

# THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. 4

NO. 12

## FEBRUARY

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THE  
**Prince Edward Island Magazine**

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The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

Vol. 4

February, 1903

No. 12

Baskets and Basket-Weavers.

**B**ASKETS! Please look at them carefully; how pretty and light and serviceable they are; they may be found in all our homes, and around every farm-yard. What shall the people do when the basket has gone the way of the bark canoe? What made the Micmacs a nation of basket-weavers? who taught them the rare skill required to transform a common log into such fantastical shapes,—such useful airy fabrics? But what shall the basket-weavers do when the lordly ash-tree is no more?

In the forgotten centuries, some thoughtful Micmac discovered how pounding the ash would separate the growth of each year from the others; perhaps he gathered up the splinters first where the lightning, (*wasogwódesk*) had shivered some tall ash, perhaps he placed a few across and strapped his load on with them; nobody knows how many centuries passed away before the basket, as we know it, reached the perfection it has now attained. It is not at all likely that it had any marketable value before the French traders came; but no race of men possessed a more convenient carryall than was the *likpenigun* of the Micmacs,—the basket of to-day.

But few readers of our Island Magazine are familiar

with the process of basket-weaving; and no doubt some are curious to learn. Then, let us accompany a Micmac as he sets out on a hunt for the ash tree, *agamök*, from which the splits, *laskadakun* or *likpenigunabe*, are made. We recognize the tree in summer by its peculiar compound leaves, resembling those of the rose or the sumac, but in winter when the wood is cut for splits, we have to remember its stout twigs, tall bare trunk and rough bark. At present the trees are so rare that it may take hours to find a good one and get it twitched to where it may be loaded for hauling. Let us leave him as he leisurely drags it to his home, for we are not as well hardened to the winter weather as he; but when he brings it in and places it over the fire, to thaw out the frost, we are all on the alert again.

Why does he wait so long? Just see, now he unbends before the glow of his fire,—he is no longer the stoical, cynical, unapproachable man; but he has a whole collection of funny stories to tell, and he can laugh as heartily as any of the group. Some time when you were not looking, he has picked up the heavy log and glided out, and you hear blows outside, as he splits it up into pieces about eight feet long and perhaps the size of one's wrist; then he brings them all in again to warm before the fire. Soon he is sitting on the floor with a long draw-knife, dressing them off smooth and square, and peeling off all the bark; then, without a hint as to what he will do next, he goes outside with a few of the long rods, and placing one after another on a block, he pounds them regularly every inch of the way from one end to the other. As he works along you see that each year's growth has separated behind him; and when he throws down the pounded stick, it almost falls apart into a dozen or more flat bands, all ready one would say to be woven into the basket which we are so anxious to see take form. The outside split of all, which is the last year's growth, has broken useless in the pounding

progress, but he remarks that is no good, anyway, for it would not stand the splitting up and weaving. With this remark he takes another handful and pounds them as before.

Now the good-woman, *abit*, takes her seat on the floor, not man-fashion, (cross-legged), but woman-fashion, with her feet doubled around to one side she separates one split from the shaky bundle, trims it off with great care; then placing one end in her mouth splits it with her teeth, and slowly separates it from end to end; these in turn are finished off and then drawn over a little tool like a curry-comb, which has sharp knife-points regular distances apart; there are several of these instruments, some of which are as fine in the teeth as any comb; while others allow of strips being made half an inch in width. Every instrument is as sharp as skill can make it, though some of the knives must not have too keen an edge.

When a good number of splits of different widths have been prepared and wound up in interesting coils, the woman sets about with deft hands to build the bottom of her basket; one, two, three, four,—how quickly she places them; over one, under one, back and forth, always drawing them firmly together, until a neat square mat has been finished, all but cutting off the waste ends. She has no thought of cutting them off, but bends them up, and, reaching for a coil of splits much narrower, she goes around, and around, behind and before; always taking care to leave some peculiar mark, by which she will know her own work wherever she may see it again.

Perhaps she may weave-in grass, or varied colours, as fancy leads her, while she works along; she talks and laughs at her work though she often pauses in the middle of a sentence to moisten an unruly split that refuses to bend properly to its place. On she goes around and around, as defty as a woman knitting. Her husband quietly makes

the rim and the handle for her. At last she is at the top; then the rim (*logwistakun*) is fitted in, and the handle (*nabedagwenigun*), is taken from the place where it has been drying, tied to shape with a string or withe, it is quickly shoved down to place, and fastened firmly under the bottom. Now, if a cover is not required, the work is done. There has been no model or pattern of any kind used; it is an hour's task, or perhaps it keeps one busy for almost a day, according to the size and style. It is clean, bright, cheerful work, and does not tax her strength.

While the mother goes on with her work the little tots amuse us, doubling up tangles of cast off splits, as they chatter amongst themselves. But perhaps before they have grown to maturity the ash wood will have been all used up; if our Government does not take care to preserve, or better still, endeavour to set out thousands of young trees on some of the numerous vacant acres they still hold. We surely owe an honest debt to the Micmacs, our slipshod policy has helped to make them merely a nation of basket-weavers and beggars, when they all might be as some already are, independent, self-respecting men and women. Meet them and treat them as you do any other neighbor and they will meet you half way. The writer has often spent hours amongst them during which they never appeared to think of begging. If we can say as Peter and John did to the man at the temple gate it is a thousand times better for them than to give silver or gold. Let us take them by the hand in the name of One who stooped to earth that he might lift us all; in this way shall we also weave a web, acceptable to him.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.



## The Masters of the Bread.

**S**NATCH from our hands the gold we've won,  
And leave us worthless dross ;  
Bind on our brows your crown of thorns  
And on our backs your cross !

Seize on the earth and bid us delve  
That we may yet be fed ;  
Then dole a pittance for our toil, —  
Ye Masters of the Bread !

Go rob our childhood of its youth  
In sweat-shop, mill and mine ;  
With hunger's lash drive home the lie  
That 'tis the will Divine.

But should we dare to guard our own,  
Your ruthless hands to stay, —  
Call out your hireling butchers then  
Our maddened mobs to slay.

Then let the grizzly wolf of want  
Stalk through our hovels bare,  
Till bootless hope and fruitless toil  
Shall mock our loved ones' prayer.

Yet wait until your famished babes  
In cold and hunger die,  
Then send your holy henchmen there  
To prate their pleasant lie.

Yes, starve our daughters into shame,  
Our sons to felons's deeds;

Then talk of Trade and Private Rights,  
Of Glory, Flags and Creeds.

Yet think not ye may thus remain  
Secure in girded might;  
In Hate's dark hour some frenzied hand  
The heartless breast may smite.

Or if ye live your evil span—  
Unblessing and unblest—  
Your helots' curse will scale your walls  
And filch your guarded rest.

And though ye flout and flee abroad,  
Still, in your secret room,  
Our shades shall dog your dying steps  
And hound ye to the tomb.

Though Hell be "but a guilty dream,"  
And Heaven a hope forlorn;  
Though age on age of wrong may cloud  
Reluctant Reason's morn.

Still in the silent halls, where sleep  
The high and humble dead  
Your limbs will lie as cold as ours,  
O! Masters of the Bread!

WEBSTER ROGERS.



## Lord Selkirk's Settlers in P. E. Island.—IV.

**I**N the course of these articles mention has been made of Agent Williams, who was the representative of the Earl of Selkirk, in the negotiations that took place with the Highlanders, previous to their emigration from Scotland.

In one of our Charlottetown newspapers, some years ago, the late George F. Owen published a series of sketches, entitled "The Voyage of the ship Polly," and, under the title of "Lawyer Sandy" he tells his story thus:—

**"T**HE subject of this sketch was a native of Kirkcudbright, the capital of the shire of that name, in the South of Scotland. He obtained some education in one of the parish schools of his native town; but at an early age went to learn the tailoring business. Being of active temperament and restless disposition he ran away from his master, after serving a few years, and enlisted in the army. About a year after his enlistment, the regiment in which he served was ordered to Ireland. That country was then in a distracted state. The rebellion of '98 had just broken out and Sandy (for such was his Christian name) saw some hard service. He fought at the battle of Vinegar Hill and had a hand in various skirmishes with the Irish patriots. In one of these he was severely wounded, and rendered, for a short time unfit for duty. When the trouble in Ireland was subdued, his regiment was ordered to Canada, and our hero went with it; and on his arrival had some experience of the cold of a Canadian climate while doing garrison duty in the old citadel at Quebec. After three years, the regiment was recalled and Sandy again trod his native land. The wound he received in Ireland had never thoroughly healed, and had broken out afresh. The voyage across the Atlantic was long and tedious in a troop-ship of those days and the soldiers suffered severely from scurvy and when the ship arrived at Portsmouth it was found that Sandy was no longer able to serve the King; and his discharge, with a small pension, was the consequence.

After his discharge he returned to Kirkcudbright and went back to his old trade for a while; but although his health was somewhat restored by his native air, his heart was not in the monotonous work of cutting out and making up clothes. The old restless feeling came on, and he wandered off for whole months at a time, travelling from

village to village and from town to town, recounting his warlike experiences in Ireland, and describing the wonders of the world he had seen beyond the Atlantic.

