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THE  
NEWFOUNDLAND ISLAND  
MAGAZINE

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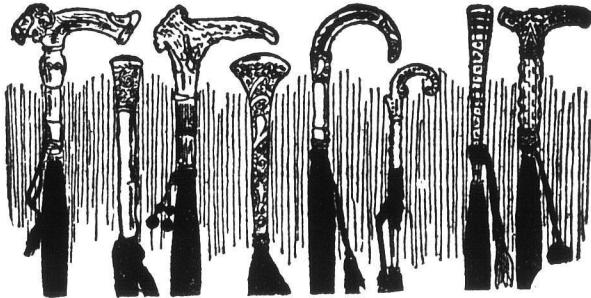
THE OLD TIME CHARIVARI  
LOVE'S WAYS  
OLD ST. JEAN  
THE LINDALL MYSTERY, OR  
GOBLIN HOLLOW  
THE REAL NEW YORK  
ADAM SNOW  
A DRIVE THROUGH THE COUNTRY  
IN AUTUMN  
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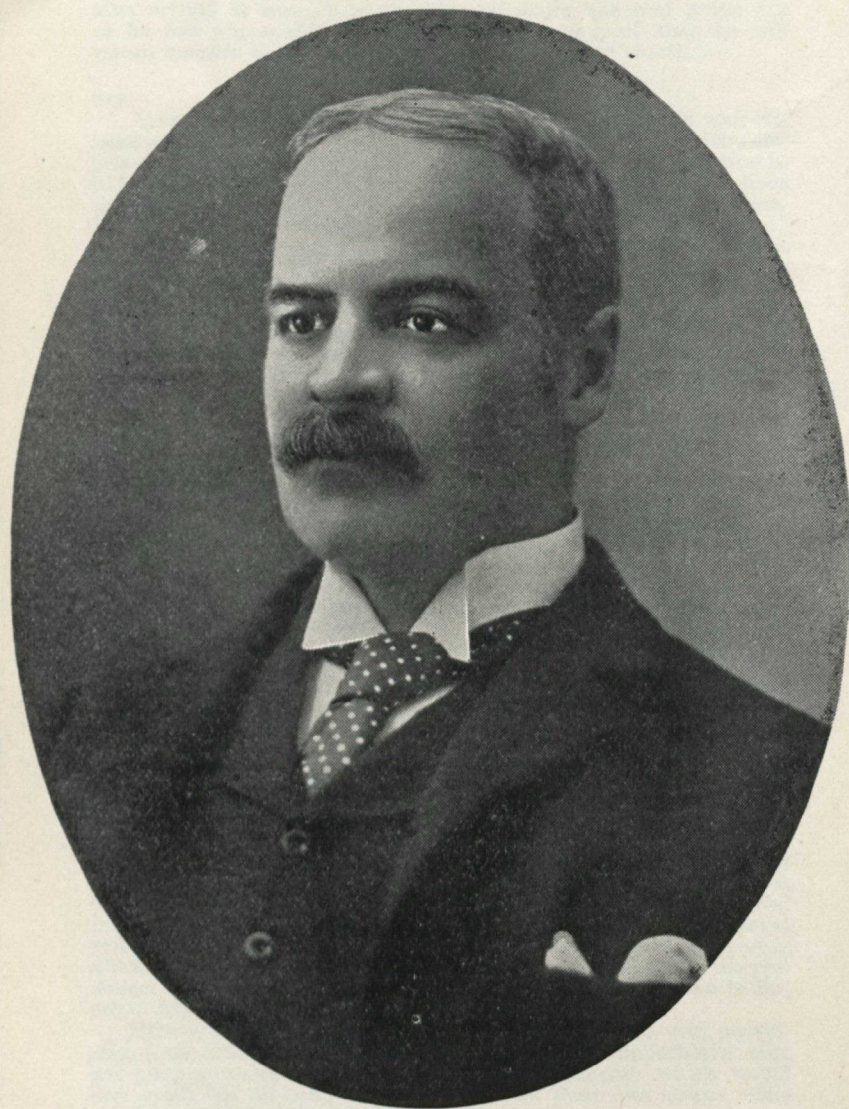
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The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

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Vol. 4

November, 1902

No. 9

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### The Old Time Charivari.

THE charivari appears to be going out of fashion, and it is well that it is. It will soon be relegated to the past altogether and everywhere. Like many another once popular institution, it must yield its place to a newer civilization. But it is well that the present generation should know what it was like. Conducted as it was when I was a boy, it was rather a dangerous innovation. There were several bad features about it, aside from the noise and annoyance which it created. One was the practice of surrounding the house where the wedding took place and, while the festivities were on, demanding a sight of the "fair" bride, even if she were homely enough to frighten a freight train, and then a drink. When these demands were complied with the crowd quietly dispersed to discuss the merits or demerits, as the case might be, of the newly-wedded couple. To say that there was no wit in the remarks that followed would be doing the "braves" an injustice. That was just the place to hear it in its native and unadorned purity. When the demand was not complied with, there was sure to be a row, accompanied by another outburst of all the horrid instruments of torture, until the married couple succumbed, or the "braves" were driven off by shot-guns or a shower of stones. Cases were common where these unwelcome serenades were kept up night after night or until some one was carried from the field of battle with his head



unduly enlarged, his eyes in mourning or his ears considerably abbreviated. That this kind of diversion tended to make the charavari unpopular goes without saying.

Is singular, however, how such an outlandish institution gained such a foothold. I have heard them on the Island, in Colorado, in South Dakota and in Oregon, and I have read of them being everywhere. It shows after all how mankind love fun and frolic, and it emphasizes the truth of the poetic aphorism:—

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

In my young days, it was regarded as a disgrace to be "charivariated." The "charivariers," however, pretended to think otherwise. They held that it was a great honor to be serenaded in this manner. They probably didn't think so, but they had to say something. I noticed, however, that it was the oddest people, the cranks, the busy-bodies and the disliked that were made the victims of the charivari. It was almost impossible for a Smart Aleck to carry away the prettiest girl in the community, or for an old batch to marry a maiden of his own age and escape a good healthy serenade.

In the community where I was reared the charivari was looked upon as a very disgraceful business. I say this, not because the boys were any better than other boys, for we were not, but our parents were very strict on subjects of this character. They created the sentiment against them—not were. Scarcely a paper appeared in those days that did not contain an account of one occurring in some part of the Island, and it would be idle to deny that these accounts were read with a good deal of avidity. So that when we young fellows got together, the propriety of getting up one ourselves when a favorable opportunity arose, was the theme of conversation. We realized that we had to move very cautiously in the matter lest we should be found out and thereby incur the displeasure of the "old folk."

Some were opposed to it, but a few of the most daring spirits contended that we were old fogies, cowards and mossbacks—that we were behind the age—that we lacked enterprise and moral courage. We disliked very much to be twitted after this manner, so one after another began to fall into line, and finally all hands agreed that when a suitable opening occurred we would try our skill on one—just one, and no more.

