

**The PRINCE EDWARD
ISLAND MAGAZINE**

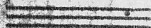
FEBRUARY, 1901



VOL. II.



NO. 12.



**CHARLOTTETOWN
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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.

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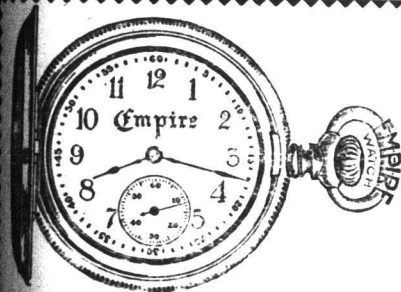
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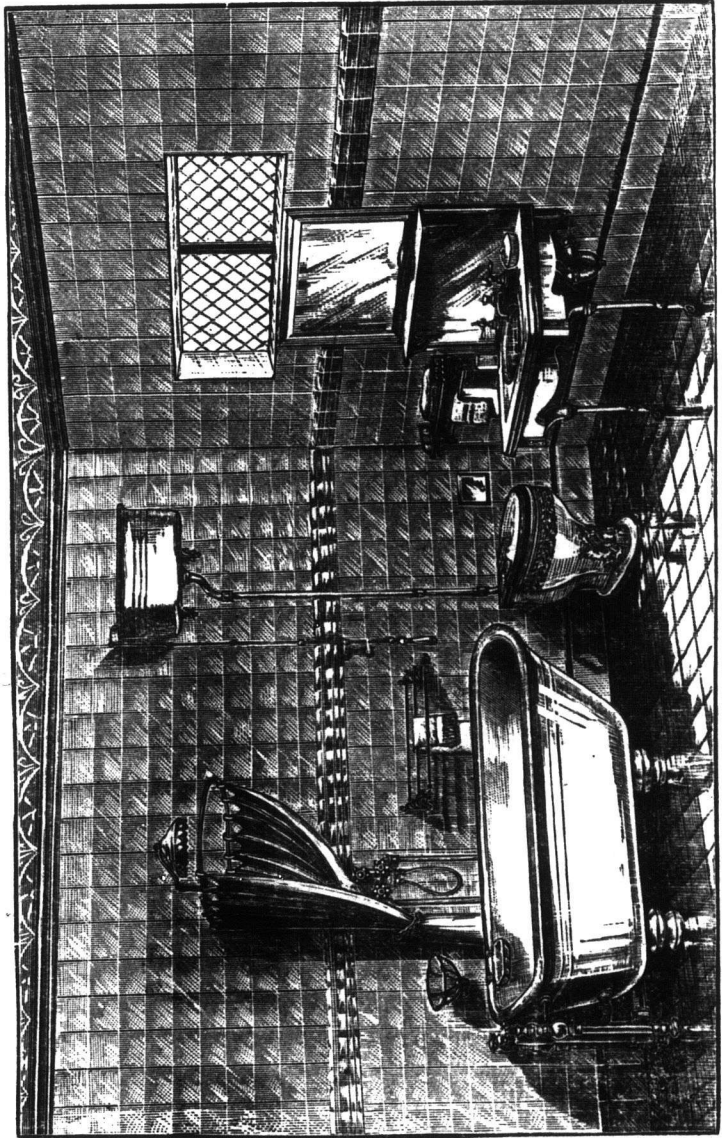
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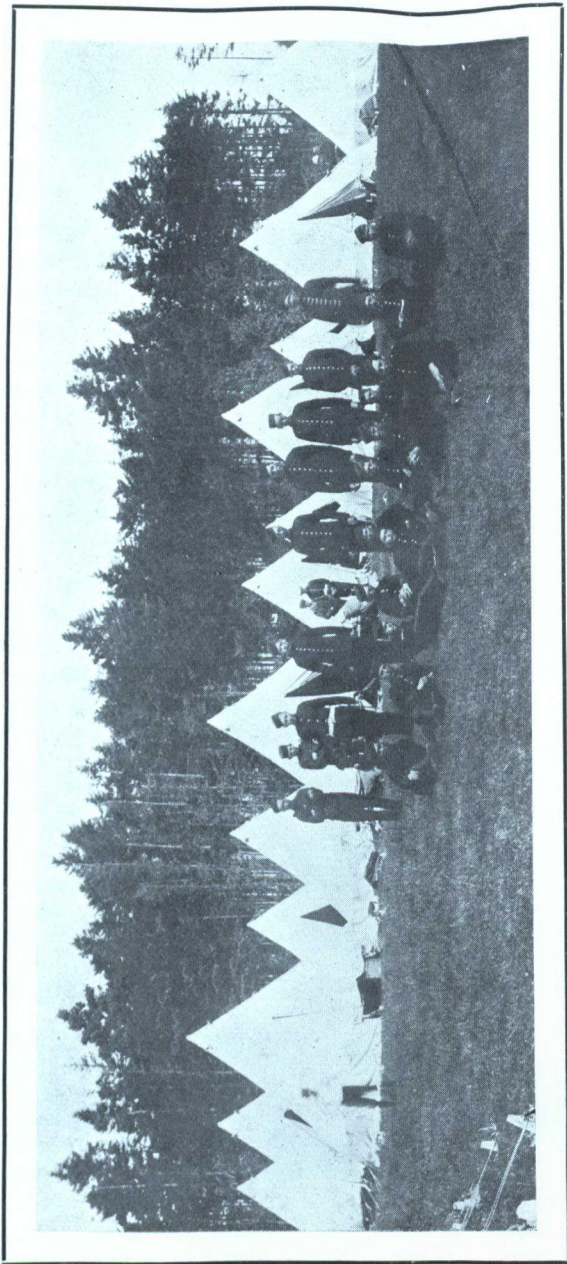
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T H E
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
M A G A Z I N E

Vol. 2.

February, 1901

No. 12.

The Pioneers.

THEIR deeds are written on the land,—those men of lowly name ;
Their's was the strong and faithful hand, unskilled to grasp at
fame ;

Content to lead a simple life ; unvexed by discontent or strife ;
Till Death's oblivion came.

They sowed that, when they "fell on sleep," their children's children
still might reap.

Scant was their knowledge ; and uncouth they seemed, to courtly
eyes ;

But kindness, Honesty, and Truth may walk in rugged guise—
Unconscious of their own true worth—as, deep within the dust of
earth,

The dazzling diamond lies.

They studied at a simple school, whose lesson is The Golden Rule.

Unused to scenes that stir and thrill ; to conquest's lurid glow ;
Their homely boast was strength, and skill to lay the forest low :
To tear the stubborn stump from earth, and burst the pine tree's
mighty girth

With strong and steady blow.

These were the foes our fathers fought, on fields by bloodless battles
bought.

And they were heroes : for the sweat of Labor's swarthy brow,—
Though Heraldry and Fame forgot the Knighthood of the plow,—
Is precious as the crimson flow of Patriot's expiring throes,
Our nation to endow.

For noble deeds, both brave and good, need not the baptism of blood.

They rest in peace, beneath the sod their toiling hands have won ;
 These fruitful fields, so green and broad, proclaim their work well
 done.

And we, who bear the lighter part, shall keep this legend in our
 heart,

Of them whose race is run :—

“ The axe, the Bible, and the plow, have made our nation mighty
 now.”

And there were wives, and mothers too ; brave, patient, tender, kind ;
 Whose hands were full ; whose hearts were true ; though crude per-
 chance the mind.

To deftly whirl the droning wheel, and on the antique skiening reel,
 The homespun product wind ;

To sew, to weave—such was their boast ; and who shall say : “ ’Twas
 labor lost.”

The busied hand ; the wearied limb ; in death, untroubled, sleep ;
 The eyes, with evening tasks grown dim, will wake no more—nor
 weep :

And we, for whom their lives outwore, in tender memory’s treasure
 store ;

Their names and deeds will keep

Among the noblest of the Earth ; proud that such mothers gave us
 birth.

Oh dear, departed, weary ones ; our ancient honored dead !

May reverence guard your holy bones, and love your lowly bed :

For us, ’tis all that we can do—above the mounds that speak of
 you.—

The grateful tear to shed :

Keep green the memory, and the grave ; and guard the heritage ye
 gave.

W. W. ROGERS.



The French Tom-Cat.

The Captain was tall, and fierce, and a Scotchman—a P. E. Island Scotchman. His name was McPherson.

The first mate was tall, nearly as fierce, and a Scotchman—of the same kind. His name was McPherson, also, and he was the Captain's first cousin.

Seven of the men forward were McPherson's, all tall, all P. E. I. Scotchmen: and all related, either in the first or second degree of cousinship with the Captain and the mate.

The second mate, and the cook, and Jimmy were not Scotch, nor McPhersons, nor cousins of the Captain. At times their being outside the family pact militated against them; in Jimmy's case it was a decided drawback.

The second mate was taller and fiercer than any McPherson on board,—and whereas the McPhersons feared neither man nor devil, the second mate feared neither man, devil nor McPherson,—and so he was left alone; besides, he had the entree of the Captain's cabin. The cook was a man of resource, who understood the question of perquisites; and so managed things when the McPhersons offended him, that they had to eat unsatisfying meals until peace was declared.

With Jimmy, however, it was different. He was small of stature, which did not prevent his carrying a large wit; and with his head he fought off the McPhersons, fore and aft, when they became too troublesome.

On 'duff' days Jimmy always expected his full share of the duff; and when the 'foc'sle butcher', the biggest McPherson on board, began to adopt the plan of dealing out to Jimmy the last piece—and a smaller piece than any that had gone before—Jimmy had to protect himself. On the next 'duff day' the pudding had an unusual taste—quite a flavour of parafine—which spoiled the shares of the McPhersons, but did not seem to interfere with Jimmy's evident enjoyment of that portion of the meal. Out strode the angry McPhersons, and sought the cook for explanation. He chased them out of the galley with a frying-pan and

a carving-knife ; and a torrent of invective pursued them. But he did not say that after Jimmy had cleaned the lamps that morning, he had volunteered his assistance in 'laying' the table in the foc'sle, and had fondled the duff plates in an altogether unnecessary way—considering the fact that he had not taken the trouble to wash his hands.