At that time the question of emigrating to America occupied the minds of the peasantry in many parts of Scotland; and Sandy who had lived in that wonderful land, could well describe what he had seen of that country, either in English or Gælic; and consequently he had no difficulty in introducing himself to the people of the districts where he had travelled; and an invitation to call again, especially from the warm hearted, hospitable people of Perth and Argyleshire, amongst whom he made his longest journeys and longest calls, was often given him.

Possessing a clear and vigorous intellect, a ready command of language, and a dogged pertinacity in argument, He was one of those men who are capable of wielding a certain degree of influence, even when the higher moral powers are wanting. The great flaw in his character was his fondness for litigation and general controversy on all matters within the scope of his knowledge that admitted of any doubt. In early youth it was noticed that Paul's epistles had greater charms than the narrative portions of either the Old or the New Testaments; and while learning his trade a great portion of his leisure was spent in poring over Blackstone's Commentaries, and other legal works, which he borrowed from a learned shoemaker in the neighborhood. These books he subsequently purchased and treasured with the greatest care. He had them in his Irish campaign. He took them across the ocean to Quebec and back to Scotland; and one or the other of them he carried about with him in his Highland rambles. And more than sixty years afterwards the old volumes, thumbed and battered and worn, might be seen reposing alongside the Family Bible on a shelf in his humble home in Prince Edward Island.

His fondness for litigation and controversy, his readiness to furnish everyone who had a *casus belli* with a stock of ammunition from his storehouse of legal and scriptural knowledge gained for him the sobriquet at the head of this sketch.

By some means or other in the Fall of 1802 he attracted the notice of Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, who was then, in pursuance of his many schemes of colonization, anxious to stir up the people of the Highlands in order to furnish recruits for an expedition which he intended fitting out for America the next year. The Earl had large estates in Prince Edward Island, and that colony was to be the destination of the vessel. Governor Fanning, in November, 1802, in his speech to the House of Assembly of Prince Edward Island, said that "he had

the satisfaction to inform them on the highest authority that the public affairs of the Island had been brought under the consideration of His Majesty's Ministers, in a manner highly favorable to the late humble and dutiful representations made on behalf of the inhabitants, respecting the large uncultivated tracts of land in the island." Consequently it was most important that the land proprietors should exert themselves to get emigrants to settle on their estates. A very slight acquaintance with our friend Sandy convinced the Earl that he was just the man he wanted to act as an agent to go about among the people, to point out to them the many advantages the New World offered to the emigrant, and to induce as many of them as could get ready to take passage in the ship, which was to sail from Oban during the coming summer.

The Earl made him a liberal offer to induce him to undertake the work, and Sandy started on his mission. The work tallied well with the natural bent of his mind. Nearly everyone he met had fears, doubts and misgivings about going to America. The dangers of the voyage, the cold of the winter, the difficulties to be encountered in cutting down the trees, the dread of the Indians, and of the bears and other wild beasts with which the forests were said to abound, were causes of much anxiety to the intending emigrants.

In combating these natural objections, and allaying the fears of his countrymen and countrywomen, Alexander was in his true element. He had his fill of discussion and controversy all that winter, and many a bottle of whiskey was drained around the peat fires of the simple cottagers whose homes he visited in the Highlands. He contrasted all the advantages they would enjoy in the new world, after the first few years, with their present condition. He represented that the ship which was intended to carry them across the ocean was a stout and strong vessel, well found in boats, rigging, sails, chains, and anchors. He told them that the trees in America were easily cut down. He expatiated on the various uses to which their trunks could be applied, such as house and shipbuilding, fencing, firewood, etc. The sugar maple he represented as particularly valuable, from the fact that a slight notch cut into its substance set free a copious stream of saccharine liquor, which might, with very little trouble, be boiled into sugar of the most delicious quality; or by a certain process, which never seems to have been tried by the settlers, could be converted into fine whiskey. Tea (a rare luxury in the Highlands in those days) equal to any that came from China, he told his hearers, could be gathered in the swamps and grew in rich abundance in the forests, especially at the roots of the maple trees. The Indians, he told

them, had all been converted to Christianity by Catholic missionaries, who went among them all over America in the early days of the French occupation. He only laughed at their fears about the wild beasts, and represented a bear hunt in the woods, with dog, guns and cudgels, as one of the most enjoyable and exciting of sports. But the crowning argument in favor of the new enterprise, which the agent termed the *argumentum crumenan*, was founded on the facility with which large farms could be obtained on long leases at a nominal rent. The hardships to be encountered in clearing their farms, he carefully kept in the back ground. Although these statements were nearly all false quantities, they contained a small *nucleus* of truth, around which the wily agent, with his glib tongue, contrived to throw a very attractive halo of shadowy and unsubstantial fiction. This, the people whom he persuaded to leave their homes in the Highlands on that occasion, found out to their cost before they were long in the Colony. To men advanced in years, whose principal occupation had been fishing or tending flocks or herds, the axe was a laborious implement to handle. The trees were of much harder grain than the agent represented them to be. The snow in winter which was not much taken into account in discussions around the peat fires in Scotland they found a source of the greatest discomfort all through a long winter, and the kilts of the Highlands proved poor protection against the biting frosts of an American nor' wester. The tea and sugar privileges did not come up to their expectations and even the crowning argument itself, founded on the abundance and cheapness of land, turned out to be a fallacy, and many a hearty malediction directed against the Earl's agent afterwards found utterance in the depths of the lonely forests, as the settler, scantily clad and badly fed, sweated from every pore in his awkward efforts to lay low some giant of the forest.

All through the districts over which the agent travelled a feeling of restlessness soon prevailed. There was much serious consultation among the cottagers. Some had decided promptly before he left the village, while others were slower in making up their minds. However, when the spring set in a great many were preparing to leave the country for America.

Sandy was in his glory. He had executed his mission with great success, and when he reported to the Earl of Selkirk, about the first of May, the result of his work, the earl was so well pleased with his representation of the state of affairs, that he supplemented his former very liberal allowance with a free grant of 200 hundred acres of land on his estates in Prince Edward Island, giving the agent *carte blanche* as to the location, Sandy having decided to throw in his lot with the

emigrants, and cross the ocean in the same ship.

Accordingly, about the first of June, 1803, the good ship Polly set sail from Oban. Her living freight, besides her officers and crew, consisted of about 600 persons of all ages, from the child at its mother's breast to the old man or woman of three score and ten."

(*To be Continued.*)

---

## The Stillness of the Frost.

**O**UT of the frost-white wood comes winnowing through  
 No wing; no homely call or cry is heard;  
 Even the hope of life seems far deferred  
 The hard hills ache beneath their spiritual hue,  
 A dove-gray cloud, tender as tears or dew.  
 From one lone hearth exhaling hangs unstirred,  
 Like the poised ghost of some unnamed great bird  
 In the ineffable pallor of the blue.  
 Such, I must think, even at the dawn of Time,  
 Was thy white hush O world, when thou layd'st cold,  
 Unmarked to love, new from the Maker's word,  
 And the spheres, watching, stilled their high accord  
 To marvel at perfection in thy mold,  
 The grace of thine austerity sublime!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

---

## The First Families of Canada.

**T**HE origin of the Red-race is a theme that has attracted the attention of the most eminent men of the Old and New World; and is full of interest and prolific in its suggestiveness.

Various have been the conjectures as to the time and manner by which the continent of America became peopled. There is historical evidences to prove that the Norsemen

visited America in the tenth century, and there is not the least doubt that there were, before this, chance wanderers eastward, from the isles of the Pacific, China and Japan. May there not also have been migrations? The crossing of Behring's Straits would present little difficulty to the hardy adventurer; and there are some who maintain that at one time the land of that locality was united. The Indians still voyage hundreds of miles in frail canoes, and what such folk can do is the measure of capacity of barbaric man in the past to have done likewise. Such migration from the shores of the Indian Ocean, reaches back to the time when Palæolithic man was living in Europe, and when Asia was still in the stone age, because, among other reasons, a lapse of time long enough for the development of the many languages spoken by the North American Indian is required.

Short, in his admirable work on the "North Americans of Antiquity," gives proof of the discovery of the remains of timbers out of junks on the Pacific coast, and travellers from British Columbia, inform us of the striking resemblance between the Chinese and the Indians of the coast.

Westward! has in general, been the Motto of Nations. After the period of establishment of the Greek and Roman colonies, or rather from the invasion of the Goths and Huns, the tendency of migration has been westward, and, to-day, the direction is the same.

There are differences of opinion among philologists as to the Basque language being the foundation language for the numerous languages and dialects of the new world; just here may be noted the resemblance between the Micmac and the Basque. If this affinity then of language, can be fully established it will be a strong factor in solving the relation of the Indians of Canada to the people of Asia. It is also asserted that the strange inscriptions on the rocks at Narraganset Bay, are Runic characters, and that the *ships of Carthage* at one time visited the shores of the new world.

A Chinese record of the fifth century, indicates a possible Buddhist visit to Mexico, and recent discoveries have proved that some of the characters on old Mexican remains are undoubtedly Chinese.