We had not long to wait. One day the news was flashed around that a certain old bachelor, who lived seven miles away was to be married in two weeks time to an old maid who lived in our midst, and who was intimately acquainted with everybody in the neighborhood. He was about fifty years of age and she no less than forty, although she had claimed for many years that she was just twenty two. She was a cheerful old body but an inveterate talker. As a news-gatherer and disseminator of current events she had no equal. That much was universally conceded. No boy could be seen speaking to a girl without her knowledge and that knowledge it was her business to spread, greatly to the annoyance of said boy and girl. She belonged to a good family, was extremely kind and was always on hand in cases of sickness, suggesting a hundred cures such as burning feathers on a shovel for colds, hot irons for aches and bleeding for the pleurisy. She was bitterly opposed to youthful marriages, and in this was entirely consistent, as illustrated in her own life. The boys, however, didn't like her, as she was altogether too officious in their affairs and gave many of them considerable trouble. They thought the time had long passed when she should have been confined to the company of Maltese cats. When, therefore, it was reported that she was to be married, it gladdened the hearts of the younger people, and nearly everyone had some remark to offer: "Now is our time boys;" "Let us pay her for what she said about us;" "If ever

a charivari is justified it is now;" "let's give the old girl a good send off," etc., etc.

The upshot of the matter was that a meeting of the boys was called, and a free invitation given to anyone who was willing to enlist, was at liberty to attend, and would be welcome to a seat as a self-constituted delegate. The number of volunteers was large, the meeting enthusiastic, and as one fellow put it, "respectable." When the convention was duly organized, the following resolutions, in substance, passed unanimously :—

1. *Resolved*, that the news of the intended marriage of Henry—of Eldon, and Peggy—of Orwell, fills the breast of every member of this Convention with thankfulness and joy.

2. That we assemble at the Cross Roads on Thursday. the—and charivari the loving couple in honor of their contemplated union.

3. That a captain be appointed, in whose courage and wisdom we have unbounded confidence.

4. That no demands be made on the worthy couple for intoxicating drinks, or for refreshments of any kind.

5. That as the bride has a brother-in-law who is a dangerous man, and liable to misinterpret our purpose, and shoot if he feels aggrieved, that we approach no nearer the house than two hundred yards unless politely invited by one of the contracting parties to do so.

6. That no destruction of property will be tolerated, and no vulgar or offensive language shall be used under any provocation. (This resolution was aimed at the captain, who had formed the habit of swearing in his rambles around the world, but who, in every other sense, was an ideal man

for the dangerous position in which he was placed).

7. That every member be pledged to secrecy and that he provide himself with either a gun, conch, tin horn, or any other instrument capable of producing a loud, unearthly noise, and the more unearthly the better, even though it were as outlandish as a college yell.

The wedding day was yet ten days off, so that it gave plenty of time for preparation, but it was none too long for the nature of the work on hand. This was the only charivari the boys declared they would ever have anything to do with, so they determined to make it historic—that the shot about to be fired “would be heard around the world.”

The momentous day at length arrived. Early in the evening the boys commenced to assemble, and then began the work of changing clothes, blackening faces, and otherwise disguising themselves. Everyone went by an assumed name. Then each man, or boy, produced the instrument he intended to use. Quite a number of double-barrelled shot-guns were shown—enough to keep up a constant “rattle of musketry.” These gunners were known as “the artillery.” The tin horns and conchs were the “musicians.” Cow-bells were strongly in evidence. Two large circular saws, taken from a shingle mill near by, through which bars of iron were passed, each saw being carried by two men or boys, while a third pounded on the saw with a hammer for all he was worth—these were designated the “infantry.” A number of small boys, called the “light brigade” carried accordions and those other instruments which make such a fearful noise when pulled by the tail. The crowd was a motley-looking one. It was impossible for one person to distinguish another, but when all stood up to receive instructions from the captain, the roars of laughter which followed were enough to frighten a mugwump from a good fat office.

The time to make the first assault on the enemy's

works at last arrived. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone brightly from a clear sky. "The eternal jewels of the short-lived night" bedecked the vaults of Heaven. Not a zephyr disturbed the soft atmosphere. The Captain's order was to march direct for the Cross Roads on the top of a plateau commanding an unobstructed view of the surrounding country. I think that this was one of the most picturesque spots on the Island, if not on the American continent. A couple of general stores with warehouses near by. A neat little Presbyterian church but a few yards away. The expansive Orwell Bay with its vermilion banks in the distance. The river winding its way for miles up in the country amidst cosy homes and well-tilled farms carpeted in deep, dark green to the very water's edge, presented a picture of beauty that could scarcely be surpassed in any part of the world. While quietly marching to this attractive rendezvous we met a man with a horse and cart moving slowly along. When he got a good, square look at us he let his lines fall, jumped from his cart and took across the fields like a moccasined Indian pursued by a scout. We shouted to him to stop, that he was in no danger, but this only made him run the faster, and the last we heard of him was the distant sound of pattering feet as they rose and fell on the hard dry roads. It was afterwards reported that in following a narrow footpath across a meadow, a healthy rabbit bobbed out just in front of him and that he swore at it telling it to get out of his way and let a fellow run who knew how to run. This probably was a canard.

The home of the bride was just one half mile distant, and we could hear the sound of the violin, which was a sure indication that the dancing had begun. The Captain ordered us to get ready, to form in squares, as at Waterloo, and at the word "go" to blow, beat or rattle our instruments, as the case might be, to the utmost of our power—to pay attention to nothing but the business on hand. "Now

boys, give the old girl a good send off," and then every instrument opened its throat, and the dust fairly rose from the road. The noise was deafening. The gunners kept up an incessant fire, the cow-bells clanged, the bugles blew, the couchs roared, the saws rang, the small boys cheered and the dogs yelped. Such a medley of sounds, such a confusion of noises, such a jangle of tongues! Orwell never heard its like before, and probably never will again. The dance suddenly stopped and the inmates rushed to the doors and windows to see what had happened. Horses on the adjoining farms broke their picket ropes, and went galloping through the fields; cows jumped over fences into fields of grain, but this was not discovered till next morning as all their bells were in use at the charivari; dogs howled; chickens left their roosts; people crawled out of their beds and rushed to their doors in their night garments; babies sprang from their cradles. Some thought that the Fenians had arrived, and that the battle of Armageddon was on. One old man gave it as his belief that the end of the world had come. But the charivari went on. Then there would be a rest, followed by another attack—the last one appearing to outdo all the previous efforts. Then a march was made to within two hundred yards of the house and then a halt. The bad brother-in-law appeared at the door with a gun in his hand, but when he saw the strength of the invaders, he deemed it prudent to retire. After a time he sneaked away, got in among the charivariers, and became the noisiest rascal in the whole lot. His object was to ascertain who the boys were, but they were on to the trick, so he never found out. They were so completely disguised that detection was impossible. Then came the final rally, and, as the boys say, it was a "bird." At its height I roared in my companion's ear "what do you think of it?" As he was a fellow who was very fond of using big words he simply replied "gorgeous." Then I repeated the same question in

the Captain's ear, and his reply was characteristic—"It's h—l." I told him I thought he was right and then went on with my blowing. And so ended the first and last charivari I was ever in. As a charivari, it was a great success. As an institution, it was barbarous in the extreme. And still it might have been worse. If the intelligence of the people were to be gauged by this exhibition we should have been classed among the Kamtchakans. How far has modern civilization left such things behind? That's the question.