Jimmy's most serious worries on board, however, were with the Captain. That autocrat had a habit of appropriating things he took a fancy to that had taught his sailors, after a first voyage with him, to always hide safely away any curios they might wish to take home with them as mementoes of their trips abroad. Consequently the McPhersons forward were never seen to bring aboard any dunnage of their own when leaving port homeward bound—albeit they always brought back to their Island home many things, curious and valuable, after every voyage.

Jimmy did not know all this when he shipped at Bordeaux, with Captain McPherson of the barque *Bender*, homeward bound for Charlottetown as soon as her cargo should be discharged. So when he came aboard one evening, about a week after he had joined, bringing with him a handsome French Tom cat, the Captain noted the beautiful feline, and made up his mind that that cat would make an inexpensive and ornamental present for the bairns at home.

The cat was more picturesque than beautiful. Perhaps you have never beheld that species of feline known to sailors as a 'French Tom Cat,' This pet of Jimmy's was an upstanding quadruped about 18 inches high ; long and slender in the legs ; with a lean, round barrel-like body, and a bob tail. It had heavy moustaches for eyebrows, wore a pointed imperial under its chin and had ears of the jack-ass pattern. In a way it possesses the air of being a foreign relation of the well-known Manx cat. It was, as said before, picturesque—and so were its motions.

The Captain rubbed his hands with enjoyment, and chuckled to himself : " Py tam, but she's a fine French Tammy cat, an' she will mak' the fine present for the bairns indeed."

Fate had willed, however, that the French cat should never

see the peaceful shores of Flat River, or lift his voice in serenade on the Pinnette Bridge at midnight.

It was put into the hold, to kill the rats presumably, and exist as best it could, with some assistance from Jimmy—procured in the shape of more delicate food from the cook's galley.

The barque left Bordeaux, for Crookhaven, the day after the cat came aboard. On the second day out there was heard a fearful row in the almost empty hold,—and, a hatch being taken off, up tore the cat into the open air; frothing at the mouth, clawing, snarling, turning somersaults, and climbing up and down the 'swifsters' like an enchanted cat. All the fierce McPhersons—and Jimmy—went forward, and suddenly disappeared through the foc'sle hatchway; the cook shut the galley door quickly—to keep out the draught; the mates both had to run forward, just then, to look after the men; and the Captain, the cat, and the man at the wheel, were face to face on the after deck.

The man at the wheel was the first to move,—the cat was glaring at the Captain, not at him—and he sneaked to the sternpost and nervously armed himself with a belaying pin.

The Captain promptly took the wheel, so that it was between him and the French cat. All manœuvres, which had taken about two minutes to execute, were just completed, when the cat, in Jimmy's parlance, "threw another fit," and, with extended claws, advanced on the Captain. The latter ducked behind the wheel, terrified, and yelled:—

Chimmy, come here with you, at once, and tak your tam French Thomas cat awa'."

Jimmy having procured an empty salt bag, was just emerging from the foc'sle hatch, when he heard the Captain's appeal. He was half tempted to linger, and enjoy his commander's terror in revenge for former wrongs.

But a further injunction to "Hurry, ye doddering fool, a mad cat's pison," hurried him along; and just as French Thomas was springing on the Captain, Jimmy threw the heavy salt bag and captured the infuriated beast. The squirming, snarling, spitting bundle of elastic was too much for him to manage, and one or two scatches from a protruding fore leg sharpened Jimmy's

wits. He stepped to the side and threw bag and cat overboard.

Like magic, the cook appeared; the fierce McPhersons swarmed over the deck again—and fiercest of all the Captain.

“What for the de’il do you mean by throwin’ ma cat and ma bag ower board, tam ye,” said he, giving Jimmy a cuff that staggered him.

“Your cat,” said Jimmy,—“I thought it was my cat.”

“Yes, ma cat and ma bag, I’ll tell ye. Ma cat that a’ meant for ma bairnies—if ye want to know.”

“Well, I thought it was my cat, that I bought in Bordeaux, and that I was taking home to give to—

“Gang farrit; gang farrit,” raved the Captain, taking up the belaying pin that the steersman had laid down on the deck, and rushing at Jimmy.

Jimmy went “farrit.”

John Pounds—Shoemaker and Philanthropist.

The life work of John Pounds should prove as an incentive and an inspiration to all humble workers in the educational field. It is a great example of what can be done for education and social betterment by voluntary effort.

Dr. Guthrie, the founder of ragged schools, says of John Pounds, who was really the founder of ragged schools, “I read how this man, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the poor, ragged children, left by ministers and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen, to run in the streets,—had, like a good shephard, gathered in the wretched outcasts;—how he had brought them to God and the world; and how, while earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children.”

John Pounds was born at Portsmouth, England, on June 17, 1776. His father was a shipwright, who worked in the Govern-

ment dockyard at that time, and the son, at the age of twelve, was apprenticed to learn his father's trade in the same dockyard. John was of a strong, robust disposition; but, meeting with an accident by which his thigh was broken, he was lamed for life. So he was compelled to give up his work in the dockyard. At the age of fifteen he began work as a shoemaker, but it was not until twenty-three years later that he set up in business for himself. He rented a little house, which served for both home and shop; and, afterwards, as the field of his works of benevolence.

Mr. Pounds never married; as, with his surplus earnings, he desired to help others. For some time he gave much of his modest earnings to his brother, a sailor with a large family. John took one of his children—a cripple,—to clothe, board, and educate as his own. When the child was old enough to read, he became his schoolmaster. A little boy was invited to be his companion in study. He was the son of a poor woman who went about selling puddings; her helpless children being then left in the cold street, amid snow and frost, with no shelter save the overhanging shade of a bay window.

Other children neglected, destitute and ragged, were gradually added and during the last years of Pounds' life his school averaged forty children. The schoolroom, which was also his workshop, was a small room eighteen feet long by six feet wide. Here the philanthropist labored at his work of making and mending shoes and at the same time teaching his scholars. Some stood beside him reading, while others wrote from dictation or worked problems in arithmetic. The pupils sat on benches, boxes and on the steps of a stair in the back of the room. As his accommodations were limited and pupils too numerous he was obliged sometimes to select, and in such cases he always chose the worst boys, hoping to redeem them from their downward path. One of Pounds' biographers says, "He has been seen to follow such to the town quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potatoe to induce them to attend school." He taught writing on slate only, as he could not afford to buy paper nor could any of his pupils; for the same reason he taught reading from hand-bills or old school books which were either bought cheap or begged.

In arithmetic he grounded them on all rules up to proportion.

Mr. Pounds in addition to teaching his pupils did much in the way of clothing and feeding them. He kept in his shop a large bag filled with all kinds of clothes for children. These he had begged, bought or mended to be worn by his pupils on Sundays when they went with him to church. His biographer says, "the garments took the place of worse ones, for John took pride in the decent, clean appearance of his pupils. Imagine him on a Sunday morning, with his children around him and his big bag open; handing the garments round, with the soul of kindness in his eyes, and the joy of God in his heart. On Saturday nights he went to the bakeries, and bought bread for the poor children to eat on the following day."

Besides teaching his scholars to read, write, and cypher, Pounds taught many of them to mend shoes and to do tailoring. He showed both girls and boys how to cook plain food as well as do many other useful things. He took part in their sports, kept holidays with them and made their playthings.

He dropped dead, at the age of 72 years, while at a friend's house, seeking aid for his school. For many days afterwards the children came to the little shop, and waited and wondered what had become of their loving friend and teacher, and many were the tears and lamentations when they learned that their loving friend had passed away. For thirty-eight years he had labored for the poor, ignorant and neglected.

In High Street Chapel, Portsmouth, stands a tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

Erected by Friends—As a Memorial of Esteem and Respect—for—John Pounds—Who, while Earning a Livelihood—by Mending Shoes, Gratuitously Educated—And, in part, Clothed and Fed—Some Hundreds of Poor Children.—He Died Suddenly—on the first of Januarv, 1839,—aged 72 years.—"Thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee."

A monument was erected by penny subscriptions from friends and admirers from all parts of the world. A library for the benefit of the poor children of Portsmouth, has been founded in his memory. A ragged school has been built to carry on his work. In 1879 Lord Shaftesbury opened the 'John Pounds' Coffee Tavern.' On this occasion the noble lord declared: "I am a disciple of John Pounds." John Pounds has been dead for many years; yet his work lives, his memory lives, and the good example he has placed before mankind should live forever.

G. J. McCORMAC, I. P. S.

Field Notes From the North West.

HAVING returned from a holiday tour extending through July and a part of August, during which it was my good fortune to travel by waggon over a large portion of eastern Assiniboia, I may be excused for giving you briefly a few notes on my journey.

My travelling companion was a missionary priest to whom years of arduous duty had made the prairie trails familiar. He had an acquaintance with several languages—a useful accomplishment in this country, and his horses were of the best—indeed he kept a band of horses, and a herd of cattle besides, to supplement the scanty income derived from the poor and the stranger for whom he labored.

Leaving Kapesvar (an Hungarian settlement—about twenty-five northeast of Whitewood on the main line of the C. P. R.) we drove across country to Yorkton a substantial and rising town, the present terminus of the M. and N. W. Railway. From Yorkton we drove westward to the Beaver Hills along the eastern edge of which settlement is taking place. This region is adapted chiefly to cattle raising, having plenty of hay and water and being well-timbered. From there we continued our journey northward to the Whitesand River, on the banks of which there is a considerable Galician settlement. From here we proceeded eastwardly and northwardly to Good Spirit Lake—a section occupied chiefly by ranchers. While at the lake we visited a Doukhobor village on its eastern side, and continuing still eastward passed through an extensive Galician and Polish settlement or “colony,” as the provincial term has it. From the latter we completed the circuit by returning to Yorkton.