The earliest account of the remains of the ancestors of the Indians we find in the study of the remarkable earth mounds, which exist in thousands over the central parts of North America, especially in the basin of the Mississippi. Speculation was for a long time as to the race who had left these strange structures, but there is no longer any question that the mysterious mound builders were the ancestors of the Redmen. Every relic of their supposed civilization corresponds with something that can be clearly traced to ordinary Indian hands, the mode of burial, the wampum found in the graves, and their domestic customs are similar in all respects; and tribal traditions have survived attributing these great earth-works to the Red-man's ancestors.

By relics picked up here and there, the wanderings of the mound-builders can be clearly traced from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes. Here they became separated into different groups or families, who chose for themselves different portions of the New World.

The Indians of North America are divided into two groups, one Malay-Polynesian, and the other Turanian in origin. The first named inhabited these provinces in the early as well as at this time, and were of the Algonquin family, who in their early history occupied the country as far south as Virginia; covering the Atlantic sea-board, New England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; and from the St. Lawrence to Lake Superior. This family was divided into sixteen different tribal divisions, differing sometimes slightly, sometimes very markedly in dialect. The Algonquins, except the most southerly tribes of New England and a few in Acadia, lived by the chase alone, and were more nomadic in their habits.

In 1490 the estimated number of Indians in America was ten millions, and of this number about eight thousand were Micmacs, the original settlers of these Maritime Provinces. The first European explorers found these red men leading amid the trackless forests, the same wild, wandering life followed by their posterity. They saw the Frenchman make his entrance and his exit, and the Englishman take possession of their lands, and now, after many stealthy attempts to drive him out, Englishman and Micmac dwell in peace together.

During the four hundred years which have passed into history since Columbus re-found a new world and made room for the overflow from Europe, the noble Caucasian race has spent time and money in devising ways for slaying the red-men of this continent. The French killed them with kindness, washed them, dressed them up and made them so deeply in love with the hereafter that they were glad to swap the bleak icy woods for blissful hunting grounds where fat moose and pink salmon steaks were always plenty. The English fed the Indians with sweet promises, sold them rum, until they were unfitted for trade, and then swindled them of land enough to make several kingdoms as big as Great Britain. The Spanish, though seemingly cruel, were really more kind than any other nationality, for they killed every Indian they saw. The result was that from an estimated population of some ten to twelve millions in A. D. 1500, the North American Indians were shot off, died off and starved for nearly three centuries until the close of the American Revolutionary war, when their number did not exceed three millions all told.

As early as June, 1497, John Cabot visited our coasts, and in *Stowe's Annales*, we find the following entry: "This year were brought unto the king three men taken in ye newfound islands by Cabbotte, clothed in beast skins, but spake such a language as no man can understand, of the

which three men two of them were seen in the King's Court at Westminster, two years after, they were clothed like Englishmen, and could not be discerned from such men." Harper in his history states that they were kidnaped probably from Newfoundland or our own Island.

Gaspar Cortereal visited America in 1501, with a charter from the King of Portugal, authorizing him to possess the land. A record of this voyage is given by the Spanish ambassador in Portugal, Don Pasqualigo, who states among other things, that two of Cortereal's vessels brought back to Portugal fifty or sixty natives, who were probably of the Montagnais tribe, who occupied the country at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. The King was well pleased with the description of the country, and he declared, that the captives made the best slaves that he had ever seen. While in America Cortereal made the Isle of Miscou his headquarters; he may have also visited our own Island, for in 1523 when visited by the Basque they found some of the natives able to converse intelligibly in that language.

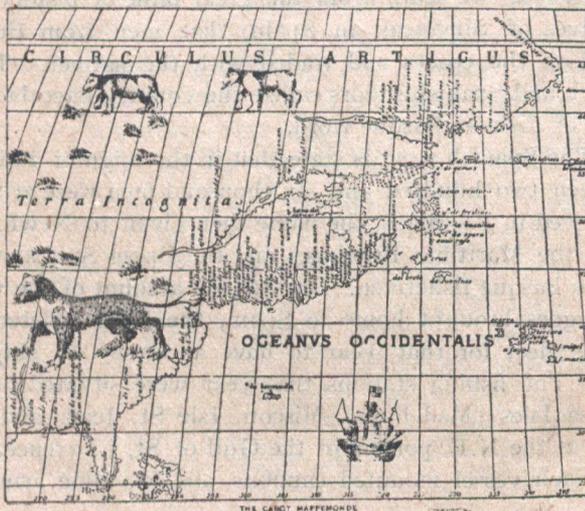
In 1504, we learn from the great mine of history, the Archives of Simancas, in Spain; that men from Europe fished on the coasts and traded with the natives. These French and Spanish sailors called the country Bacallaos, or Land of Fish—a Basque word.

The Spanish records state that in the reign of Phillip I between two hundred and six thousand men were at times employed in Bacallaos, the name then given to Newfoundland, the Maritime Provinces and the Upper St. Lawrence by the Basque fishermen. In 1523, on account of the value of cargoes brought home to Spain, the King ordered the fishing fleet for that year to have a convoy of ships of war. The fishing stations that year were situated on the Ramea Isles (Madelines), Miscou, Isle St. Jean, and at a point at the N.E. portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Each vessel mounted cannons, and his rude arms lay

alongside the fisherman as he plied his oar and cast his net. But they were merry souls amidst all the dangers of the seas. Each week the admiral of the fishing fleet retired, and at every change the new official gave a feast to all the fishermen and natives. At one of these feasts, when one of the chiefs was being taught the Lord's Prayer, he came to a full stop when he was told to say, "Give us this day our daily bread." He asked if he prayed for bread alone, would he get any fish or moosemeat? Captain Martin De Sapien thus describes the natives at one of the Islands where he was with the fleet in 1526: "They were clothed in beasts' skins, and ate besides fish raw flesh of the animals they captured; they are rude and savage, having no knowledge of a God, nor live under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs and manners, they resemble the natives of the country near to them, from whence I suppose they came, as its banks are visible to them." In all probability he here referred to the natives of the Isle of St. Jean.

(To be Continued.) J. EDWARD RENDLE.



## The Engineers.

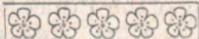
I USED to laugh at the Engineers; but I don't laugh at them now,—  
 Not since that day of chillin' fears when the pom-poms  
 joined the row.  
 That was our first experience of the d——d unpleasant  
 brutes  
 And at last we broke for cover,—*fast?* we fairly burned  
 our boots.

But the one-pound shells kept follerin' us till I feared for  
 my sinful soul,  
 An' was thinkin' of what excuses I'd make, when—I come  
 to a bomb-proof hole;

I'd prayed a few prayers, for I weren't prepared to pass  
 in Review up there,  
 Where the Parson says *his* Commander-in-Chief sits in the  
 Judgment Chair.

An' so my life was saved that day. O' course I forgot my  
 fears,  
 An' 'stead of kneelin' and thankin' God — I blessed the  
 Engineers.

Charlottetown, RUGGED RIPLING,  
 Paardeburg Day, 1903.



### Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

**T**HOUSANDS of Gods, like Indra great,  
 Hundreds of kings of royal state,  
 Have seen by Time's almighty hand,  
 Their glories so put out  
 As are the flames of lamps that stand  
 Where puffs the wind about.

ANONYMOUS.

### Methodism in Charlottetown.

**O**N the 16th of November, 1833, Isaac Smith, Robert Longworth, John Bovyer, Christopher Cross, Henry Smith, John Trenaman, William Tanton, Thomas Dawson and Charles Welsh as trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist Society in Charlottetown purchased a piece of land 80 by 168 feet on the corner of Prince and Richmond streets for the purpose of erecting a new Wesleyan Chapel. For about eighteen years immediately preceding this period the Wesleyan Society held services in a building on the North side of Richmond street between Queen and Pownal streets. Having obtained this superior location the trustees erected an oblong wooden structure 42 by 55 feet with the gable end fronting on Prince street. The interior was plainly finished with flat ceiling, high backed pews and a gallery around three sides. The building would seat about 600 persons. This was the beginning of the Prince Street Methodist church. The trustees became a body corporate by an Act of the General Assembly passed on the 10th of April 1835. The



ISAAC SMITH



CHRISTOPHER CROSS



HENRY SMITH



ROBERT LONGWORTH



REV. RICHARD KNIGHT



JOHN TRENAMAN



THOMAS DAWSON



CHARLES WELSH



JOHN BOVER



WILLIAM TANTON

NAMES OF PEW HOLDERS AND NUMBER OF THE PEWS  
LOWER PART OF THE CHAPEL,

No. 1	Stove and Free Seats	23	Nathan Davies
2	Napoleon LePage	24	Martin Dogherty, R Faught
3	Clear Lellow & W. Hodgson	25	John Bremner
4	Mrs. Cameron	26	Charles Welsh
5	John Davies	27	Christopher Cross
6	Wm. Farquharson	28	Robert Longworth
7	Thomas Dawson	29	Theophilus Chappell
8	John Williams	30	Robert Weeks
9	Miss Fulton	31	Theophilus Chappell jr
10	Wm. Douse	32	Preachers Pew
11	Wm. Smardon	33	John Morris
12	Alexander Davidson	34	John Rider
13	Strangers Pew	35	John Pool
14	Thomas Pethick	36	John Brecken
15	Charles Binns	37	Robert Hodgson
16	Thos. Robinson	38	Peter MacGowan
17	John Summers	39	James Peake
18	Stephen Boyer	40	Ralph Brecken
19	John Trenaman	41	Wm. Tanton
20	Jabez Barnard	42	James Kelly
21	John Boyyer, James Moore	43	Richard Read
22	Geo Beer jr, Wm Holmes	44	Stove and free sittings

