

2

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE and EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

VOL 6

NO. 2



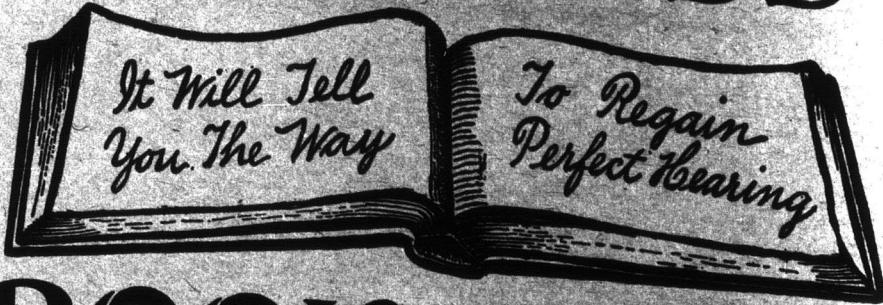
APRIL

1904

Subscription \$1.00 a Year

Single Copies 10 Cents

DEAFNESS



BOOK FREE!

A work that will bring joy and quick relief to all deaf people is now being distributed absolutely free of charge. It contains new and valuable information in regard to the new cure for deafness. It was written by a specialist celebrated throughout North America for his cures of this affliction. He wrote this book as a gift to humanity. It is

YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Perhaps you question "Why?" Because this famous physician feels that it is his duty to God and man to give freely of his knowledge and skill to all such as stand in need. During the long years of his practice his heart has often ached over the silent sufferings of the victims of deafness. He understands in the fullest degree what it means for them to be shut off from all the joyous world of sound—the song of birds, the delights of music, the dear voices of relatives and friends.

He wrote this work as a labor of love to point out the way to a cure for all who are deaf. From cover to cover it is full of the most valuable medical information. It shows how the inner tubes of the ear become blocked up; it explains the strange and terrible ringing, buzzing noises in the ear; it is illustrated by the finest of drawings made by the best artists; it points out with truthful and positive hand, the way to restored hearing.

SEND FOR IT AT ONCE

Do not delay! The demand for the book has been so tremendous that its author, Dr. Sproule, the distinguished specialist, has just gotten out a second edition, that all who desire may have a copy. Whoever is troubled with deafness in even the slightest degree, is gladly and freely welcome to this book. Thousands who have received it bless the kindly hand that wrote it, and that distributes it without a thought of payment. It was the means of restoring their hearing. Let it restore yours.

Write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to **Dr. Sproule, B. A., Deafness Specialist, (Graduate Dublin University and formerly Surgeon in the British Royal Naval Service) 122 Doane St., Boston.** He will send you the book free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DR

Queen S
The Ad
Memor
Settle
Rondea
The Bru
Maxims
P. E. I.
Great E

By the e
Editoria

Editoria
Hints a
Prince
Prince
How to
Teachin
Korea, S
Irregular
Answers
The Sur
Arbor D

Cont
fully req
The
Education

P. O. B

.. THE ..

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

AND EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

CONTENTS.

Queen Square Gardens		Frontispiece
The Adventures of a P. W. C. Man	Heber Bambrick	70
Memories, Poem, Selected		73
Settlement of Rustico—III.	D. Mackenzie	73
Rondeau	J. M.	77
The Brudenell Pioneers—II.		78
Maxims in Rhyme	Pastor J. Clark	85
P. E. I. Micmacs and the Expulsion of the Acadians	James H. Brehaut	86
Great Epochs in English Literature and their Causes. Part II.	Hon. A. B. Warburton, D. C. L.	87
By the Country Fireside	Joseph F Doyle	92
Editorial Notes and Comments, etc.,		98

THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

Editorial and Editorial Chat		103
Hints and Helps		109
Prince County's School Inspector, with portrait		110
Prince of Wales College. Illustration		112
How to Maintain the Efficiency of Our Schools	W. D. MacIntyre	113
Teaching in The North-West	Appin	114
Korea, Socially and Educationally.	The Editor	117
Irregular Attendance		119
Answers to February Puzzles		120
The Summer School of Science, illustrated,	J. D. Seaman	123
Arbor Day Suggestions	Hon. A. B. Warburton, D.C.L.	125

Subscription \$1.00 a Year Postpaid to any Address.
Single Copies 10 Cents.

Contributions on all subjects of interest to Prince Edward Islanders are respectfully requested.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine was established in March, 1899, and the Educational Outlook was united with it in March, 1904.

ARCHIBALD IRWIN, Publisher

P. O. Box 71, Telephone 189a

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

42

Choice
Varieties
of

= SWEET =
PEA
SEEDS

and a fine selection of other
beautiful

FLOWER SEEDS



FOR THE VERY
BEST

EARLY GARDEN PEA

TRY OUR

“Early
Giant”

A fine line of best kinds of Garden
Vegetable Seeds.

If you want PRIZEWINNERS buy our

“Best That Grow”
Seeds

Haszard & Moore

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers



C. B. C.
A Household Phrase in P. E. I.
"Charlottetown Business
College"

The high reputation of the Charlottetown Business College has been gained by a career of usefulness and success such as has met with the approval of all people in the Province.

That the C. B. C. students are graduated fit to occupy a position in any department of commercial life is now a fact admitted without question. The superiority of the Business Education acquired at this institution has placed it in the front rank of Business Educators

SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING

This department has developed so that separate quarters have had to be provided. Here stenographers receive the best training and when graduated are equal to all requirements. For tuition rates, etc., apply to

L. B. MILLER, Principal = Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers.

Canadian Pacific

LOW

World's Fair,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

**C.
P.
R.**

Splendid Equipment

Through Trains

Dining Cars

RATES

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY

GENERAL CHANGE TIME JUNE 13

For information call on nearest Ticket Agent, or write to

C. B. FOSTER,

D. P. A., C. P. R.,

ST. JOHN. N. B.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers

WE CAN ARRANGE TO DO BUSINESS WITH TEACHERS ON LIBERAL OR
EASY TERMS.

WATCH NEWS

Have you seen our **EMPIRE WATCH**.

It is made in Switzerland, the home of the world's finest watchmakers.

It is the product of one of the best equipped factories in the world, and before being placed on the market is carefully examined and adjusted by expert Swiss watchmakers.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS

for this watch and give a binding written guarantee with each one

We also have in stock the standard

Waltham and Elgin Watches

In fact we think you can be suited here no matter what kind of a watch you want

G. F. HUTCHESON

JEWELER & OPTICIAN

DesBrisay Block

HYNDMAN & CO.,

General Insurance Agents

Charlottetown,

P. E. Island

Insurance transacted in all its branches
The leading British Companies represented
and Lloyd's Underwriters, London, Eng.

Office 33 Queen St.,

Telephone 67 a

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers.



**Wash-proof
Fade-proof
Wear-proof
American Fibre Mattings**

Of all the ingenious uses to which paper has been put one is inclined to think few are more so than carpet making.

American Fibre Mattings are made of specially prepared paper, woven in combination with twine. They can be scrubbed, they will not fade, and they will wear.

They have all the good points of Japanese matting and none of its disadvantages.

They come in pretty designs of soft greens, blues, reds, etc., and the price is

53 and 68 Cents Per Yard

*Carpet Department
Second Floor*

Moore & McLeod

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers

Actual Results

SPEAK LOUDLY IN FAVOR OF

The North American

2212 St. Paul Street,
BALTIMORE, MD., Oct. 21, 1903.

L. GOLDMAN, Managing Director, North American Life
Assurance Co., Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 12th inst. was duly received, and with it the Company's cheque for \$2977.50, the cash surrender value of my policy No. 1605, taken out 20 years ago. This amount, which is over \$900.00 in excess of the premiums paid, is an excellent return, and is especially so in view of the \$2000.00 protection received, for which I would have had to pay a considerable premium without the hope of any return, had I taken out Term Insurance instead of my 20-Year Endowment policy. The other options, I need hardly mention, are also tempting.

May the company prosper in the future as in the past, and the policy-holders receive the same courteous treatment and gratifying results.

Yours very truly,

(REV.) HUGH JOHNSON.

Call and see our Rates.

Ross & Matthews

DesBrisay Block

Charlottetown.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers

*Queen
Quality*

**Queen
Quality**



Here you see one of
the most fashionable
Ladies' Shoes for this
season

Price

\$ 3. 75

ALLEY & CO.

Charlottetown

P. E. Island

✦ ✦ The Always Busy Store ✦ ✦



Umbrellas

at

Stanley Bros.

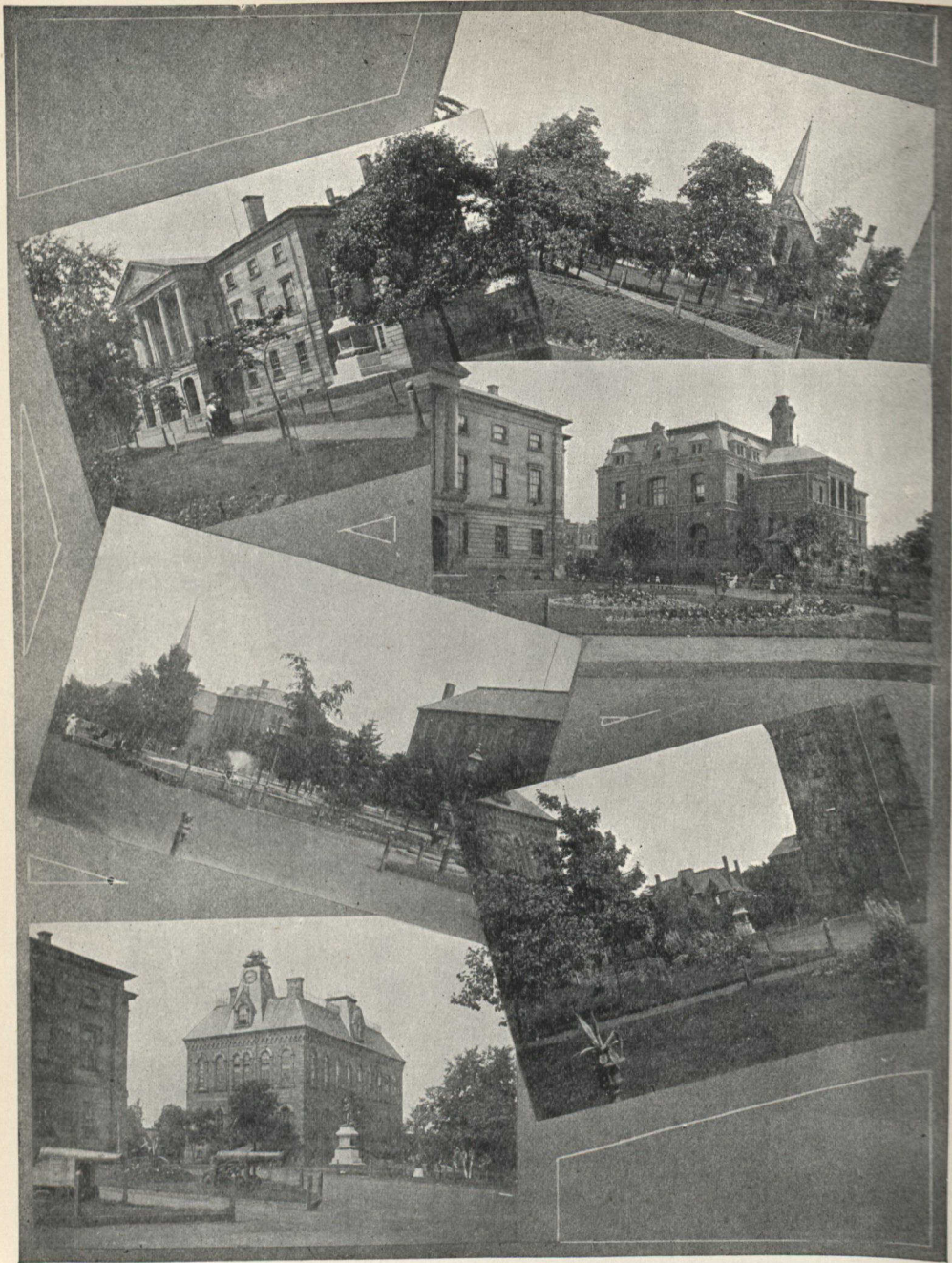
We would like to show you our
Umbrella stock. It is a good stock
well assorted.

We have Umbrellas for ladies and
Umbrellas for gentlemen, made of
good wearing cloths, paragon ribs,
steel sticks, and the very newest style
of handles.

Want an Umbrella? Come right
to us.

STANLEY BROS.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers



QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

PROVINCIAL, PARLIAMENT BUILDING.
 FOUNTAIN, QUEEN SQUARE.
 SUPREME COURT BUILDING.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.
 POST OFFICE (Rear).
 QUEEN SQUARE GARDENS.

.. THE ..
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

ARCHIBALD IRWIN, Editor

Sixth Year

APRIL, 1904

Number 2

The Adventures of a P. W. C. Man.

Suggesting a New Use for the College "Yell."

By Heber Bambrick.