A Doukhobor village is a picturesque and interesting study. The particular one we visited comprised perhaps thirty families.

The lots run back on either side the main road, the houses are small and low, built of logs neatly plastered inside and out with a fine clay paste so tempered as to withstand the weather. The doors are not so high as to render it unnecessary to stoop when entering. The floors are of mortar, and a shelf or ledge running around the room serves for seats, beds, etc. The cooking is done and the house warmed by a clay stove. Good specimens of home-made work were to be seen—dishes, pitchers, etc., of baked clay, and platters, plates and spoons of wood. Everything was very neat, both in the houses and their surroundings—a hopeful augury for the future of these people. Physically the Doukhobors are a splendid race; they are strict vegetarians, and their appearance would argue that not much is lost by those who reject meat as a diet. The younger Lytton once described the man of the present as “a bald-headed infant defrauded of youth.” He must surely never have seen a Doukhobor. The women wear a costume that is highly picturesque. They do a large share of the heavy work, but are at the same time proficient in the more feminine arts—fine specimens of needle-work and gorgeous rugs and mats attesting their skill.

The Galicians live not in villages but each man on his own farm, and perhaps in that way miss somewhat of the esprit de corps which communal life undoubtedly confers. At least the Galician, whose industry is said to be greater than that of the Doukhobor falls short of the latter in neatness. The more recent settlers may still be found in a sort of hut made by digging a cellar and roofing it with poplar poles covered with sods. Linen is a staple material of clothing with them, and children up to ten or twelve years were found clothed simply in a loose linen undergarment. The men generally wear a sheepskin coat in length coming near to the knees, the wool side turned in while the outer surface is braided and decorated with great care. The bulkiness and cut of this garment give the wearer a clumsy appearance.

Both Doukhobors and Galicians are, so far as could be ob-

served, settled on an inferior quality of land which makes their advance upward very difficult. Nevertheless, they have achieved considerable progress, and it is comforting to be assured that none of them regret having emigrated to this country.

In the foreign home there is usually some object, some household god, which illustrates the nationality or faith of the owner. Here it is a picture of the Polish Patriot that recalls the time when "Hope for a season bade the world farewell,"—there it is the white band around the head which denotes an adherent of the Greek or Russian Church. And the surprising fact is the desire they seem to have to make "open profession." On one occasion an individual being asked as to the trail, gratuitously informed us that he was a Buckovinian, and, consequently not a Roman Catholic; whereupon we ventured to suggest that God had created the Roman Catholic as well as the Buckovinian but were met by the rejoinder, "Yes, and God created the English, too." Evidently to this person the fact of creation by God was no guarantee of the quality.

The kind of immigration we are receiving of late years and the moral character of our foreign settlers have been subjects of newspaper controversy; and the question having assumed somewhat of a political aspect, its discussion has been so influenced by party prejudice that it is difficult to arrive at a just conclusion.

There can be little doubt, however, that these people were brought here in too great numbers. They glutted the labor market, causing a depression and a real hardship to many of our own people. They occupied land which before had been pastured by other men, they offended the aesthetic tastes of the fastidious; or, to be more just, such things were the consequence of their coming in a flood. So many interests could hardly be affected without evoking resentment. But, for the foreign people themselves—they were probably no worse than we are. If they were to state their cause and tell the truth they would, perhaps, say,

in the words of Kipling's soldier :—

“We aren't no thin red 'eros,
Nor we aren't no blackguard's, too.”

It is true these people are to a considerable degree ignorant of our customs, laws and institutions. How could they be otherwise? But intercourse will do much to naturalize the older as education will to assimilate the rising generation. Already in many cases schools are provided though it must be confessed that at the outset the foreigner does not take kindly to our schools.

For the foreigner the school has a double mission; first, to assimilate him to a common citizenship; and secondly, to protect him from the snares and errors to which ignorance of the language and customs of the country expose him. To commence with, by a strange fatuity our foreigner sees the matter only in its former aspect, greatly exaggerated. The school will denationalize, may pervert. He does not realize that to succeed he must adapt himself to his environment, nor has he yet grasped the significance of the text, “And Moses was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians.” Accordingly he goes his own way till accumulated experiences render him sensible to his deficiency and semi-helplessness, or, it may be, till, like the traveller from Jerusalem to Jericho, he has fallen among thieves. The result is in either case the same. Gradually he comes to realize how useful it is for his children to have some of the learning of this country. Dimly at first, but clear and clearer as the years roll by he comes to perceive that the school is a sympathetic agency working along broad, tolerant lines for his welfare. He may even become cognizant of that prodigal altruism which caused a contemporary poet to exclaim :—

“Allah created the English mad !
The maddest of all mankind.”

The attitude of the school toward our foreign fellow-citizens is well set forth in these words of the Superintendent of Education in his report for 1898 : “If these children are to grow up

as Canadian citizens they must be led to adopt our view-point and speak our speech. This does not imply that they shall cease to have a love for their motherland or mother tongue, but that they shall be fitly prepared for the life they are to live in the land of their adoption." And in justice to the foreigner, and speaking generally, it must be said that when he apprehends the situation in its true light he is not indifferent or unappreciative. Indeed, in some of the older foreign settlements, there are already schools that compare favorably with those of the best English-speaking localities. Of all the unifying influences at work in Western Canada the school is the most potent, and this because it is essentially the one agent that can, and does, elevate the foreigner to somewhat of an equal footing with the Canadian in the struggle of life.

J. O'BRIEN.

(the concluding portion of Mr. O'Brien's article will appear next month)

Our School System.—Third Paper.

THE increased and increasing cost to the Government is mainly due to districts employing the higher classes of teachers, and this very frequently in schools in which the lower class could do the work equally as well. Judging from the following extract from the report of 1899, this is looked upon as a good thing, and as evidencing the improvement in our schools. The extract is as follows:—

"One encouraging indication of educational progress is the very large increase in the number of teachers of the first and second classes during the past decade. In 1889, out of a total of 518 teachers 316 were third class, 140 second, and 62 first. To-day, out of a total of 581 teachers, there are but 128 third class teachers, while there are 341 second and 113 first. This shows that the great majority of our common schools are conducted by teachers whose educational attainments are far beyond what they were ten years ago. No other Province in Canada, nor is there a state in the Union that has anything like the same proportion of high grade teachers engaged in Common School work.—PAGE ix. of 1899 REPORT.

I would endorse this statement, and it looks all right on its

face, were these higher classed teachers required in all the schools where they are employed ; but when in many schools the work is simply third class, I fail to see ground for gratulation, because we are paying more money for getting work done which could be done equally as well at a much lower rate. I propose to refer to this in another connection in a later paper. Formerly there was a preponderance of third class teachers. They gradually gave place to second class, who, though at present holding their own, are sure, in time, to give place to first class.

In 1898 there were 29 first class teachers more than there were in 1897. In 1899 there were twelve more than in 1898 ; the numbers being 72 in 1897, 101 in 1898, and 113 in 1899.

Of second class there was, in 1898 a decrease of 15 as compared with 1897, and in 1899 an increase of 17 as compared with 1898 ; or a net gain of 2 in the two years. The number, in 1897, was 339 ; in 1898 it was 324. and in 1899 it was 341.

Of third class teachers there was a falling off of 12 in 1898 as compared with 1897, and of 28 in 1899 as compared with 1898 ; the numbers being 168 in 1897, 156 in 1898, and 128 in 1889.

Compare these years with 1889, when there were 62 first class, 140 second class and 316 third class teachers.

This simply shows that few of the districts are any longer content with the third class, and, although the second increased last year, yet the reports show that the number in that class is a fluctuating one, and in view of the tendency of districts to employ first-class teachers, whether they are needed or not, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell that the second will soon join the third as a vanishing class. When that result is reached the public expenditure will be largely increased. Dr. McLeod, the Superintendent of Education has seen this, and has several times referred to it in his reports.

True, the higher class teachers do not, in all cases, get the higher pay, but many of them do, and a substantial addition to the cost of education is yearly made in this way. Inasmuch as the residents in the districts do not pay directly any part of the teachers salaries, they have evidently come to the conclusion that schools cost them nothing ; that they do not pay for them at all.

They do not consider that they pay none the less because they pay through the Government. Holding an opinion so erroneous, it is but natural that they should try to get the higher and more expensive classes. Yet in many cases a third class teacher would be quite competent to perform the work which a first or second class teacher is employed to do. If the work were concentrated in larger schools there would be suitable employment for some of each class, with better results, as there would not be the frittering away of energy that must occur under present methods.

In some of the schools which really require a higher class than third, a second class teacher could do the work as well as a first. Outside of graded schools, some few may be entitled to and need first class teachers, but it seems to me that such schools should be graded so that the higher class teacher could devote his attention to the higher work and not to the elementary.

The statutory allowances, i. e. the salaries to teachers in 1898 was \$112,037.70, an increase of \$24.30 over 1897, while 1899 showed a further advance of \$1,116.33 bringing the total up to \$113,154.03, which is sure to go on getting bigger. This does not include supplements which were paid in 1898, but have not since been paid; nor does it include the bonus paid in all three years.

Of this sum about \$8,834 was paid to teachers in the three towns, being about 50c. a head of the population and \$800 to the Model School, in all \$9,634. Deducting this amount and we have a balance of \$102,403.70 for the rest of the Province in 1898, and \$104,320.03 in 1899, or say \$1.10 for every man, woman and child in the country. Why is there this difference? Is it not obvious that it is because the teaching strength is concentrated in the towns and that consequently the staff can teach more children than double their number can teach in the country. The above expenditure gives an average of \$218 per school district for 1898, within \$7 of the salary of a second class male teacher; and for 1899 \$221.50, or within \$3.50 of a second class male teacher's salary and that with a smaller attendance. At this rate it is safe to say that last year, or at the latest in the present year (1901), it will quite equal that amount or \$225; and in any future estimates I may make I will take it at that.