## GALLERIES

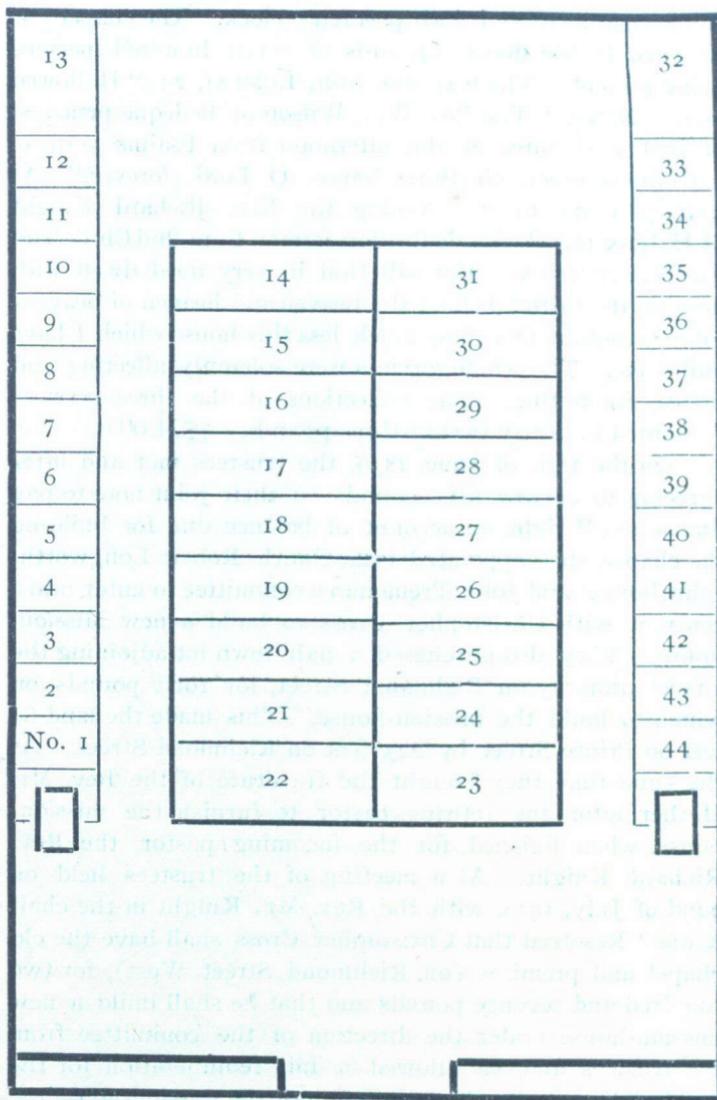
## North Side

Front pew of the end gallery reserved for the choir  
Single sittings; two to William Davison, two to Wm. Cook, two to Laughlin McKay, and one to John Davison  
Thos. DesBrisay  
Joseph Hill  
Wm. Butcher  
Isaac Smith  
Henry Smith  
Watson Duchemin  
James Collins  
Hugh Logan  
Wm Mason  
Thomas Terlizzick  
George Chudleigh  
Nathan Wright  
Wm. Howard

## South Side

Single sittings, Two to John Corbin, Two to James Connell.  
Jabez Rowe  
Seats Reserved for Choir  
John McDonald  
John Alexander  
C. C. Davison  
Robt. Boyyer  
Wm. Higgins  
Wm Crosby & T. Pladwell  
Samuel Westacott  
Robt. Boyle  
George Snellgrove  
Wm. Warren  
Thomas Witten  
Eliza Mitchell

The new Wesleyan Chapel was opened for divine service on Sunday the 9th of July, 1835. The Rev J. P. Hetherington, the resident minister, preached in the morning. The



PLAN OF LOWER PART OF CHAPEL.

service commenced at half past ten o'clock. The chapel was crowded to the doors, upwards of seven hundred persons being present. The text was from Luke XI, 2: "Hallowed be thy Name." The Rev. Wm. Wilson of Bedeque preached at half past three in the afternoon from Psalms xciii v. "Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever." At half past six in the evening the Rev. Richard Knight of Halifax preached a dedication sermon from 2nd Chronicles vi, from xviii-xxi "But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee how much less this house which I have built" etc. The whole services were solemnly affecting and highly interesting. The collections at the three services amounted to nearly twenty-three pounds. —(\$74.00)

On the 13th of June, 1836, the trustees met and after agreeing to borrow fifty pounds on their joint note to pay Smith and Wright on account of balance due for building the chapel, they appointed Isaac Smith, Robert Longworth, John Boyver and John Trenaman a committee to enter into a contract with Christopher Cross to build a new Mission-house. They also purchased a half town lot adjoining the chapel property on Richmond Street, for forty pounds, on which to build the mission-house. This made the land 80 feet on Prince Street by 225 feet on Richmond Street. At the same time they bought the furniture of the Rev. Mr. Hetherington the retiring pastor to furnish the mission-house, when finished, for the incoming pastor, the Rev. Richard Knight. At a meeting of the trustees held on 22nd of July, 1836, with the Rev. Mr. Knight in the chair it was "Resolved that Christopher Cross shall have the old chapel and premises (on Richmond Street West), for two hundred and seventy pounds and that he shall build a new mission-house under the direction of the committee from the trustees and be allowed a fair remuneration for the said building." On the completion of the mission-house the

trustees met and passed the following resolution : "Resolved that a new mission-house having been built by Mr. Christo-Cross by order of the Board and the said house having been valued by Mr. Isaac Smith, according to appointment in the sum of four hundred and forty-four pounds six shillings, the said valuation be received and is hereby agreed to."

During the pastorate of the Reverend Richard Knight Methodism made rapid progress in Charlottetown, so much so that in July 1837,—two years after the new chapel was opened—it was found necessary to enlarge the building by adding 30 feet to its length, making the chapel 85 feet long on Richmond Street. For this purpose, and to pay the balance due on the erection of the Mission House, the Trustees borrowed two hundred pounds, for which they gave their personal security. At the close of Mr. Knight's pastorate in 1839 the membership of the Society was 250, a large number having been added as a result of a very great revival under his ministry here. The Rev. Dr. Knight was the father of Mrs. (Rev.) J. V. Jost, and the grandfather of Mr. R. K. Jost, of Charlottetown.

In June, 1839, the Rev. William Smith succeeded Dr. Knight in the pastorate of the circuit.

The following year the work on the first addition of the chapel was completed and on the 24th of July, 1840, the pews in the new part were let.

During the pastorate of the Rev. Mr Smith a special effort was made to collect arrears of pew rents, as the following resolution will show: Resolved that a note be sent by the trustees to Mr.— requesting immediate payment of £5.4.0 arrears of pew rent, giving him warning that if these sums (the dues of several years) be not immediately paid, proper means will be resorted to for the recovery of them." Resolved that a note similar in purport to the above be sent to Mr.— his arrears of pew rent being £3.0.0

On the retirement of Rev. Mr Smith in 1843, the Rev.

J. B. Strong took charge of the circuit. This was the second term for Mr. Strong in the pastorate of the society here. He was the third Methodist preacher stationed on this Island, having been first appointed to the circuit in 1817. Rev. Mr. Strong was a man of considerable ability and during his long term of fifty-seven years in the ministry he filled all the important circuits in the maritime provinces. He was the father of Mr. Charles Strong, Collector of Customs in Summerside.

H. SMITH.

*(To be Continued.)*

### Some Remarks on Fools.

**T**HE judicious author of the "Book of Snobs" has so handled his subject as to include in one or other of the varieties of Snobs a very large proportion of the human race. Even so, by carefully defining our terms, we may include not indeed the majority but practically the whole of mankind in that great army which we call by the name of Fools. For what saith the wise man—"He that is not a fool sometimes is a fool all the time." If then we define a fool as "one who acts foolishly," who will have the hardihood to deny that he now deserves, or has at some time deserved, to be so named?

Fools then may be divided according to the saying quoted above into two main classes, each of which may be almost infinitely subdivided, viz: Fools Permanent and Fools Temporary. It is to the latter class that the reader, and his or her humble servant, the writer, undoubtedly belong.

The name of fool being thus so widely applicable, the subject becomes one of the deepest interest to mankind at large. The current topics of the day—strikes—earth-

quakes—arsons, murders, and even hangings pale into insignificance in comparison with a subject which comes into close contact with the whole of society. Fools of various kinds and of various degrees of foolishness beset us on every side, history is full of them, so also is fiction (do not some merry wags say that the two are much the same); indeed a great deal of the fiction of the day depends for its profit—nay even for its very existence—upon a large and flourishing crop of fools.

