions, Societies, not what they really do accomplish (that is great and wonderful and surprising) but what they do NOT and CANNOT accomplish owing to lack of means. Here then we find our local charities crippled through want of “Funds.” And yet, ah, yes, and yet? Shall all this be remedied? Shall we yet learn to perceive that the bestowal of bread upon the hungry living is more charitable than the dedication of stone mementoes to the slumbering dead. The memory of Nelson, of Wellington, of Washington, of Lincoln, of Victoria, needs no Monument that it may survive through coming ages.

M.

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### An Island Idyl.

ONCE, when my heart and I were young,  
 I wandered, restless, by sea and strand,  
 And lingered, a little space, among  
 The grassy vales of Prince Edward land  
 Where smoke-like cloudings of tender blue  
 Dapple the slopes in sunny spots,  
 And sweetly change, on a nearer view,  
 To drifts like fairest forget-me-nots.

Often at eve, when the sun was low,  
And the mountain shadows grew dark and vast,  
I watched the cottagers, wending slow  
Home to rest, when their toil was past.

Two walked lovingly, side by side,  
Speaking softly, as lovers speak,  
He with an air of manly pride,  
She with a blush on her sun-browned cheek.

Hand in hand, through the evening red  
They went through the shadows damp and sweet—  
Choosing a narrow path that led  
On and on through the growing wheat.

Sunset touched him with rosy light ;  
Sunset brightened her loosened hair ;  
Poor and plain, they were fair to sight  
For youth and love are for ever fair.

And often as sunset charms the air—  
For the time and scene are vanished now,—  
I think of that simple, loving pair,  
And wondered whether they kept their vow.

Whether under some mossy roof,  
Their wedded spirits serenely blent,  
They weave the even warp and woof  
Of their quiet lives in calm content ;

Or whether they parted in scorn and wrath,  
As myriad lovers have done before,  
And choosing each a separate path,  
Were thence divided for evermore ;

Or whether, still, as across the land  
The dewy shadows grow damp and sweet,  
Perennial lovers, with hand in hand,  
They walk, knee-deep, in the growing wheat.

New York.

CUTHBERT COOPER.

## An Assinaboine Butcher Shop.



**T**he shop was much like other butcher shops, with counter in the middle, around the sides large hooks on which hung quarters and sides of beef, a table in one corner devoted to pork, nails from which depended numbers of ducks, geese, turkeys and chickens, and the necessary refrigerator built on one side. But there was one thing in this shop not often seen in our country and that was a corner where all kinds of waste meat, scraps bruised roasts, etc., were piled or hung. This corner was the only thing that would strike a casual observer as being unusual.

Let him wait for a few moments though and listen to the conversation of the different customers who may come in and he will find that although they are in many respects similar to those in P. E. Island there is still one class—and it a most interesting one—not often seen in Eastern Canada. For this shop we speak of is in the middle of the great Northwest where the Indian still forms a large part of the population. Our first customer is a lady—brisk, energetic and stylish. She wants half pound of sausages—not those horrid big ones you know; but the little spiced ones. And will you send them over, please

at once. The proprietor obligingly promises, for although the lady lives in barracks nearly three miles away there is no sense in being cranky over such a little thing as that. The delivery boy of course swears next morning (a butcher's at once always means within twenty-four hours) but is told that it is such a fine day he will have a pleasant drive. My friend and I turn to go inside the office for a chat when suddenly we are confronted by a six foot Cree. Straight as an arrow, with long black hair tied in two braids, his head crowned by a light felt hat and his body wrapped in a light colored blanket, he stands before us, a model of that race once so powerful but now rapidly becoming extinct. We did not hear him enter the shop, for like all of his breed he moves with scarcely any noise. Seeing that he has been noticed he slowly glides across to the pile of old meat and picking up from it a beef shank utters the inevitable "Kakwa? (What?) My friend holds up first one finger and then the whole ten signifying that the price is *one money* and ten cents, *one money*—payuk shunias—being twenty-five cents, the standard among the Indians. Thus the price of the beef being thirty-five cents, a sum which does not seem to suit our Indian, for he, after weighing the shank in his hand, examining the size of the bone and making a sort of general survey says, "Nomoya! (No) Payuk shunias five cents" (Our money five cents). The butcher shakes his head and the Cree slowly moves to the door. Anxious to secure the meat he turns and remarks as if talking to himself "Payuk shunias seven cents," but again the butcher's head shakes and the door closes behind the Indian.

We go into the office and sit down for a few minutes conversation when I take the opportunity of observing that it might have been just as well to have given the shank for thirty two cents rather than run the risk of having it spoil. "But" he replies, "Don't fear. That 'Nchie' will be back in a little while and will pay the full price. If I had offered it to him for ten cents he would want it for eight."

He then tells me many interesting facts about the Indians,

how they manage to live, how they are looked after by the Government and incidentally a few stories in connection with different people. One I remember is that the Hon. David Laird was known generally as the Tall Chief or Father, and also that after a time the Crees named him 'Monias Nomoya Peersqua Nishie'—'the white man who never speaks double,' and the Sioux a name meaning the "one white man who has not got a forked tongue." The Indians are very quick to form an opinion of any man, and always give him a suitable name. Hence, a new agent who was appointed from Regina, a very deliberate and methodical gentleman, was at once called "The man slow



A SARCEE SQUAW.

to turn around," and an old gentleman from Charlottetown, who moved out to the west, never got anything but "Potee Skaw" (White Whiskers).

While we are talking a head is thrust in the door, and a boy calls out, "How much snow to-day, boss!" "Three blocks," was the answer, and my friend explained that at times the water supply was short, and boys went out on the prairie where they cut large blocks of hard clean snow and sold them for a cent each. One block would make about two buckets of water. The boy delivered the snow, and moved away to admit

the proprietor of the Town hotel. I was introduced as a tender-foot out to see the country, and the gentleman asked my friend if he had any tough chickens. He had a crowd of boarders now who could never get enough chicken and he wanted some good old tough ones to let them practice on. The butcher took down seven or eight from the hooks, guaranteed them to equal any leather, and the customer with a sly twinkle in his eye, said: "Well, I will take all the rest." Scarcely had he gone when my instructor into the ways of butchers remarked:—"Thank God I got clear of those tough hens." But, I answered, "you were fooled that time, for he got all the tender ones." "Did he, though; that joke is old; I picked out the tender ones first."

He turned round to see that another Indian had entered and was gliding across to the refuse heap. He proved to be the one who had tried to buy the shank some time before. Acting very deliberately, he picked up the piece of meat, wrapped it in a fold of his blanket, counted down thirty-five cents, and was about to leave the shop when my friend called out: "Two Horns, come here." The Indian stopped, turned round and waited. "Now we will have some fun. Two Horns, I want you and old Three Stripes here and the others, to give us a dance. Sing "Payhe Hoska." The Indian spoke to his friends for a moment or two and then, dropping their bundles, they began singing and dancing in a manner almost beyond imagination. The song of course I did not understand, but learned afterwards that it was an old Sioux war song and began "Long Hair (Custer) is now coming. To kill him dead would be a very good thing." I only remember that after every verse there was a chorus of "Hiu! Hiu! repeated many times. They sang in dreary monotone and danced in time to their singing. They threw first one foot and then the other to the front, waved their arms over their heads, rushed forward, drew back, crept stealthily along and then made a sudden dash. They danced round in a circle with a side movement, for all the world like a tame bear and finally ended with a savage yell as all together they jumped into the air and came down on the floor with a crash.