For 1898 it gave an average paid in salary to each teacher, outside the towns, of \$196.95, and for 1889 of \$200.23.

For 1898 it gives an expenditure of \$33,813.11 in salaries to teachers in 177 schools, with an average daily attendance of 14.80; or, the aggregate average daily attendance in these schools having been 26.13 it gives an average of \$12.94 in salaries paid by Government for each pupil in attendance.

For 1899 it gives an expenditure of \$36,604.78 in salaries to teachers in 194 schools, with an average daily attendance of slightly less than 15 per school; or the daily aggregate attendance in these 194 schools having been 2907, it gives an average of about \$12.60 in salaries paid by Government for each pupil in daily attendance.

Yet, practically speaking, no Government, under the present system has power to regulate or control this expenditure. In 1889 the total Government payment for teachers salaries was \$88,211.10 or about \$25,000 less than in 1889. Of this the odd \$8211 were paid in the towns, leaving \$80,000 paid to country teachers. This gives \$186.48 for each school district; or some \$38 less than last year. It gave \$171.61 for each teacher. This, be it remembered, was in a year when there were fewer districts and teachers, and more pupils than there are now.

Now, it seems clear from these statistics, which are compiled from the public records, that for its area, population and present revenues this Island has more school districts and teachers than it can afford or than it requires.

To me, at any rate, it seems obvious that satisfactory results cannot be obtained under these conditions. This is particularly true of schools having a large daily attendance. In my opinion it is mentally and physically impossible for one teacher, even one of exceptional ability in his profession to take a school with half a dozen or more classes; the younger children learning the alphabet, and give each of these classes the attention, or anything like the attention, it needs. When it is borne in mind that in addition to the Primer and Books I to VI, instruction is supposed to be given in arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, orthography, composition; and, in some cases, in music, drawing,

scientific temperance, agriculture, botany, etc., etc., (all excellent subjects)—besides in such subjects as some society, or the public through the press may from time to time succeed in having added to the already over-burdened teacher's load, it would be miraculous if the results were satisfactory. I take it that the last five subjects named are mainly confined to the graded schools; but even so it is impossible that instruction in such circumstances can be satisfactorily imparted.

The Inspectors have the best opportunities for observing clearly all the weak points. Let me quote from their reports for 1889. The italics are mine.

Inspector McCormac says:—

It was a source of pleasure to me in my inspectoral work this year to notice the *improvement effected in primary work*. It will be *readily conceded* that the five most important subjects of an ordinary education are *good reading, correct spelling, neat writing, knowledge of practical arithmetic and ability to express thought in an intelligent and graceful manner both in speech and on paper*. IF WE COULD ANCHOR THE TEACHING IN THE SCHOOLS A LITTLE MORE FIXEDLY TO THE THREE "R's," THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT BETTER RESULTS WOULD ENSUE THAN UNDER THE PRESENT OLLA-PODRIDA CURRICULUM. There is a tendency, not confined to P. E. Island, to press unduly for examination results, and to estimate the standing of a school by the success of its senior pupils rather than by the character of its work as a whole. In schools where the advanced branches are taught there is a great danger of too great a proportion of the teachers time being spent on them, spent to the disadvantage of the rest of the school. There is but little credit due any teacher who passes his candidates for entrance to Prince of Wales College if his primary classes are neglected. Teachers should never sacrifice the welfare of many for the benefit of few."

Inspector Campbell says:—

"Of the subjects taught in our schools, I may say that I find much more thoroughness in the work gone over than in former years. Reading, writing and spelling are being better taught; geography receives its due share of attention with fair results. *Algebra, Geometry, Latin and French* are taught in most schools, but generally to the *detriment of the younger pupils in ungraded schools*."

Inspector MacIntyre reports:—

"*I believe that in our schools we are endeavoring to do too many things and that we are not doing anything thoroughly*. I have always thought that the higher branches should not be taught in our ordinary,

ungraded schools, and judging from what I have ascertained during the past six months I still adhere to that opinion. There are some few, *ungraded schools in which Latin, Geometry, Algebra, etc.*, might be taught, and with considerable success; *but in most schools the teaching of these subjects necessitates a corresponding lack of thorough instruction in the more important branches of education. To read expressively, to spell correctly, to write legibly and rapidly, to acquire a good knowledge of ordinary Arithmetic, to speak and write English* correctly, and to acquire a taste for good literature, *these after all are the real objects to be attained by the pupils in our common schools. Pupils often leave school with a good knowledge of the rules and definitions, parsing and analysis, and yet without having acquired the ability to speak the English language with accuracy and facility.*"

These three gentlemen, before they were appointed inspectors were among the very best teachers of whom a profession, that has cause to be proud of its membership could boast, and they thoroughly understand what they are talking about. That Dr. McLeod is in thorough agreement with them is shown by the fact that he includes the foregoing extracts in his own report. Incidentally Mr. McCormac makes a remark that enables us to put a finger on another weak spot; that is that the main—the real purpose for which the educational system was established has been to some extent lost sight of; or rather made subsidiary to a secondary (though important) object. I will refer to this later.

The teacher is not to blame for this. He, or she, would be more than mortal to successfully teach all, or even half of, these subjects. I believe we have, on the whole, an excellent staff of teachers in this Province; many of them of exceptional ability in their profession and all underpaid, but they cannot perform miracles. I have said the fault is not the teacher's. It is to be attributed to the methods under which he works, by his having to endeavour "to do many things." It is no wonder that complaint is heard that a school boy or girl, who can write a fair, plain, legible hand, is becoming a rarity, and will (if things continue as at present) be classed with the Great Auk—as an extinct species.

Had a teacher one-quarter or one-third of these subjects to attend to, even though the classes were trebled in size, so that he

could give a reasonable amount of time to each, it does strike me that the results would be much better.

Then again the Province in 1898 paid \$129,817.81 for education, which is more than, with its present revenues, it can afford to pay. In 1899 it paid \$125,530.54 or \$4,287.27 less, but this was owing to the fact that there were no supplements that year while there were supplements in 1898.

Yet the teachers are not over paid. They are not paid enough. But of that hereafter.

I have gone at this great length into these dry, wearisome statistical statements so as to place the facts, as they now exist, before your readers even as I have summarized them, they cannot be grasped unless carefully read. Yet, unless they are mastered as a preliminary, it is useless to discuss our educational affairs. And let it be clearly understood that, no matter what party or combination of parties may be in power, unless a radical change is made in the system, or rather in the method of working the system, this unsatisfactory and grave state of affairs must not only continue but must yearly grow worse.

The Last of the 19th Century in New York.

FIFTH Avenue and Broadway had all the beauty wealth ere gave; church bells rang forth a welcome to the New Year! The City was all astir, awaiting anxiously for the clock to say: "you have lived in two centuries." Some were wending their way to church, to 'watch' the Old Year out and the New Year in; but many more were going to City Hall Park and Rector Street, to listen to the chimes of Old Trinity.

Near at hand, Wall Street, the brokers' part of the city, where fortunes are lost and won in a day; but to-night it is as quiet and gloomy as the grave.

The 'sky-scrapers,' towering high in the darkness, and Trinity's lofty spire, cast shadows over the white marble monuments of the oldest cemetery in New York, where lie the remains

of many brave Americans who fell in the wars with Great Britain. Among the graves is that of Captasn James Lawrence, of the American frigate Chesapeake, who was mortally wounded in the engagement with the Briiish ship Shannon, on the 1st day of June, 1813.

City Hall, on New Year's Eve was draped with red, white and blue electric lights; and Sousa's famous band played from the portico of the building.

The cars moved very slowly through the crowded streets, and the 'L' trains were loaded with people; a thing very seldom seen at that hour of the night.

Ferry-boate were plying back and forth on the Hudson, almost as quickly as they could move with safety; and their whlstles were helping to swell the noisy adieu to the passing year.

When twelve o'clock drew nigh there was a pause. As the Old Century breathed its last there broke forth, as if by magic, the splendid chimes of Trinity.

The last selection played upon the bells was the American National Anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—the air so like "God Save The King"—and all hats were reverently raised in token of loyalty.

When the last note was struck there was a rush for the cars. Seats and standing room were out of the question; we were glad enough to get a place to 'hang on to' outside.

The blowing of horns, and the noise of the glad New Century voices, gradually died away as we were hurried back towards Harlem.

HAZEN GREEN.

The Prisoned Flowers.

The frozen Earth holds safe within her breast.

The prisoned flowers that Spring shall coax to life.
Forgotten soon shall be the Winter's test:

Eerth shall emerge triumphant from the strife.

T. M.

Traditions of the Early Acadians—Occupation of East River and St. Peter's—Continued.

THIS place, and the other old town site at Savage Harbor have had many visits from "treasure seekers;" who, sometimes, during the "wee sma' hours," dug extensive holes, often among the growing crops. This belief in buried treasure is also prevalent among the descendants of the Acadians—particularly those around Maisonette and Caraquette, N. B.

The line of travel of the time was along St. Peter's Bay to the head; thence a trail followed a valley or level country by Groshaut, and on to the head of the present Rollo Bay; where another extensive settlement existed.

During the wars between France and England, previous to 1758, Isle St. Jean had happily escaped any hostile visitation; but after the final capture of Louisburg and Isle Royale the British made a descent on the Island. Gathering all the small craft that had been present at the siege of Louisburg, and some armed vessels with a considerable force under Lord Rollo, they came round Isle Royale, and entered the gulf; presenting an imposing sight as they neared Rollo Bay. To the terrified settlers the sea seemed covered with white sails; and they counted 300 in all. But most of them were small crafts; for every boat from Nantucket to Terre Neuve was impressed into the British service at the siege just ended.