Still, I am free to confess that I laughed more in a given length of time on that memorable night than I ever did before or since. Indeed, I am not done laughing about it yet. When I think of the masks and disguises, the queer speeches that were made and the drollery of the whole affair I still have some hearty laughs to myself, and I expect I always will.

But what has become of the gallant, big-hearted fellows who composed that charivari? Some of them still on the Island, some in their graves, some in Australia, some in Canada, and some in this country, scattered from Maine to Oregon. Wild, frolicsome boys, but not a bad thing about any one of them. I have never heard of one of them being charged with a crime of any kind. Some of them have climbed the ladder of fame, but all have done well. I often wonder if the Rev.—thinks of the old charivari as he goes into his pulpit; if lawyer—thinks of it when pleading a case at the bar; if merchant—thinks of it in his counting room; if Dr.—thinks of it as he feels the pulse of his patients; if Prof—thinks of it in the school room; and if Hon—thinks of it when framing laws for the suppression of lawlessness? for these were the class of fellows who composed the charivari at Orwell in honor of the old bachelor and his bride.

J. H. FLETCHER.



### Love's Ways.

**L**OVE gives us curious potions of delight,  
 Of pain and ecstasy, and peace and care.  
 Love leads us upward to the mountain height  
 And like an angel stands beside us there;  
 Then thrusts us, demon-like, in some abyss,  
 Where in the darkness of despair we grope,  
 Till suddenly Love greets us with a kiss  
 And guides us back to flowery fields of hope.  
 Love makes all wisdom seem but poorest folly,  
 And yet the simplest mind with love grows wise.  
 The gayest heart he teaches melancholy;  
 Yet glorifies the erstwhile brooding eyes.  
 Love lives on change, and yet at change Love mocks;  
 For Love's whole life is one great paradox.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

### Old St. Jean.

#### Conclusion of Pichon's Narrative.

**"K**EEPING along the coast we arrived at the River  
 of Toads where we found but thirteen inhabitants  
 and nothing remarkable west. The coast all along is very  
 low, and covered with plenty of timber. Here we reckoned  
 thirty inhabitants. We left this place to return to Port de  
 la Joye, from which we were distant no more than three  
 leagues. But before this we landed at the Creek of the  
 Wild Boar, in order to see ten poor inhabitants whose  
 misery greatly excited our compassion.

From the Traverse River to Port de la Joye the coast  
 swarms with all sorts of wild fowl, especially with vast  
 multitudes of bustards, crenans, and teals. There are a



great many beautiful meadows that produce good crops of hay and might even furnish a sufficient quantity for the remainder of the Island, if they would but undertake to mow it. Yet it would be more proper to increase the number of inhabitants, especially toward the north-west creek.

In the woods you meet with a vast number of foxes, martens and hares, but very few partridges. However, you are made amends by the woodcocks, which keep together in numerous flocks, and sometimes are so tame, and fly so near the ground that you may knock them down with stones. The plenty of shell fish is likewise a great relief to the inhabitants.

We are now returned to Port de la Joye, of which I will give you a sketch. This harbor, called the creek of Point Prime, is formed by a point of this name situated on the lands south south-east of the entrance of the port, and by the north west point situate on the lands north north west of the said entrance. These two points are the south east and north west. The distance from one to the other in a direct line is seven leagues and a half, with two in depth, and seven in circumference. The channel is situate north north east and south south west of the entrance, and runs up to Port de la Joie. The depth is generally from seven to eight fathoms at low water, and in some places nine. The breadth, though variable, is reckoned at a quarter of a league.

The most skillful pilots of the country affirm that when you are in five fathoms of water you have not as yet entered the right channel, but that you should sail near the wind according to what direction you are in. Upon your entrance you leave the Governor's Island to the right, but take care of the shoals, which run out considerable into the main, and are a large cluster of rocks. The Governor's Island is of a round figure, about a league and a half in circumference, and half a league in breadth. There is a great deal of timber

of different sorts, and there is also vast plenty of game.

To the left also upon your entrance you leave the Island of the Count of St Peter, which is much more accessible than the Governor's Island, the whole being very level. It is a quarter of a league long and four hundred fathoms broad, being covered with pine and fir trees. You may even wade over the bar, as it is quite dry at low tide, beginning from the north-west point. Upon this bar and all along the banks of the Island there is a prodigious quantity of bustards, crevans and woodcocks.

Port de la Joye, is situated at the bottom of the creek of La Joye, five leagues from Point Prime, making a circuit from point to point. It is formed by the raspberry point, situate on the lands to the eastward, and by the point a la flamme, situate on that to the west. These two points lie east north-east, and west south-west. The distance between them is but a quarter of a league. The channel that runs just in the middle between the two points may be three hundred fathoms where it is widest, at low water. The road is a quarter of a league from the entrance, between those two points, distant one from another a quarter of a league. There is good holding ground in nine fathoms, and a miry bottom. Three rivers disembogue themselves into this road from the west, north, and north-east. The mouth of the west river is formed by one of the latter points, situate to the left ascending, and by the north point at the distant of a quarter of a league. This river runs four leagues into the land and is almost everywhere of the same breadth. The mouth of the north-east river is formed by the north point of the west river, and by the east point of this north river, distant from each other a quarter of a league. It runs four leagues up the country.

The north-east river is formed by a point towards the entrance to the right, and by the east point of the north river. These two points are north-west and south-east, and

the distance from one to the other is nine hundred fathoms. This river runs nine leagues up the country. It is one of the best planted streams in the whole island, and not without good reason, for the soil being light and somewhat sandy, is the more proper for the culture.

After taking a view of those places, we arrived at the river of the Great Ascension, three leagues south of Port de la Joie. It is formed by the west point, and that of the birch trees, situate on the lands to the eastward. They are distant from each other a quarter of a league. This river divides itself into three branches, which run east, north and west, about three-quarters of a league. They are navigable for small vessels. At the further extremity of the northwest branch, a little rivulet joins this stream, and is of sufficient rapidity for erecting a saw mill upon this spot, especially as there is plenty of wood at hand. All these places are more or less inhabited, in proportion to the goodness of the soil; but as the people live at some distance from one another, as well as from Port de la Joie, when I have concluded my account of such places as merit attention, I shall give you our calculation of the number of inhabitants.