It appears indeed, that like as there is a science of flowers—a philosophy of language—even so there should be as it were a Fool-Philosophy; and it may be that these rambling remarks may stir up some of our budding philosophers to devote their lives to the subject—vast indeed, and promising to yield to its students honor as great, and emoluments as small as those afforded by any other branch of science.

Now, just as man stands at the head of the Primate Mammals by reason of his having the intellectual powers most fully developed, so there stands at the head of the *genus* Fool, because his foolishness is the most fully developed and constant, the Fool Permanent, or Born Fool.—Even in this class the disease is of various degrees of malignancy. In some it is like the gout and settles in one part of the mental person—a kind of monomania so to speak—as for instance in a person who is incurably conceited. No reference is here made to that variety of conceit which, like the measles, attacks people at a certain early stage of life and passes away never to return. This belongs rather to the category of Fools Temporary. In other varieties of the Born Fool the complaint is like a kind of chicken-pox, breaking out in a rash everywhere, and thrusting itself on every occasion upon the notice of the most superficial observer.

I once knew a very notable instance of the latter

variety. He was the kind of a man who thought he knew all about everything. We might call his species the Know-it-all Fool, or after the fashion of the botanists give him a Latinname (as little doggish as possible)—something like this: *stultus omnisciens*. Truth to tell, his knowledge would not bear very close inspection, but on the whole he managed to get credit for more than he had. Possibly there were subjects which he “feared to tread” but they are unknown to the present writer. What a nuisance they are, these self-constituted universal geniuses. I sometimes think it must be one of them who compiles the columns of “useful knowledge” which we see now and then in the newspapers. But what is the use of girding at them? Their armour is of proof—and no shafts can pierce it.

Now, let us turn to the Fool Temporary—a field rich and vast, round whose borders we can hope to mow only a swath or two.

The conceited variety, to which reference has already been made, occurs mostly among those of tender years. Most young men—may we whisper many young women too—pass through the conceited stage. It follows that awkward period when the unhappy subject is what is called a ‘hobble-dehoy.’ As was once said of the ribbon of the Legion of Honour: “Few escape it.” In some it takes the form of an undue anxiety about collars and neckties—others more seriously inclined are conceited about the small modicum of knowledge that has been crammed into their more or less reluctant heads. Who has not encountered groups of this species, perhaps returning from College, exchanging scraps of lectures lately attended, or bandying about phrases of bad Latin or worse French? Soon, however, the disease passes off and the victim begins to realize that, thinking to astonish the vulgar he has succeeded only in attaining to Dogberry’s desire to be “written down an ass.”

The next specimen to which the reader’s attention is in-

vited is precisely the opposite of that last mentioned. It is the Self-depreciating Fool. In this pushing age he is not perhaps very numerous, but on that account he should be the more interesting and valuable to the collector. If he has talents he lets them lie fallow for want of sufficient confidence in himself to display them. He is like the merchant who leaves his windows and show-cases bare and hides his best goods in the cellar. He is so satisfied that he is of no importance that he succeeds admirably in becoming so. So lamentable is his condition that if he is not roused up in some way the disease becomes chronic, and then he must be relegated to the category of Fools Permanent.

We might linger over many other kinds of Fool—the Society Fool—the Good-natured Fool, and so on *ad infinitum*, but we must shortly make an end.

Let us do so with the Literary Fool. He has many varieties. He breaks out every now and then in letters to the Press, in articles in which, on the slenderest information he undertakes to set the world straight once for all where it has been going wrong since Adam and Eve, but above all in—ahem!—poetry. I really pity all the race of editors, do not you also, ladies and gentlemen? when I see the heading "Poem on the late William Sweedlepipe,"—"Lines to my friend Ethyl Mae, on her Departure for Sawmill Flats,"—and such like. Who reads them? I am sure I don't know. And think of the reams of the same kind of thing the unhappy editors must have to read! And the quality of it,—for much of it is probably worse than what *does* appear. Don't let us be too hard on the editor. If he does things we do not approve of (and who does not know how to manage a paper or a magazine better than the editor?) let us reflect that he has a very effective Purgatory of his own, and call it square.

Finally let us be patient with the Fool, in whatever

guise he may come, for we have all served under his banner at some time or other — in other words “we have all been there.” \*

### A Trip to P. E. Island in the Early Winter.

**T**HERE is not in this wide wide world a more varied experience than can be found in a trip from New Brunswick to Prince Edward Island during the winter time, or, to make it definite, from St. John to Charlottetown. This trip is such a complete education in itself that no family should be without one. St. John is chosen as a starting point because the train which makes connection for the Island leaves there half an hour before midnight—a good time to go to bed.

I went to Charlottetown from Montreal and my luck in the journey was neither more nor less than may be expected to fall to the lot of any poor unfortunate drummer who is compelled by cruel fate and the head office to make a winter trip for the express purpose of assisting the Island government with one hundred dollars. I remained awake until St. John was reached and then turning into my berth in the sleeper requested the porter and conductor, to the extent of fifty cents each, that they should put me off at Sackville, the point of connection for the antediluvian mule trail which wiggles its weary way to Cape Tormentine. They both promised to call me, in fact the porter wept over the affair, but perhaps it might not have been tears. It may have been tobacco juice,—he ‘chaws.’

At peace with the world and not being troubled any more than usual either by my conscience or indigestion I

calmly lay down to rest, full of joy and dining-car lager and borrowed a few hours sound sleep from the Inter-colonial, which by the bye is an excellent institution—for borrowing from.

I could not have been very sleepy, for somewhere around four o'clock in the morning I slowly woke up, and like Lot's wife, turned to—rubber. The country seemed strange but I was by no means uneasy, as my two fifty-cent pieces were a guard against accidents. But my ease of mind was brief when "Sprnghl Juctn allchangecars for Sprnhll" came roaring through the car.

I got up.

So did an elderly lady.

Only one of us was dressed.

My mission was to find both the porter and the conductor, for the purpose of seeking an explanation as to why I had been carried thirty or forty miles beyond my destination.

They were unable to explain but the lady, who had absolutely no scruples in the matter, put her heel on one of my bare feet and used language respecting me which was, to say the least unparliamentary. When she had ceased, the conductor suggested that I go back and dress, adding that a local train was just about to start from Springhill for Sackville and I might catch it. I dressed calmly, comfortably, and deliberately, and had the immense joy of keeping that C. P. R. express waiting at Springhill for over twenty minutes, and of seeing the conductor pace up and down the platform, hearing the engineer groan, and the rest of the train hands curse volubly. To my earnest enquiries they all replied that it would be useless for me to go on to Pictou. There was no crossing to the Island, and even if there were I could not reach Pictou in time. So I slowly climbed out of the car and sat down in the station at Spring-

hill Junction,—a cold and despondent man. This was four o'clock in the morning—and my pocket flask was empty. Those who have enjoyed the pleasure of waiting for three solid hours at Springhill, or who have sat for a whole day in one of the side stations on the Island railway can imagine what fun I had. There wasn't a living creature of any kind in sight. The place was almost as lonesome as Halifax, but at seven o'clock a train was made up, and before long we were moving toward Sackville. I know we moved, for I looked out of the window, and sometime during the day we did actually reach Sackville. I had of course missed the connection for the point, and when there wasn't a soul in sight or hearing I whispered "D——!"

From Sackville there is a somewhat ingenious affair, called out of compliment a railway, extending to Cape Tormentine, over this a train moves twice a day. On this train the cowcatcher is said to be affixed to the rear car as a protection to the train for it would be a very slow cow that would let that train catch her. These remarks about slow trains have become something of a standing joke, and nothing that can be said concerning this one would be taken seriously, but if any man in this green old earth does not believe that the train from Sackville to the Cape is the slowest thing in America let him take a trip on it. We averaged nearly eight miles an hour and would have walked only none of the passengers seemed to be in a hurry.

At Sackville it dawned upon us that we might drive down so we asked a man at the hotel who had a horse and sleigh how much he would charge. "Six dollars each." "Why man," said my friend, "we don't want to buy your rig. That's about five dollars too much." "I know it is," said he, "but I need the money."

So we went by rail.

At some place or other I got off the train and a beauti-

ful young lady threw her arms round my neck, kissing me just where I believe a person who is not a afraid of microbes should be kissed, and sobbed: "Oh, Jim, so glad to see you home again." The only trouble was that she didn't remain glad quite long enough. But in this section of the country the girls and horses are well-bred. They may not be fast—the horses I mean,—but they are good roadsters. They are pretty—the girls; and have good strong looking legs—the horses.

The woman who keeps the hotel at Cape Tormentine is a motherly sort of lady — but none the less lovable for that. She is the proud possessor of an organ and likes nothing better than to have some one play "Glory and Love to the Men of Old." It is very sweet. She likes it.

But the man who runs the hotel does not know his business. Six of us were there for supper, bed and breakfast, and he only charged us seventy-five cents each. His wife corrected the error. One by one we were led aside and the mistake explained. We were pathetically requested to hand out five cents more!

The Stanley, which can make the trip all right when her captain is in good humor, and before the temperature has reached zero, took us to the Island and here our adventures ended. Those people who think it is very annoying to miss connections need only look for fun and there is lots of it to be found. Only, unless you cannot avoid it, don't go from New Brunswick to P. E. Island in winter.