F - - - had completed the course of studies laid down by his beloved alma mater, P. W. C., and had listened with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret to the kind leave-takings of his esteemed professors—laden with good advice and well wishing, and frequently punctuated by the well known "yell." With the echoes of Razzle Dazzle, Hobble Gobble, etc., etc., still ringing in his ears, he had his first serious business consideration before him.

* * *

His father, a modest P. E. I. farmer wished to send his son to McGill University, but F - - - saw that he would be thus preventing some of his younger brothers or sisters getting an advanced education.

So he decided to seek his fortune in the "fresh and fruitful West."

* * *

Armed with some ready money,

and the addresses of some wealthy ranchers, he stepped off the westbound train at Seventy-Five Mile Tank, about 22 o'clock one fine night last June. Seeing some lights, he made his way towards them, and found himself among a cluster of tents, at one of which he was welcomed by a prosperous-looking rancher, and given lodging for the night.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, our friend and his host were conversing outside the tent, while the former admired the novel scenes—the collection of tents, Chatham and Bain wagons, (many of them housed in with canvas, forming a "prairie schooner"); and the herds of cattle and horses feeding on the plains.

"Quite a settlement here," remarked the P. W. C. man. "We have not yet begun to build," answered his host; "we 'hit the trail' from Raymond only four days ago, and dropped

in here night before last. We call the town Tabor."

"Nelly," he called to his twelve-year-old daughter, "rope my saddle-horse for me, and bring the pinto along too; we are going to ford the Belly River, and will help our friend to locate the Big K ranch."

She soon returned with the horses, and the eastern man wondered at the white and bay stripes and spots of the steed that was to carry him; but his wonder was increased when he climbed into the saddle, and with a "gee off there" started to rein him.

At once the pinto began to "buck" viciously, and our friend soon found himself seated on the prairie, the dazed looking centre of a crowd of amused young Mormons.

His host had a suspicious twinkle in his eye as he exclaimed, "too bad partner, thought you savvied; that broncho will only rein by the neck." Our friend, being enlightened as to the method of guiding bronchos, rode along without further mishap; admiring the prairie, with its rich grass brightened by wild roses of various tints, anemones, and an endless variety of other flowers of every imaginable shade.

Occasionally a gopher would pop its head above ground, and, standing on its hind legs, with its wondering little gray face would stare at the intruders, then suddenly disappear; or a stray coyote would slink off sideways and

turn to survey them at a respectful distance.

Having forded the river safely they rode a short distance over the prairie and came up with a rancher, mounted on a powerful roan, and cantering leisurely along. He was a man of powerful build, tall and square shouldered, his bronzed face, grave and intelligent-looking, was surmounted by a broad-brimmed "Stetson" hat, which together with the spurs, leggins, riding cuffs, kerchief, loosely tied round his neck, and the gun which he packed along, gave our friend an excellent impression of that species of mankind—the Alberta cattleman.

Yes! he could direct them to the Big K, he was Mr. L - - - the owner. "Come right along, gentlemen, we will be just in time for dinner."

As they rode along, our friend informed Mr. L - - - of his object in visiting him, namely to get employment as a cowpuncher. Would take his wages in cattle if he would be allowed to let them graze with Mr. L - - -'s herds. This was satisfactory. Mr. L - - - would write Mr. R - - - for references (he had been given the name of the Principal of P. W. C.)

So he became a cowpuncher. Needless to say he was elated. \$50 per month with board "looked good" to him, and we can imagine the pleasure it gave him to think of how soon he would thus be enabled to do for him-

self what his dear parents wished to do for him.

He felt like uttering the college yell then and there with all his might, but as he wished to accompany the other gentlemen the remainder of the way, he was forced to content himself with uttering under his breath the magic words:

“Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble, sis, boom, bah,
Prince of Wales, Prince of Wales,
rah, rah, rah.”

On arriving at the ranch, they were introduced to Mr. L - - 's sister, who had kept his house for him since his wife's death, and while his daughter was attending college, and to this daughter, an only child.

Grace, he learned next day, was her name, and she suited the name perfectly he thought, as he watched her galloping over the flower-decked prairie, on her spirited pony; her cheeks glowing with the hue of perfect health, which appears to be the birthwright of the sons and daughters of Alberta, and her luxurious brown hair waving under the playful caress of the balmy chinook.

* * *

He was fast mastering the science of cattle-raising, and was soon to be introduced to a character which still continues to hold forth in some parts of the West — namely, the “cattle thief.”

In search of some stray cattle, on an

early October morning, he came to the top of a butte, and spied two evil-looking horsemen driving a broad-horned, wild-eyed steer down a coulee leading towards the river. He recognized the brand as his employers' so he put spurs to his horse and as he neared them yelled, as only a P. W. C. man with Alberta air in his lungs can, “Razzle-dazzle, hobble-gobble, etc., etc.”

The terror inspired by this awful battle cry convinced him they were not “Saints”; they at once made off at a breakneck pace; he continued to follow. Seeing this one of the thieves turned in his saddle, and the bark of a 30-30 was followed by our hero's horse going down with a broken leg, and throwing his rider in a senseless heap on the ground.

He awoke about half an hour later with a dislocated shoulder, and his hair clotted with blood. He managed to make his way back to the ranch, but on reaching the house his strength gave out and he again fainted. Another of the cowpunchers was at once sent to Lethbridge for a doctor, while Grace and her aunt bathed his head,— disclosing an ugly scalp wound—and did their best to ease his sufferings.

Recovering under their kind ministrations he feebly mutters, “Razzle dazzle, etc.,” and had gone as far as “Prince” when his senses became sufficiently clear to hear Grace exclaim: “Oh! aunt, isn't this terrible, his

brain is injured; don't you hear what he is saying?"

Next day he was better, and Grace brought him some books, but was surprised when he said he had never learned to read. She offered to teach him, and also to read aloud, beginning with "Evangeline."

The wretch must have known it by rote, as it was his entrance English to P. W. C., but we can imagine how he enjoyed this reading of it in the musical tones of his fair nurse. A few days later she came in at the usual hour for reading and teaching (he had advanced, by this, as far as words of three letters.)

She had news for him from P. E. I. she told him; her father had a letter that morning from Mr. R - - - of P. W. C. "I am surprised that such a fine young man as you were in your college days should utter an untruth," she said, with an amusing attempt at severity. "Indeed I am truly sorry for my offence," he returned, "but then how lonesome I would have been here alone, helpless. Can't you forgive me?" And of course he was forgiven.

When he was able to be in the saddle again, Mr. L - - -, who had taken a great liking to him, took him to look at some land near Tabor, advising him to "homestead" and also to buy up as much as he could make the first payment on while the land was yet cheap, for it was sure to go up to at least four times its present value.

The Mormons of Tabor, he explained, would introduce irrigation, and, as at Raymond, the district with its rich soil would become a by-word for fertility and prosperity.

Mr. L - - - had bought up several sections, and advised him to buy at once, and he would see to it that he did not go "in the hole" for his next payments.

Of course he invested, and even now the land is in great demand, and selling at twice its original price.

And here I will leave our now prosperous friend and his fortunes, associated with the new and rising town of Tabor, and—oh! yes, I had almost forgotten—with Grace.



MEMORIES.

Selected.

LET us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
 The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
 The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us
 Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
 The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
 The pride with which some lofty one disdained us
 Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
 The yielding to temptation that beset,
 That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
 Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving
 Kind words and helpful deeds a countless throng,
 The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
 Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
 When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,
 The fragrance of each life of holy living
 Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
 We tenderly may bid the year "Good-bye,"
 Holding in memory the good it brought us,
 Letting the evil die.

—Susan F. Gamm ons.



The Settlement of Rustico—III.

By D. Mackenzie.

NOTWITHSTANDING their many hardships, the hardy pioneers of Rustico did not give way to despondency, but went hopefully to work, with stout hearts and willing hands, to make homes for themselves and their children. Nor must it be supposed that they were unhappy. In

fact, many of them, in after years, were wont to say that this had been the happiest period of their lives.

There was a great deal of what was called "cailying"—that is, one family went on a visit to another, and the long winter evening was spent by them together. The older people told stories and legends of the Old Land, which always found eager listeners in the young. Sometimes the whole settlement would gather at one man's place to clear a piece of land or to put up some needed building. It was a community in which the spirit of selfishness so prominent to-day had no place.

After a few years of hard toil, matters began to improve. The little clearances gradually increased in size, and the seed sown yielded abundantly, which gave great hope for the future. The Rustico and New Glasgow Roads were opened and settled, so that free access was had to Charlottetown and other places.

One thing that was very much deplored was the want of schools. The heads of families and the older children had a fair education, received in the excellent Scottish schools; but the younger ones had to do with what little there was time for teaching them at home. It is true, there was a school kept by John Botts, a Frenchman from one of the Channel Islands; but his time was almost entirely taken up by teaching the French children their catechism. It was not until about 1840

that a public school was established at Wheatley River. The first teacher was Mr. Alexander Maclean, who has since taught school in many parts of the Province, and is still living in Charlottetown.

The Presbyterian portion of the community were adherents of the Established Church of Scotland; and as there was no minister of that Church nearer than Belfast they were compelled to travel to that place to receive the church ordinances. This seems quite an undertaking when it is remembered that at that time there were no wheeled vehicles of any kind in the settlement.

About the year 1830, the Rev. Donald Macdonald, a minister of the Church of Scotland, arrived in the settlement for the first time. He stayed at the home of one of the Matheson brothers and held services there. Soon crowds came to hear him preach. His was no new gospel. It was the old, old story of Christ's love for fallen humanity. His theme at all times was the boundless love of God and the ingratitude of sinful man. Such was the force and eloquence with which he presented the wonderful story of the Cross, that strong, stern men shed tears of repentance. He stayed for some time and organized a church there under the leadership of elders. This grew and multiplied. He visited there periodically until the time of his death. Of

the Rev. Donald Macdonald it may truly be said that 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.'

About the same time, William Hodges, Esq., came from England, and took charge of the Winsloe estate as agent. Whatever may be said of other agents and proprietors, it was the aim of Mr. Hodges to make the lot of the tenants as easy as possible. He built a sawmill at the head of Wheatley River, at which large quantities of lumber were sawn into deal that was sent into the British market in ships he built. Mr. Hodges was also a good farmer, and "Cymbria" was the model farm of the locality at that time. Anyone who was willing to work for him on the farm, in the woods, or in his shipyard was given fair wages. His youngest daughter, (whose first husband was Mrs. Henry Winsloe) is the wife of Mr. Duncan Macmillan and presides as the cheerful, generous hostess of "Cymbria" at the present time.

There were by this time a good many Anglican Church people in the community, and they built a church at South Rustico. Parson Lloyd was the clergyman in charge there and at Milton. He lived at Milton and preached every alternate Sunday at Rustico. He had nine miles to travel; but it was indeed a stormy day when he did not find his way to his flock in Rustico.

Bishop Macdonald lived at Rustico,

and had charge of the large Catholic congregation there. He was a large-hearted, broad-minded man, whose sympathies went out to all mankind. The French of the district were hard drinkers, but he persuaded them to sign a total abstinence pledge. They all took the pledge, and what is more wonderful, they all kept it as long as they lived. A large number of public houses were to be found in the district, but no Frenchman could be induced to take a drink of intoxicating liquor. Alas! I fear that matters are altogether different under our so-called prohibitory laws.

In 1834 a sad calamity happened the settlement. In the first week of August a heavy frost destroyed all the growing crops. The old pioneers always spoke of it as the most trying time in their experience. What made the visitation more disastrous was that it was not local, but extended to other sections of the country. Men had to travel long distances for a small portion of food to keep themselves and their families from starvation. There was also great difficulty in getting seed for the next Spring, but what was put in the ground yielded in great abundance.

A period of great activity in ship-building now set in. The principal reasons for the number of people engaged in that trade were the abundant supply of suitable timber and the skilled and cheap labour to be had at

Rustico. The French were experts with the tools in use at that time, and could do any work under the guidance of a foreman. They knew how to do at once what it took the English, Scotch or Irish emigrant years to learn. The Mathesons, Blatches and others had been building for some years; but farming was their chief employment. The Aulds and Millers, of Covehead, came to Wheatley River to build. John Pippy of Charlottetown, purchased a farm near Wheatley River Bridge, and built some vessels there. The Orrs, of New Glasgow, built a large number. The late Capt. Duncan Macrae, of Charlottetown, carried on the business for many years at Wheatley River. The three brothers, Archibald, Angus, and Alexander Macmillan also built at the same place, until timber became scarce, when they went to Egmont Bay, and continued the business there. Angus, the only survivor of the three, has lately returned to Wheatley River, where he expects to end his days, after a long and honourable business and political career.