After surveying the rivers above mentioned we went to the little river of Pengiguit, from thence to the river of the Saw-mill, and thence to the River of the Whites, and in each we took notice of the habitations, till at length we arrived at the Bush Creek, situate on the river to the north-east and from thence to the Dead Creek, to the Little Ascension, and to the Pirogues. Leaving the Pirogues we set sail for the Count of St. Peter's Creek, doubling the points of Marguerite and Framboise, and arrived there in half an hour. The country around this place is pretty good, but there are no pasture grounds, consequently no cattle. They have the same want at the creek of the Pirogues, which is supplied by the Little Ascension. At a small distance from Count St. Peter's Creek we found that of the Seamen.

They are both situated on the south side of the bay of Port de la Joie. I do not intend to send you a description of them, since they are remarkable only for their populosity. The coast on this side is separated from the north-east river by a very thick wood, which makes their distance from two to seven leagues. In the middle of this wood is the royal road of the three rivers. It was undertaken by Count de Raymond, and beginning from point Marquerite, was carried on as far as the peninsula of the three rivers. A very good settlement might be made on this part of the island, if fine woods, pleasant meadows, fruitful lands, plenty of game and fish, can be any encouragement to planters.

After having been to the Creek of the Seamen, and the little Morass, we set out from the latter, distant two leagues from Port de la Joie, and keeping close to the coast, which is very low, and covered with all sorts of wood, we arrived at the large creek, and directed our course by the Great Ascension. On the banks of this river, which hath been already described, we found some timber proper for ship-building.

Though the settlements on the island of St. John increase every day by the arrival of Acadians and others, yet a considerable quantity of land, as good as that we have described, remains still uncultivated. There is no doubt but the same advantage might be derived from this as from any other part; and with a little care this island might be rendered as serviceable as Acadia.

Indeed the winter is very long and the cold intense. If you stir out in the frost, you are in danger of perishing in a quarter of an hour; and the snow falls so heavy that it frequently lies four feet deep in four-and-twenty hours. Flies and musquitoes are likewise a great inconveniency. These abominable insects darken the air, and fasten themselves on the leaves of trees, especially in the woods. Yet it has been observed, that in proportion as the land is

manured and the country is peopled, the number of these insects diminishes. But granting they are very troublesome, I want to know what place in the world is exempt from all inconvenience. And is not this we have been mentioning sufficiently compensated by the advantages that might easily be derived from so promising a colony? Sure I am, that notwithstanding this barren description, you would be glad to peruse it regularly once a week on condition of being invested with the property of the island of St. John; and you would soon find your content. I wish it with all my heart.

[This concludes Pichon's account of the Island of St. Jean. The first part of the narrative appeared in the August number of this Magazine.]

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### The Lyndale Mystery, or Goblin Hollow.

**F**OLLOW the Orwell River inland to Orwell Mills, thence follow its southern fork or tributary to the little spring which is its source, and you are in Lyndale. Here were rhymers and story-tellers, and even poets, if we are to believe the natives.

A few chains farther on from this "fountain clear," is another spring, which flows in an opposite direction and meets the tide at Montague. Lyndale, therefore, may claim the enviable distinction of holding the "Garden of the Gulf" together. Connect the two springs by a few chains of a canal and the Island is cut in two! "No! no! leave it alone. Unity is strength!" (What! Was that a voice from Lyndale?)

But to Lyndale belongs another distinction that is not enviable. It was the scene of a mysterious murder.

It was the spring of 1860. Men and women were busy

in the fields all day, and the nights were too short, almost for rest, let alone story-telling. But many a long, "bogy" story had been told during the winter, and the 'Goblin' Hollow was the scene of more than one. It was a deep, winding gully, like the caved-in bed of a prehistoric river. The woods were dense on both sides, and although there was a footpath through it, the children would avoid it when going for the cows; and when they heard the familiar cow-bell go clang! clang! in the weird hollow, they were willing to forego their sweet supper of bread and new milk. They must not tell a lie, but—that could not have been their Brindle's bell, it sounded so deep and dismal—"couldn't find the cows to-night."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ann Beaton, poor girl, had been a mother without being a wife. One night she was spending the evening at a neighbour's house. The woman of the house felt sympathy for her, and as Ann arose about ten o'clock to leave, she gave her a few herring to carry home. When the woman said "good night" and closed the door, Ann stood outside alone. It was dark. Across the clear fields to the north was her home. She could safely reach it in ten or fifteen minutes. To the northeast was Currie's Forge, where the occasional clink, clink, clink, showed that the sturdy blacksmith was still at work. Farther on, in the same direction, were the brook, the dark woods, and the Goblin's Hollow. Why did she not go home? Who allured her out of her way, past the forge, over the pole-bridge across the brook, and on, on, to the lonely hollow? Were there kind words, fair promises, pledges of constant affection, as the pair trod along over the carpet of dried hardwood leaves that covered the path? And was there, as some affirm, a jealous third party (a woman) shadowing them with set teeth and a hatchet uplifted, listening to the loud whispering that could be heard through the unfolding leaves, not yet large enough to rustle? At a pleas-

ant spot where the hollow widened and where there was a little knoll they stood. Ann walked aside and laid her neighbor's present on a stump. She did not know it was farewell to time. When she walked back she did not know it was toward eternity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days passed, and on the morning of the third a wailing was heard coming from the direction of the hollow. Ann's brother had discovered his murdered sister! She was lying on her back, her face gashed by a hatchet supposed to have been held by a (feminine) hand unaccustomed to the use of that weapon. The marks and evidences of the awful struggle were far from meagre, but it is fitting to throw the veil of oblivion over this ghastly scene. Men grew pale and women fainted at the sad news. The remains, covered by a rug, were carried home and laid out on the "cast away door" which, a few nights before had been seen covered with light. According to an old Highland superstition, blood would flow from the wounds whenever the murderer placed his hand on the body; and at the inquest every adult in the district placed his or her hand on the remains, but no blood appeared.

After the great excitement had all subsided and after a rather blundering effort had been put forth to discover the criminal or criminals; the blacksmith told that on the night of the murder he worked late repairing a plow which was to be finished that night, and that he entered his house near midnight and kindled a "rousing fire in the chimney." Soon after a man, bonnetless and excited, entered, stood for a moment, and then went out and away. To this were added other hints which in time seemed to point toward a clue to the mystery—involving a jealous wife and her husband, but the whole matter still remains as much a mystery as ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

For years afterwards the Goblin's Hollow was a sort of courage test with the little boys of Lyndale. They would go

in the broad daylight, and tie a handkerchief in which a penny was knotted up to a little tree near the spot which had drunk the human blood, and the lad who would go at dead of night and take the penny was entitled to hold it. The test was too much for most if not all of them except one brave, whose chequered and romantic after-life as a mining prospector in the Rocky Mountains reminds one of the old saying—"The child's the father of the man."