It may be remarked incidentally that had I gone by Pictou instead of getting off the C. P. R. at Springhill I would have reached Charlottetown twenty-four hours earlier for in spite of the statements of the porter and conductor, who like the others of their class, don't know what they are talking about, the Minto was crossing from Pictou.

### The Wreck of the Fairy Queen.

THE morning of Friday, October 8th, 1853, was dark and lowering. The wind was high. Dense black clouds filled the western sky. The weather was ominous of disaster. The storm was apparently about to break in fury as passengers hurried down the wharf to embark on the Fairy Queen, a side-wheeling boat plying between Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Pictou, N. S., for their several destinations. The steamer was then at the forementioned port. Amongst the passengers awaiting were Dr. McKenzie, of the Army, a very popular gentleman—proceeding to Bermuda to the relief of those stricken with yellow fever there, and the Misses De Wolfe, nieces to the late Judge Young, Surrogate, *en route* to England, the former being the fiancee of one of the latter mentioned young ladies. The steamer which awaited favourable wind and tide sailed at ten o'clock, the passengers consisting of some thirteen souls and the crew of a like number,

The next evening the whole town became inordinately excited shortly after the receipt of a telegraphic despatch which stated that the steamer was a total wreck within three miles of Pictou Island and all the passengers lost. The many premature deaths, especially of the ladies and the gentleman specified, cast a gloom over the whole place. It was sad intelligence indeed to hear of the loss of these fair and amiable young folk possessing as they did youth, beauty, hope, wealth, position, humanity and high education.

Everything went along well until they were near the Gull Rock in the vicinity of Pictou Island. It was about half-past five in the afternoon. Here the tiller rope broke.

This together with the springing of a leak in some undiscovered place occasioned the disaster. Seeing that it was impossible to make any progress the anchor was let go to bring the steamer's head to the wind but this expedient proved abortive. Bailing was then resorted to until some were almost exhausted, but to no good purpose.

At eleven o'clock at night two boats left the wreck with only eight persons in them, when it was fervently believed that all on board might have been easily saved. An inhuman wretch cast the large boat adrift leaving almost all the passengers to their sad fate. An hour or thereabouts afterwards, the steamer broke in two when all in one part went to their watery graves. On the other part, containing the upper deck and round-house, nine clinging thereto were saved.

The despatches received read as follows : First despatch received at 6.30, p. m., was sent to Mr. R. Faught. It was anything but correct, nevertheless here it is :—

“Steamer Fairy Queen was lost last night between Pictou Island and mainland. Two passengers and eight of the crew, including master, agent, and all the officers saved. Eleven passengers, including Mr. Wilkins, H. G. Pineo, Edward Lydiard and two Miss De Wolfes lost, also Mr. McKenzie of the Army. Remainder lost were Alexander Cameron. One of the passengers got on shore on round-house. He says he saw three ladies sink and numbers of others floating in the Gulf. The Captain and crew much blamed for desert the passengers.—RISK.

Second despatch received at 9.30 p. m. :—

“Here are the names of some who were saved on a piece of the wreck:

“Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Pineo, Mr. Lydiard. Thos. Parker, Thos. Stewart, Mrs. Marshall, Mr. E. Ingles, Mr. Ellsworth, Mr. Allan Cameron.

“Dr. McKenzie and the Misses De Wolfe believed lost.”—RISK.

After the officers and crew had reached Pictou, reports

of inhumanity on their part to the passengers had followed apace. Whereupon they were arrested and taken into custody. A full report of the examination of Captain Bulyea hereafter follows. I quote from the Royal Gazette. But whether he has made out a good case for himself or not I will leave that to the gentle reader to judge. At all events there appears to have been more pains taken to save the mails than the passengers. And had there not been gross impropriety on the part of the person or persons who cast the boats adrift, apparently not a life would have been lost.

The tug boat which left Pictou, Saturday morning, for the scene of the disaster to render what assistance it could to the survivors, as well as to save the freight and baggage, found the vessel broken in two and bottom up, the bow part being anchored, and the machinery projecting some fourteen feet out of the water. No lifeless bodies were found on or about the wreck.

The Government of the Island immediately despatched two Commissioners to the disabled boat to glean all the information possible touching the melancholy affair:—

"Examination of Captain William R. Bulyea:—I have been in command of the steamer Fairy Queen since last March. I do not know how many passengers were on board, I think about thirteen with a crew of thirteen. Yesterday morning I directed the men not to get up steam as the weather was not fit to go out. Passengers came down at six, but I told them I could not tell until ten whether we should leave or not; and at ten they did come down and we left a little after eleven. I waited until after that time until the tide and wind would suit. After getting out, we proceeded very comfortably until we were near the Gull Rock, about half-past five in the afternoon; at that time blowing very squally and tiller rope broke, when she immediately broached to broadside to the wind. The wind was about North and by West. She became unmanageable. We then managed to mend the tiller rope, and got under way again, but she was then making water, but I did not know of it until afterwards. I found she was going very slow, and on going down into the engine room I found the water in the engine room washing over the floor. We were then about

midway between Pictou Island and Gull Rock, and found she would not run before the wind. Then bringing her head to the wind we tried to make Pictou Island, but the engine decreased in power, and not having any way on her she again broached to. I then went into the engine room to endeavour to get up more steam, and found that the engineers were unable to do so, and she began to list over on the starboard side, then she began to settle down, the water rising rapidly. We tried to keep it down by bailing; all hands were at bailing — passengers and all. The pumps being choked would not work. We tried to get her under sail by hoisting the jib, but she would not work. We kept on bailing, she still continued settling, with her lee side listing under the water. We then let go the anchor and brought her head to the wind, but she did not right. I think there was about seven fathoms of water. It was then dark. We then set to work and bailed until ten o'clock or after, till hands became exhausted, but some of the passengers kept on working until the water came up to the deck. About an hour previous to this I lowered down the boat on the lee side, thinking it might ease her, and let her tow astern. The mate and clerk were in her in order to keep her off to prevent her from being broken when dropping astern. She was our best boat, and could carry from fifteen to twenty persons in smooth water. The other boat was still hanging to the davits on the larboard side. Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Lydiard then spoke to me about the boat, as we found that we could not keep the steamer afloat. I said that we would require to be very cautious in getting into the boat, and that we would lower her down and get the ladies in first. I then went to the ladies' cabin and told them to prepare to go into the boat, and showed them where to stand on the lee side. We had to bring the boat round her stern to the lee side as there was danger of her being broken under the guard on the other side, being so high out of water. We then proceeded to lower the boat, and two of the deck hands and two of the firemen sprang into her—William Milnes, Bill, a deck hand, the names of the other two I cannot remember. A passenger also jumped in. In dropping the boat astern the rope parted, and she was going abaft, but was caught by the other boat and made fast to her, and I could not get her up. I then said they will not get her up unless I go down to her. One of the passengers said 'you had better go.' I at length managed to get the first boat up near enough the stern to lower myself into her. The boat then caught under the rudder chains and got a smash; we then let her drop astern and tried to get her brought up alongside of the steamer

but the rope parted, I do not know from what cause, and we went adrift, and fell foul of the other boat. Before I got over the two engineers had sprang into her—John Christie and James Webster. Before we got clear of the other boat and got our oars to work, we were a good way off, and the tide running very strong we were not able to get back to her again; it was almost impossible to pull from the roughness of the sea. We then kept edging in towards shore, trying to keep abreast of the steamer, one of us bailing all the time, but the boat still kept dropping off from the steamer, the sea being so rough that we could only see the steamer when we were on the top of the sea. When I found the rope was parted, I called out to the passengers to get on the upper deck, thinking that if the steamer went down it might float, and we could pick them up. We soon lost sight of the steamer, and then made for Cariboo shore and landed near Sandy Cove. We got in a house about one o'clock. I was unable to go myself to Pictou but directed the men to go and get the *Plato* to go out. There were five of the crew left on board—a steward, a fireman, two boys and a deck hand. The steward's name is O'Harre. We lost sight of the other boat a few minutes after parting with the steamer. The names of the passengers that I know were Doctor McKenzie, of the Army, Edward L. Lydiard of Charlottetown, and Martin Wilkins, of Pictou, two Misses De Wolfe, from the Hon. Charles Young's, Charlottetown, and two other ladies whose names I do not know, and Henry G. Pineo, jr., of Pugwash. I thought the boat safe; she has been a little leaky but has gone through a great deal heavier weather this season than this, she stood out all the eastern gale lately when so many vessels drove on shore. The engines were in pretty good order; she would have weathered were it not for the leak, and I have no idea where that took place. The wheel ropes were new this summer. I consider the breaking of the wheel ropes the cause of the disaster. She never made as much as two feet of water at a time.—To a question put by the Rev. Dr. Evans, the Captain said that they were obliged to detach the pump rods from the working beam of the engine, because she was pumping too slow. I do not know that the water was over the cabin floor, or that a certain time lately the firemen were shovelling the coals in water half-knee deep. The mails were saved. When the first boat was lowered I put the mail in myself, and jammed it in so that if we were lost, and the boat turned up, they would be found and give some account of us. I did not consider all the crew competent; the engineers were so; the deficiency was in the deck men,

I had two good ones, the wheelmen were good; those that were with me were never drunk that I know of. All the crew were sober when I left Charlottetown. When we were drifting off from the steamer some of the passengers cried out 'you are not going to leave us?' I said 'no, if I can get back.' We used every exertion, we had only two oars, if we had had four oars I don't think we could have breasted the sea so as to get up to the steamer. The two boats that we had on board were not sufficient to have saved the passengers and crew. I kept the second boat at the davits as long as I did as an inducement to the crew to exert themselves. (Signed) W. R. BULYEA."