About 1840, John Lawson, Esq., and his family moved to Wheatley River from Charlottetown. Being a cultured gentleman of advanced ideas, he took great interest in the progress of the community. Although his own family had a good education before they left the capital, he took a prominent part in establishing a school in the district. He had a good library of books,

which he was always willing to lend. He also kept in touch with the outside world by means of newspapers and other periodicals, which went the circuit of the settlement. Although an able lawyer, whose advice was often sought, I have never heard of him asking the proverbial fee. He was fond of the company of young people, and delighted in getting them into his home and to have them enjoy themselves with his family in innocent amusements. After some years, both he and his devoted wife returned to Charlottetown, where he was City Recorder until his death. Some of his family lived on the farm for a number of years afterwards; three of them were married while there. The eldest daughter married Richard Cotton, a Bible Christian minister, whose son is now editor of *The Examiner*. Her twin sister married John Duncan, a neighboring farmer, who died some years ago. Mrs. Duncan is still living at Wheatley River, a cheerful, happy spirit it does one good to meet. One of the sons, Henry, married a daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, and will be remembered by many as "Lawson the sinner" of the *Patriot* newspaper. He went with his family to British Columbia, where he edited the *Victoria Colonist* until his death some years ago.

Another prominent man who made his home at Wheatley River for some years was Captain Mayne, R. N. He

lived a retired life with his wife and family of beautiful daughters. After a few years' stay they returned to Charlottetown.

In 1850 the Winsloes, sons of the proprietor of the Winsloe estate, arrived and engaged in agriculture. Alfred was married when he came; John married a Miss Jordan; Henry married the youngest daughter of Mr. Hodges. He was drowned in swimming across a creek a few years after his marriage.

There was no bridge at Oyster Bed until about the year 1855. There was a ford at that place caused by an accumulation of oyster shells, on which

at low tide there was only about a foot of water with a strong current, although there was a depth of at least fifteen feet of water above and below the ford. This bed extended from shore to shore, and a team could be safely driven over any part of it. Since the building of the bridge, however, the stream has become narrower and deeper.

Trusting that these papers on the settlement of Wheatley River have not been altogether uninteresting, and that some better historian will continue them in fuller detail, I now take leave of the subject.



RONDEAU.

By J. M.

HER restless soul—at whose behest
 She labours on and ever, lest
 She fail in self-appointed work
 Of lifting burdens others shirk—
 Aye travaileth, yet all unblest.

Her weary feet are still addressed
 Unto her endless thankless quest;—
 And naught it recks of quip or quirk
 Her restless soul.

She smiles at pain as 'twere a jest,
 While e'er a wrong goes undressed
 In town or country, mart or kirk;
 But in tired eyes the tear-drops lurk.
 We trust, at last, that God will rest
 Her restless soul.

Charlottetown.

The Brudenell Pioneers—II.

In the March number of this magazine, we placed before our readers the interesting address delivered by Nathaniel McLaren, Esq., of Montague, at the unveiling of the monument to the Brudenell Pioneers.

Dr. J. A. Gordon, of Quincy, Mass., was also one of the speakers on that occasion. His address, which is a most valuable contribution to the history of the Gordon family, here follows:—

WE meet today in this lovely island sacred with the memories of the revered past, and now forever consecrated to the hallowed dead, to perform a filial and bounden duty—to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the landing of our fathers on these shores, and to raise a monument of enduring granite to mark the resting place and perpetuate the memory of the honored dead who are buried in this beautiful place.

It is right and proper, and a great privilege, to celebrate this day in honor of that noble band of pioneers, who left their loving kindred and comfortable homes in their native land to brave the dangers of a long ocean voyage and the privations of a life in the wilderness, to build up new homes and a new community in a new land.

A century is a short time in the world's history, but it is sufficient to permit great changes in human events. Now as we look about us we see the shores of this beautiful river lined with well tilled farms, marked with fine houses, large barns and all the

evidences of wealth and comfort. One hundred years ago, when our ancestors landed here, it was a primeval forest; and the home of the bear, the wild cat and the fox. There was no habitation to give them shelter; no friendly hand to welcome them: no kindly human voice to give them greeting. Very beautiful must have been the prospect to the æsthetic sense of the pioneers in the early October days of 1803. The peaceful river, with its blue waters and red banks; the broad expanse of bay stretching away in ever widening shores to the well-wooded Boughton and Panmure Islands; and about and around them everywhere the deep, dark forests; lighted up here and there with the red and yellow of the changing foliage of the early autumn.

But the pioneers had more arduous work before them than observing the beauties of nature. They had to cut down these fine old trees, the growth of hundreds of years; to build their cabins; to clear their farms, and prepare the ground for seed time in the coming spring; work that required courage, energy and endurance to contemplate and to perform.

There is very little record of the history of the passage of the pioneers from Scotland to this country. The following receipt is the only writing that can be found that gives any information on the subject:

PORT GLASGOW, July 9th, 1803.

Mr. Donald Gordon:—

SIR;—I hereby acknowledge to have received from you twenty-nine pounds and eight shillings sterling, as payment of the passage of six persons by the Commerce, Capt. Walt, for Pictou in Nova Scotia, in North America.

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE GONDIE.

These six persons were probably grandfather Donald Gordon, his wife and four children. James McLaren and his six children came over in the ship at the same time. They must have left Glasgow very soon after July 9th. There is no record of the time of their arrival in Pictou. Probably it was about the middle of September. One hundred years ago it was a great undertaking to cross the ocean. It required many weeks and sometimes months to make the passage. There were no fast ocean greyhounds at the time to make the voyage in less than six days.

From Pictou they took passage in a small unseaworthy vessel called the Arrow, for Brudenell, and arrived here early in October. In coming across from Pictou they encountered a storm and the vessel sprung a leak of so severe a character that it required the utmost efforts of the passengers and crew working at the pump to keep the boat from sinking. When the men were exhausted the women took their places at the pump. From this cause my grandmother took a severe cold, from which she never recovered, and which was the cause of her death in the following January, three months after their arrival here. She was probably the first person to be buried in this little Island. In sailing up the river after the storm on that bright October day, grandmother Gordon was impressed with the loveliness of the little island and remarked that when she came to die, would like to be buried there. Much too soon her wish was fulfilled. They built a cabin of logs somewhere in front of the present fine residence of Walter Gordon, near the river. James McLaren afterwards settled on what is known as the 'Johnson place' a little to the eastward. Donald Gordon remained at the old place. There they protected themselves as best they could against the frost and snow of the Island winter. They brought with them from

Scotland their spinning wheels, looms, household utensils, furniture and farming implements, and for many years did their own carding, spinning, weaving, tailoring, shoemaking and even their own carpentering and blacksmith work. They must have endured much hardship and privation during the first year of their settlement here; until they had cut down the forest and cleared land enough for their patches of wheat, oats, barley and potatoes. But they had energy and perseverance and in due time experienced the beneficial results of their labor.

BUILDING OF THE CHURCH.

Here in this lovely little island, with the great trees above them and the blue waters of the river about them, they built a little church, where on Sabbath mornings the patriarchal James McLaren read the beautiful Episcopal service to the few who might gather there. They sang hymns of glory and offered praise and supplication to the loving God who preserved them through their voyage and safely established and maintained them in the new land. Here also they made a burial ground where they buried their dead as they passed away one by one, the green trees their monuments, the wild flowers to decorate their graves, the birds singing their requiem and the rippling waves making lullaby to their long sleep.

Grandfather Donald Gordon, was born in 1762 at Fincastle, Parish of Duhl, Perthshire, Scotland, on the river Tummel, near Blair Athol; and about three miles from Lake Tummel and the pass of Killiecrankie. He was justly respected in the community in which he lived, in evidence of which we have the following testimonials:—

CERTIFICATE.
in favor of
Donald Gordon
1778.

These certify that the bearer hereof, Donald Gordon, is a native of the parish of Blair Athol. That

he has resided in it from his infancy. That he always maintained a fair, honest, and inoffensive character, free from public scandal or ground of church censure. So that there is nothing known to us that can hinder his reception into any Christian society or congregation where Providence may order his lot.

Given in the interval of sessions at Blair Athol, 18th February, 1788.

JAMES McLAGAN, Minister.
ALLAN FARQUHARSON, Clerk.

At this time he was twenty-six years old and was about to leave Blair Athol for Balquhider.

And the following which was given on the eve of his departure from Scotland in 1803:

CERTIFICATE.

in favor of
Donald Gordon and wife and family
1803.

These certify that Donald Gordon and Christina McLaren, a married couple, are natives of the Parish of Duhl, and resided here mostly from their infancy. That they are of unexceptionable character and morals, so there is no reason known to us to hinder their reception into any Christian society where Providence may order their lot.

As attested by :

ARCHIBALD MENLIE, Minister,
JOHN FORBES, Elder
PATRICK STEWART, Elder.

Donald Gordon was the son of Charles Gordon, who settled at Glen Fincastle on the river Tummel. He came with his father from Inverness, who built a castle on the banks of the Tay, near Athol, and established a ferry there. He belonged to the Gordons of Huntly, and was related to the family of the first Duke of Gordon. He had another son, Alexander Gordon, who was an officer in the English army, and fought at the American Revolution.

Great-grandfather Charles Gordon was married to Margaret Cameron, of Inverness. He was drowned from the ferry boat on the River Tay. His wife married a Robertson, and they came to Antigonish, Nova Scotia. He had three other children besides my grandfather, these were Peter, Henry and Christina. Peter had two children, Char-

les and John. John was a piper, and had the reputation of being the best piper in all Scotland. Henry had four children, Peter, Betsey, John and Donald. Donald came to this country. He was called Donald Rhua, or red Donald, because he had red hair. He died here in 1871.

Grandfather Donald Gordon was married in 1796 to Christina McLaren, daughter of James McLaren, patriarch of the Brudenell pioneers.

This James McLaren, as his great-grandson has told you, was the son of Donald McLaren of Culloden fame, who was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden. On the way to Carlisle to be executed he escaped from the soldiers by jumping over a bridge into the Devil's Punch Bowl, where he remained hidden with the peat moss over his head until the soldiers had given up their fruitless search for him, believing him to be drowned. From this exposure he took a severe cold, which caused his death in about two years after. His wife was Robina Stewart, sister of Stewart of Appin and relative of Prince Charlie. He was proprietor of the estates of Balquhider on the Braes of Balquhider, which were confiscated on account of his siding with Prince Charles, but were restored to the McLarens about fifteen years afterward.

James McLaren was born in 1742. He married Bell McDonald, cousin of the late Donald McDonald, of New Perth. He died here in 1818 and is buried near this spot. His wife lived to the great age of 92 years. He had seven children, four sons and three daughters. The sons were William McLaren, Donald McLaren, James McLaren and John McLaren, who were the fathers of the several McLaren families of Brudenell and Montague. The daughters were Jessie McLaren, Christina McLaren, and Lizzie McLaren. Christina or Christie was my grandmother.

Grandfather Donald Gordon had four children by his first wife, Bell, Henry, James and Donald. Bell married her cousin, James McLaren of Montague, son of Donald McLaren. She was born in 1797 and died about a year after her marriage.

Henry, father of our eminent merchant, shipbuilder and legislator, Hon Daniel Gordon, married Margaret McDonald, of East Point; and after her death, Betsey Stewart; then Mrs Neil McQuarrie. By them he had

McLaren, of the Hermitage, the White McLarens. By her he had five children, John Peter, Jess e, Charles, and a girl who was scalded to death when one year old. Charles died when about seven years old. They are all, and another who died in in infancy, buried here. John married Annie Crawford, who died with the birth of his first child. He then married Barbara Musterd. He was the father of Walter Gordon, the Chairman of the Committee on this memorial; to whose



Brudenell Island

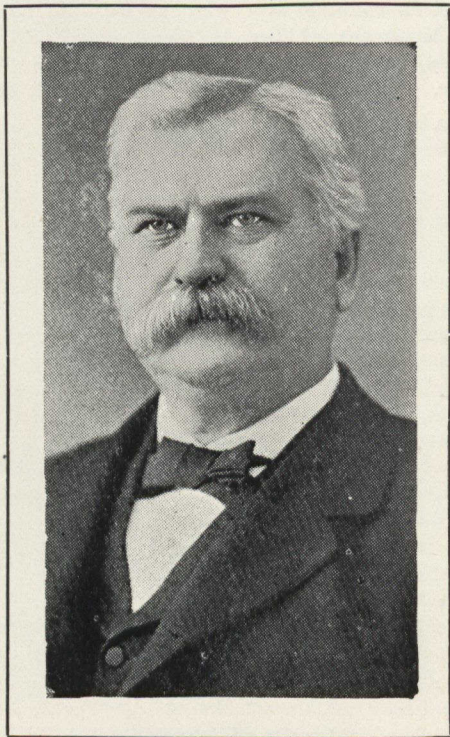
thirteen children. He was born in 1799 and died in 1864 at the age of 65 years.