But now the Goblin's Hollow is in a rich and verdant field with a beautiful grove beside it, and the lads go whistling through it at night and past the heap of stones that marks the spot where the body was found in the edge of the grove, and merry maidens go a-milking there at dusk and their musical voices mingling with warbling robins' lilt is a happy affirmative answer to the poet's questions:—

Does the evening twilight such beauty bring?  
 Do the robins lilt and the milkmaids sing?  
 How now goes life where my memories cling  
     Down in bonnie Lyndale,  
     Down in bonnie Lyndale,  
 When day begins to gloam?

M. L.

---

### The Real New York.

"**T**HE devil is not as black as he is painted," is a common saying. Equally true is it that New York City is not the wicked metropolis which provincialists are wont to paint.

There are bad places in New York, and very many of them, too. They are here for the reason that great cities are places of hiding for the criminals and outcasts of all lands. One thing is certain. Any man—stranger or native—who keeps sober and minds his own business, is as safe in



New York as he would be in any other part of the habitable globe.

A woman of fashion once said to the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson: "Doctor, why is it that you have so many naughty words in your Dictionary?"

The learned Doctor quickly made answer: "Madam, how in the devil is it that you should have looked for those words?"

This is it in a nutshell here in New York City. Vice is present—there can be question about that; but those only see it who go out and look for it.

The gambling houses: the "lurid" concert halls; the "darkling" theaters and other questionable places exist, not for the New Yorker, but for the stranger that comes within the gates of the city. Most of these places would die of non-support if they depended upon residents for patronage.

It may not be generally known but it is undeniably true that New York has far more strangers in it than any other city upon earth, Paris and London not excepted. These strangers must be amused, entertained and made glad.

It is surprising how naughty very good people may become when away from home, alone in a big city. They do not mean to be bad. Probably they are not bad. But they go to the big city looking for something altogether out of the common. If they do not find it they go away dissatisfied.

The lawless and the "sharper" element take advantage of this piquant curiosity in man and gratify it. That is all. The stranger takes in these sights, not because he is wicked, but because it is novel. He soon would tire of them and become disgusted with them, precisely as self-respecting New Yorkers shun them. One may be assured that if a stranger come to grief in this big city, it is through his own folly. Nine times in ten it is because he takes too much strong drink. That he does not drink at home—that at home he

is a model of all the proprieties is no argument against his suspending, for a few days, his rule of conduct while in the big city.

New York is no better and no worse than other big cities. Like London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg, it has a large class of men who live by thieving or by their wits. But these men get little from residents. It is the stranger and the sojourner who are their victims.

New York has more than an average number of churches, and a full average of attendance upon the services of the churches. It abounds in schoolhouses, and its educational system is elevating to morals as well as to mentality.

The gambling-houses, like the poor, always are with us. In covert places they are concealed, and there the "tiger" hides its claws beneath its velvety paws. They are gorgeous affairs, those of the better class, where one may eat, drink and smoke without cost.

The policy shop abounds. This is a system of robbery so boldfaced that one wonders how any victims can be found for it. Then there are poolrooms galore, while in Chinatown the "heathen rage" over the festive game of fan-tan.

Openly on 'Change there is gambling in stocks, bonds, provisions, cotton, and other values. This is deemed respectable, and leading citizens here do their life work. But thousands are lost here where tens are lost in all the other gaming places of the city combined.

And here are Phrynes to lure men to other sin. One may turn anywhere and find them for their name is Legion. Here, as everywhere else, the ways of these "lead down to hell."

But one need see these things only as he wishes to see them. There are hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who never have seen them or heard of them, and have no part or lot with them. When one has visited

the great city, and upon his return home declared it to be a monstrously wicked city his neighbors can be assured that he was not loth to see the wickedness of which he tells.

H. A. R.

---

### Adam Snow.

“**S**O Adam is gone at last, Nell, dropped off with the new disease,  
‘The grippe’ they call it, though in my day, ’twas only a cough and a sneeze.

A year ago he was hearty and healthy as man could be,  
And now he is gone at eighty-one, and I’m hale at eighty-three.

Of all the neighbors I had, Nell, there was none like Adam Snow.

Though his temper was just a bit too quick, and his pay a bit too slow.

But never a word of a quarrel have we had in sixty year,  
Except when his garden path was tramped by a breachy beast of a steer.

I met him in ‘thirty-seven,’ first, we were young and both were green,  
Fought in the Dundas volunteers for England’s slip of a queen.

And sixty long years have gone, Nell, it doesn’t seem long to me,—  
Now they are celebrating the same queen’s diamond jubilee.

Then after the row was over, we wanted to take up land.  
So we came here and settled down on the third concession of Rand.

And Adam he built his cabin down by the fork of the  
creek,  
But I selected the higher ground where the timber was not  
so thick.

And often we worked together, and our work we would  
compare,  
I was a bit more handy then, but Adam was strong as a  
bear.

And I was a better chopper, was "born with an axe in my  
hand,"  
But he never chopped till twenty past, being raised where  
it's all cleared land.

I came from the frontier townships here and plenty of work  
I'd seen,  
But Adam was straight from England then and 'first' he  
was awful 'green'.

But never a kinder neighbor, nor a braver man I've found,  
'Twas so when the fire of forty-one was raging for miles  
around.

It started in Adam's clearing, the fault it was his, he said,  
So he left his cabin to take its chance and battled for mine  
instead.

So Adam, his cabin was taken, his rifle and all his gear,  
But I helped him build a better one and fed him a fortnight  
here.

Then over at Higgins' raisin' where whiskey was flowing  
free,  
Young Brown got tipsy and lost his grip of the rafter he  
held with me.

So I lost my balance and tumbled twenty odd feet I declare,  
But Adam he cheated the sexton then, by catching me right  
in the air.

And the Fall that we got married, don't you mind, Nell, how  
we came,

I drove you home with Adam's team, for the gray mare had  
gone lame.

For horses were horses I tell you—why, a nag worth fifty  
now,

Would fetch you a hundred easy then, if broke to the cart  
and plow.

And you mind when Adam got married, it was five years  
later on,

The neighbors gathered and warmed the house, and danced  
till the peep of dawn.

And Adam and I swapped partners, and then how our feet  
did fly,

But Adam and you quit dancing soon, for baby began to  
cry.

There are changes we've made since then, Nell, yon field  
with the clover green,

And the graded road that runs beside that's gravelled and  
smooth and clean.

They were naught but a dismal bog hole, from here clear  
down to the creek,

We called it mosquito pasture then: I tell you the brutes  
were thick.

Houses and orchards now, where then did the tangled forest  
stand,

All done by fire and axe and plow and many a toiling  
hand.

I've kept in my memory a record of things and events that  
go,

These last are the good Queen's jubilee, and the death of  
Adam Snow.