It wasn't a bit warlike, it was irresistibly funny and while I retired to the office to laugh and shout "Hiu!" my friend gave each one a piece of beef. They arranged their blankets, picked up their bundles and one by one stalked through the door leaving us alone. The show was over—Sunday School was out.

NOAH LOT.

### Quebec Notes, II.—By a Rambler.

IN a hollow of the rock to one side of the barrack square is the main powder magazine, the *bete noir* of the good citizens of Quebec. It did have a narrow escape, in the year 1889 I think it was, when the stables which covered Dalhousie Bastion were burned. On that occasion, I am told, *la plupart des bons bourgeois* became *emigrees* for a time; in fact they developed a surprising love for rural life, got together what traps they could, like the children of Israel left the flesh-pots of Egypt (after partaking of a hasty ragout) and silently stole away into the night. No doubt they felt badly about it afterwards. But the idea stuck. It haunts them yet. Like Banquo's ghost it will not down. In the solemn watches of the night imagination bodies forth the dire calamity in all its horrors. Sleep comes to their relief; but fitfully. The inexplicable phantasmagoria of dreams merges Quebec into ancient Pompeii. They hear the rumble of Vesuvius, they see the impending column of smoke and ashes; already the river of molten lava is at their doors! They wake to shiver through the miserable day. Ghastly spectres of men and women are seen flitting through the streets, scarcely daring to look at their neighbors. They are not violent. They just glide about in guilty haste,

"Like one who, on some lonely road, walks on in fear and dread

And having once turned round, goes on, and turns no more his head,  
Because he fears some grisley sprite doth close behind him tread."

Suddenly starts the report that the magazine is unsafe.

The papers publish circumstantial accounts of the doors being left open and unguarded and men loafing around smoking. *Tout le monde* is thrown into commotion. Men neglect their business. Women forget to slander their neighbors. The very children drop their games. All things are at sixes and sevens. The Rock city trembles to its base at the threatened catastrophe. Then an official investigation is demanded. It shows everything to be in good order, and the hubbub subsides. But the phantasy still clings to them, and makes them round-shouldered and prematurely grey. Poor Sinbads of the twentieth century! You cannot throw off the "Old-man-of-the-sea."

Possibly you would like to look from the ramparts. We are taking a long while to get off on our ride, but never mind; there's plenty time. Come along to the King's Bastion. Yes. It used to be George Fourth, but now belongs to Edward Seventh. The retaining wall for a couple of hundred feet on the north side has tumbled into the ditch. Looking from below you see exposed the bare ribs of the hoary old rock. This happened one fine night last summer while the officers were at dinner. An enquiry was held, and it is stated that the cause assigned (for in spite of the poet's fiction "Theirs not to reason why," there must be a reason why for all things connected with the *res militaris*) was that the officer on duty allowed the band to play too loudly in front of the mess, and the wall, being in doubt how to act, went to Jericho for a precedent, and tumbled down on the third blast of the trombone. However this may be, it is certain that a great deal of blasting took place, some of it in a sewer trench being cut near the foundation. But of course this was like the flowers that bloom in the Spring, and had nothing to do with the case. At all events someone got another job.

Standing by the eight-inch gun in the round corner of the bastion there opens out a panorama that can scarcely be matched on this continent. About a hundred feet below lies



the broad plankway promenade of Dufferin Terrace, stretching away for four hundred yards to the Chateau Frontenac. This is not only without question the best hotel in Canada, but is one of the most tasteful buildings in architecture, and harmonizes well with its surroundings. It stands on the site of the Chateau St. Louis, whose guns so often barked defiance in turn to redskin and to *les Anglais* at the bidding of the Governor of New France. The terrace now rises by easy stages to the foot of the citadel walls and continues right around them to the Cove Fields on the west—the sportiest golf links in America. Perched on the crest of the steep sides of the promontory it makes a right royal place to take the air; and the view is ideal. Down there on Champlain Street, three hundred feet below, the men and horses crawl about like pigmies. Over across is Levis with grey, precipitous walls of rugged rock, springing up almost as high as these, topped by park-like country, hill and dale, rock and wood, green fields and neat white houses, huge churches, convents, colleges, asylums; in the middle distance the eye can trace the lines of the three forts; and away back on the sky-line the mountain ranges of the boundary of the State of Maine. This *coup d'oeil*, in the pink glow of a winter sunset, is one of the finest I know.

Away to the west extends the mighty river, bearing the commerce of a nation on its bosom, and fretting not at its burden, except about six miles up at the Narrows, where it does make a little fuss, and no wonder, for they are spanning it with a bridge of steel. Along the further shore nestle the pretty villages of St. David, Etchemin, St. Rounald.

Right below the bastion is the Queen's Wharf, with H. M. S. "Crescent," "Psyche," "Indefatigable," "Tribune" and "Quail," swinging at anchor. Next above, the Allan's, where the stately "Tunisian" is drawing in to her moorings. Then come the Champlain Market, and the ferry boats and the floating palaces of the Montreal and Saguenay lines. And

there is the historic church, "Notre Dame des Victoires," a pretty little piece of antiquity, jostled on all sides by the rush of the modern business town, crowded round to its very walls with warehouses and busy marts. Beyond that the dome of the Customs House, the C. P. R. grain elevator, and the new Quebec northern elevator—a sky-scraper in reality, as you will know when you climb it—but looking none so big from here. Beside this is the Louise Basin, a splendid wet dock full of shipping of all nations.

*(Concluded next month.)*

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### Marie Louvaine.

Marie Louvaine ! Marie Louvaine !  
The purple dykes are wet with rain,  
The wild birds skirl across the lea,  
The sun has died from Grand Pre.

Marie Louvaine ! Marie Louvaine !  
The old voice quivers in its pain ;  
Thou fairest rose of all the lea  
And thou hast past from Grand Pre.

Marie Louvaine ! Marie Louvaine !  
Thy voice was like the birds' refrain,  
Thou wildest bird of Grand Pre.  
And thou hast flown from Acadie.

Marie Louvaine ! Marie Louvaine !  
The mist drifts in across the plain ;  
It drenches every path and sod  
Where, long ago, your feet have trod.

Marie Louvaine ! Marie Louvaine !  
The echo rises, thrills again ;  
The woods are black, the skies are grey,  
And thou art where? Away, away !

Marie L'ouvaine! Marie L'ouvaine!  
 The lonely tears fall with the rain;  
 Long, long, thou' fare'st from Acadie,  
 Thy grave is far beyond the sea.

Marie Louvaine! Marie Louvaine!  
 The tides are calling you again,  
 They seek the shores of Acadie  
 But thou art dead, beyond the sea!

BERT MARIE CLEVELAND.