James, my father, married Betsey Stewart, also of the Stewarts of Appin, and had twelve children. He was born in 1800, and died in 1887 nearly 87 years of age. Donald remained unmarried. He was born in 1803, and died in 1890, aged 87 years. For his second wife Donald Gordon married Jessie

energy and efforts the success of this undertaking is eminently due. He was born in 1806, and died in 1886, aged 80 years. He had four children. Peter married Barbara McDonald of East Point, and had ten children. He was born in 1811 and died in 1898, aged 88 years. Jessie married James Musterd, of Cromarty, Scotland; the boyhood acquaintance and friend of the celebrated

Hugh Miller. She was born about 1819, and died in 1881, at the age of 62 years. She had 8 children. Grandfather Donald Gordon was 41 years of age when he came to Brudenell. He died in 1819, at the early age of 57 years, and is buried here.

the roadway, as the tide would be high at the time. He did so. On arriving at his gate he met his friend and neighbor, Simon Wallace, and they stopped to talk. My grandfather sat on the top rail of the gate, which broke under his weight and he fell



Dr. J. A. Gordon, Quincy, Mass.

The sad circumstances of his death are these: In going to St. Andrew's Point, he had to cross what is known as Norton's Creek, over a rude bridge of logs which was dangerous when the tide was high. The Scottish people have always been influenced by warnings of a supernatural character. His wife that day had such a warning, and advised him to come home in the evening by

backwards and dislocated the bones of his neck, causing instant death.

The Brudenell pioneers then, as we see, consisted of James McLaren and his seven children; his son-in-law, Donald Gordon, and his nine children. And when I look about me, and see their children's children, who mostly compose this gathering, and recall the many who are in other lands, and

those who are gone to their long home, I can freely say that they carried out in a magnificent way the commandment of the Lord, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." My grandfather Donald Gordon had 9 children, 51 grandchildren, 111 great grand-children and there are already 38 in the fourth generation.

We have then in the Brudenell pioneers eminent descendants of the four great Scottish families, the Gordons, the Stewarts, the McLarens and the McDonalds, who figured so largely and so nobly in the history of Scotland for more than eight hundred years.

The time is too short to dwell at length on the history of the Gordons. Cæsar speaks of them in his commentaries written 53 years before Christ. There was a Duke de Gordon, Lord High Constable next in position to the King in France in the year 790, and again Lewis Gordon was Lord High Constable of France in 840, and a Gordon was married to Gertrude, granddaughter of King Dagobert of France, about the year 900; if my memory of dates serves me right. It is supposed that some of the Gordons crossed to England from Brittany in France with William of Normandy. In the year 1050, for great services against Macbeth, King Malcolm III of Scotland gave to Sir Adam Gordon, a grant of land in the south of Scotland, in the Merse, and also the lands of Stichel, which he called the Lordship of Gordon. His residence in these estates was called Huntly. About 1400 King Robert the 1st, of Scotland, in recompense for his services bestowed on Sir Adam Gordon, the fifth of that name, the large and fertile lands of Strathbogie, on the Devern and Bogie rivers, which by act of parliament holden at Perth in 1311 he was permitted to call "Huntly" after the name of his former residence on the Merse, by which name they are known and have been held by the Gordons

up to the present time.

The Gordons need no historian to relate their deeds of glory. Their acts, their energy and their nobleness fill every page of Scottish history from the time of King Malcolm the 3rd, up to the present day. They have filled every position of honor and merit the country could give. In peace and in war they were leaders of men and left their masterful impression on all the undertakings of the country. They were always loyal to their King and country, and when reverses came suffered nobly for their zeal and faithfulness. They were great warriors, and when Gordon's gathering resounded through the highlands, the willing clansmen flocked gaily to their standard, "steadfastness" their byword, and "by might and not by strategy" their motto.

Neither need I speak for the Stewarts, the McLarens or the McDonalds. Their history is the history of Scotland in all its greatness, and will remain emblazoned when all the monuments to their glory have crumbled into dust.

The McFarlanes and the Robertsons, and the Moars came later. They came of famous Scottish stock and fulfilled well their part in developing the resources of Montague and Brudenell.

It is difficult at this late day to decide their reasons for leaving Scotland, and taking up their new life at this particular place. Times were hard in Scotland in 1803. Great Britain's long wars had depleted the treasury, and unusual measures were resorted to, to increase the revenue. Taxes were high. Every commodity and necessity of life was taxed to the utmost limit. The new country of America, by its astonishing achievements in fortune and power, had begun to exercise a tremendous influence upon the democratic spirit of the Scottish people. Glowing accounts of the greatness and fertility of the new country of Canada, so recently become

a British possession, were spread broadcast through the land by the agent of the government, the landed proprietor, and the navigation companies. Great inducements were offered to settle in this island, where the lands were held subject to a stipulation that they should be occupied within a reasonable period.

Whatever the reasons of their coming may have been, these pioneers brought with them the energy, perseverance, and persistence which characterized their forefathers; and they entered upon their new life with courage and determination to overcome all obstacles to their success. They were noble men and women, and brought up their families in the fear of the Lord, and with the best education the times and circumstances could afford.

They lived honorable and Christian lives, and died with the esteem and regard of all who knew them.

And it is peculiarly fitting that we, the children's children, should gather here this day to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of their coming; to raise a simple monument of enduring granite to perpetuate their memory, and to note the last resting place of those of them who are buried here.

Those who are buried here are:

James McLaren, patriarch of the pioneers and father of the McLarens.

Donald Gordon, pioneer and father of the Brudenell Gordons.

Christina McLaren, his wife and three children.

Duncan Robertson, of Montague, and his two children.

Margaret, wife of Donald Robertson, Brudenell.

Elizabeth McFarlan, wife of James McLaren, junior,

Two children of George Moar, John Moar, James Moar.

Grace Duncan, Duncan Stewart, children of William McLaren.

Child of Duncan Stewart.

Child of Simon Wallace.

Munroe, a seaman.

With the rekindled memories of these old days in our minds, with praise and thankfulness in our hearts to the God of our fathers, who ordered these doings to his great glory, I shall now request William McLaren, great-great-grandson of James McLaren, and great-grandson of Donald Gordon to unveil this monument; which, with willing hands and loving hearts we have built to the memory of the Brudenell pioneers, and of the hallowed dead who are buried here.

To those who in imagination would follow the path along which our new country has developed, who can mark the influences that produce definite results; who can catch a glimpse of the effect of early character in the conditions that are ours today, pioneer life is fraught with an abiding interest. It gives an insight into that peculiar characteristic of the human mind which makes men unsatisfied with the completed work about them and makes them seek wider fields and newer objects for the exercise of their energy and perseverance; a peculiarity which is the basis of all development and increasing knowledge. We see in the history of pioneer life that capacity and ability that braves all hardships and surmounts all difficulties, that the way may be opened to the land of promise where succeeding generations may sojourn and reap the fruits, and enjoy the rewards which are denied to the pioneers themselves,—the ground work of all civilization and advancement.

But we are here today to pay homage to our ancestors, who landed on these shores a hundred years ago. They looked out upon a scene altogether foreign to their experience, but with the dauntless courage and hopeful animation, characteristic of their race, they steadily and patiently battled with every opposing element. With implements un-

handy and crude they gradually converted the silent grandeur that surrounded them into the utility of industrial life. Nobly and well, with the other early settlers of this beautiful Island, did they perform their several parts. By their industry and that faith, inspired by confidence of success, they left us a heritage which we prize, an example we should emulate.

Let us not forget that we also are "architects of fate," "building in these walls of time," and let us so order our lives as to be worthy of such a noble heritage, and of the esteem of those who will follow us.



Maxims in Rhyme.

By Pastor J. Clark, M. A.

WHERE the path of duty leads
Undeterred by what is said
Strong in faith, and true to God,
Forward go with fearless tread.

None can guard the soul too well ;
None can keep the heart too pure ;
Nought but what is wise and good
Will enduring fame secure.

More is gained by honest toil
Than by lofty name or birth ;
What we are, not what we have,
Constitutes our real worth.

Though a battle has been gained
Yet the warfare is not done,
Whilst a foe remains in arms,
Or a field remains unwon.

Neither man nor angel knows
How much sorrow sin has wrought ;
Nor how great a force is hid
In a single human thought.

Even eagles cannot fly
Till they learn to use their wings ;
Would you have the rivers pure ?
You must purify the springs.

If we loved our Father more,
We should grieve and murmur less ;
Only in the Lord is found
All-sufficing happiness.

TRYON, P. E. I.

P. E. Island Micmacs and the Expulsion of The Acadians.

By James Hedley Brehaut, Roxbury, Mass.

IN "*The Military Annals of Lancaster, Mass.*," by the late Henry A. Nourse, extracts are given from a journal kept by Captain Abijah Willard, from April 9, 1755, to January 6, 1756, during his service with the Massachusetts troops who assisted in the expulsion of the Acadians, which indicate two things concerning the aborigines of Prince Edward Island: they were evidently of a warlike spirit, and in one instance at least, had a strong partiality for rum. At the capture of Fort Beau Sejour, Captain Willard relates how the Massachusetts troops repelled an attack of the French and Indians, and says:

"We Killed the Chief Indian a Sagamore from the Island of Saint Johns which are known by the name Mickmack, he Lived aboute 5 hours after he was Shott and behaved as bold as any man Could Do till he died but wanted Rum and Sider which we gave him till he died, he was shott through the Bodey just below his Ribs, he was supposed to be 6 feet and two inches, and very Large bon'd but very poor."

P. E. Island was evidently famous for big men one hundred and fifty years ago as well as to-day. When the expedition reached Tatmagouche, all the inhabitants of the district were sum-

moned to assemble, and Captain Willard went among them:

" . . . and told them that they must Go with me to fort Cumberland and burn all their Buildings which made them Look very sober and Dejected, one of the french askt me for what Reason for he said he Never had Taken up arms against the English sence they had the fight at Menas, and sence swore by the bible that he Never would, before Major Phillips of Anopolis: and he was Ready to swear now, and all the Rest mad, the same Reply: after this I told them they was Rebellious, the frenchman askt me In what, I answered him in harbouring the Indians from Saint Johns Island to go to the English Settlements in New England and Noviscotia and find the provitions and ammonition which they answered me and said they was oblige to or the Indians would kill them. I told them if they had been true they might of ben protected by the English and I told them they might Cary their familys with them if they thought best; and upon that they ast me for to have the liberty to go with their familys to the Island of Saint Johns but soon answered them itt Did not Lie in my power to Do itt. . . . "

From which it would appear that the Island's "first families" were in the habit of "wandering from their own firesides" when they started out

in earnest to kill.

Captain Abijah Willard was a native of Lancaster, Mass. When the Revolutionary War broke out he remained true to Great Britain, removing to

New Brunswick and settling ten miles west of St. John, in a locality to which he gave the name of Lancaster in memory of his Massachusetts home. Here he died in 1789.



Great Epochs in English Literature, and their Causes. A Sketch.

Part Five—Fourth Period.

By Hon. A. B. Warburton, D. C. L.

THE fourth and last great epoch, I place in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. It is doubtless true that there are numbers of later writers,—poets, historians, philosophers, scientists, novelists, etc., whose excellence might well entitle their age to rank among the great, but they are too near our own time for the forming of a calm, unbiased judgment as to the position their era is to hold in literary annals. Yet an era which is adorned with such names as those of Tennyson, Swinburne, the Brownings; of Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Elliot, of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, of so many other great writers in every branch of human knowledge, must loom large in the view of coming generations.

Of this fourth period more is known probably than of the others. The writers of this time are as familiar to

our ears as household words. Scarce a day passes that we do not derive pleasure from their works. Their range is very wide. Their songs and other lyrical poems are the best known and the most beautiful we have. Their minstrelsy is familiar to us all. The novelists of this time afford amusement and instruction to the present as to the past generation; its historians and scholars hold the highest rank. The names of its writers are legion.

This was the period of Lingard, of Hallam, of Mitford, of McIntosh, of Napier among historians; of Scott, of Carleton, of Edgeworth, of John Galt (father of Sir A. T. and founder of Guelph, Ontario) a prolific writer, now, however, not so much read as his merits deserve; of Croly, author of many and varied works, but whose fame must rest on his novel "Salathiel"

(The Immortal, or Wandering Jew,) included by Gen. Lew Wallace, author of Ben Hur, in his list of the best six English novels of the 19th century. It is a wonderful book, but to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed, must be read more than once. And why should not Washington Irving be reckoned among English novelists, or Halleck and Bryant among English poets?

The list of writers in theology, science, biography, travels, and miscellaneous subjects is too long to be touched upon in a sketch.

This was a period peculiarly brilliant in poetry. It was the age of Crabbe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Southey, Moore, Campbell; and a host of others, among poets. Crabbe broke through the artificial rules of the previous generation. Wordsworth—profound in his simplicity—clothed the every day objects of English life in splendid garb. Scott, deeply imbued with the chivalry of the Middle Ages, was sending forth his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," his "Lord of the Isles," his "Marmion," his novels, in a long and brilliant series to enchant a delighted world.

Coleridge, a slave to opium, wasting in idleness the "prime and manhood" of his noble intellect, was, by fits and starts, giving to the world his beautiful fragments. There is a charm, a fascination, about the author of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that never

wears out. His poetry is "of the imagination all compact." Of him well might the hackneyed verses again be quoted:—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven.

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing

A local habitation and a name."

Of Byron, ever describing his hero, fierce and austere, his heroine soft and mild; of Moore, the sweet poet of Ireland, it is needless in this sketch to write.