Her reign began with the troubles ; things here were all of a whirl,

And Adam and I were young men then and she a slip of a girl.

And Adam and I have been neighbors for nigh about 'sixty year,'

And never an angry word had we excepting about the steer.

They talk of the ties of kindred—relation of blood or wife,  
But faithful too are the bands that bind the men of the  
backwoods life.

I have buried my younger brothers, but in all the years  
gone past,

I never felt old till yesterday, when Adam—he breathed his  
last.

I held to his hand at parting, his breath it was quick and  
low,

'Old neighbor,' he said, 'I'm going now,—you'll follow me  
soon, I know.

'For John, we've long been neighbors, and neighbors again  
we'll be,

Where shadows sleep on the slender grass down under the  
sumach tree.'

And that was the end of Adam, true neighbor and friend  
beside,

As simple and grand a man he lived, so simple and grand  
he died.

And to-morrow he takes the Journey, there his last long  
home he'll find;

I've always kept up with Adam Snow and I'll not be far  
behind.

For neighbors we've been together through many a chang-  
ing year,

I feel that part of myself is gone and the rest is lingering  
here,  
And neighbors we'll be together in death as we were in  
life.  
When you and I in the churchyard lie, with Adam and  
Adam's wife."

W. W. ROGERS.

---

### A Drive through the Country in Autumn.

**I**T was one of those fine Autumn days in October. When I arrived at the Ferry Wharf, I was one minute too late, for the boat had just left for Southport. I looked toward the bridge and thought, contentedly, what a blessing it would be when completed. No more missing the palatial "tubs" on which has devolved for years past the task of carrying man and beast across the East River to and from Charlottetown.

The sun was pleasantly mild, for October, and the delay on the wharf did not provoke impatience. I was snugly tucked into my place, a buffalo robe wrapped tightly about me, and I feared not the chilly wind of Autumn. The road was good. I am not one to "blame the Government" for a small pitch every couple of miles or more, and the drive from Southport was not without enjoyment. The bare, brown fields newly plowed; the forlorn stubble; the pastures, cold-looking and eager for their Winter sleep, the woods, where the hardwood trees were shedding their sunset-colored leaves and the spruces were sombrely comfortable-looking in their rich dark green, all these furnished one with plenty to observe. Some little girls trotting along the roadside on their way to school brought back vividly the

remembrance of other days. One small dame, whose careful mother had equipped her with mittens and red woolen stockings, reminded me of another pair of red woolen stockings, which first attracted my heart to my earliest love (aged six), and I thought of the old school house with its hard benches, open fireplace, and the master's cane that was the dominant factor in all our education. It is strange how similar these things appear to those of a generation ago. That old white horse, for instance, galloping around the field with tail uplifted and fluttering mane, defying the farmer's boy to catch him, will never be recognized in half an hour's time when he is crawling along the road at a snail's pace between the shafts of a cart loaded up with turnips. That is the labor the horses are employed at just now and hard work they are having; for by this time my active little horse has brought me to Tea Hill up which slowly and toilsomely the loads of potatoes and turnips and oats on the way to town are being dragged by the panting horses, the drivers lending willing shoulders to the cartwheels—all but one curmudgeon, who, by the way, has the sorriest-looking horse and the biggest load of all who are ascending the hill. This man—happily an exception to the rest—is beating his horse and cursing, and is very much insulted when in response to his whiskey-scented information that the horse is a —— I tell him that the horse probably thinks him the same.

Half way down the hill I stop to admire the view and to wish that my friend Mr. Will Louson were with me, with his camera, to picture a part of the soul of Nature as it lies spread out to view. Falling steeply from our standing place the road marks a red line direct to Pownal. To the right is the Hillsborough Bay, the sun shining brightly on its waves, which reflect the color of the sky—a sort of porcelain robin's egg color, only to be seen at this time of the year, that blends in with the landscape, yet leaves

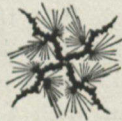


sharply defined, the green fields, the stubble-covered ground and the freshly-turned earth that the plowman is patiently furrowing.

Further on I am brought to a stop by a flock of eight hundred lambs that are being driven to town for shipment abroad to places where lamb is in demand. It takes quite a time for the bleating flock to pass by and the road over which they have passed presents a curious appearance being cut up over all its surface by the sharp hoofs. After passing through Pownal the road was in many places quiet and deserted for miles. I looked in vain for signs of game, such as years ago, one would see even close to town. Of rabbits and partridges there was not a trace—where often, in my young days, shooting parties were accustomed to make good bags. I was told that game has become scarce indeed—partridges are rarely met with, and the last foxes in that section, it was believed, had been shot. Woodcock, I was told, at one time very plentiful, were only occasionally seen—the chief cause of their extinction being, according to my informants, the telephone and telegraph wires, against which curiously enough the birds dash themselves, and the unsportsmanlike manner in which gunners shoot the birds—killing them out in bunches when they collect at the springs in the evenings. It is interesting to compare this state of affairs with the description of the plenty of game given by Pichon in his account of "Old St. Jean" which is now being published in THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.

But my space is limited, and for the present I must stop half-way on my journey.

To be continued.



## ✻ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ✻

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

IF you are a P. E. Islander and have never been away from home and find yourself alone in a big city, the first thing you should do is to look all around you to see that no one is watching, and then—take an electric car. A young man with a stern countenance, dressed in a blue suit of clothes, with a glazed hat with a peak not quite so large as the Shamrock's, will come up and pass round the hat, so to speak. You then fish down into the depths of your trousers pocket—if you are any sort of a *man*—and hunt up five cents—if you have it—and give it to him. If you are in a street car of a city of the United States you give him a nickel. A nickel is a sort of abnormal ten cent piece, but unlike the dark clouds we so often hear about—it lacks the silver lining. A nickel is only worth five cents, so it is useless trying to palm it off as a quarter—although it looks something like one. According to what I have read somewhere, in the United States it takes ten mills to make one cent. At that rate an outsider would naturally suppose that it wouldn't pay to run the mills and see so little for their work.



But Americans in general are hustlers and their ways are not our ways. Yet, methinks that during the recent coal strike there were more mills than ten that couldn't make a cent on account of the exorbitant price demanded for that necessary article of fuel. It is a fact, I say, they couldn't—not by an anthra cite. After you give the Conductor your nickel he puts up his hand and gives a yank upon an over-grown shawl-strap, which causes the minute arm of a patent imitation of a Waterbury clock to take a jump of about five minutes round the dial.



The principal man on an electric of course is the conductor. If he is a good conductor the electricity will not be communicated to any of the other people, but if he is a poor conductor it takes him longer to reach his destination. So you see that's the reason he gets

insulate. The street cars in the big cities are always crowded—often over-crowded. Many people by reason of this have to stand. Such persons will sympathize with the Chicago man who finally decided to make a determined protest. He called at the office one day and expressed his sentiments in plain and vigorous terms.