### The Rise and the Fall of the Wheel—By One Who Was on It.

It was before the Bicycle had become such an every day commodity around Charlottetown, and when only a few of the erratic clique had cultivated a taste for the peculiarly exciting buckings of the old high wheel; and but *one*—the most pronounced of the aforementioned clique,—had, with his usual indifference for public opinion—appeared out in daylight mounted upon a "Safety," or as they of the high wheel referred to it, a "goat," that very early one morning a select party of young men boarded the Southport ferry boat. Each was proudly pushing before him the latest production of wheeldom, and nursing, in the region of the chest protector, a conglomerated feeling of Pride, Hope, and Fear,—Fear predominating to such an extent that each was anxious for the other fellow to take the initiative at every turn.

Anyone who watched that very select party's return to the city, later in the day, coming in upon the installment plan, or as the poet puts it, 'silently, one by one'; would readily conclude that whatever disappointments they may have met with regards their *hopes*, that their *fears* were most surely more than realized.

Their encounters with Southport real estate had made a

sad wreck of this bunch of Beau Brummels ; and history will never know just how it all happened, as everyone had a different version of the experiences of each particular rider,—from that which he gave of himself.

The first pow-wow was held just after leaving the ferry on the other side ; to decide upon the most feasible plan for negotiating the ' hill ' to the village.

Very few persons are aware that Southport is built upon a *mountain*, but then, very few persons have ever ridden the old style wheel in that vicinity.

After a short exhibition of very rough riding, mounting and dismounting in the same breath, etc., we decided that the book of rules required our walking up hill ; and starting our century run from the level.

Charlottetown's fairly good streets, fine plank sidewalks and that little Garden of Eden of ash walks around the public buildings, had so imbued these wheelmen with the idea that they were really the best *ever*, that they were more than surprised at the effect the Southport atmosphere had upon their wiry steeds.

The rider of the ' goat ' now found that the wheel-ruts were too deep to permit of his making any progress owing to the peculiar wabbling gait he had cultivated while dodging the police force and the cracks in the city sidewalks.

He therefore marched onward in search of a nice down grade, where he might enjoy a pleasant ' coast,' and incidently prove to all concerned the undoubted superiority of the Safety over the *ordinary*.

From what we saw when we came along a little later, Walter had discovered the ' nice down grade.'

He was seated upon a log decorating his golf stockings with a large bandana handkerchief and viewing the complicated remains of his safety in about the same tone of voice that a landlubber views the ocean after it has compelled

him to give up his innermost thoughts and everything else he is possessed of.

It would be hard to imagine that he had had a good time, but he claimed that he had established an everlasting record.

He claimed that he had descended the hill—repeated every prayer in the category—left samples of his thirty-nine cent golf hosiery and knickerbockers upon every fence stake, ploughed a deep furrow to mark the finish of the brilliant dash, and secured a permanent divorce from his goat; in less time than it would take to fall from a three-storey building.

But Walter was not having a monopoly of the fun.

If he could get so much enjoyment out of his insignificant-looking *little* goat—what must have been happening to the ambitious owners of the fifty-six and sixty inchers?

I never considered that literature was improved by the presence of blood-curdling details or particulars of horrible accidents, etc., so I shall not attempt to follow each rider (or perhaps I should say *traveller*) throughout this little pleasure trip; but I must mention a bright young jeweller, whose heart's affections were so deeply rooted in Bunberry, that he never considered that Charlottetown's young ladies were in it with the girls across the river.

He continually referred to the attraction Southport possessed for him; and upon this occasion we watched him gracefully mount his wheel—hesitate in mid air, like a carrier-pidgeon about to take its flight—and then, with a regular Dutchroll-Grapevine dash, make a bee-line for a soft velvety pond in the corner of Kelly's Cove;—which so completely covered him with a mossy, froggy extract, that, as he crawled upon *terra firma* and undertook to explain the irresistible attraction of that particular locality, he resembled a great big green poll-parrot, more than a young lady's ideal of manhood.

“The shades of night were falling fast,” as Simon

returned to the city, enveloped in a suit of his prospective father-in-law's clothes, and upon his next trip across the river his bicycle was left in the stable.

There was one young man of this party for whom we all felt really and truly sorry. It seemed a shame to see such a lovely dream of a spring suit ruthlessly ground into the dust and transformed from a delicate fawn grey into a muddy Southport brown.

And how, after the start. this natty little tonsorial artist, the fashion-plate of the party, wended his weary way homeward, carrying his coat under one arm and wishing with all his heart that the laws, of the city, or propriery, would permit of his carrying his trousers in the same manner.

All he would say was that he attempted to lift his hat to a lady, and some one gave the wheel a push into the brook.

We watched all through the season for the reappearance of that latest Spring Creation, but unless the next generation is now wearing it in the form of made-overs, it has never made its second *debut*.

Richard and I appeared to get off somewhat easier than the rest.

Every gutter, rock, or fence along the route appeared to be extending most pressing invitations to my bike; and it required a continual struggle on my part to dodge them as they ran out at me, but with the exception of a dark blue bruise extending from the toes to the top of my head, I was not particularly unlucky.

Once, as I was gliding gracefully along, an old lady ran out, and as she saw my full-nickel glistening in the sunlight, exclaimed something like "There goes the old Harry himself."

I thought at once that I was discovered, but then I recollected that I was not so very *old*, and it was probably only a pet expression of the lady's.

Richard, with his usual regard for facts, refused to acknowledge a single mishap during the excursion.

It made us all feel a little badly, but we might have saved our feelings. He 'got his' a few days later.

The young men across the river rose in open rebellion against the infringements of the city boys upon their rights, and their young ladies, and when the party, upon its next invasion used a row-boat instead of bicycles, they had to walk home at twelve p. m.

It was a month later that the boat was found upon a farm up the river, and it was Richard who had the pleasure of bringing it home *via* the overland route.

As the hundreds of 'bikers' spin through the streets of Charlottetown and around the tracks in their efforts after records and glory, they little know of the hardships of the pioneers of the rubber-tired rusher upon the tight little Isle.

H. A. R.

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## Our Feathered Friends—VI.

### THE CROW AND SOME OF HIS RELATIONS—THE CROW.

**T**HE Crow is one of our best-known birds. His large size and glossy black color enable us to identify him readily. We can scarcely take a view of the surrounding country without having one or more in sight. The crow is credited as being a wise bird and anyone who studies his habits or gives but a little attention to his mode of life will be satisfied that the credit is a just one. He is with us winter and summer, but in the former season the number remaining here is noticeably smaller. Many migrate. They seek a more genial climate where they have not to battle with the rigors of our northern winters and where food is more easily secured than it is here. The reduced quantity of food obtainable may account for the smaller number of crows in evidence during our winters. But when so many go away, why do they not all go where a more bountiful supply exists, and a less rigorous climate prevails? We can account for the

presence of some other birds when they pass the winter with us, but when we find that in the case of the crow the severity or mildness of the winter appears not to increase or diminish the number we can scarcely adopt the same explanation. We might suppose, but we could not be easily persuaded of the truth of the supposition that crows, wise as they may be, have some arrangement as to which shall go and which shall remain; that a certain number shall remain, a number for which the food supply will suffice.

Crows roost mostly in communities. The roosting-place is selected in a large wood, remote from the haunts of man, and all crows from the adjacent country to the distance of many miles return at the approach of night, and on the coming of morning set forth again on their foraging expeditions. Sometimes a pair has a domicile in a wood, perhaps even a small grove where a nest is built and the young are reared.