Who has not been moved by the martial lyrics of Campbell? How many a British youth has been fired by "Ye Mariners of England," or the "Battle of the Baltic," to seek his country's and his own glory on old ocean's waves and the

"—Glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow."

Campbell's longer poems, "The Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," are beautiful, though, as Canadians, we must regret that the poet's ignorance of Colonial history, made him libel that great and humane Indian, Joseph Brandt, in the latter, the finest of his works.

The poet's muse essayed a lofty

flight in "The Last Man." :—

* * *

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!
Yet prophet like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high;
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying: We are twins in death, proud sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

* * *

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death."

Mrs. Hemans was formerly more read than she is today, though several of her shorter poems retain their charm for a reading and reciting world. She is not a poet of great depth. She delights in nature and is most at home in English country life. Much of her writing is of refined poetic beauty. There seems to me to pervade much of

her writings an indescribable religious or yearning feeling, a kind of suppressed sadness, which may have arisen from the unhappiness of her life. Some of her shorter pieces are familiar to all. Perhaps "The Graves of a Household" gives as fair an idea as any of the character of her muse:—

"They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream and sea,

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain:
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band.

And parted thus they rest, who prayed
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, oh earth!

Perhaps no other poet of the age has swayed, by the very intensesness of his Godly earnestness, more readers and hearers in every land, than that noble, self-denying Christian poet and good man, the saintly Bishop of Calcutta, Reginald Heber. I much doubt if any other short poem in the English language has influenced so many people, in so many lands, or been so productive in results as his great missionary hymn:—

“From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand,
Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error’s chain.”

* * *

And yet this hymn, possibly the best and most widely known in our language, is simplicity itself.

In treating of any period, on almost any subject, whether it be scientific, literary, military, naval, political or anything else, attention is prone to be concentrated upon a few men who, standing out in bold relief among their fellows, dwarf, as it were, the reputation and works of less brilliant though great men. In the great wars of the opening years of last century, for instance, Napoleon and Wellington overshadow other great soldiers, such as Massena, Soult, Hill, Moore and many other very able men, who, in consequence, scarcely have justice done to

them. The same is true of naval history. Nelson was so pre-eminently *the* admiral of the time that comparatively little thought is given to his great contemporaries. The same is true of literature, particularly, I think, of poetry.

At the time of which I am treating, besides a galaxy of great writers, there were a number of minor poets, who produced one or more poetic gems. More than one of these writers is famous because of a single song or short lyric. The reader who overlooks the short poems of some of the lesser writers, will miss some of the most exquisite poetry. In some cases the lyrical productions of a writer have been familiar, from childhood, to thousands of readers who would have to refer to an encyclopædia for the name of the author. Everyone knows the “Burial of Sir John Moore,” but it is surprising how many there are, who, while they can recite the poem, could not give one the name of Charles Wolfe, whose literary fame is based upon its authorship. Croly, I have already referred to, as a novelist. He is not so well known as a poet. Still one or two of his shorter pieces are of merit. For instance, there always seems to me to be a true ring about his “Pericles and Asia.”

“This was the ruler of the land
When Athens was the land of fame ;
This was the light that led the band ;
When each was like a living flame ;

The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fether, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won ;
Feared—but alone as freemen fear ;
Loved—but as freemen love alone ;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind !

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Their eloquence first flashed below ;
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow !
And his the soul, the sacred hand,
That shook her Ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirits' bride ;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won ;
He perished in his height of fame !
Then sunk the cloud on Athen's sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul she could not die ;
Her conquest was posterity !"

Who ever recalls the name of James
Hislop? Yet many know his fine poem
"The Cameronian's Dream"—

"In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs
lay ;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are
seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather
grows green.

* * *

At a later time we meet with more
of these poets of single poem celebrity.

One special feature of this time,
marking its poetry and bringing it
home to us all, is its lyric wealth.
Such being the case it will not be
wandering from my subject, if, for a
moment, I call attention to some of
the features of this species of verse.

It is the poetry that comes home to
the daily life of men. In the hour of
idle pleasure, the lyric enhances our
enjoyment. In the depths of grief and
trouble its sad strains console. It is
the form taken by passion in the
moment of exultation. When the
shrill blasts of adversity shriek around,
the lyric soothes and comforts. It is
the poetry of the affections. It appeals
to the inner life of man. It calms him
in wrath ; it maddens him to rage. It
incites him to noble deeds ; it banishes
unworthy thoughts. It heralds man's
entrance into the joys and sorrows, the
hopes and fears, of this world we
inhabit ; it sounds his requiem dirge,
when, "life's fitful fever o'er," he is
borne to his last long home.

Such being some of its characteris-
tics, an age, rich in lyric poetry could
not be other than a great age.



By the Country Fireside.

By Joseph F. Doyle.

THE question may occur to the pensive mind, how the rural population, who in many districts lack the advantages which serve to relieve monotony, spend the winter evenings.

In the city, hockey, the club-room, the occasional lecture and the many intrusive events of an intellectually plotting age keep up a whirl of interest; in towns and villages, these to a less extent prevail. But, come back to a somewhat receded settlement, and there, in the absence of one and all of the social institutions intended to educate, elevate and amuse, the picture is not charming.

This is not intended to elicit your help or sympathy, reader. True, we are disposed to give acceptance to any pleasing means—which a philanthropic mind may suggest to brighten and make more enjoyable the life of the peasantry; but we have not yet any notion of meeting the cost of the introduction of any elaborate plan. It would, indeed, be useless for any benefactor of this sort to found a system involving an expenditure of any appreciable size; for this alone would be sufficient cause for its rejection.

Gymnastic exercises, which young

men of the present day should engage in—because, as a rule, the introduction of so much farm machinery gives them an immunity from the hard labors, which heretofore caused the development of strength and muscle—are not practised for want of suitable buildings throughout the country.

This is a decided want, as exercises of this class are healthful and properly calculated to give the muscles strength and power of endurance, which ordinary occupations, from their being either of a character too light or too arduous, fail to do. If a hardy, strong and vigorous manhood is the hope of a nation, it must be a matter of some interest to see the present generation lacking physical culture; with soft muscles, short breath, and sunken chests; with just about enough durability to do the driving and light work of to-day farming; and only finding out their incapacity by some unusual experience apart from the usual routine of their avocation.

However great the necessity for improvement along this line, even when their physical inefficiency becomes apparent, there still prevails a lack of desire to establish gymnasiums, which

may be cited as a proof of how slow our young farming population are to apply pecuniary help to advance themselves in any direction apart from their ordinary pursuits.

It is not my purpose, however, to discuss this question further than to state a physical deterioration in the rustic manhood under a continuity of existing conditions, even though it may be disapproved of by many,—probably even by some condemned as absurd; it is rather my present aim to unveil a few of the stars which appear in the social firmament of the country home. Here the simplicity of manner, the disinterestedness to personal appearance, the disregard of educational failings, the distance that is granted to exaggeration of statement encourages an unhampered exercise of whatever talents each may possess, so that the individualities of all are thus so self-evidenced that one can finger the other as a violinist does the strings of his instrument—for the necessary sounds to be produced. Astuteness, however, is met with, but it is the exception, and not without some interest.

Politics is here discussed, usually in a friendly fashion, but—nearing an election—with a sullenness commensurate with the strength of party feelings. Fiscal policies are contrasted in a way to shadow even Tarte, but men for representatives play an undisguised part—in fact, who the man is weighs very much with the honester element.

Here the aged take an unique part. They are the relaters of whatever material changes the districts within a large circle have experienced; of stories of earlier life in the country; the noters of material progress, and the enemies of innovation in general.

I imagine that aged persons are more considered from a social standpoint in the country than they are in the city. A certain old man of Charlottetown, with whom I once held a conversation for a short while, took a seemingly great interest in discussing the growth and changes of that city since he first planted his foot on it after leaving the Owld Sod. He instanced the changes of ownership in several sections of it, the ups and downs of many connected with its early history and seemed to be pleased to find a listener. Just in the midst of his discourse, there happened to pass a youth who felt the importance of being a citizen of the up-to-date stamp. He scarcely seemed to notice the old man, and the eye of a detective was not needed to notice a look of displeasure which for a moment gleamed on his countenance.

“Do you know yon fellow?” said he, as soon as he was at sufficient distance from hearing. I replied that I did not.

“Well,” said he, “that fellow lives up a few blocks from here and I see him often, but do you suppose any conversation would please him except

such topics as the best barber, the best tailor, the whitest and straightest men of the town."

"Well," I interposed, "I daresay it is becoming to young men, living in a city, to keep themselves respectable in appearance."

"Och! sure enough *that*," he assented, "but they need not put their heart and soul in it so much that they can not talk of anything else."

"You may have noticed that he passed me now, wearing a sour look, and I will tell you the reason: Some evenings ago I was standing at my own door as he came strutting up, and says he:

"Well, if I'll go to that barber H—any more, for he ruined my face last time. I will try J. G—next; they say he is a peach."

"I believe you might do worse," sez I, "for the sorra a freckle has he taken off you."

It is not, therefore, much of a calumny to say that in the country the aged persons are more considered in the social sphere and take a part therein more in company with the younger portion of the populace than in the city, and which is, after all, a feature arising from different conditions existing in them.

An illustration of how useful the man of years may be, after the day's work is over, may be gleaned from the following:

Not very long ago some young men

happened to assemble at the house of one of these old landmarks, and among them was a young man—on a visit to the neighborhood, after living for some time in higher seats of civilization and refinement. Although it is not the usual thing for persons of this class to display excellence, he outstepped the rule. His opinions on any subject were not marked with that moderation which characterizes those whose founders have some misgiving as to their logical strength; but were given with that unmistakable air which betokened as much for preponderance of argument on the one hand as for contempt of anything different on the other.

The discourse happened to turn on the subject of a bear having been seen in the vicinity a short time before, and among other methods for the extermination of such an unwelcome visitor, one young fellow ventured to say that a bulldog would be a match for Bruin. This assertion was instantly met by a fusillade of ridicule.

Though the question was one to which conjecture and a knowledge of the fighting powers of each could be applied, the erudite visitor fell into harmony with the general trend of argument, and finally sought by an eloquent appeal to the reason of his opponents to dissipate any notion they might entertain of the dog's chances to win a fight with a bear.

In the early stage of this wonderful

discussion the old gentleman took no part, but seemed absorbed in thought. As it continued, however, he seemed to awaken and become animated, and from his demeanor one could judge that the germ of some growth relevant to the question had imbibed nourishment, become fully developed, and was bumping the voluntary nerves in a hurry to present itself. And such it was, for he brought to bear on the subject the following story:—

“When I was a boy of fourteen my father sent me to work with a farmer in Lot 48. His farm fronted on the East River, and, in the fall of the first year I was with him, I hauled a great deal of seaweed from the shore. This farmer had a vicious bull-dog, much dreaded in the neighborhood. One evening he and I, each with a horse and cart, went for loads to the shore and the dog came with us. A pretty heavy wood skirted the river not very distant from where we got the seaweed, and our attention was soon drawn in that direction by the fierce barking of the dog, and the horrid growl of a big black bear which had come out of the wood on to the shore, where he and the dog stood at some little distance apart each apparently watching the chance of making an attack.

“We soon saw that the bear was not on the aggressive, but would turn and run away, only for a short distance at a time, as the dog would spring towards

him immediately and try to catch him by the hind legs. Failure on the part of the bear either to strike his enemy or run away caused him to take to swim across the river. He had swum quite a little distance before the dog had decided to follow, but the latter swimming at a more rapid rate was overtaking him. When the bear saw that his chance of escaping the dog in this way was in vain, he stopped, and stood erect in the water awaiting the approach of the dog which came up furiously toward him. As soon as he came within reach the bear struck at him with both paws and in the same moment the dog had pinned him by the throat. A struggle followed for a instant, when both sank, and for some little time disappeared. When they arose to the surface they seemed to hold the same grips but the dog alone showed any signs of continuing the fight. There was a small boat on the shore, which the farmer used when needed to cross the river this we launched and went out to the struggling beasts. As we neared them we noticed that the bear was lifeless and the dog still clinging to the hold he first got. We managed to get a line fastened to the bear and towed both ashore. Even then the dog held on, but we soon discovered that he could not extricate himself, as the claws of the bear had been sunk deep in his jaw and, the death of the animal resulting before they had been withdrawn, the muscles were

now rigid and would not relax, so we had to saw off the paws of the bear to set the dog free.

A deep silence followed, first broken by the voice of our distinguished visitor, who asked: "Is that straight?" This question was not clearly, if at all understood by the relater, but one of the company took in the situation and explained that the questioner asks if your story is true. He was a man of considerable forbearance but was noted to resent any reference to the truth of anything he said with a vehemence, which those acquainted with him thought best to avoid, so a chorus of voices answered, in order to save the young man from a dangerous situation, that, of course, the story is perfectly true.

This ruse was successful, but did not, of course dispel all the rancour which the question raised in the mind of the veteran. "Well! Well!" said the visitor again, forced to make the best of things, "he was a white dog." "A white dog you say she was!" says the old man rising to his feet, his eye kindling with half contempt, half rage, how do you know what color she was? She was not white, but a big buff-colored dog. Ah! but it was then we had the right dogs and not the straight and white pups of these days only good for barking and snarling."