"Pictou, Oct 8th, 1803."

\* JAMES D. LAWSON.

(To be Continued)

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### Canadian Poetry.

**T**HAT these remarks should be the means of discouraging any of our youthful, or indeed, our elderly-aspirants in their laudable efforts to contemplate man and his surroundings from a Parnassian eminence, is very far from the intention of the writer. His attention was casually drawn to the subject by an interesting perusal of "Chips," and comments on "Canadian Singers and their Songs," in the December number of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, coupled with the fact that a London newspaper, of recent date, is credited with the statement that Canada has not yet produced one writer of stable importance.

It is true, her literary history, in its entirety, exhibits not even the shadow of a Homer, a Virgil, or a Dante; a Shakespeare, or a Milton; no Byron, no Scott, no Moore, —not even a Wordsworth. Her sons and daughters have not the edifying influence of their more fortunate cousins

on the other side of the Atlantic. They have no Poets' Corner, where spell-bound in fancy or in childish veneration they may behold an enchanted goddess weaving garlands of immortality,—sometimes the reward of those who have successfully distorted their minds with all manner of grave and mysterious images or conceptions, sometimes of those who have in Anacreonic accents pictured a visionary Phyllis loitering amidst the luxuriousness of Erato's flower garden, and pouring her fascinating libations of love upon the fragrant blossoms, which were to captivate the affections of a beautiful Paris.

Canadians have none of these advantages. Yet Canada has many writers of poetry who, notwithstanding the circumstance under which they labor are deserving of high praise. Writing poetry now, and writing poetry one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred years ago is a different diversion. This difference is, in a great measure, attributable to the progress of the printing art. Before the invention of the printing press our learning was confined almost exclusively to the monasteries and to the richest class of society, and there alone was visible the rising sun of science, art, and invention, which lighted the weary traveller through the dusky corridors of the dark ages; and whose brilliancy, with the splendor of modern times, disclosed to him the mighty possibilities which lay dormant in the uncultivated fields of the intellect. The printing press increased the number of readers one hundred fold; and as the supply in literature shall, at least regardless of quality be always equal to the demand, it has also increased the number of writers one hundred fold.

Doubtless if the literary troops of the last century were computed, they would constitute an army as formidable in number as that which would be formed by those of all former times. The great writers of antiquity have explored

every conceivable nook of the lower regions. They led their unsuspecting and credulous readers through the most intricate and fantastic labyrinth of wonders which their wild imaginations could call into existence. Later writers have drawn upon the visible world for inspiration to bequeath to posterity something that would perpetuate their remembrance. They have exhausted the resources of history in the poet's theme. The least romantic instances have been told in so many ways that it is almost impossible "to lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale." A great many of these writers have confined themselves almost entirely to the metaphysical evidences of the operation of natural laws in the material system of things. The most eminent modern poets dwelt chiefly upon the grandeur of the physical world and its power over the human mind.

It has indeed been truly said that as civilization advances poetry declines. Hence it is mostly fragmentary poetry which the present ages produces. And after all though it was willed that the fragmentary poets should not enjoy the highest steps of the pedestal of fame, though

"Slowly they bowed adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid."

Yet it is reasonable to think as Byron thought that they have the best name to the claim to the name of poet. Inspiration should not be limited or forced. It should come and go at will. It is very fleeting. In reading any long poem do we not suspect in many places that the writer is rather an artist than a poet, that inspiration has for the time been absent. Indeed many of the long poems seem to be a work of art all through.

Lord Macaulay has said: "The noblest earthly object of the contemplation of man is man himself." He is an exhaustible field of study for the poet. Every generation differs somewhat from the one that precedes it, while

the rose, the verdant meadow, and the hill, the glassy bosom of the lake are pretty much the same to us as they have been to our great-grandfathers. Rudyard Kipling understands this well, as he understands that the admiration of the present age is lavished perhaps unconsciously, not on those pieces which are confined principally to the description of scenery, but on these productions of which the principal theme is man, and doubtless he owes much of his popularity to his freedom in this respect.

The poet of the present day, who wishes to be studied a thousand years to come, must enter the field of Astronomy adorned with the spiritualistic robe of occultism. He must take the skeptical reader by the hand, and breathing upon him with hypnotic force, let him roam not in spirit alone, but in reality among the impenetrable mysteries of space. In a word, he must in sweet epic song, sing the beauty, wonder, and romance of the celestial bodies, and make his reader as familiar with their motive, existence, and their essential part in the universal scheme, as Dante labored to make his reader with the burning lake, etc. There is no doubt that the poet who can do this will, with the advance of occultism, astronomy, and science in general, be still regarded for years and perhaps centuries as ahead of his time, but it is doubtful if his epic will be of any benefit to mankind.

The reader is possibly by this time tired of these rambling remarks. That they are rambling and juvenile is evident. Indeed, I had no intention of extending them to such limits. Perhaps at some future time after more mature consideration I may be able to do more justice to the subject. For the present, I shall merely add that although our London contemporary thinks that Canada has yet won no lasting fame in the field of poetry, by all means let our youthful aspirants climb on, and let our public offer them every encouragement.

J. P. M.

## Men Wanted.

**B**E Strong; Be Strong;  
 We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
 We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
 Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be Strong;  
 Say not the days are evil; who's to blame?  
 Nor fold the hands and acquiesce—oh shame;  
 Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name.

Be Strong;  
 It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,  
 How hard the battle goes, the day how long.  
 Faint not; fight; to-morrow comes the song.

REV. MALTBIE BABCOCK, D. D.



Notes, Comments, Correspondence, Reviews, etc.

**I**N this year of grace, A. D. 1903 in the dawn of the Twentieth century; when science has reached a pinnacle that almost compels worship; when the upper strata of our atmosphere is being explored by airships and flying machines, and the lower strata are pulsed with messages flashed between the New World and the Old; when on the surface of the earth electric trains and motor-cars annihilate time in covering space and bringing people closer together;

when submarines travel the ocean bed and overcome all obstacles in the way, be it remembered that in this year of marvels the Island of Prince Edward in the Dominion of Canada ; separated from the mainland of the Dominion by a strait only nine miles wide at its narrowest part ; has been for nearly three weeks entirely cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, save what can be maintained by a few small boats furnished with runners and dependent for motor-power only on the brawny muscles and iron constitutions of the men who form the boats' crews. These boats can only ply in fine weather, when the danger of crossing the straits of Northumberland, filled with floating ice, is at its minimum. *There are not enough of these boats to perform the work of transporting mails and passengers to and fro.*

We have two steamers specially built for the purpose of maintaining communication between the Island and the mainland—the *Minto* and the *Stanley*. The *Minto* is the better of the two boats ; she at the beginning of the winter was placed upon the Pictou-Georgetown route. The *Stanley* which is an older and less powerful boat, was used at the beginning of the season for experimental purposes to prove the practicability of the route between Summerside and Cape Traverse. The experiment resulted in failure.

All the talk and fault-finding in the world cannot alter the fact that the interests of the Island were not being served by putting these steamers on different routes. The experience of many years has proved the Georgetown-Pictou route to be the best practicable winter route having accommodation at both termini for steamers. If both steamers had been put upon this route and kept there under the direction of Captain Finlayson of the *Minto*, whose sagacity and knowledge of the conditions of winter navigation have heretofore saved him from mistakes we venture to say that to-day there would be no cause for the wide-spread complaint uttered from one end of the province to the other. But this sensible thing could not be done and what is the result.

For over two months the *Stanley* has been imprisoned in an ice floe, and for weeks the *Minto* which finally was taken off her

route and sent to the *Stanley's* assistance was in the same predicament. During the time both steamers were fast in the ice not a package of freight was taken to or from the Island and passengers who desired to cross the straits had no option but to do so by the small boats already mentioned.

It is apparent that another steamer is needed—and it ought to be provided. Our people should insist that the Dominion Government do this, for really it cannot be said that adequate means to furnish "continuous communication"—which the Government is bound to do—have yet been provided. Steamers are now built and are now in service, in the Baltic Sea and on the Great Lakes, by the use of which navigation much more difficult than that of the Northumberland Straits in winter is successfully accomplished. With one of these steamers added to the two already employed, there might be no demur made if the *Stanley* should again be made use of for experimenting; but under present conditions care should be taken to prevent a repetition of the *fasco* of this winter. And by all means allow Captain Finlayson to have a free hand in the matter of directing the sailings of the winter steamers—free from the blundering direction of the "arm-chair critics."