As they prepared to land the Acadians gathered their families and most valuable effects, and fled by the trails to St. Peter's thence to the "Capes of Savage Harbour," as tradition gives it. Here a council was held; and when the booming of cannon at Port La Joie told them that it was invested, and as scouts brought in word that the enemy were being guided along the trail by "Webster" (a name not in favor with them afterwards); they decided to bury their valuables. Their traditions also say that they, at this time, buried the church vessels and other valuables in a small brass cannon somewhere in the vicinity of the Church on the Hillsboro.

When they surrendered they were required to take the oath

of allegiance to the British Crown, which many of them did not understand—thinking it contained something hostile to their religious belief.

After so many wars with England it was only natural that hard feelings should exist among the Acadians. So there was a desire among many of them to depart. Some hoped that Quebec was not permanently annexed, and as many as had the means to do so went thither—only to find *Le Drapeau Britannique* floating from the citadel. They also became aware that they were not included in the surrender and very favorable terms of the Quebec Treaty.

The clergy advised them to return and accept the new order of things ; and, with encouraging words, pointed out to them that “those who settled in the country would still own the country.” Some did return, and one of them afterwards said : “we had to come back, and take off our hats.”

Their descendants to-day have reason to bless this wise policy.

Those who remained in Quebec, or went elsewhere, account for only a few of the once numerous Acadian settlers of the places mentioned ; yet to-day there is not a French name among the settlers of Hillsboro, Pisquid, Tracadie, French Village, St. Peter's or vicinity. I believe I have the key to the cause of such a general exodus of the Acadians from these parts. No doubt the proximity of a British garrison, at Port La Joie, induced some to depart to more secluded parts of the Island. They certainly disappeared within three or four years after the change of masters ; for the new settlers, coming in fourteen years after the cession of the Island to Britain, found a thick, young growth of trees, as tall as a man, covering the old French clearings along the Hillsboro River.

Now, soon after the treaty of peace was made, the French Government fitted out an expedition of three ships, one of them an armed vessel, to carry away a number of Acadians with the consent of Britain, and plant a colony in the Malouine Islands.

I have seen the journal of the French Pere who accompanied them to their new homes ; but it did not state the particular place

from which the Acadians were embarked. The expedition was under the command of Colonel Bougainville ; under him were Captains Massie and Chanal ; Lieutenants Huillier, Duclos, and De Guraydaris.

With chivalric loyalty, worthy of La Vendee, these simple-minded Acadians chose to follow the Lilies of France again ; to endure the loss of property here, and to suffer the discomforts of a sea voyage, the length of the American continent, in order to found new homes. That most certainly was the age of sentiment ; for some of those who came to replace them abandoned home, country and property, in the States, to live here under the British flag.

No doubt it cost the Acadians many a pang at leaving. The Island was a land of forests of almost tropical beauty which rose in maple-fringed terraces from the water's edge ; the sparkling rivers fed by crystal springs and bordered by the light green inter-*vales* were teeming with fish and wild fowl. They had led picturesque lives among such scenes, but never again should the songs of Normandie be heard by the romantic banks of Morel ; nor the voice of Mathilde or Melanie, of a summer eve, calling " Chow, Chow " from the homestead to lure the cattle home at milking time.

Again do I see in fancy the embarkation at Port La Joie, the procession of old and young, and the white-kerchiefed maids of Brittany, who wave to Isle St. Jean an eternal farewell, and, like Marie Stuart, say : " Adieu, sweet land of France, Adieu."

Then for a few years silence reigned around the old homes, until a new people came from beyond the sea to fill their places. Meanwhile, how did the Acadian colonists fare. The ships met with a fierce storm near the mouth of the La Plata River, a regular " Pampero " ; and they were obliged to call at Monte Video to refit.

This part of South America was then, under the rule of the Jesuit Order, and the good Pere in his account tells amusingly of the suspicious way in which the authorities regarded the visitors. They evidently thought the French might mean to take possession

of some part of the country. All the French officers and indeed the Father himself had their movements closely watched. But every facility was given for repairs and for supplying the vessels. The Government would willingly receive the Acadians as subjects, and private offers were made to them to remain. Offers were made to some of the officers also to enter the service of the country. But De Bougainville cut matters short by ordering a speedy departure, though the Acadians, tired of the sea, would gladly have remained. At length they reached the Malouine Islands situated some four hundred miles east of Cape Horn. They found the Islands a treeless, grass-covered country, swept by the ceaseless winds of the South Atlantic, with no inhabitants but the penguins, which lined the shores in thousands like sentinels, and the stupid sea lions, animals of the seal species, which lay on the rocks, and opened their large mouths in defiance and wonder at the intrusion of man. Some of the the young Acadians amused themselves by throwing pebbles into the gaping mouths of these animals, which they swallowed without winking.

The Islands were without wood or any fuel, and building had to be brought from Patagonia, four hundred miles distant. The settlers were much discouraged but the good Pere headed a party who went exploring for deposits of turf, and found some which was used as fuel. They set to work to form a settlement and used the stone at hand for building houses. But theirs was to be the fate of those

“ Who build, who build,
But who enter not in.”

for a few years later another war arose with England and a British force came and captured the Malouines, whose name was changed to Falklands, and they have since remained a British colony.

The Acadians again departed, some going to the mainland of South America, where their identity as a separate people ceased.

Those who remained in Isle St. Jean and cast in their lot with us, did better, we are now a united and assimilated people ; they share in all our privileges, and produce their full quota of our clergymen, teachers, legislators, doctors and lawyers. For

them has indeed been realized the prophecy or legend current among the early settlers that the new occupant of Stukeley farm, St. Peter's, was visited by the spirit of the former Acadian owner who said :—

“ Peace unto thee, Anglais, for not until a white house crowns each hill, and a mill stands by each stream shall the French possess the land again. ”

However improbable the fulfilment of this may seem, farmers should not be too ready to consult the C. F. F. C. for their fate.

J. BAMBRICK, Glen Roy.

Our Feathered Friends.—V.

In ancient Roman mythology it is related that Picus, a fabulous King of Latium, went forth, on one occasion, to the chase, clothed in a purple cloak having a golden band about the neck. While hunting he encountered Circe, a famous sorceress ; by whom he was changed into a woodpecker—the woodpecker having purple stripes and a band of yellow about his neck. Readers of Virgil will recall the reference to Picus in the Seventh Book—particularly in lines 189 and the two following :—

“Picus, quem, capta cupidine, conjux

Aurea percussum virga, versumque venenis

Fecit avem Circe, sparsitque coloribus alas.”*

Picus was credited with great skill in augury ; and the woodpecker being a favorite in the species of divination by birds may account for the origin of the story.

Picus signified a woodpecker ; and the terms Pici and Picidae are derived from it. The first is applied to the order, and the second to the family of the woodpeckers. The order contains but the one family, so the order and family, with regard to these birds, are coterminous.

They are birds which possess well-marked characteristics, and are readily recognized by their habits and colors. They are generally seen on decaying trees ; because on such trees they find, in greatest abundance, the insects and larvae which chiefly form their food. In pursuit of insects they drive deep holes into bark and

* Picus, whom struck with her golden wand and changed by her magic herbs, the enamoured Circe, seized with desire, made a bird and sprinkled his wings with colors.

wood. with their long and strong chisel-pointed bills. But a few may be found on the ground in search of ants, grasshoppers, and beetles.

All make their nests within the trunk or in a large limb of a tree. They drive a deep tunnel towards the heart of the tree large enough to admit their bodies. The innermost end of this tunnel or hole is enlarged to serve for a nest. Here are deposited the white eggs, four to six in number ; or, in the case of the Flicker, seven or more.

In the checklist of the A. O. U. (American Ornithologists' Union) about thirty-three species and sub-species are enumerated ; seven of which have been recognized here.

THE HAIRY WOODPECKER.

The first of ours in this list is the Hairy Woodpecker. It is not at all a common bird, and is, besides, rather retired in its habits ; keeping most of its time in the seclusion of deep woods. It measures nine to ten inches in length. Its back is black with a long white stripe. There are white spots on its wings and the outer tail feathers are entirely white. The feathers next the two outer pairs are black and white, the middle ones black. There are two white stripes on each side of the head, one above the eye. the other below. These marks are common to both sexes, but the male hairy woodpecker has a scarlet nuchal band ; that is, a band of scarlet which extends across the back part of the head.

It may be well to know that some difference has been noted in the hairy woodpeckers found in the northern and southern parts of their range. Those found in the far North are larger than the typical Hairy woodpecker, and those of the South are smaller. I am not aware that there is any important difference besides that of size. Although ornithologists make two sub-species or varieties it is not of much consequence as regards our identification whether we call ours the Hairy Woodpecker or the Northern Hairy Woodpecker, since the difference is so little that it would probably require an expert to decide which one it might be.

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.

The Downy Woodpecker is a commoner bird than the one just

described. It is the woodpecker which visits our orchards, examining the trees and even the farm fences and buildings in its search for insects. It is said to associate with the chickadees and nuthatches during the winter. I have often seen the chickadees and nuthatches during the winter. I have often seen the chickadees and nuthatches in company, but never saw a woodpecker with them. Still, the downy is undoubtedly more sociable than the hairy woodpecker. If not with its avian relatives, it shows more of what we are inclined to regard as sociability by its frequent visits to the neighborhood of man's habitation.

The two species resemble each other very much, so that one general description may almost apply to both. There are, of course, some differences, such as less white on the tail of the downy, and this white is in bars across the outer feathers. But the most noticeable difference is in their size, the hairy being nine or ten inches long, and the downy only six or seven.

THE ARCTIC, THREE-TOED WOODPECKER.