The question has been often asked and has also been much discussed: Is the crow the farmer's friend or enemy? but it is not yet definitely settled. Being omnivorous, he appropriates to himself all kinds of food. In winter, when pressed by hunger, the smaller birds, we may well suppose, will sometimes afford him a meal, but his food consists also to a great extent of carrion and vegetable refuse.

In early spring he destroys the young of the beetles, grasshoppers and other noxious insects found in pasture, lea, or amongst the stubble, so he is to this extent a direct benefit to the farmer. He is charged sometimes, with eating the sprouting grain and carrying off chickens from the farmyard. In old times crows did, I believe, commit the depredations charged against them, and the scare-crow was devised to protect the grain fields. But now, that crow is a rare bird which exhibits these criminal propensities, and it is said that in the Western States where crows are numerous and grain fields extensive no damage is done to the fields



by them. We may then account the crow one of our beneficial birds and should not persecute him and endeavor to destroy him as many are inclined to do.

The crow is black all over. The common expression "Black as a crow" is sufficient for a description of his color. On account of his large size he cannot be mistaken for any other bird, except the raven, which is much larger, and which I have never seen here.

#### THE BLUE JAY.

The Blue Jay, much as he differs in color from the Crow, is one of the Crow's relatives. The relationship certainly does not exist in color. It exists in their structure and on account of their close resemblance in this particular they are placed in the same family.

The jay has been charged with nest-robbing; both the eggs and the young of the smaller species of birds being taken and devoured by the jay. However much we may admire its beauty, we know that this does not atone for its vicious habits and little regret is felt for its destruction when it suffers from the collector of bird skins the fate which its brilliant plumage invites.

So well-known is this bird that a description is hardly necessary. As seen from above the predominating color is blue; the tail and wings with black bars; secondaries and greater coverts and tips of tail-feathers except central ones, white; a black band around the neck and a well-developed crest, underneath white and pale gray are the easily recognized markings of the Blue Jay.

#### THE CANADA JAY.

The Canada Jay is a smaller and plainer bird than the Blue Jay. Its habits also are like those of the Blue Jay, for it has the same unenviable reputation for eating the eggs and young of other birds.

I have never seen any case of nest-robbing by either the

Blue or Canada Jay but have always found them as well-behaved as their neighbors. I am inclined to believe that there is a good deal of exaggeration in the bad record made against them. In the western parts of our country it is a frequent visitor to the camps of miners and lumbermen. to which it goes to pick up whatever it can in the form of food. Here it is now a rare bird, but there was a time and that not a remote one, when the Canada Jay was common enough. Then it might be seen not in the woods alone, but even on fences bordering roads and fields; not in flocks, for I have never seen them associated in that manner, but only one or two at a time. Like the Crow and Blue Jay it is a winter resident.

The upper parts are of a dull grey color; the under parts a dull white; the forehead is yellowish white, hind part of head greyish black, and the tail feathers are narrowly tipped with white.

#### THE BOBOLINK.

A closely related family to that of the Crow is the one which comprises the Bobolink, Orioles and Blackbirds. The merry and rollicking Bobolink is seldom seen here. Pasture, hay and clover fields are the places generally frequented and there the nest is built. There also, dressed in black, the hind neck marked with a cream-colored patch, the ashy white of the rump extending upwards along the back, the male bird may be seen as he ascends from the ground or a neighboring fence, singing his cheerful song in which bob-o-link can be easily distinguished. Byrant faithfully describes the Bobolink in his poem 'Robert of Lincoln' from which the few lines following are taken:

“ Merrily swinging on brier and weed  
Near to the nest of his little dame  
Over the mountain side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link.”

The female is of an entirely different color, being

brownish above and yellowish underneath, above generally, but particularly on crown and back, streaked with black.

“ Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife  
Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings ;  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link.”

As autumn approaches the male changes his colors and assumes those of the female, and his song degenerates to one or two simple notes.

Large flocks of bobolinks are seen in the Southern States where many pass the winter. They are shot in great numbers by sportsmen, both in their winter quarters and on their way south, for they are highly prized as an article of food.

In the north their food consists chiefly of insects and the seeds of wild plants, but south they are charged with injury to the rice fields.

#### THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

The Baltimore Oriole is the most beautiful of the birds of the two families described in this paper. It is rarely seen here but is somewhat common in the western parts of Canada. This flashing and brilliant beauty of grove and orchard shows itself among ornamental and fruit trees in public resorts and in the vicinity of dwellings more frequently than in the retirement of the forest.

The head, neck and back black ; the rump, most of the tail feathers, all the underparts from the black of the throat a bright orange and some white on the wings are the principal markings. This bird is sometimes called the Golden Robin and by this name it is known here to the few who claim to have seen it. It received this name from its golden orange color and its size which is almost that of the robin. The former name it obtains from its orange and black, the colors of the famous Lord Baltimore.

It makes a curious, purse-shaped nest which it suspends

from the outer branches of a tree. Here it deposits four to six eggs; and here the young are reared in their wind-rocked cradle.

#### THE RUSTY BLACKBIRD.

The Rusty Blackbird, commonly called "The Blackbird" is a not infrequent summer resident in different parts of the Province. Its common resort is the neighborhood of ponds and streams and alder swamps where it builds its nest and rears the young blackbirds. It is, of course, black in color, but the black is relieved by the brown skirting of the feathers, which gives it a rusty hue. This is more noticeable in the female and young.

Two years ago I saw on more than one occasion a pair of Grackles which had built their nest near the top of a tall spruce tree in a swamp not far from the city. When afterwards I visited the place to ascertain whether they were purple or bronzed grackles, I found they had departed with their nestlings. What they were remains undetermined, but probably they were the bronzed variety, as the other is a more southern bird.

#### SUMMARY OF DESCRIPTIONS.

Length in inches	Predominating colors.	Species.
6½ to 7½	Black; rump, white; cervix, buff	Bobolink
7½ to 8	Black, with orange and white	Baltimore Oriole
8 to 9	Black, feathers with rusty edging	Rusty Blackbird
10 to 11	Leaden gray above; yellowish white below	Canada Jay
11 to 12	Blue with black and white	Blue Jay
18 to 20	All black	Common Crow

JOHN MACSWAIN.



## Our School System—Fifth Paper—First Part.

IN former papers of this series I have, in the main, confined myself to analyses and presentation of the facts as they may be gathered from the Blue Books, or to inferences which may reasonably be drawn from the same sources.

This may, not unfairly, be styled comment or criticism of the destructive type. I have not concerned myself with any of the underlying principles of our Education Act, nor do I propose to do so. I have rather tried to point out what to me appear to be defective methods of working the system and their cost to the country. Now destructive criticism is a much simpler matter than constructive work. To destroy is much easier than to build.

I approach the second part of my subject with diffidence, though I do not believe that the difficulties (great though they be) by which it is environed, are insuperable. My ideas, which are not very original, may not meet the needs of the case, but their expression may bring forth suggestions from others, more competent than I am to offer them—suggestions which may furnish material for improvement. I may here say that the views I am about to put forward were not always held by me. It is only within the last four or five years that, having had my attention drawn to the subject, I have examined into the matter and so arrived at some conclusions which now appear to me to be applicable to our conditions.