Our Feathered Friends, II—Second Series.

By John MacSwain.

THREE well known birds are the Nighthawk, Swift and Ruby-throated Humming-bird. The order which contains them has received its name from the comparatively great length of wing of the birds belonging to it. These birds may be said to occupy the same position among the land birds that the gulls, terns and some others hold amongst the sea birds.

Length of wing indicates power of flight and the Nighthawk and Swift are particularly noted for their evening and morning aerial exhibitions. The Hummer does not indulge in such flights as those for which the other two birds are so remarkable. The structure of its bill is quite different and is altogether unsuited for the capture of insects in the manner practiced by Nighthawk and Swift. Its flight

is direct and extremely rapid and we rarely have an opportunity of observing its speed of wing excepting when it is departing from a flower which it has rifled of its sweet juices.

Two of these birds are described in this article. The Nighthawk was mentioned in a preceding volume and it is unnecessary to say anything about it further than to note, as is done here, its connection with the order Macrochires, the long-winged order.

THE CHIMNEY SWIFT.

The Swift, or Chimney Swallow as it is popularly called, is also a common and well known bird. I am inclined to believe that it is not so common now as it was many years ago. The wide, open fire place or chimney of olden times with its spacious outlet above, affording ventilation and ample room for nesting and roosting, would most likely be preferred by the Swifts to the contracted structure which has taken its place. Much like the swallows in color, flight and mode of securing their insect food, the Swifts are by many considered as Swallows. But their structural differences are sufficient to place them in a separate order. Even when on the wing they can be distinguished from the Swallows by the short, wide and slightly rounded tail, and the greater rapidity and the angular character of their flight. Their nests, built generally within chimneys, are made of small twigs which are fastened

to the chimney and to each other with a glutinous secretion formed within the mouth of the birds. The length of a Swift is five and one half inches; the color is a dark or sooty brown, and the short tail feathers are sharply pointed with spines.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

The Humming birds are peculiar to America, and generally are residents of the tropical portions of the two continents. About eleven species are found in North America. The Ruby-throat, a beautiful and abundant species, is the only one seen east of the Mississippi. It extends its migrations far north, as far, at least, as Labrador.

This feathered gem with its bejeweled throat and breast is amongst the smallest of the family, and is the smallest of all the birds ever seen here. It is most frequently seen where flowers are plentiful. Its favorites are the trumpet creeper and others of the honey suckle family, and the gaudy jewel weed which often embellishes the low ground along streams. The flowers are deeply probed with its long slender bill, for the sweet nectar which it sips without alighting upon the flower. Small insects which find a dwelling place upon flowers and leaves are taken on the wing also. The rapid vibration of its wings while securing the nectar of the flower and the insect parasites of the leaf, produces a humming sound which has obtained for it its name.

The nest is very small, about an inch in diameter. It is built upon a horizontal branch and is so cleverly concealed with mosses and lichens that it is difficult to discover it.

The male humming-bird is charged with neglect of the duty of aiding the female in rearing their young. He is said to absent himself from the neighbourhood of the nest for the whole time of incubation and while the nestlings are gaining strength and power of wing to waft them to another clime. The sharp eyes of many ornitholog-

ists are upon him. Some have denounced him in severe terms, others express themselves as doubtful of the the evil tendencies imputed to him, believing that some purpose which they are unable to discover lies concealed in his apparent misbehaviour. Should the hummingbird be finally convicted, ornithologists may console themselves with the reflection regrettably too often expressed with regard to the conduct of a more highly endowed creature, namely that good morals are not always associated with beauty.



EDITORIAL

Notes and Comments, Queries, Reviews, Etc.

A PROPOS of the leading article in our Magazine upon Our Provincial Finances, by Fred W. Hyndman, Esq., we are pleased to note that the general public, as well as our legislators, gave the matter some attention. The article has received commendation from many of the people who are most competent to pass opinions on the subject under discussion, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the point of Mr. Hyndman's remarks shall not be lost sight of: namely, that a remedy for the present condition of affairs needs to be applied as quickly as possible.

It is worth while to go back to the year

1898, and make some extracts from the Budget Speech of Hon. A. B. Warburton, who was then Premier. He, we venture to say, showed that he was at least interested in his native province, and his words indicated a sincere desire to do his duty as Premier. We must be pardoned if it seems rude, but we are forced to say that his successors in the office have not shown that the same principles animate them. Mr. Warburton said, speaking of the falling off in our net assets at Ottawa:—

"This, sir, is a matter to be regretted, and that we must turn our attention to, because in the near future an effort must be made—an energetic and determined effort—to do away with this state of affairs." * *

"It seems to me that some steps should be taken to help the farmers in a direction in which they have not yet been assisted. . . . I take it that it is just as important that the farmers of this country should have an opportunity of getting a certain amount of instruction in their profession as it is that lawyers or anyone else should receive instruction in theirs. * * * * *

"The people of this province, one and all insist that deficits must be done away with, but in order to do away with them you must have a remedy. But there is no remedy under the sun to which the people will agree. I want to know how these deficits can be done away with. You may suggest reduction of expenditure, putting on taxes, etc., etc., but the people of the Province, who insist that deficits must be done away with will not listen to these suggestions. . . . When we talk about the heavy burden of taxation, we must talk like reasonable men, and we must recognize the fact that our taxation compared with that of other places is remarkably small."

The Legislature of P. E. Island has been in session since the 24th of last month. The proceedings of the assembly have not been distinguished by other than the trivial discussions as to how "the other fellows squandered the money." Not a word as to adopting any means of improving matters.

A bill introduced by Mr. Geo. E. Hughes, the member for Charlottetown, for adding a portion of Government House grounds to Victoria Park, and continuing the roadway from North River Road to the Park Roadway, will result in giving the people of Charlottetown an improved Park, and making the vicinity of the Park much more attractive than before.

This bill met with some trivial opposition—why, it is hard to imagine, unless there could have been some sentimental regret that Government House, should lose, apparently, some of its importance and dignity by the curtailment of the grounds surrounding it. That consideration, however, will not weigh much with the citizens of Charlottetown, who have become accustomed to

the fact that the land surrounding Government House, far from being maintained as an ornamental adjunct to the gubernatorial residence is sometimes devoted to the growth of rutabagas and mangel-wurtzels, and at other times is used as a pasture field.

The "new hotel for Charlottetown" has become as much a stale topic for conversation as the weather. And that's about all that is being done. Of a verity there breathe here the men with souls so dead that they are likely to deserve the sentence of Scott: to "forfeit fair renown, and doubly dying shall go down . . . unwept, unhonour'd and unsung."

Recently in an article on the Supreme Court of P. E. I., 100 Years Ago, mention was made of the memorial of Captain John Macdonald. A subscriber furnishes us with the following facts regarding the memorial:—

The memorial of Captain John Macdonald is supported in the main points by two affidavits; the first is made by John Macdonald, Merchant, Quebec, one of the passengers who came out by the Alexander in 1772, and who removed to Quebec after residing for two years in the Island. He states that Captain Macdonald brought between two and three hundred souls to St. John's Island in 1772, and furnished them with a years provisions, besides subsistence for the passage, and with clothing and implements. That during the period of two years he was here the whole Island was scarce of provisions and unproductive and but for Mr. Macdonald's exertions to support it by importing provisions and the necessaries many of the Acadians as well as other British settlers must have suffered and it would have made a wretched figure as a colony. That the Acadians would have left the Island only that Mr. Macdonald at his own expense

brought a clergyman to them.

These statements are also supported by an affidavit made by William Allanby, Esq., receiver of Quit rents and Collector of Customs, dated 22nd April, 1785, and a resident from 1770 till Nov., 1774. He states therein that he came in the same ship with Governor Patterson and his lady, also Miss Terrian, Philip Calbeck, Attorney General; the Governor's seventeen servants, his own family of wife, four children, and two men servants. There were also two other passengers.

Fearing that his people would suffer many privations, he chartered a vessel at Boston, loaded her with provisions and such other things as the people would most need, and came to the Island, where he was gladly welcomed. His brother had in the meantime gone to Quebec, and purchased a vessel load of provisions, wherewith wants were relieved.

The settlers had, before these arrived, suffered many and great privations. The crops planted the previous year had failed, "universal distress reigned," the people were disappointed and wanted to leave. He proposed that they should set to work under his direction, and that he would support them until they could raise crops enough for their own subsistence, and if crops would not ripen he would transport them elsewhere. "But if they refused to work he would supply them until the spring and then land them in a settled country to shift for themselves" They agreed to fall to work. He then imported cattle, horses, sheep and swine from the Continent for them. This relief he did not confine to his own people, but other settlers being even in a worse plight, he shared his supplies with all. He states himself that it was no uncommon thing to see twenty or thirty men lying on straw in his kitchen at

night, waiting to be supplied with something by next day for their homeward journey and for the relief of their families.

About this time the American war began and Capt. John Macdonald was among others appointed under His Majesty's sign manual, to take measures to prevent the Scots Highlanders settled in the revolutionary Colonies from being seduced by Congress, and for raising the 84th. Regiment, which he and his brother were to join without delay; so he proceeded to headquarters and was at once placed on duty. His brother who followed him was killed in battle in 1780.

In 1776, during Captain Macdonald's absence in the service, when an attack was apprehended on the dockyard at Halifax, the settlers on his property transmitted to the general officer commanding there an offer of one half the ablebodied men to go there and serve in its defence in case of attack, while the other half would remain in care of their families, for which offer they received the thanks of His Lordship.

When an American armament landed in Charlottetown and would have taken the Governor they would have rescued him had his dread of exasperating the enemy permitted them to make the attempt; but, fearing such a result, the vessel left without further ravages. They frequently worked at the redoubts in Charlottetown, and did duty for part of a season without pay.

On Captain Macdonald's return to the Island in 1777 or 1778, he found that many of the people he had brought out in 1772 had left his property, and taken up lands in other settlements. The grants required that 100 souls should be settled on each lot.

At that time he was much distressed by the

actions of the local Government in demanding payment of arrears of Quit rents amounting to several thousand pounds which he was unable to pay, even if justly due, and hence his appeal to the Imperial Government. In this he states the efforts he has put forth to settle the property and to relieve the people on his own and other estates, and says half the population then on the Island was brought to it through his own exertions; eight townships being completely settled viz. three of his own and five belonging to other properties.

A Boston correspondent, replying to the query about Isabelle Bird Bishop, in this magazine last month, says: "Isabelle Bird Bishop embodied her account of her visit to Prince Edward Island in 'An Englishwoman in America.' A chapter is devoted to the Island. Sir Dominick Daly was Governor and the Hon. Geo. Coles Premier. She dips her pen in vinegar to give her impressions of Charlottetown society, which she characterizes as malicious and scandal mongering. Outside of Charlottetown she enjoys herself very much. She was rowed over 'Hillsboro Creek' to see the Indians. She was at a 'party at Government House.' There may be some living yet who met the lady there, who may be able to give their impression of her. She gathers from the prominence of the Roman Catholic Church that that denomination is the most important. Miss Bishop mentions her relationship with the Swabeys. The second edition of the book came out in London in 1856; publisher, John Murray.

But even more vitriolic were the criticisms passed upon the people of the Province by Lieut-Col. Sleight, about whose book, "Pine Forests, and Hackmetack Clearings" we also enquired for information last month. A subscriber has kindly placed a copy of the

book at our disposal. It treats of travel and adventure, social and political life in the Maritime Provinces. In the preface of the book the author says: "During my service in the military profession I was quartered as an officer in the army, in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Lower Canada . . . Afterwards I again visited in the British North American Provinces and during that time I travelled over a large extent of country in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and the Canadas." The book was written in 1853 and is characterized by that outspoken speech which tradition accords to the army officer of that period. On coming to Prince Edward Island the author had many faults to find; the year was three quarters winter; society was low; the people cunning and I know not what other crimes are charged to the inhabitants. Here is a sample of the style of the redoubtable Lieutenant Colonel. It is a description of a Ball at Government House, to which—we presume—Col. Sleight was not invited:

"The extent to which the Governor permits the set by whom he is surrounded, to insult the more respectable classes, cannot be better exemplified than by examining the invites to the Ball of the Season, lately given. It is a fact that nearly all the ladies of the Island were uninvited, as well as the Chief Justice, the Judges, the Adjutant General of the Militia and Town Major, the Collector of Her Majesty's Customs, the Ecclesiastical Commissary and Rector, the late Executive Council, the President of the Legislative Council, a Conservative proprietor, and others without number. The natural question will be 'who were there?' We answer, a few military men, unconnected with party, and all the inferior shop-keepers in the town."

Colonel Sleight could not have hit it off with the people of this Island during the time he spent here. In his book is a scathing description of the officers of the surveying steamer *Gulnare*, and the manner in which they perform their duty. He is also severe on our provincial lawyers and in this

connection gives expression to the following paragraph:

"A more sickening task cannot well be undertaken than a perusal of the two vast volumes of "Laws of Prince Edward Island," numbering 1719 pages: the great curse of the Island has been a plethora of laws and lawyers, the little village or capital, Charlotte-town, having to its share a legal confederacy aptly designated "the forty thieves."