Next in order on our list is the Arctic, Three-toed Woodpecker, which is rarer than either of the preceding. It, along with the American three-toed and another species found chiefly in Alaska, has, as the name denotes, only three toes on each foot, instead of four as found on all the other woodpeckers. There are two toes in front and one behind. The others have two front toes and two hind toes. Of these three-toed woodpeckers, the arctic is the only one I have seen here and that only in mounted specimens. In size it is between the downy and hairy, about eight or nine inches in length. The beak is black. There is a white strip on each side of the head below the eye. The under parts and outer tail feathers are white. The male has on the crown a yellow patch which is wanting in the female.

THE SAPSUCKER.

The Sapsucker, or yellow-bellied woodpecker, does not remain here during the winter months like the three above described. It has received the name of sapsucker from its habit of boring holes through the bark of trees to get at the juicy, cambium layer or the inner bark upon which it is said to feed. It is charged against

this bird that it does serious injury to growing trees by girdling them and stripping them of their bark to get at the inner parts. This however, is denied and one who has studied their habits writes the following : "No instance, in which the bark of trees has been stripped off, has come under my observation, nor do I know of a single case in which their puncturings of the bark have been fatal or even appreciably injurious to the tree."

Its principal markings may be given as follows : The crown is crimson and bordered all round with black in both sexes. The male has a crimson patch on the throat which is also enclosed with black. This patch in the female is white, two white stripes on each side of the head and black stripe which passes through the eye ; under parts yellowish ; back, black and brown ; wings black, with many white spots.

THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.

The Logcock or Pileated Woodpecker, the largest of our woodpeckers and the fifth of our list has become quite rare since the removal of our greater forests. It seeks the seclusion of heavy timbered districts and is seldom seen in in any other. It is black ; and has a high scarlet crest the lower half of which in the female is black. A white stripe extends from the bill to the wing.

THE RED-BELLIED WOODPECKER.

The Red-bellied Woodpecker is a southern species which is occasionally seen here in the summer. In size it is equal to the Hairy Woodpecker. The whole crown and nape is scarlet in the male ; the female shows less of the scarlet color. There are narrow curved bands of white on the back, and the rump and under parts are white.

THE YELLOW HAMMER.

The Flicker, generally called here the Yellow Hammer, and many other names according to the locality, is the commonest of our Woodpeckers. It is migratory, arriving here about the middle of May and departing some time in October. It differs from the others in habit, being often found on fences and on the ground, particularly in the vicinity of an anthill. It eagerly devours the

industrious denizens of the anthill, for industry in the case of the ant no more than in that of other creatures, affords no contravention of Nature's design that one creature should minister to the life and enjoyment of another. Both sexes have a scarlet nuchal crescent and a black pectoral crescent. The brownish back is closely barred with black; the rump is white; underneath it is whitish with many round, black spots. The under sides of wings and tail are a bright yellow.

The Redheaded Woodpecker is common in Ontario, and is occasionally seen in Nova Scotia. I would infer that it is seen also in New Brunswick, for I have no catalogue of the birds of the last mentioned place. It would be interesting to know whether it ever crosses the Straits of Northumberland, or those places must be regarded as the northern limit of its migration.

Any one who can recognize a woodpecker can readily identify it. Its whole head, its neck all round, and the breast, are bright red or crimson; the rump and under parts are pure white; and the back is black.

SUMMARY OF DESCRIPTIONS.

- Length 6 to 7 inches : Downy Woodpecker.
- Length 8 to 9 inches : Arctic and Sapsucker.
- Length 9 to 10 inches : Flicker, Hairy, and Redbellied.
- Length 15 to 19 inches : Pileated Woodpecker.
- White striped on back : Hairy or Downy.
- White on rump : Flicker and Redbellied.
- Outer tail feathers white : Hairy.
- Outer tail feathers barred white and black : Downy.
- More or less red on head : Hairy, Downy, Sapsucker, Redbellied, Flicker.
- More or less yellow : Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker.
- Much white seen underneath : Hairy, Downy, Arctic.
- Much yellow seen underneath : Sapsucker, Flicker.
- Much red seen underneath : Red-bellied Woodpecker.
- Much black seen underneath : Pileated Woodpecker.

JOHN McSWAIN.



By Shore and Camp Fire—Continued.

WE had our tent to pitch and tea to get ready and night was coming on, so we got to work. We all had a sort of an idea that it was just a picnic to pitch a tent. I think differently now. In the first place the canvas was wet and muddy. It was not nice to handle, but we made a start. We got the pole up all right and then began to fasten the guyropes down to the pegs. But the way they behaved was something devilish. I would get one fixed all right, then rise up to begin the next one, and the fellow on the other side would give a yank and the rope that I was going to secure would spring at me and smack you across the face. Then you'd lay hold and heave hard enough to lift the whole affair and the other fellow would utter a yell of rage, and start to walk around the tent to have it out with you, and at the same time you'd start from your side just to tell him your opinion of him and his method of doing business and the two of you would walk round and round falling over the pegs and cursing all the time and not finding anybody come to the conclusion that it must have been the wind or your own fault. Yes, it is very exciting work putting up a tent in semi-darkness, but it was done at last, and then we set to work to build our fire.

We went and collected wood, rigged up our fire place Indian fashion three poles tied together at the tops, so that a fire could be built under pot or kettle hung over it, Jack took and laid the sticks carefully and scientifically, I filled the kettle with water, Bob got out and opened a can of condensed coffee and everything was ready, Jack said "Give me a match Bob, I haven't got one on me."

But he didn't find any matches. We had bread and butter and raspberry jam and cold water for that meal and we sat and glowered at one another all the time we were eating, but as we got fuller kinder feelings took possession of us, and by the time we were done we felt quite gentle and forgiving towards one another. So after a chat and a review of the day's work we rolled ourselves

up in our blankets and bidding each other good night, were soon in the deep dreamless sleep which comes to a man only after a hard day's work in the open air and so passed our first night in camp.

When we got up and looked around in the morning we found that a heavy sea had risen during the night, breaking on the shore in great style, but the day was beautifully fine just the right breezeblowing and the smell of the fresh morning combined with the sight of the dew sparkling in the level rays of the rising sun made one feel happy to be alive on such day.

The first thing to be done after breakfast was to get our boat in and our provisions ashore, but the tide was now high, we had'n't a small boat of any kind, and there was our own boat anchored about a quarter of a mile from shore. I volunteered to walk round and hunt for a boat and set off at once, luckily enough I discovered a small dory not five hundred yards from the camp, so without troubling myself about any question of ownership, I got back as quick as I could and told the other fellows of my find and to come and lend a hand and get her afloat, they were lying down in the tent, reading and taking life easy, while I was hustling around hunting out a boat for them, however they moved themselves this time, and before long we were afloat and making for our boat. Things went all right at the start, while we remained near shore it was comparatively calm, but as soon as we got out a piece and began to feel the effects of the big breakers it began to get exciting, there were no seats in the old tub and so we were standing up, balancing ourselves the best way we could and using the oars as poles, Jack at one, I at the other, while Bob stood up in the middle and got in both our ways at once, suddenly our crazy old Ark gave a lurch and sent us all sprawling into the bottom, a huge wave coming along and almost filling us, sinking us to the waters edge, and although we knew it was only a matter of seconds we started to bail in the wild hope that we might get her free in time, but we might have saved ourselves the trouble. For before we had a bucketful out, along came another one completely filling her, and she began to sink slowly, deeper and

deeper, the three of us standing there staring at each other as she did so. Then I decided to strike out for shore, and jumped, but it was shallower than I expected, the water only coming up to my shoulders. Bob followed my example, but Jack was a second later, and that second left enough time for the next wave to get in its fine work just as he was on the point of stepping off. Along it came, catching him and the boat and rolling them over and over. We roared, we could'nt help it; we just stood there and laughed till we could hardly prevent ourselves from falling over too, and in the midst of our hilarity Jack came to the surface. The first words he uttered as he rose were: "A nice fool's trick to play on a fellow, was'nt it; soft-headed idiots standing grinning like silly jack-asses; might have drowned a fellow." He seemed to think that we were personally responsible for the accident and kept muttering about it to himself all the way back to shore. He was mad, I suppose, because we had'nt got mixed up with the boat too. That is the way with some people; they're too generous; they want somebody else to have a share of everything that's going, and get offended if all aren't treated alike. Once was enough for us; all our dry clothing was out in our boat and we had to get it somehow, so we towed the dory around a point where the sea did'nt break so roughly, and after a little manœuvering got past the line of breakers and safely out to our craft. We were all right now, so making sail and hauling up anchor with the dory in tow, we made for shore, dropping anchor this time in a couple of feet of water, not far from the camp, and by the time we had everything out of her and arranged in the tent it was time for dinner. During the rest of our stay there we dated from that dinner, it was such an all around success. We had ham and eggs, potatoes, bread and butter, tea or coffee, whichever you pleased, raspberry jam and canned peaches, besides a few other little odds and end that I can't remember just now. For a full half hour after we had started to eat, the silence was unbroken except by the clatter of knives and forks and other kitchen ware. At the end of that time Jack rested his knife and fork on his plate. Breathing a satisfied sigh, he said:

"Well boys what will we do this afternoon?"

He got no answer. Bob and I were too busy, but at the end of five minutes more, Bob rested his knife and fork on his plate, leaned back against the old stump and said, "Go shootin'."

And then the conversation became general. We decided to travel around together that afternoon and find where the best shooting was to be had. So, getting our guns and ammunition ready we prepared to start. It was Jack who broke the charm and brought us back to a realization of the cares and responsibilities of this life. He said :—

"Who's going to wash the dishes?"

Bob of course had a suggestion ready for the occasion ; he said: "I think George had better stop and do them."