Every one who travels over the roads of this Province must notice that very many of the schools are small, badly placed, poorly attended and that their surroundings are bare and unsightly. In fact, with some exceptions, the ordinary school-houses are about as unattractive-looking objects as can well be imagined, a fact which in itself goes to show that an important part of the children's education is not thought of. I mean their training in neatness and comeliness in their surroundings; a training, which would, in time, bear fruit; bear fruit in the homes, the stables, the barns, the fields. Also these schools are very close together and are usually situated right alongside the public road which is not

the best place for them. Now while this is the case with the schools to which farmers send their children—by far the most valuable of their possessions—to be manufactured into intelligent men and women equipped with an education which may help them through the world, the traveller cannot but be struck by the fact that these same farmers combine, and at much expense, put up and equip handsome buildings for turning their milk into cheese or butter to be sent out into the markets of the world. Not only so, but by co-operation they are able to concentrate their efforts and have the milk carried to these fine buildings for manufacture. They employ trained men—experts—to manufacture the milk into cheese or butter and they require an inspector to see to it that this expert keeps up to the mark. The milk is hauled for miles, in some cases as many as seven or eight miles. The reason, of course, is that this pays, better results are obtained and vastly greater quantities, of a much more valuable article than would otherwise be possible, can be placed upon the market. All this has come about within eight or ten years. Cheese and butter factories have been erected or are in contemplation all over the Island. One result of this co-operation is that the out-put from these factories constitutes one of the largest and most valuable of our exports. It was a small matter ten years ago. Another result, which may prove of great importance, is that the public in this way have got to thoroughly understand and appreciate a principle which might well be applied to our schools.

Now I hope I will not be accused of disparaging our cows, if I assert that the children of this country are its most valuable asset, that they are of more consequence even than dairy products, and should not receive less careful consideration than is bestowed upon those products. Yet, so far as education is concerned, I doubt if as a rule they receive anything like equal care.

It does seem to me that the working principle of cheese factories might well be applied to our schools with similarly satisfactory results. Surely if milk can be hauled a few miles to a factory children can be carried to school. When I first saw the method on which the cheese factories were conducted I had no knowledge whatever of the Concord System, but began to investigate it and found it to be precisely the system employed by our farmers in connection with these cheese factories. It does seem to me that the "Concord system,"

modified were found necessary, could be adapted so as to meet our conditions. This system is not a new thing by any means, but it may be new to many people here. A number of our best teachers, with whom I have conversed, understand it very well and think it an admirable one, though there would admittedly be difficulties about its introduction here. Time would be required for that. The system takes its name from the town of Concord, Massachusetts, which was the pioneer in its introduction. Like all new departures it was opposed, largely because it was new and not well understood. It will be opposed here for like reasons. So far as I have been able to learn, wherever it has been adopted, people do not wish to revert to former conditions. Though always spoken of in relation to schools this system is equally adaptable to all sorts of scattered undertakings where co-operation is a desideratum.

Speaking generally the very simple principle of the Concord System, so far as applicable to the present subject, is the doing away with small schools and districts and their amalgamation into larger, in which a better education can be imparted to the advantage of the teachers, the pupils, their parents and their country. In other words it means consolidation and co-operation. A necessary corollary to this is the conveyance of the more distant children to the school. In fact when the distance is great, this is an essential and presents the one really great difficulty. However it has been solved in the case of milk, why not with regard to children? It is exactly as already pointed out, the principle upon which the cheese factories throughout the country are managed. As the system, as applied to schools, is not so familiar to the general public as it is to many who are engaged in educational work, I propose, in order, if possible, to make it clear, to give extracts from various Educational Reports for the years 1894-5, 1895-6, 1896-7, and 1897-8 of the Commissioner of Education of the United States supplemented by references to other Reports including our own. I think these extracts will make the subject reasonably clear and they are derived from sources which must carry great weight.

The Report of the United States Commissioner for 1894-5 goes into this matter at length and from it I make the following extracts :—

“ The question of the consolidation of the rural schools continues to receive the thoughtful attention of educators. It has been frequently demonstrated and is

generally conceded that it would be better, both on economical and on pedagogical grounds, to unite the many small and weak schools of a township, dispersed over a large extent of territory, into a few strong, well-equipped and well-conducted graded schools, located at convenient points."

"The chief hindrance to consolidation now to be considered lies in the distance some of the pupils would have to travel from their homes to reach the nearest union or graded schools, in thinly populated sections."

The expedient has been tried on a considerable scale in Massachusetts, and is being favorably considered elsewhere, of transporting the more distant pupils to school at the public expense."

"A law of Massachusetts reads as follows:—'Any town in this Commonwealth may raise by taxation or otherwise, and appropriate money to be expended by the school committee in their discretion, in providing for the conveyance of pupils to and from the public schools.'"

"The then Secretary of the State Board J. White, refers to this Act as 'introduced' into the Legislature through the efforts of a practical man from one of our rural towns of large territory and sparse population, where the constant problem is, how to bring equal school privileges to all without imposing undue taxation."

It will be seen by the last two paragraphs that the expense is not paid by the State, *i. e.* by the Government, but is levied by the locality upon itself. Further the town system has been adopted in Massachusetts and the word "town," used as above, has not the limited meaning we apply to it, but means a tract of country, a subdivision of a county, or a township, and in fact in legal usage in some of the States the word is so used.

"In too many cases the town seems to have forgotten that the most important element in the solution of the problem has been the character of the school, and have bent their efforts to making them accessible to all." This has led to such an unwise multiplication of them as \* \* \* to greatly diminish their efficiency, while at the same time the expense of maintaining them has been greatly enhanced."

"The act recognizes the fact that it is a far better policy for the town to spend a few dollars for conveying, in severe and stormy weather, and through drifts of snow, children who have no means of conveyance, to a well appointed and good school, rather than waste hundreds in planting small and feeble schools at their doors."

One might almost think the writer has this Island in his mind's eye when he penned the last two paragraphs.

The Report then quotes from a pamphlet prepared by W. L. Eaton, of Concord, in 1893, for the Massachusetts public school exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition as follows :

"Since the year 1869 the cities and towns of Massachusetts have been authorized by laws to appropriate and expend money for the conveyance of pupils to and from the public schools. \* \* \* Within a few years, many communities have used this authority to increase the educational advantages of the children—constantly decreasing in numbers—who live in the districts at a distance from the centres of populations. This has been accomplished by closing many district schools and



transporting, at public expense, (i. e. the township's) their pupils to the neighboring district school, or to the village."

In order to secure full information in regard to the question a circular letter of enquiry was sent to one hundred and sixty-five cities and towns, to which one hundred and thirty-five replies were received, and the Report quotes :—

"To the question whether the results have been satisfactory, there is a substantial agreement in the affirmative. The most emphatic expressions of satisfaction come from those towns in which the educational motives have been the dominant ones. Repeatedly comes the assertion from this latter class of towns that the parents would not return to the old system of isolated schools if it were possible."