"Who are you, that you come here and talk to us like that?" asked one of the officers of the corporation. "Are you a stockholder?"

"No, sir!" he thundered, "I'm one of the strap-holders!"



There's no doubt but that Charlottetown should have electric cars. It gives a place a "go-aheadness" that nothing else will. We should have them and discuss the question whether to run them on Sunday or not after we get them. This reminds me of a little story I heard. During the early days of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad in New York the trains did not run on Sunday. One Sunday morning, ignorant of this fact, a traveller rushed up to the stairway only to find the gates closed. Noticing the letters "M. E. R. R." over the entrance, he said in disgusted tones, "I might know a Methodist Episcopal railroad wouldn't run on Sundays!" That is saying something for the Methodist Episcopalians anyway. All sorts of queer people travel on the electrics. I used to feel quite at home amongst them. But the funniest incident is reported to have taken place on a Roxbury car. A stout Teuton woman with a little boy handed the conductor a \$2 bill. "Smallest you have?" inquired the conductor, as he shifted the silver and nickels in his pocket." She thought he meant the little boy. "Nein!" she responded. "I haf one home only dree months old alretty." Then the laugh was on the conductor.



The city of Boston gets the name of being the great centre of culture in the United States. Culture is scattered around Boston in the most reckless fashion and done up in many strange brands. Judging by the amount of mud and vegetables which I saw there I concluded that agriculture is a very popular variety. This has been the prevalent brand at home, for a good many years.



The Boston Subway is a nice place to visit. It contains one of the most up-to-date and progressive systems of merry-go-round in the world to-day, and the officials deserve all the patronage they get.



The elevated railway is a good institution, as long as the cars are satisfied to stay that way. But if they ever happen to take a tumble,

its "Good-bye, Dolly Gray." From Plainville, Conn., to Hartford, I rode up on what is known as the "third rail." By this it is understood that there are three rails to the track. The rail in the middle is heavily charged with electricity which is used as the motive power on that line. At the crossing, a heavy steel mat is placed down, from which protrude sharp steel spurs, much longer than those on Mr. Loo McIntyre's running shoes. This spur-embellished mat is placed there to keep cows and absent-minded bipeds from walking on the track, but in spite of this there is often somebody trying to take a stroll along the third rail. Such persons seem to take to it and become so attached that they generally have to be pryed off with a pole.



Hartford is a good city and keeps herself tidy. The buildings there are amongst the finest in the States. Here may be found the home of Mark Twain, a gentleman who wrote a book called "Tom Sawyer," and who enjoys a popularity extending beyond the limits of his own town. I was going to take his address, but not having a pencil said I would Mark Twain when I got to Springfield. This last pun is a miserable one I know. I brought it from Hartford and that's what makes it so "far-fetched."



The city of Springfield, Mass., is a booming centre. This is the home of the Springfield rifle and several big guns of the Republican party. Barney & Berry kept a large mass of the population cool during the summer by manufacturing skates. The Massachusetts armories are here and occupy a big space in the heart of the city. On one of the public squares here there is a big rock showing where our countrymen got it in the neck during the revolutionary war, when they tried to get hold of the stores and ammunition in the armories. But when a person looks at the vast stretch of country the poor Tommy Atkinsons of those days had to traverse can one wonder that they got defeated? No telegraph lines, no trains, nothing! but march all day, over strange ground to get riddled at night from men who stood in their own barnyards. The wonder is when looking over that ground as it is to-day how they ever got so far up country in the state the country must have been in then. They must have been brave determined men. Sometimes when I am all alone I think some pretty tough thoughts about his late Majesty King George III. for acting the chump.





# EDITORIAL

## Correspondence, Queries, Reviews, Etc.

THE second article on the coming of the Lord Selkirk Settlers to Prince Edward Island, in the year 1803, will appear in the next issue of this MAGAZINE. It is surprising to find what a lot of uncertainty exists among the descendants of those settlers with regard to the number of ships that arrived at Prince Edward Island, conveying immigrants brought out under the direction of Lord Selkirk. In the minds of the oldest inhabitants there seems to be an impression that only one vessel—the "Polly"—brought out the settlers, while others admit that the passengers came in two ships. The name of the second ship, however does not seem to be within the knowledge of those who, being descendants of the Selkirk settlers, would be supposed to possess information regarding them. But we hope to be able, before bringing the series of articles to a close, to procure these little details. With that end in view our readers are asked to kindly give what aid they can, in contributing any information they may possess. Such letters addressed to the editor of this magazine will be gladly received, and the writers will be rendering a service for which we shall be sincerely grateful.



The death of the Reverend Maurice Swabey, at his home in Exeter, England, recently, removed one who was known to many readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE. Mr. Swabey has contributed several articles to our pages. In his younger days he was identified with our Province; for he was rector of Milton and Rustico from 1854 to 1857, and he left behind him affectionate friends, who recall his friendship with pleasure. Mr. Swabey was a man of literary ability and reputation: one of his volumes of verses is entitled "Voices of Abegweit, or the Home on the Wave," so named, according to the author, because most of the poems were written during his sojourn in this Island.

In our September number we published a Gaelic message of congratulation, sent to King Edward on Coronation day by a party of Highlanders who were assembled on the summit of Ben Nevis. Out of several translations furnished us by subscribers, we select the following :—

“ To His Majesty the King, in the Palace of Buckingham, London: Assembled together on the summit of the highest mountain in this Kingdom, and on the glorious day of the Coronation, the chief and the rulers of the garrison of William, with others of the inhabitants of Lockaber, humbly offer a hundred thousand greetings and with great fervour pray that your Majesty may enjoy for many years the throne of the Empire of Great Britain, with the Royal Family in prosperity felicity and peace.

COLIN YOUNG,

Commandant of the rulers of the garrison.”



We have to thank the writers who have contributed several articles and letters on the Local Government and the Dominion Packing Company, but as the case must be considered as one reserved for judgment we must ask them to pardon us holding over their articles and correspondence for the present.



In the next issue of this MAGAZINE will appear an article from the pen of Major Weeks on the Charlottetown Engineers; also the second part of Mr. Allan F. Matthew's article on “The Early Days of Alberton.” We hope also to begin publishing before long a history of the Methodist Church in Charlottetown, which will be illustrated by photographs of the pastors and leading men of that Church from its early days to the present time. This will be contributed by Mr. Henry Smith, and the article will be made as much as possible a reliable history of the growth of Methodism in Charlottetown.



In the case of a book like *Barbara Ladd* we frankly confess to a feeling of pride over the fact that the author, Charles G. D. Roberts, is a Canadian, although he has adopted the United States—or perhaps we should say the United States has adopted him, judging by the success and fame that has come to him in that country. This story is a delicious sample of romance, describing in the author's delicate yet masterly style the love-story of a most bewitching heroine. The tale is one of the Revolution, but the incidents of that time, so often over-worked by American novelists, are so cleverly handled that they are scarcely less absorbing than the history of lovable Barbara herself.