Here, however, I asserted my rights. I told them, that after getting their breakfast ready and then finding a boat while they lay around and loafed I was entitled to some of the fun, and we came to the conclusion that we'd better leave the dishes till we came back. So chucking them out of sight, we started off to make war on anything in the shape of game that should happen to come our way.

We found the game all right ; plenty of it, rock plover, jack snipe, yellow legs and ring necks and pips innumerable ; but there seemed to be something wrong with the guns, they would'nt shoot straight. It's a curious thing, but I seem to be fated to always have a poor gun when I go shooting ; never seem to be able to do much slaughter with them, but that's just my luck. I'd be sorry for any birds that I'd come across if I only had a decent gun. Why, I've been out with chaps who could knock over their bird at every shot while I never got a thing, and I've told them the reason why. But they seemed to think it was my fault ; said I could'nt shoot straight, and I could never persuade them that the facts were as I stated. On this occasion however, all hands seemed to have been saddled with defective fire arms, for after a hard afternoon's work all that we had to show was four or five very much mangled rock plover that had run into charges of shot by accident. We got used to it after a while, and after a few days could actually hit what we fired at; now and again making some very decent bags. Before we started back for the camp we had a heated discussion

whether we should or should not take and cook the tattered remnants of plover that we had secured, but Jack decided. Said he :

“I don't care a hang what you fellows want to do, I'm going to take and cook them for myself.”

We told him he was welcome.

After a tramp of about an hour we reached camp and began to get tea. We were hungry and in a hurry to satisfy that hunger, and of course the fire wouldn't burn. It seemed to know that it was wanted in a rush and had accordingly decided to keep us waiting. We tried blowing ; took turn about at it ; we got down on our hands and knees at it, assuming the posture of a Chinese idol worshipper, and blew, and the smoke jumped at us and got in our eyes and down our throats and we'd get up dizzy and mad. Then we stood around it in a circle and looked at it and swore at it, but strange to say this did not seem to have the desired effect. Then Jack proposed the universal remedy for modest and backward fires. He fetched the kerosene can. It takes a pretty stubborn fire to resist the the effects of about a quart of kerosene, and in a quarter of an hour we were engaged in our long delayed meal. Of course we all agreed that it was the best one yet. It's a curious thing but when you're out camping every meal is the best. I've come to the conclusion that there is something queer about this. How can every meal you eat be the best? Why, if every meal went on getting better than the last one just think what perfection of cooking would be arrived at before you left for home. Nevertheless, every meal you eat when you're out camping is the best you ever tasted. Queer, is'nt it? And then, when tea was over and everything was cleared up, we chucked some big logs on the fire and sitting around, pipes in mouth, with the firelights flickering shadows on our faces, and the shrill, unending chirp of the crickets sounding in our ears, we talked over our day's fun and discussed our plans for the morrow, till it was time for bed, and closing the flap of the tent, as a precaution against wasps and mosquitoes, and with a cheery “Good-night, all hands,” we turned in.

(To be Continued.)

Wanted—An Humble Man.

Have ye seen him, friend, or even caught a fleeting glimpse of his shadowy form as ye rush on in your madcap race—whither?

Wilt not check thyself in thy headlong course for a moment and ask; "Who?" "Have I seen whom?"

"Have ye seen an 'humble man?'"

Friend, if ye have seen such a one, I ask you of goodness, pity and charity tell me where and when. I have sought, but my search has been fruitless, for this man until worn and wearied and disheartened. I am forced to classify him with an extinct and prehistoric species. Methinks such a man, even now in the morn of the Twentieth Century, must be sought for as the sage of old sought for an honest man, the hope of success as slight, the prospect of failure as grand.

"Pessimism," you say. "No, fact." And once again: "Where and when?" Did'st see him in the ranks of the politicians? Methinks that smile upon thy lips hath good reason.

"Among the politicians, forsooth. Search there for an humble man? Why, none but a fool would look there in such a quest,"

In truth, friend, thou art but right. The all-prevailing, ever-recurring, irrepressible, "I;" "my party," exclude all vestige of hope that here ye might find an humble man. Does not each one, but an atom of the conglomerate whole, an individual of a great party, ever and always proclaim from the housetop of the hustings:—

"Electors, friends, I seek your suffrages as the representative of the greatest, grandest, noblest political party that has ever controlled or ever will control and guide the destinies of our country.

Unto us give the ruling of this land of ours and never since Adam ruled in Eden, till the Millenium is at hand, shall a land be governed as we shall govern.

Most astounding prosperity, benefits most appreciable, taxes infinitesimal, shall be your portion." (Apparently strained,

really not, as we all know well the stupendous promises, the all but insignificant realizations, of the Nineteenth Century politician.)

Surely no humble man spoke thus. Lauding superlatives pour from his lips, when he and his party are spoken of; abasing superlatives are applied but to his and their opponents. From pole to pole the earth round, is it ever 'grandest,' 'greatest,' 'noblest,' 'best.'

Verily, must I seek in other ranks for an humble man.

To other ways then, friend, let us turn. Among the busy walks of our prosperous mercantile life may we find that for which we search. The less laborious and withal, most direct route is through the mazy medium of our great newspapers, hence, hitherto let us look.

What find ye, friend? Of a truth once again 'tis the self-lauding superlative, "Greatest stock, grandest opportunities, cheapest goods, best values."

How all this can be so is rather difficult to conceive; that it is so stated is beyond question. No mediocrity, no inferiority do ye find among them. Superiority alone exists here; humility is unknown, unused, unheard of.

"Exaggeration!" Not at all. Look, read, satisfy yourself, the means are at your elbow. To the newspapers themselves does this also apply. Pick up what publication you will, the gigantic daily of the world's metropolis, the pigmy weekly of some obscure village; does it not proclaim: "largest circulation;" "most information;" "best advertising medium, etc."

'Tis ever thus, though not decrying others, none hesitate to eulogize self. The irrepressible, ever-recurring superlative, self applied is constantly proclaimed and all assert incontestable rights to its employment.

Not there then, may I look for an humble man. Whither then, shall I go! "Seek among the lowlier ranks of life. Surely there you will find the object of your quest." Think ye so, friend? "But," I ask, "pray tell me where I shall find "the lowlier ranks?"

"The poor and less fortunate of mankind must assuredly be

the lowlier ranks." Accompany me then, friend, and see with what success I may meet. "Here, friend, is an humble abode, let us enter. Here, of a truth, should we find humility."

Is it so? No. What find we, here? This and but this: difficulty of obtaining a livelihood, troubles and privations innumerable, humility, none, "Yes," we are told, "we are often hungry and cold and so ill-clothed that shame compels us to remain within doors, save when dire necessity drives us forth to obtain wherewith to exist. "Truly, we are very poorly off, but then our neighbor is no less fortunate, is poorer, is worse off than we." Here once again this "but then" destroys that humility for which we seek. They are lowly and poor, and hungry and cold and ill-clothed, 'but then' their neighbor is lowlier and poorer and hungrier and colder and worse clothed. Thus it is among the financially low. Pass now with me, friend, among the morally degraded, the social outcasts, the penitentiaries, the reformatories.

In the two latter with what sentiments are we greeted. Regret? Yes. Humility? No. "Oh," say one and all, "yes, we are sorry we are here, 'but then' if justice were accorded to all, many now enjoying freedom, would be within these walls, for as true as heaven, there are many worse than we." The social outcasts, male or female, will cynically inform us: "Yes, I am bad, 'but then' I might be worse."

Look at so and so. Is he (she) not much worse than I." What now, I ask, is the real sentiment of all these? May it not be summed up thus: "We are better than some others." The poorest, the most degraded, the most vicious, will assert and maintain that there are poorer, more degraded, more vicious, than they; that they are richer, more elevated, more virtuous than these others.

What will ye then, friend; whither now shall I search for an humble man? Methinks, withal, that this glorious sphere even in the 'glistening glare' of Twentieth Century civilization, is peopled with publicans rather than with sinners, judged by each ones estimate of self.

But ye will say: "'Tis honorable pride; 'tis business; 'tis a thing to be commended." "Business" it may be; "honorable

pride," "a thing to be commended" it is not. Pride, such as urges us to be thankful to God for His excellencies and perfections reflected in His creatures, is 'honorable,' 'a thing to be commended;' pride, such as urges us to look down upon others as our inferiors as below us, less exalted than we, is neither 'honorable,' nor is it 'a thing to be commended.'

Will the Twentieth Century produce a change in this? I doubt it. Humility, methinks, if not to be regarded as extinct, is unpractised, forgotten.

M.

Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.—Continued.

The large, three-storied building shown in the illustration of Cheapside (published in a former number) was built about 1849. There were two fine shops in it, much larger and brighter than any others in Charlottetown at that time. It was owned by a Mr. Wilson who came here from England.

After Mr. Wilson had been here for a short while he decided to make this Island his home; and bought Warblington, the property and residence of the late Hon. George R. Goodman of H. M. C., (on Ellens Creek—part of the North River.) He (Mr. Wilson) was a widower, and married a younger daughter of the late Thomas Pethick, Esq.; then returned to England and brought out his family, with their governess. They lived at Warblington for a few years, and eventually returned to England, where his widow and son now reside.

Soon after the three-storied building was finished, Mr. Jardine McLean, of Halifax, brother of the late J. S. McLean, President of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax, opened a grocery store in one of the shops. Every one was astonished. The idea of any one, in his senses, thinking he could make a living by selling groceries alone! All the other merchants had general stores. Many were curious to know how he would succeed; and went into his store, not to buy, but just to see, and were so pleased with the appearance of everything, and the freshness of his goods that he soon got up a fairly

brisk trade for Charlottetown. We think he must have been disappointed, for he did not remain longer than a year or two; and the next heard of him was from California,—the place so many were rushing to at that time.