Quoting from State Agent Fletcher, of Massachusetts, the Report goes on :—

"Last year (i. e. 1892-3) sixteen towns in three counties had a school attendance of only 1,076 pupils, an average of eleven a school for seven months in the year. The average cost per pupil for schooling was \$18.33. As some schools had only six pupils, and a few only three, the cost per pupil was much greater, being as high as \$50 for the smallest school, while in a school of twenty-five pupils the cost averaged less than \$8. These figures show the expensiveness of educating pupils in small schools, a fact which the people do not seem to realize."

"Two things may be regarded as objects to be kept in view—efficiency and economy. Means to secure these ends are comfortable and convenient school-houses; necessary appliances; no more schools than are needed; intelligent teaching and skilled superintendence. There cannot be efficiency without economy in school matters. \* \* \*"

"Country people should perceive that the conditions under which the old district school was a power in the land no longer exist. \* \* \* When the attendance is small in schools it seems to be wise in some way to effect a union of the schools."

"These facts should have great weight with the people. A few good school-houses will be needed, and the cost for repairs and fuel will be reduced. Fewer and better teachers will be employed and the children will receive better instruction, which is the ultimate object to be reached, as only for them do schools exist."

State Agent A. W. Edson says :—

"There is a decided tendency on the part of intelligent and progressive communities to close the small schools in remote districts and to transport children to the graded schools of the villages, where better classification, better grading, and better teaching are the rule. This is done \* \* \* because of the firm conviction that the children receive greater educational advantages there than in the small ungraded schools. \* \* \* With few children and small classes there can be but little enthusiasm and progress."

Among the many advantages pointed out are the following :—

"It permits a better grading of the schools and classification of pupils. Consolidation allows pupils to be placed where they can work to the best advantage; the various subjects of study to be wisely selected and correlated, and more time to be given to recitation.

- " It insures the employment and retention of better teachers.
- " It adds the stimulating influences of large classes, with the resulting enthusiasm and generous rivalry. The discipline and training obtained are invaluable.
- " It affords the broader companionship and culture that comes from apocriation with large numbers.
- " It results in better attendance of pupils.
- " It quickens public interest in schools."

In the same Report Hon. Frank A. Hill, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, who addressed the Teachers' Institute here last autumn, is quoted as follows :—

" The reasons for consolidation of schools by conveyance of pupils are as follows: 'Increase in the size of the schools, rendering it possible to have better classification; better attendance, because the school is more interesting and profitable, and pupils can ride in comfort and safety when weather conditions would be unfavorable for walking; and the saving of money by closing small schools, making it possible to employ better teachers.'"

The Vermont State Superintendent of Education, W. Stone, quoted in the same Report, says :—

" The small school in itself is unprofitable for the child. He loses that attrition of mind with mind which is necessary for keenness; he loses the stimulation to excel which can exist only in larger classes; he loses vigorous habits of thought and work unless well buttressed and supplemented at home."

State Superintendent of Education, Charles R. Skinner, in his Report of 1894-5, is quoted as saying :—

" I cannot refrain from again calling the attention of the public to the matter of the consolidation of weak rural districts. \* \* \* There were 7,529 school districts in this State where the average attendance upon instruction in the public schools during the last year varied from 1 to 20 pupils, while there were 2,982 districts in the State where the average daily attendance during the past school year was less than 10 children. To maintain a school, provide proper facilities, and employ a teacher for so small a number of students is manifestly a perversion of that aid which the people so generously accord the educational interests of the State. . . ."

" The township system, or some unit larger than the present system, in my judgment, is the only solution of the difficulty, and until the State shall have adopted that system, its rural schools will continue to decline in efficiency."

The United States Report for the following year, quoted from the reports, etc., from different States and superintendents, as follows :—

From Report of State Superintendent Nathan C. Scheffer, of Pennsylvania, for 1896 :—

" At the first State Directors' Convention held in Harrisburg during the month of January, one of the leading topics discussed was the transportation of pupils to graded schools at central points, the saving of money, and the improvement of the instruction effected thereby. At a few places the experiment has been tried with marked

success. . . . In enlightened communities public opinion is soon changed in favor of any plan which either saves money or improves the schools. From the province of Victoria, in Australia, comes the report that 158 schools were closed by this plan, and that after deducting the cost of conveyance the saving amounted to \$50,000 per annum. The Minister of Education says the system is a marked success, and if there is one feature as to its working that stands out more prominently than another, it is the marked regularity of the attendance of the children conveyed. . . . In several of the New England States, which have tried the same experiment, the land in remote districts is said to have risen in value instead of depreciating in the market, as had been predicted by those opposed to the closing of the schools near their own farms."

From the report of State Commissioner Oscar C. Corson, of Ohio, for 1896 :—

"As the State grows older the country school problem increases in both importance and difficulty of solution. In some localities the sparseness of the population becomes a very important factor in its consideration, and in such localities . . . the true solution is no doubt found in the conveyance of the children to and from a central school. Special laws, authorizing Boards of Education to establish such schools . . . already exist and the plan is no longer an experiment.

"One of the first schools established under this special legislation is located at Kingsville, Ashtabula County. The schools in that locality, under the old plan, were very small, and therefore necessarily very expensive from the standpoint either of the per capita cost or the results attained. Under the new plan of consolidation, which has been in operation nearly four years, several of the outlying districts were abandoned and the pupils conveyed to the school at the centre of the town . . . The expense of schooling the children has been reduced nearly one-half, the daily attendance has been very largely increased, and the quality of the work done has been greatly improved. . . .

"What is true of Kingsville is in a large measure true of other localities and other counties to which the special legislation is applicable, and the plan is worthy the earnest attention and study of all who are interested in the welfare of our country schools. In other localities different hindrances, such as the lack of educational sentiment, neighborhood quarrels, no organization, selfishness of directors, &c., make the problem a difficult one. Such hindrances can be overcome only by developing in such communities a better school sentiment."

From Mr. F. E. Morrison, superintendent of Kingsville :—

"The new school system, . . . has been introduced with marked success.

"Pupils have not only been given the advantages of more extended associations and larger classes with which to recite, but they have also the advantages of a school where the teacher has fewer recitations and can give more time and attention to each recitation. Thus the pupils' progress is much more rapid than is possible in a school where there are three times as many classes and one-sixth the number of pupils. It is a fact that the work of the teacher depends more upon the number of classes to recite than the number of pupils in attendance. It is a pleasure to note that the attendance in the subdistricts that have availed themselves of the new system has increased from 50 to 150 per cent!" . . .

"The Board of Education and citizens of Kingsville are to be congratulated for their progressive and energetic spirit in being pioneers in formulating and placing in oper-

ation a system of education superior to any in the State of Ohio, and which is to be the system of the future."

Mr. J. R. Adams, Superintendent of Madison Township, Lake County, Ohio, reports :—

"Following are some of the good results which have come under my personal observation."

"A much larger per. cent of enumerated pupils enrolled."

"No tardiness among the transported pupils."

"Irregular attendance reduced."

"Pupils can be better classified and graded."

"Pupils can have the advantage of better school-rooms, better heated, better ventilated, and better supplied with apparatus &c."

"Pupils have the advantage of that interest, enthusiasm, and confidence which large classes always bring."

"Better teachers can be employed, hence better schools."