This book of the gallant Colonel's was written fifty years ago when there was much bitter feeling between the landed proprietors (with whom the author sided) and the tenantry and their sympathisers,



It makes one feel pleasantly content to observe that the advertising of Canada is in capable hands, and is being pushed with discriminating vigor. We have to acknowledge the receipt of a remarkably well got-up booklet entitled "Canada," from the Department of the Interior, which merits admiration.



Baroness Van Hutten's stories are clear cut aristocratic tales conceived by a mind that is original in its fancies and its ideals. One does not complete the story of "Violet" without being stirred by the daintiness of the tale, and it is with a satisfied feeling that one puts the book down. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston are the publishers, as they are also the publishers of "Kwaidan," a collection of Japanese folkstories by Lafcadio Hearn, that interest in the present crisis in the far East has prompted us to read. These well-told stories while they charm also help one to understand Japanese character, and one is led to realize the distinctiveness of the two sides of the little people, whose enterprise in war entitles them to serious consideration. These are good stories to read if you are interested in the mysticism of the Orient.

Most valued by some of the admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson, are the prayers written by him for family worship at Vailima. These have been heretofore not easy to obtain all together, but Charles Scribner's Son's New York, have gathered them together, and published them by the title of "Prayers written at Vailima," with an introduction by Mr. Stevenson; the price of the book being fifty cents. Here is one of the prayers, the reading of which will explain to the most unemotional reader, why the prayers are treasured by admirers of Stevenson:

"Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety, and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our immortal endeavors. If it may not give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another."



The recent big fire at Toronto has been the means of compelling us to go to press this month without several illustrated articles, the plates for which were being engraved in an establishment that suffered loss in the fire. This has deprived us of the pleasure of presenting, this month, some interesting contributions, which however, will appear in our next issue. We greatly regret having to go to press minus our illustrations, as we also regret the delay occasioned, but the fire was a totally unforeseen calamity, and our readers will on that account we trust overlook the omission of the articles which we have been compelled to hold over.

The Educational Outlook

The Official Organ of The Teachers' Association of P. E. Island.

MANAGING EDITOR : George J. McCormac, F. G. S. A., I. P. S.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS : James Landrigan ; P. M. Grant ; J. A. Ready, B. A. ; W. V. Newson, B. A. ; M. Sc. ; J. E. Gillis ; S. T. Peters ; B. L. Cahill, Henry B. McLean ; P. F. Hughes.

Articles, books for review, and all communications for the Editors should be addressed to the Editor of THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK, Box 73, Charlottetown.

Subscriptions from teachers, and all business communications should be sent to James Landrigan, Secretary-Treasurer of the Teachers' Association of P. E. I., Charlottetown.

EDITORIAL.

Pictures in the Schoolroom.

THE value of pictorial illustrations in the schoolroom cannot be over estimated. However clear, graphic and interesting oral instruction may be, for children whose knowledge of things is limited, it must be supplemented by pictorial illustrations.

Pictures are part of school apparatus as essential as maps. No teacher thinks of teaching Geography without the aid of a map. Yet nothing is intelligently taught of Geography through a map, except a general sense of location, and possibly of distance. Geography needs pictures to make it intelligible. History needs the aid of pictures ; as of historic incidents, of dress and architecture of different periods, etc. Natural History can scarcely be taught without the aid of pictures, as animals, plants, etc.

Among the many advantages of using

pictures in the school are (1) they save the use of words, (2) they convey better ideas than mere words, (3) they can be made to represent so many things which the child will never see in reality, (4) they are convenient substitutes for objects, machines, etc., of which comparatively so few can be brought into school.

Scrap Books for Teachers.

Teachers will find scrap books very helpful in their work. Many useful hints, etc., can be clipped from periodicals and pasted into scrap books. In one part of the book can be pasted examination papers, in another busy work hints, in another memory gems, in another poetry suitable for recitation, in another hints on teaching and methods, and so on. In this way the scrap book can be made an ever ready helpmate.

Schools in Alaska.

IN the last report of the general agent of education in Alaska, Mrs. Bernardi, who a year ago left a well-graded school in the United States to take charge of an ungradud school among the Eskimos in subartic Alaska gives a graphic account of school life in the frozen North, and the impressions made upon her at the beginning of her labors in the Eskimo school at Cape Prince of Wales.

"The very first impression," says Mrs Bernardi, "was a disagreeable odor from various water-soaked sealskin boots, deer-skin clothing, worn for years, probably next the skin; a sickening smell of putrid meat recently devoured by hungry children. My next impression was the great diversity of ages raging from 5 year, to 50, and third, the seeming impossibility of remembering half a hundred Eskimo names enrolled, such as Eluksuk, Keuk, Anakartuk, Tunguenuk, and so on to the end of the list. The pupils came into and out of the schoolroom just as often as their fancy dictated, playing on the beach or on top of the school-house until they grew cold or lonesome, when they came in for a little while. The old men used the school for a loafing place, like the typical corner grocery store in a country village, while the women abandoned their babies to the mercy of the woman teacher while they quietly took a nap. One can expect as ready answers from a row of little rabbits as from some of the smaller pupils. They seldom speak except in class recitation. Should you call one by name, their big black eyes look at you as if they expected you to devour them. I found many children who could read fluently from the Fourth Reader, but could not understand what they were read-

ing about. And so it was in the mathematics. A few could do very long division but could not apply the rundimental principles of mathematics even in so small a sum as "If an egg and a half cost a cent and a half, how much will three eggs cost?" They are a fine, brave people, full of life and energy, although this energy is suppressed, as also their emotions. The children are not lacking in intelligence. but their development has been on totally different lines from the average boy. Their observation is keen, they imitate readily, and are quick to see the point if spoken to in their own language."

The Western Teachers' Convention.

THE twenty-eighth convention of the Western Teachers' Association will be held at Summerside on Wednesday and Thursday, June 29th and 30th next. The followiug is the programme as published in a neatly printed and tastefully illustrated booklet which the officers are now distributing for the purpose of advertising the convention :—

WEDNESDAY, June 29th.

10.00 a. m.—enrollment and appointing Committees

11.00 a. m.—President's Address, W. J. McMillan.

1.30 p. m.—Paper, "Manual Training," William Nelson

2.30 p. m.—Paper "Some Difficulties of the Teacher not often alluded to," Miss Eva B. Reagh.

3.30—Paper, "Learning and Retaining

Attendance in the school-room," Miss Lizzie Noonan

8.00 p. m.—Address, "The Spirit of the Age and Its influence on our Educational System," Rev. P. C. Gauthier, D. D.

THURSDAY, June 30th.

9.30 a. m.—Paper "The Parent and the School," Miss Laura A. Duncan.

10.30—Kindergarten Class, "Gift Lesson," under the direction of Miss Mary F. Hunt.

1.30 p. m.—Address, "Nature Study" Theodore Ross, B. A.

2.30 p. m.—Reports of Committees and General Business.

3.30 p. m.—Election of Officers.

It is to be hoped that our Teachers' Conventions this year will be well attended. Every teacher in the western half of the province should be present at the Summerside meeting, which promises to be one of the most instructive, most interesting, and most profitable gatherings ever held in the western metropolis. With Mr. W. J. McMillan who so acceptably filled the office of President of the Provincial Teachers' Association last year, as presiding officer and the energetic Inspector of Schools, Mr. W. D. McIntyre, as Secretary, the Western Teachers' Convention this year will undoubtedly be a grand success.

Our Puzzle Department.

IN the first issue of the *Outlook* we opened a Puzzle Department, and have since continued it in every number; but we find that the vast majority

of our readers take little or no interest in it, although we have offered valuable prizes to induce them to send in solutions. One of our chief endeavors is to make the *Outlook* interesting as well as instructive, to give our readers what they want; and as it seems that only a very few of them enjoy wandering through the fairy maze and labyrinths of puzzledom, we have decided to call in a choir of spring poets to sing the requiem of our Puzzle Department; and will devote the space it was wont to occupy each month, to matters which we trust will interest the majority of our readers, instead of amusing and entertaining the few who believe, as the Puzzle Editor believes, that the composing and solving of puzzles is one of the best exercises for sharpening the intellect, increasing the powers of observation, and training one to habits of accuracy.

Arbor Day.

IT is greatly to be hoped that Arbor Day may hereafter be much more generally observed than it has been in the past. Efforts have been put forth here and there on Arbor Day to improve the school grounds by tree planting, but the results to date are somewhat disappointing, and the condition seems to demand more united and systematic efforts. "The planting of a tree, the tender care bestowed upon it, the eager watching for new developments in its growth, the tending of a

flower bed, the training of a vine," night of the Eden-like glories of the says Geo. Mull, "will for many a child North-west as a field in which "to prove the "open sesame" into the teach the young idea how to shoot" and charmed circle of those forces and factors of the natural world which purify, and shoot young ideas, may be interested in reading the experiences of a refine and ennoble the heart of man." young lady teacher from Kings County

We devote a number of pages of this month's *Outlook* to the consideration which are recounted in this issue of the Outlook. As it is in P. E. I. so it is in "the wild and woolly West," the of this most important school holiday, teacher's life is not one of perpetual and trust that every teacher in the sunshine. the province will put forth his or her best efforts in celebrating our tree-planting festival in an appropriate manner.

The teachers of the eastern half of the province will be pleased to learn that Rev. Thomas F. Fullerton, of Charlottetown, and George S. Inman, Esq., of Montague, have consented to deliver addresses at the next annual convention of the Eastern Teachers' Association to be held at Georgetown, on June 29th and 30th next. These addresses will form a valuable addition to the programme already published in the illustrated booklets distributed some weeks ago by the officers of the Association.

Teachers who dream night after

The attention of our school patrons is especially directed to the article on "How to Maintain the Efficiency of Our Schools" which appears on another page. Every ratepayer in the Province should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" its contents, and recall the same to memory on the second Tuesday of next June, the day on which the annual school meetings will be held.

Judge Warburton's able article on tree-planting contains just the sort of information that every teacher requires at this season of the year when they are making plans for Arbor Day celebration.



Editorial Chat.

Telling is not teaching.

Keep the dull and idle pupils in the front seats.

Do not punish when angry.

"Over and over again" must be the motto of the primary teacher.

Praise the work rather than the child.

"Before school" is better than "after school" work.

Talk with parents about their children and use as much praise as possible without imperilling your immortal soul.

Make your reading lesson to the some extent a language lesson.

Never dispute with an angry parent. Let him cool down first.

To educate the child we must educate the parents along with them. We cannot greatly elevate the child so long as his parents are as dead weights.

Some teachers say a great deal, but talk very little. They are generally successful teachers too.

If there is any subject more than another that can be neglected without effort it is Penmanship.

An architect says that the largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

The teacher is like a pin; there is no push to him unless he has a good head.

Teachers must be thinkers in a professional way. One boss may do the thinking for a hundred house builders, but builders of brains must do their own thinking.

The teacher must either go up stream or drift down.

Authority should be felt, not seen.

A good educational periodical is as necessary to the teacher as the market reports are to the trader. Have you paid your subscription to the Outlook? Every teacher should realize that this paper is not brought out simply for exercise, and that the experiment of publishing a paper on wind, has long ago proved to be a failure.

Among the teachers who teach or profess to teach any subject are two

classes (1) those who teach the subject and (2) those who teach a textbook on the subject.

Let the primary classes do some work on the blackboard, such as making letters and figures, writing and drawing. They will become deeply interested in this work and will improve rapidly.

Give the pupils occasionally some questions to be answered after investigation. Investigation carried on at home awakens the interest of parents and patrons.

"Education," says Ruskin, "is a painful continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but, above all, by example."

Cultivate the virtue of intelligent patriotism by teaching in an interesting manner the history of our own country.

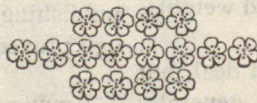
Take imaginary journeys with your pupils, and describe the different cars, railroads, kind of vessels, principal ports visited, exports from them and matters of interest generally. Geo-

graphy will be pleasing and helpful by this means.

The manager of an immense business recently declared that it cost his house \$25,000 a year to correct errors in invoices and other papers—mistakes due to poor writing and poor English—Teachers should not neglect those subjects, they are not trifles.

The men who read, study, think are the growing men of our day. Are you one of the number? Do you endeavor to enlarge your ideas and increase your zeal for the work of teaching by reading educational journals and professional books?

Remember, teachers, that you occupy the skirmish line in the irrepressible conflict with ignorance and bigotry, superstition and stupidity, folly and vice. Your work embraces all humanity, and for you are fields of peaceful triumph grander than hero ever conquered and there are guerdons to be won richer than the laurel crown of the olden days of Greece. Though not appreciated and rewarded as you should be here on earth, remember that "great shall be your reward in Heaven."



Hints and Helps.

TEN PEDAGOGICAL FACTS.