As it is not our intention to describe anything later than the early fifties, we shall say, *en passant*, that about the time Mr. McLean left this Island the late William Brown, Esq., by the assistance of his elder brother, John, who had a tea plantation in Bombay, bought the large building; went into partnership with the late Charles McNutt, Esq., of Malpeque, and started a general store under the name of McNutt & Brown,—which continued until Mr. McNutt's death. The Browns kept up the business there till February, 1884, when the Brown and Camieron buildings, also some others, were destroyed by fire.

In the old photograph of Cheapside we find Mrs. Forsythe's shop is gone, and a much larger house is in its stead. It is the store and dwelling of James Miner Harris, auctioneer and commission merchant.

There were three other auctioneers, William Gardiner, Albert H. Yates, and William Lobban. Each had his auction mart in other parts of the town. Gardiner sold furniture, etc., on Queen Square, on market days—Wednesdays and Saturdays. We have forgotten at what date the change was made in the market days; but they were changed for the convenience of the country people, (women especially,) who wished another day rather than Saturday, as getting home late interfered with their Sunday observances.

On the west side of Queen Square, where there is now a succession of handsome, three-storied brick shops, there were, in 1844, only three houses; or to speak more correctly, two houses and a stable. On the corner where the London House stands, was the residence of the late Mrs. Davies. Her son, now Hon. Benjamin Davies, had his store on the corner of Queen and Richmond Streets,—opening on Richmond. The shop where the Beer Bros. did business for so many years is on the Davies land and belonged to Hon. Benjamin Davies, who built it, and did business there.

All along, from the Davies property to the corner of Grafton Street, was the land of the late Charles Stewart, Esq. The Stewart house,

which was in some distance from Queen Street, was about where the rear part of Mr. L. W. Watson's drug store is ; it was a one-storey house (if we remember rightly) raised quite high from the ground, and there were seven or eight steps to the front door,—over which was a look-out, supported by pillars. They must have had a fine orchard, judging from the number of fruit trees, of different kinds, that could be seen over the high, board fence, which extended from the Davies property to the Stewart house. Round about the house were willow and other trees, and a low railing separated the front garden from the street. Three old ladies lived there, Miss Nelly, Miss Mary and Miss Margaret Stewart ; very dignified and aristocratic in appearance. The Stewart stable was on the corner of Queen and Grafton Streets, where the Medical Hall stands. Stables were very much in evidence round about Queen Square in the old days, and prominent corners and sites seemed to be the favorite places to build them. Many people said that the land, on which the Stewart house and yard stood, had been an old French burying ground ; and we have often heard of the pranks the ghosts played in the Stewart house, by appearing to the inmates at night, swishing past them, upsetting their beds or pulling the bed clothes off them.

Some time in 1845, we think it was, the Misses Stewart sold part of their land, adjoining the Davies property, to the late Doctor Hobkirk ; who built a handsome dwelling on it, and lived there for some years. In the early fifties Doctor Hobkirk sold his house and land to the late Mr. Heard, who built a large brick store and did business there. He eventually moved his house back and built another store, the one in which Moore & McLeod now are.

We are afraid this description of the surroundings of Queen Square is very uninteresting, but as we have been asked to give it, we shall try with the assistance of the frontispiece in the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE for June, 1900, to describe the north side, or Sunnyside as it is now called.

We have often heard it said 'the nearer the Church the further from God,' and so it appears ; for from our earliest recollection there has been a tavern quite near to St. Paul's Church, just as there is now. We should like to be able to de-

scribe the people who kept it,—both husband and wife were very much alike, short and stout. They always reminded us of the description given of Santa Claus, and their house was very much after the same pattern.

E. L. M.

Notes, Comments, Book Notices, Etc.

The series of articles on Our School System, by Judge Warburton, deserve the serious consideration, not only of those who take especial interest in the subject, but of the wide-reaching circle of men and women who should feel that they are personally concerned in so important a matter. In our current number Judge Warburton comes into closer quarters in dealing with the problem; and the succeeding papers deal trenchantly and fearlessly with many points that have for years past disturbed the minds of those who have given thought to the idea of improving the school system that now prevails. On page 390, lines 2 and 19, and line 11, page 391, the year 1889 should read 1899. The increase of statutory allowance in 1898, mentioned on page 389 should be \$2,430 instead of \$24.30; and on page 390 the aggregate average daily attendance for 1898 should be 2,613 instead of 26.13.

Several of our old contributors,—Mr. Caven, Mr. Watson, F. W. L. M., J. M., and others whose writings graced the early numbers of this magazine, will furnish articles next month. Among the other contributions that will comprise the table of contents will be an account of the early settlers of Orwell, with many personal recollections of the pioneers who 'broke out the land, in that section of the Island. In the same line will be a collection of reminiscences of the early settlers of Seal River. Other items for the March number will comprise a poem by W. W. Rogers—'England's Ships'; a short story of The Northwest by one of Charlottetown's cleverest writers; an account of a 'round-up' out West; and a readable article on otter hunting. We start on our third year of life, hopeful that we shall obtain increased favour with the public. Hereafter, with the advantages accruing from having a well-equipped, modern book and job printing plant, which includes one of the best presses on the market,—we expect, beginning with next month, to place the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE before our readers much improved in its typographical appearance.

From the Copp Clark Publishing Company of Toronto we have received a charmingly bound edition of Mrs. Steel's 'The Hosts of the Lord.' This book, it will be remembered, added greatly to the already splendid reputation of Mrs. Steel—and to the reader whose tastes run to tales of Anglo-Indian Life the book will prove irresistibly fascinating. A strong, engross-

ing plot weaves into a complex web a cast of characters that charms every faculty of an appreciative mind. We know of no book we would sooner recommend to furnish forth an enjoyable feast of fiction.

Readers who have been charmed by the vigor and originality of Mr. Israel Zangwill's early work, will find much to admire in this new book of his—"The Mantle of Elijah." Cleverness of expression, brightness of epigram, and vivid character-drawing combine to make this tale one of the most noteworthy in recent English fiction. Mr. Zangwill, in this book, has departed somewhat from the field in which he scored his early and brilliant successes. British politics, in this case, form the background upon which Zangwill's marvellous talent in depicting character has thrown several most striking pictures; those of Marshmont and his wife, their daughter Allegra, her husband Broser, and the rascally Professor Pont, being particularly good. Briefly, Marshmont is a member of the British Cabinet—albeit a radical and an opponent of war. War breaks out with Novabarba—a semi-savage country presumably in Africa. Marshmont's opposition results in his utter loss of popular favor; and finally he is mobbed at his own door. Broser later on, enters the House of Commons—but instead of following Marshmont's plans and views, as he, and Allegra, had fondly hoped—he develops into a mere self-seeking demagogue, although a strong clever man. The time is supposed to be a quarter of a century ago or more; but as one goes on the inclination to apply Mr. Zangwill's ideas to the present, and indeed to identify many of the characters with living statesmen grows very strongly. The admirer of clever expression, of keen wit, and bright epigram, will be delighted with the story. Hardly a paragraph passes without yielding up some tid-bits to the reader. Indeed if one should find any fault at all it would be that Mr. Zangwill keeps one on the strain after his bright ideas—to a small—a very small extent—at the expense of the tale he tells. Altogether the reader will find "The Mantle of Elijah" both interesting and very profitable. Published by the W. J. Gage Co., Toronto.—G.

A second edition of 'War Sketches' has just been issued. Mr. Hedley V. McKinnon, the author, is to be congratulated upon the success of his first volume of short stories. But the book merited the rapid sale that greeted the first edition; and the demand for these cleverly written sketches of war-time in South Africa from an Islander's viewpoint, cannot yet be satisfied. The book is most attractively printed and bound, as is always the case with work turned out by The Examiner Publishing Company. The price of the book is 25 cents a copy.

By arrangement we are enabled to offer free a copy of 'War Sketches' to any person sending us two yearly subscriptions to the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE. This offers Islanders away from home a chance to obtain with very little trouble these interesting tales of the doings of our Island soldiers in South Africa.

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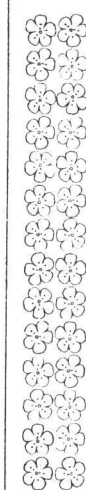
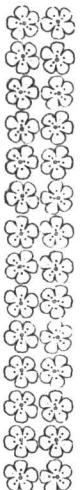
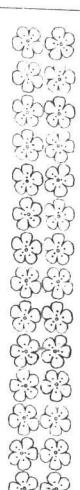
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MAGAZINE

The drawbacks with which the publisher has had to contend, owing to the ice blockade of the winter steamers, will it is hoped, be overcome in time to enable him to issue the March number in a very much improved form.

The interruption of the freight traffic with the mainland has delayed the arrival of press, type, and paper—and has hampered the publication of this number in no small degree.

With a thoroughly equipped and 'up-to-date' job printing plant at his disposal, the publisher trusts that the P. E. Island Magazine will continue to merit the appreciation of its rapidly increasing lists of subscribers and advertising patrons.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine

OFFICE : RICHMOND STREET WEST, CHARLOTTETOWN.

All letters for the Prince Edward Island Magazine should be addressed : Mr. Arch'd Irwin, P.O. Box 71, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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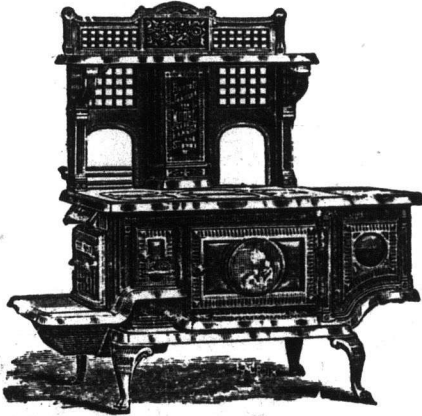
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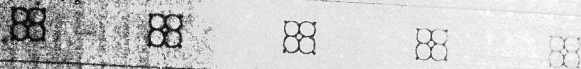
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