"The plan insures more thorough and complete supervision."

"It is more economical. Under the new plan the cost of tuition per pupil on the basis of total enrollment has been reduced from \$16 to \$10.48; on the basis of average daily attendance, from \$26.66 to \$16.07."

"A trial of this plan of consolidating our schools has satisfied me that it is a step in the direction toward whatever advantages a well-graded and well-classified school of three or four teachers has over a school of one teacher with five to eight grades, and with about as much time for each recitation as is needed to properly assign the next lesson."

"I am now more thoroughly convinced than ever before that consolidation, or centralization, as it is sometimes called, is the true solution of our country-school problem."

In a private letter of a later date also quoted, Mr. Adams says :—

"There is no trouble in transporting the pupils, even the youngest,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, which is the greatest distance."

How applicable all this is or might be made to P. E. Island.

The Report for 1896-7 states that ;—

"The practice of discontinuing weak schools and of conveying the pupils at the public (i. e., the locality's) expense to stronger central schools continues to give favorable results and further extension in the near future."

The report for the following year, 1897-8, the last to hand, tells us that the States of "Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Iowa, North Dakota," have made legal provision for transporting children to school, that Rhode Island and Wisconsin have declared the existing provisions of their school law are sufficient to authorize them to do so, that progress in the same direction has been made in Pennsylvania and South Dakota, and that "excellent results have followed the adoption of this policy," in those counties of Ohio which have tried it.

A. B. WARBURTON.

## Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.

**A**S it may be of interest to the readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE we shall give the names of those ladies who were members and contributed five shillings a year to the Ladies' Benevolent Society in 1845, and in that way they can form an idea who the people of Charlottetown were at that time:—

Lady Huntley	Mrs. Hensley
Mrs. Anwyl	“ J. D. Haszard
Miss Anwyl	“ Heard
“ Abbott	“ R. Hutchinson
Mrs. Barrow	“ J. N. Harris
“ John Brecken	“ Hebbes
“ Ralph Brecken	Miss Haviland
“ Beete	“ F. Haviland
“ Ball	“ Hodgson
“ Bovyer	Mrs. Jarvis
“ Brenan	“ Jenkins
“ Broderick	Miss Johnson
“ J. Bremner	“ T. Johnston
“ Charles Binns	Mrs. Irving
“ Beer	“ R. Longworth
“ Cumberland	“ F. Longworth
“ J. S. Dealey	“ Lane
“ B. Davies	“ Lamont
“ John Davis	“ Langlish
“ De St. Croix	“ E. L. Lydiard
“ Dalrymple	“ W. W. Lord
“ Thos. Dawson	“ Mackieson
“ Fanning	“ McDonell
“ Fellows	Miss Catherine McDonell
“ G. M. Goodman	“ McGowan
Miss Goodman	Mrs. J. S. Macdonald
Mrs. L. W. Gall	“ Macdonald, (Arisaig)
“ Gaffney	“ Joseph McDonald
“ Gates	“ Mellish
Miss Gray	“ Moore

Mrs. Milner  
 " Morpeth  
 " McKinnon  
 " McGill  
 " McCann  
 " J. W. Morrison  
 " W. Nelson  
 " Nash  
 " Orlebar  
 " Owen  
 " Peters  
 " Peake  
 " Poole  
 " Purdie  
 Miss Palmer  
 Mrs. Reddin  
 " Swabey  
 " W. Stewart  
 Mrs. Charles Young

Mrs. Strong  
 " Stamper  
 " J. Spencer Smith  
 " Isaac Smith  
 " Henry Smith  
 Miss Stewart  
 Mrs. J. T. Thomas  
 " Treneman  
 " Dr. Tremaine  
 " Tanton, senior  
 Lady Wood  
 Mrs. David Wilson  
 Mrs. Charles Welsh  
 " Weymouth  
 " Wright  
 " Geo. Wright  
 " Chas. Wright  
 " Nathan Wright  
 " James Watts

The following persons also gave donations to the society to aid in relieving the poor.

	£	s.	d.			
His Excellency	3	1	3	Friend	0	1 6
Lady Huntley	1	0	0	Friend	0	3 6
Capt. Bayfield, R. N.	2	0	0	Mrs. Grubb	1	0 0
Mrs Bayfield	1	0	0	" Griffin	0	3 0
" Barrow	0	5	0	Hon. G. R. Goodman	0	6 0
Major Beete	1	5	0	Hon. C. Hensley	1	0 0
Mr. Birnie	1	0	0	Hon. T. H. Haviland	1	0 0
Mrs. Barnstead	0	2	3	Hon. R. Hodgson	1	10 0
Major Cumberland	1	0	0	H. Haszard	0	4 6
H. Cooper	0	3	9	Mrs. Hensley	0	5 0
Mrs. Caffray	0	2	0	The Misses Hensley } by fancy work }	2	15 0
" Cummings	0	1	6	Mrs. J. M. Holl	0	10 0
" Carroll	0	0	9	" Hawkins	0	1 6
Dr. De St. Croix	0	5	0	Lieut. Hancock, R. N.	3	0 0
Mr. Duncan	0	10	0	Additional	1	10 0
Miss Fanning	3	0	0	The Chief Justice	1	0 0
Mrs. Forgan	0	10	0	Mrs. Jarvis	1	0 0
" Finlayson	0	7	6	Rev. Dr. Jenkins	1	0 0
Capt. Frankland } Rifle Brigade }	1	10	0	Dr. Kelley, R. N.	5	5 0
				Rev. Mr. Knox	0	5 3

Colonel Lane	0 5 0	Mrs. Pearse	0 0 9
Mrs. Macdonald		Rev. Mr. Reynolds	0 15 0
Arisaig	0 10 0	Captain Swabey	1 0 0
" McKay	0 3 0	Mrs. Swabey	1 0 0
" Mackie	0 3 9	" J. T. Thomas	0 5 0
Mr. J. Duff McDonald	0 5 0	" H. Webster	0 4 6
Mr. Macgowan	0 3 9	" Wood	0 3 0
Mr. McKenzie	0 3 0	Miss Wood	0 6 0
Fee Mr. McKenzie	0 5 0	Mr. P. Walker	0 6 0
Mrs. Nelson	0 6 0	Hon. C. Young	1 0 0
" A. Neil	0 1 6	Mrs. Young	1 0 0
Captain Orlebar, R.N.	1 15 0	The little Duchemin	
Hon. E. Palmer	0 11 0	Bazaar	0 18 0
Mr. W. Pope	0 3 9	Mr. J. D. Haszard,	} 3 0 0
Miss Pethick	0 5 0	amount for Printing	
Mrs. Peake	0 10 0	in the year 1844 &	
" Purdie	0 5 3	1845	}

As there are many names on the foregoing list that have quite disappeared from Charlottetown we shall try to give an idea of whom some of the people were:—

Mrs. and Miss Anwyl were daughter and grand-daughter of Judge and Mrs. Barrow.

Miss Abbot was an English lady, and governess to the family of Hon. T. H. Haviland, senior.

Mrs. Beete, wife of Major Beete.

Mrs. Cumberland and Lady Wood, daughters of General Fanning.

Mr. J. Sydney Dealey was a Land agent, and lived at and owned Sidmont, now the property of Hon. F. Peters.