The following pleasant story of the geniality of our good King has been sent to us by a subscriber in Boston. What renders it additionally interesting is the fact that it is clipped from "M. A. P." (Mainly About People) the bright weekly edited by T. P. O'Connor, the Irish Member of Parliament:—

"Here is, to my mind the prettiest story of the King's unbounded sympathy for the sufferings of his subjects that has yet come to light. A young dressmaker was threatened with consumption, following upon long and dangerous chest trouble, and was left nearly destitute. The doctors advised her to obtain admittance to an open air home to undergo a course of treatment. Meanwhile she was taken into a convent and devotedly nursed by the nuns; but, unfortunately all their efforts to get her admitted into a home of the kind were quite fruitless. Then the girl, learning that the King was patron of one of these institutions on the South Coast, resolved secretly to write to him and plead for his assistance.

About a fortnight later a gentleman called at the convent and asked to see her. He gave no name, and at first he was told that she was too ill to see him. He then explained that it was necessary for

him to see her, as he had come to enquire into her case, and as to the desirability of sending her to an open air home for the treatment of consumption. She was aided downstairs, and he questioned her as to what the doctors had said, and then enquired to whom she had applied for help. She mentioned several names, and at last hesitatingly admitted that she had written to the King. He then informed her that he had come from the King to enquire into her case, as His Majesty had noticed her letter and wished to help her. After further inquiries everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the girl was sent for a prolonged period to the home, with the result that her health was greatly benefitted, and that she has since been able to return to work."

A subscriber writes, asking for the names of the authors of the following quotations :—

"There is an old saying, and Time but proves it true—  
And those who know it best deplore it most;  
When all is won, that we desire to woo,  
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost."

and,—

"Hew to the line, and let the chips fall where they may."

Our book of quotations having been assimilated by some conscienceless borrower, and Charlottetown being unprovided with a public library, we will be glad if some of our readers will answer the query.

On account of the winter steamers being tied up in the ice is due the fact that our Magazine this month is printed on inferior paper and appears some days late. Among the mass of freight now awaiting transportation at Pictou are many packages of goods urgently needed by tradesmen and others in Charlottetown.

With this number of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE is completed its fourth year of existence. Indexes for Volume IV. will be supplied to all who desire them to bind up with the volume and with the hope that the welfare of Prince Edward Island and of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, may progress apace, the editor wishes to extend to all his readers, at the commencement of vol. V. all good wishes.

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

### The Way is Dark

**T**HE way is dark my father! Cloud upon cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head and loud  
The thunders roar above me. O, see—I stand  
Like one bewildered! Father take my hand—  
And through the gloom lead safely home thy child!  
The day declines, my father! and the night  
Is dawning darkly down. My faithless sight  
See ghostly visions. Fears like a spectral band  
Encompass me. O Father take my hand  
And from the night lead up to light thy child!  
The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne it long, and still do bear it. I cannot stand  
Or go alone. O, Father take my hand.  
And reaching down, lead to the crown thy child!

### Why Sixty Seconds make a Minute

**W**HY is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylon there existed by the side of the decimal system of notation another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journeys into twenty-four parasangs or 710 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes.

A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES — Cont'd

hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus the Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe.

Ptolemy, who wrote about 140 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by unexplained motives to respect clocks and watches; and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is Babylonian—each hour consisting of sixty minutes.

*Max Muller*

### Failure

**A**RT thou nigh beaten in the battle  
dread  
Beaten down on thy knee and sore bestead?  
Then on thy knee  
Beneath the stars to the great whole up-  
soar,  
In dust and ashes worship and adore.  
Is thy sword shivered in thy helpless hands  
Smiting the wrong that still thy force  
withstands.  
Then in thy heart,  
Thy fainting heart, the splinters hide,  
that so  
Thy blood may richer for the world's life  
flow

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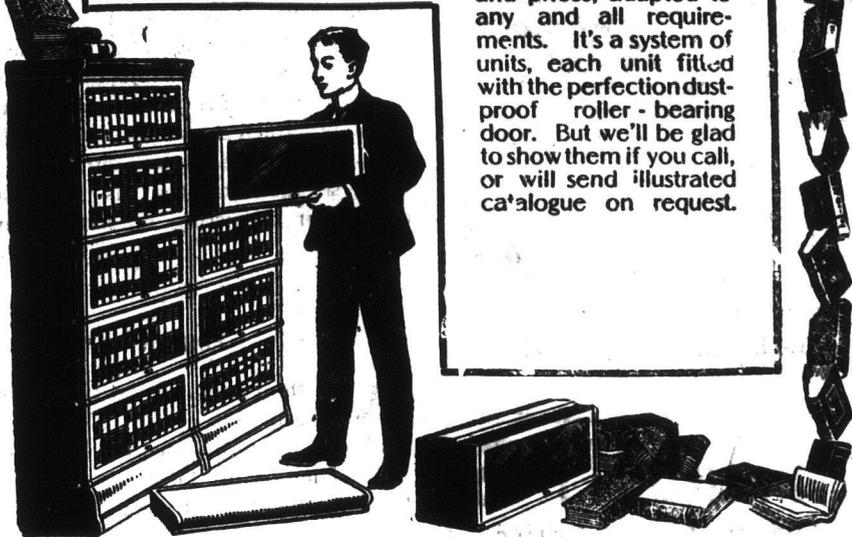
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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES — Cont'd

Dost thou weep tears o'er hopes foregone,  
O'er ills unrighted, faith belied, undone?  
Arise, praise God!

Who gives the deep-sea pearls of priceless worth

To diadem the right discrowned on earth

Are all thine efforts fruitless, vain, ill-spiced  
Futile and weak as broken ends of thread?

Yea, even so!

Of broken shells He maketh, so He wills,  
The everlasting marble of His hills

'Evil is all too strong,' dost ainting cry?  
'It conquers life and labor, let me die!'

Yet ere thou die,

Show thou the stronger; good that conquers death

Failing, grows strong, struck down, but wins new breath.

Out of the tumbling deeps comes thy last cry

'There is no God, what good to toil and die?'

Go to, faint heart!

Strike from the dark the light that proves the Light.

## The Fine Arts

**T**HE "Fine Arts," an expression the meaning of which is by many not very clearly understood, is thus beautifully explained by Ruskin:—

"Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, the heart of man work together. Recollect this triple group; it will help you to solve many difficult problems. And remember that though the hand must be at the bottom of everything it must always go to the top of everything; for fine art must be produced by the hand of man in a much greater and clearer sense than manufacture is. Fine art must always be produced by the subtlest of all machines, which is the human hand. No machine yet contrived, or heretofore contrivable will ever equal the fine machinery

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES - Cont'd

of the human fingers. Thoroughly perfect art is that which proceeds from the heart, which involves all the nobler emotions; associates with these the head, yet is inferior to the heart and head; and thus brings out the whole man. Hence, it follows that since manufacture is simply the operation of the hand of man in producing that which is useful to him, it essentially separates itself from the emotions; when emotions interfere with machinery, they spoil it; machinery must go evenly without emotion. But the Fine Arts cannot go evenly; they always must have emotion ruling their mechanism, and until the pupil begins to feel, and until all he does associates itself with the current of his feelings, he is not an artist."

In Boston.

*Little Tommy*—"Can I eat another bit of pie?"

*Mamma* (witheringly)—"I suppose you can."

*Tommy*—"Well may I."

*Mamma*—"No dear, you may not"

*Tommy*—"Darn grammar, anyway!"

S. J. BLOCK; in *March Lippincott's*.

# Canadian Pacific

Commencing Feb. 15 & until April 30, 1903

## SPECIAL COLONIST RATES

To North Pacific Coast and  
Kootenay Points

From PICTOU, N. S.

To Nelson, B. C.  
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Midway, B. C.  
Vancouver, B. C.  
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New Westminster,  
B. C.  
Seattle & Tacoma,  
Wash.  
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**\$59.15**

Proportionate Rates from and to other points.

Also Rates to points in COLORADO, IDAHO, UTAH, MONTANA, WASHINGTON and CALIFORNIA.

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# ACKNOWLEDGMENT



Charlottetown, P. E. I.,

February 12th, 1902

Mr. J. K. ROSS, Prov. Manager  
North American Life Assurance Co.

DEAR SIR:—

I have much pleasure in acknowledging, through you, the results of my matured Endowment Policy No. 625 in your company. I took out this policy 20 years ago for \$2,500 on the Endowment Plan with profits continued, costing annually \$128.25, and now I find you offer me a cash value of \$3,836.00, secondly a paid up insurance of \$5,520.00, thirdly a life annuity of \$385.50.

The first option, viz: the cash value, I consider a very handsome showing, in fact larger than I had anticipated from my experience of policies carried by me in some of the largest American Companies and I note the rates charged by your company were also considerably lower.

I have decided to accept the option which gives me a paid up insurance of \$5,520.00 for the benefit of my estate.

Wishing the company continued success,

I am yours truly,

W. A. WEEKS

**J. K. ROSS,** Charlottetown

Manager for P. E. Island

# UNION BLEND .. TEA ..

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Is now in its new establishment--a four story building on the most prominent corner in St. John, with four packing machines, mill, sifter, and all other accessories of a modern tea business. Union Blend Tea is the oldest brand on the market and will give you better results than any other Tea.

**Harry W. de Forest**

St John, N. B.