The printing and binding of *Barbara Ladd* are especially dainty, the illustrations in color being particularly pretty. Copp Clark Co., Toronto, are the publishers.



Another book from the same publishers is *Belshazzar*, by William Stearns Davis. This is no weak addition to the novels founded on the history of the Old Bible. In it is retailed the story of Babylon, and incidentally we are introduced to the love story of Ruth, the daughter of Daniel, and Isaiah. There are some most fascinating chapters in this tale, and the vividness with which Babylon and its glories are described leaves a pleasant sensation with the reader. The customs and the civilization of the Chaldeans have evidently been the subject of serious study on the part of the author. In addition to the absorbing interest of the story the reader derives much information about the people whose glory, like their great city, has passed away. These two books are among the best that have come to hand for a good while.



*Acadiensis* is to hand—with its pages devoted to most interesting historical matter. Among the articles that will interest readers in this Province is a short obituary notice (with portrait) of the Rev. Maurice Swabey. We congratulate the editor, Mr. David Russell Jack, on the exceptional merit of this issue. *Acadiensis* is most creditable to its editor—we regret the people of New Brunswick (judging from the editor's confession that the publication is not a financial success) do not support it more generously than they do. Both as regards the value of its contributions and in the matter of mechanical get-up *Acadiensis* reaches a very high standard. Published quarterly by D. R. Jack, St. John, N. B. Subscription \$1.00 per year.



*The Canadian Magazine* is undoubtedly deserving of added praise for each succeeding number. Each month as it comes to hand it is gratifying to find that its tone is one that all good Canadians can approve, while its interest as a purveyor of literature never wanes.



Among recent articles in *Forest and Stream* is a description of a visit made to Prince Edward Island and subsequent adventures with the trout in certain streams not revealed. A most interesting description of a moose-hunt in New Brunswick has been running through this entertaining weekly for several weeks.

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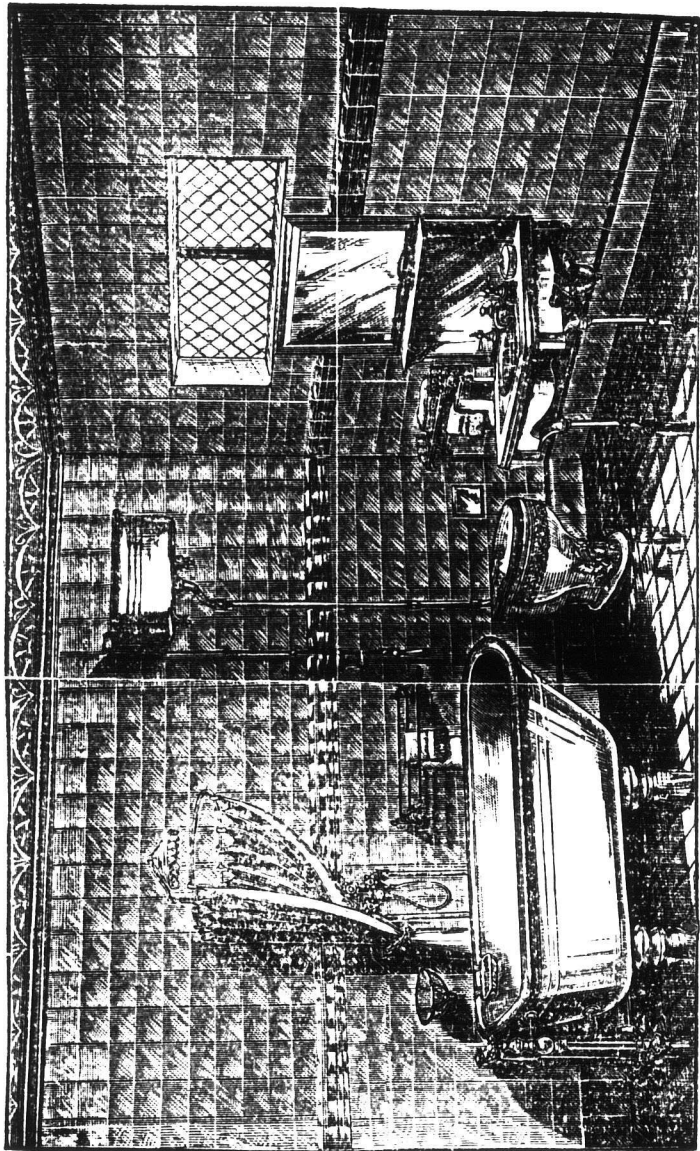
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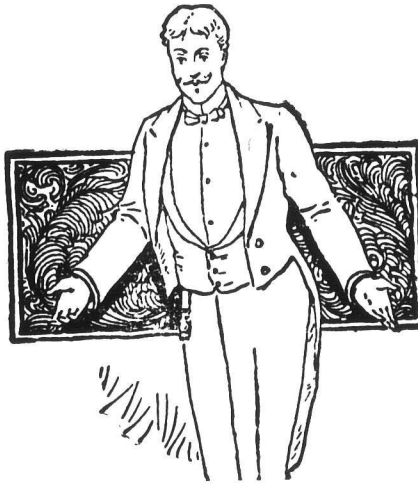
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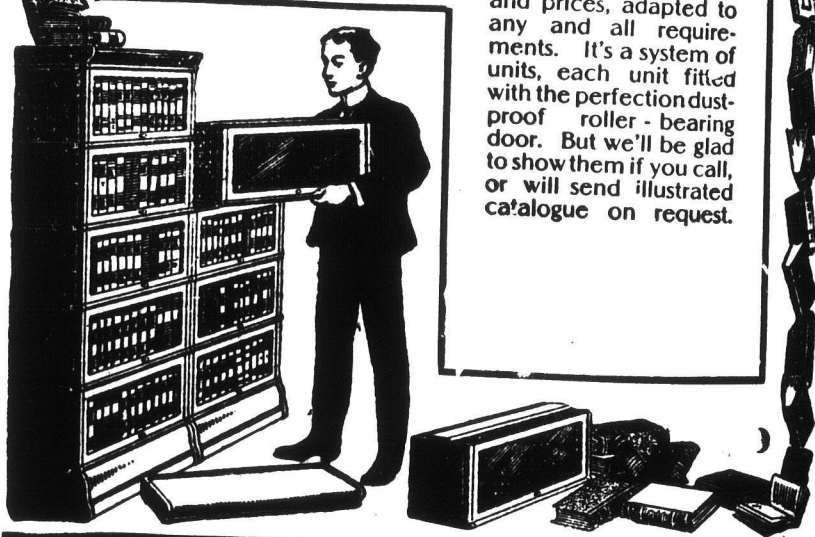
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