Mrs. De St. Croix, daughter of Rev. Theo. DesBrisay, and wife of Dr. St. Croix, usually named.

Mrs. Dalrymple, wife of Dr. Dalrymple, Chemist and Druggist.

Mrs. Fellows, mother of James J. Fellows of Hyphosphite fame. Mr. Fellows kept the principal hotel in town.

Mrs. Goodman, wife of Mr. G. R. Goodman, Comptroller of Customs.

Mrs. L. W. Gall, sister of William Cundall, Esq.

Miss Gray, sister of Colonel Gray.

Mrs. Hensley, wife of Captain Hensley, R. N.

Mrs. R. Hutchinson, wife of the first Mayor of Charlottetown.

Miss Hodgson, sister of Sir Robert Hodgson.

Mrs. Jarvis, wife of the Chief Justice, and sister of Col. Grey.

Mrs. and Miss S. Johnston, sister and daughter of the late Attorney General Johnston.

Mrs. Heard, Charlottetown's English milliner.

Mrs. Lane, wife of Colonel Lane and daughter of Governor Smith.

Mrs. Lamont, wife of Commissary Lamont.

Mrs. Mellish, daughter of Sir Samuel Cunard, sister of Mrs. Peters, and wife of Captain Mellish of the Garrison.

Mrs. Nash, whose husband was Ordinance Store Keeper.

Mrs. Poole, whose husband was Doctor in the Garrison.

Mrs. Morpeth and Mrs. Forgan, daughters of Attorney General Johnston.

Mrs. Swabey, wife of Colonel Swabey.

Mrs. E. L. Lydiard, whose husband, a merchant of Charlottetown, was one of the survivors of the Fairy Queen disaster.

Mrs. Orlebar, wife of Commander Orlebar, R. N., of the Surveying Ship Gulnare.

Lieutenant Hancock, R. N., (afterwards took the name of Liebenrood), of S. S. Gulnare.

Mr. Binnie, father of the first Mrs. R. B. Stewart, Strathgartney.

Mrs. Grubb, mother of Mrs. T. H. Haviland.

“ W. Stewart, of Glen Stewart.

“ J. T. Thomas, wife of one of the principal merchants.

“ Barnstead, whose husband was one of the bakers of town.

Miss Pethick, afterwards Mrs. William Walsh.

Of all the names in this list only three are now living as



far as we know; Mrs. Charles Binns, Miss Catherine Macdonnell, and Miss Palmer, who is now the widow of Rev. Dr. R. T. Roache, of Trenton. N. J., and mother of Rev. Hibbert Roache of Long Branch, and who, we have been informed, was one of Miss Fitzroy's bridesmaids.

We are sorry we should have been misinformed as to the church in which Miss Fitzroy was married, and are much obliged to an elderly lady for the correction and information that the marriage took place at St. Paul's Church. We have heard of many interesting circumstances that happened in the '30's, but think that probably it would be better to keep to our own recollections, which only extend as far back as '44 or '45.

E. L. M.

### A Wish and Its Folly.

Breathes there a man whose past has been  
 So free from spot or stain,  
 A retrospect evokes no wish  
 To live his life again?—  
 To start anew, with knowledge full,  
 Which here we dearly buy—  
 How grand a thing we'd make of life  
 If once more we could try!

But only once we pass this way;  
 No second lease is got;  
 Whatever's done is done for aye,  
 Or done or said or thought:  
 Bethink thee, too, thou purblind man,  
 How wisely ordered so;  
 For, who for innate prescience would  
 Our early joys forego?

KINGSTON, P. E. I.

J. H. M.

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r of Rev. Hibbert  
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back as '44 or '45.

E. L. M.

been

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## The Bostonia Sextette.

This organization, composed of Musicians of note, will be heard in Charlottetown on May 14th. The personnel is as follows:

DIRECTOR—Carl Louis Staats, late clarinet soloist with Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SOLO VIOLIN—Walter E. Loud, pupil of Ysaye.

VIOLIN—Louis Eaton. VIOLA—W. A. Hochheim.

CELLO—Floris Landsman. BASS.—Alfred Reinhart.

All are artists of eminence. The program will consist of selections for strings, solos for Clarinet, Violin and Cello. They will be assisted by a talented soprano soloist:

Miss Edith Viola Ellsbree in aria and song, with clarinet obligato by Mr. Staats.

Criticisms :

“Mr. Staats has mastered the clarinet to a degree unexcelled possibly by anyone in this country. His work on that instrument is the perfection of art.”

“Mr. Loud’s bowing is marvellous.”

“Mr. Landsman, the ’cellist, won the glory of the evening.”

“Miss Ellsbree is a most delightful vocalist.”

Charlottetown will do its duty by this company on the 14th.

**A Little Early,  
Ain't It? . . . .**

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IS GOOD TO DE AHEAD.**

That's where we have been for 20 years. Our fishinggear all in.  
Call and see us.

**A Rod from 25c. up. Baird's Flies**

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**VICTORIA ROW DRUGGISTS. OPP. POST OFFICE**



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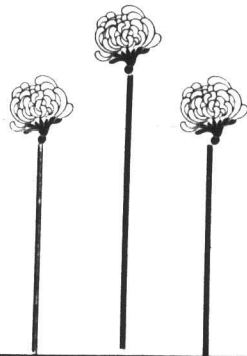
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Annuals for spring, Planting and Bedding Plants in endless assortment from the best seed procurable. Choicest varieties of flowering Plants for the house and for the garden.

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Our millinery creations have a tone of the imported, and are modified to suit the want of each buyer. We also show a beautiful range of the finest

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Blouses  
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Is the Best 25 Cent  
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The Millinery Leaders

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prepared with the best goods obtainable, cheaper than any house in the business.

We run our business in the interest of the people—no division of profits with doctors. It is to your interest to deal with

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We make a complete study of what men should wear and how they should be dressed

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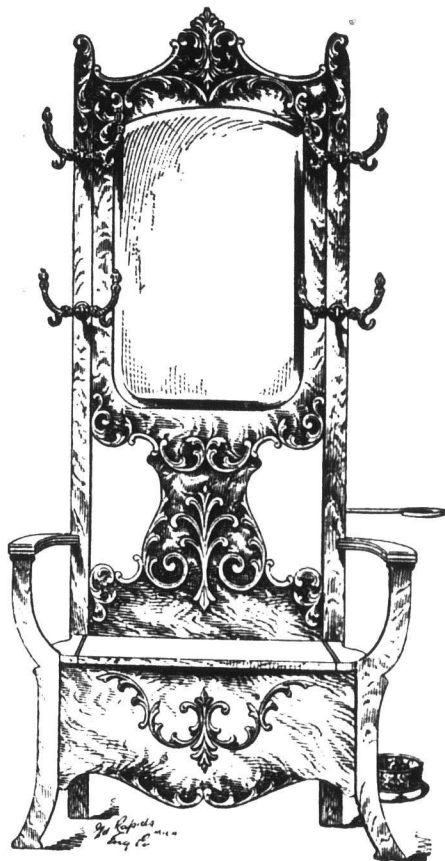
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**Furniture  and Bedding**



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None better at  
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