I. The real school depends upon the ideal school.

II. A teacher's ideal depends upon culture and comparison.

III. Children cannot be properly taught by one who cannot think.

IV. Children cannot be properly taught by one who does not believe in humanity.

V. Children cannot be properly taught by one who does not love the work.

VI. A successful teacher is quick and earnest in speech and action.

VII. A teacher cannot teach correctly what he does not know thoroughly.

VIII. The mere ability to peddle text-book facts does not represent teaching ability.

IX. Correct teaching leads pupils to love humanity, nature and books.

X. Four walls and a roof do not make a school.

FOR THE BLACKBOARD.

Write the following on the blackboard and see what the children say about it.

MY DUTY AS A PUPIL.

1. Attention to my teacher's instructions.
2. Good behaviour at all times.

3. Not to communicate during school hours.

4. Not to present as my own any work that is done by others.

5. Not to laugh at trifles and create disturbance.

6. Not to ridicule new methods introduced into the school room.

7. To be prompt in obeying signals.

8. To remember that if I act in an unbecoming manner it reflects upon my bringing-up at home.

9. To use my best endeavors to influence the younger pupils for good.

10. To do all of today's work today.

11. To study politeness and keep in mind that it pays to exercise it.

ENGLISH

Write the following expressions on the blackboard and ask the pupils to correct them and give reasons for each correction :

- (1) Try and go. (2) I did two sums above John (3) Do like I do. (4) He is not as good as he ought to be. (5) He feels badly. (6) Do it right away. (7) I had rather do that. (8) He is a well posted man. (9) This is real good. (10) I will put the numbers in order. (11) He feels good. (12) This is a healthy food. (13) I would as soon do it as not. (14) These kind is nice. (15) He comes seldom or ever. (16) Divide that between seven boys. (17) If you look anyone straight in the face they will flinch-

(18) Try this experiment. (19) Do you see John the third party. (20) He has been stopping at our house two days. (21) Try and do. (22) I guess I will do it. (23) Does it look good enough.

KEEP THE CHILDREN BUSY.

Parents should teach their children to do things about the house and the farm. It trains them to be useful, not awkward in later and more important affairs; it gives them occupation while they are small and it guards against selfish, idle, unhandy members of an older society. Occupation makes happiness and occupation cannot be acquired too young.

FROEBEL'S DOCTRINE.

Froebel's nine great ideas are: (1) That the child repeats the history of the race, which he was about the first to see. (2) That the feeling instincts are the germs of both intellect and will. (3) That self activity and spontaneity and play are creative and reflecting. (4) That the higher monistic pantheism which he represents is the philosophy of education. (5) That children

are originally sound, wholly and congenitally sinless. (6) That they should be allowed at each stage what that stage calls for. (7) That harmony and love are the rule. (8) That we must live for the children, and that there is nothing else worth living for. (9) That health, out-door life, close to nature and earth are the rule.

A BLACKBOARD VERSE.

Teach your mind to think, my boy,
Your hand to guide a rapid pen,
Your heart to love the bravest toil,
That makes the worker king of men.
To fight life's rough and stormy seas,
Your ship must sail against the wind,
You must not stop to gather up
The wrecks of others left behind.

THE HELPING HAND.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrows of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

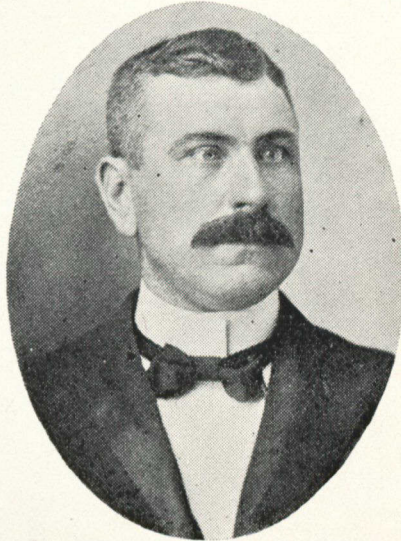


Prince County's School Inspector.

Wallace D. MacIntyre, Inspector of Public schools, for Prince County, was born at New Perth, on October 6th 1867, and received his early education in the Public School of his

native place. He was a successful candidate in the examination for matriculation into Prince of Wales College in 1883, his name standing first on the pass list. In the following year he

won a scholarship for King's County of them having won county scholar- and entered Prince of Wales College, ships, bears strong testimony to his from which he graduated in 1886, ability and energy as a teacher. He having secured an Honor Diploma and leading his class in Mathematics and Latin. In the same year he was appointed principal of the Montague High School, a position which he capably filled for four years, after which he spent a year in the United States. Returning in 1891, he held in succession the principalship of Park Corner Graded School also Kensington, and Summerside and St. the World's Fair at Chicago. He has Eleanor's High Schools. The excel- twice been President of the Teachers' lent showing made by many of the Association of P. E. I., and is at pres- ent Secy-Treas. of the Western Teach- Mr. MacIntyre's principalship, several ers' Association.



Mr. W. D. MacIntyre
Inspector of Schools for Prince County.

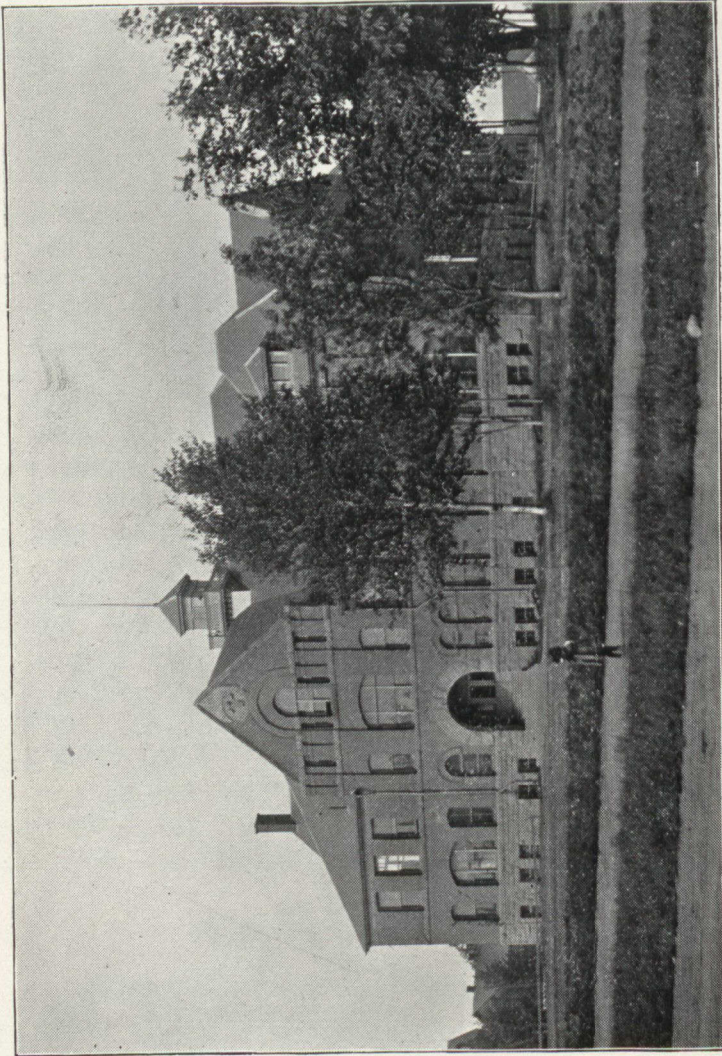
was appointed to his present position in 1899, and as was expected from his record as a teacher he has performed the important duties of his office in a highly satisfactory manner. While at Kensington, Mr. MacIntyre was a successful candidate in the Guardian's competition for most popular teacher and was one of the four who secured a free trip to



Town and Country.

GOD made the country and man made the town ;
 What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threatened in the fields and groves.

--William Cowper.



Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

How to Maintain the Efficiency of Our Schools.

TO THE RATEPAYERS:—

WHILE you have been blessed during the last few years with a very generous measure of prosperity and farmers have received good prices for everything which they produce, and while in other occupations wages have kept pace with the greater prosperity and the increased cost of living, teachers' salaries have remained stationary or have decreased. The result is that you have lost the services of the best teachers, who, on account of the utterly inadequate salaries offered them, have been forced to find some other means of making a living either in our own Province or in some other part of Canada or the United States. About fifty of your schools have thus been left without teachers during this year. The loss resulting from the closing of these schools in addition to the withdrawal from the Province of some of our most intelligent and useful citizens cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. How much longer are you going to continue this penny-wise and pound-foolish policy? The remedy is simple and easily applied: Increase the supplements and give the teachers a chance to live. Prince Edward Island is not the only Province where the question of increased salaries for teachers is pressing for a solution; our

teachers' salaries are, however, considerably lower than in any other part of Canada.

The expenditure for Education in the three Maritime Provinces for the year 1902 was as follows:—

NOVA SCOTIA.

School Section and County Assessments	\$656,227.00
Provincial Government Grant	257,616.00
Total	\$913,843.00

School Section and County Assessments	71.81 per cent
Provincial Government Grant	28.19 per cent

NEW BRUNSWICK

District Assessments and County Fund	\$433,570.41
Provincial Government Grant	162,227.19
Total	\$595,797.60

District Assessments and County Fund	72.78 per cent
Provincial Government Grant	27.22 per cent

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

School District Assessments	\$ 38,826.88
-----------------------------	--------------

Provincial Government Grant	127,494.98
Total	\$166,321.86
School District Assessments	23.35 per cent
Provincial Government Grant	76.65 per cent

A perusal of these figures shows that, in the neighbouring Provinces, by far the larger share of expenditure is contributed by the districts and counties, while in this Province the districts contribute a ridiculously small amount, only \$2,865.50 of which goes to supple-

ment the salaries of teachers in country districts; at the same time nearly the whole of the Provincial Government Grant goes to the teachers.

Do you think that you best serve your own interests and, moreover, use your best friends, the teachers, decently when you give them so little pecuniary encouragement in their noble work?

With best wishes for your success and happiness,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. D. MACINTYRE.



Teaching in the North-West.

By Appin.

HOW little we realize, when we leave our comfortable eastern homes and schools, what teaching in the West means. I just wish to give my first experience in a western school. I might say it is not the experience of every teacher, neither is it an exceptional one, as I have heard teachers tell far worse stories than that which I am about to relate.

Most of the schools in the N. W. T. are summer schools, so when I came out in May I obtained a permit to teach until the opening of Normal School in September. So I sent my application to the trustees of the Theo-

dore School in Assinaboia, and was accepted. I arrived at the town of Y—— on Saturday afternoon, and found that I had twenty-five miles to drive to my boarding place. My trustees had commissioned a man to meet me and bring me out the following day, so I had some time to look around. I found a fairly good sized town, the buildings mostly of brick and very fine, considering that the greater part of the town had been built within the last two years. The streets were crowded with foreigners—the strange languages and peculiar dress reminding me very forcibly that I was in a strange coun-

try. I was told that as many as twenty-five different languages were spoken in Y——. Before leaving town I had time to visit "Duckhobor town," a little to one side of Y——. I found some of the Duckhobors living in very small log houses, some in huts, and as you would be walking over a little mound your foot would suddenly strike against a stove pipe and going down one side you would come to the door of the "dug-out."

One of the houses into which we entered had a large old-fashioned oven taking up almost half of the house. The women were engaged in bread making, and do not be shocked, ye eastern matrons, when I tell you that they had an ordinary wash-tub full of sponge. I saw some of their loaves, which were something the shape of a plum pudding only four times as large—yet the bread was nice and white looking.

The next day I drove out twenty miles with a teacher who taught in the school next to mine. In all that distance we passed but two log houses but although it was Sunday many people were returning home from town with loads of flour, machinery etc. The house where I was to stop for the night was a moderate sized frame house owned by a Canadian, a widower with a big fat Dutchwoman keeping house for him or rather getting the meals for everything came secondary to the outside work, *i e* attending to a large herd of cattle and altho' the house contained some fairly good furniture it was covered with the dust of months. The missionary was at the house ready to drive me to my own boarding place on the morrow—so we passed the evening—the men talking of the glorious future in store for the West, while the Dutchwoman and her two little girls tried to talk to me in broken English, while I used every effort to chase away the thought of home. However the next morning dawned bright and sunny and I went down stairs prepared to begin the day hopefully at any rate—but when I got to the kitchen and found the man of the house and the Dutchwoman had started for Y - - - some hours before and left me alone with the two little girls the missionary and teacher and a Galatian hired man, I felt lonesome indeed. However the gentlemen went about getting breakfast as if quite accustomed to do such things and I suppose they were compelled oftentimes to fish for themselves. After a visit of an hour or so at the school we started for "My Castle in Spain" which proved to be a small log house with windows guiltless of glass and blinds—the house consisted of two rooms—one being the kitchen, dining room and parlor while the other was the store. Oh that some of our merchant princes could peep into that place of business where axe handles and dried apples were side by side with overalls and

packages of sugar. There were two rooms upstairs with two rough home made beds in each room and the half of the room assigned to me had a dry goods box on which reposed a tin basin and a large cake of common soap. The roof was made of small logs and mud and when it rained "the mud descended and the drops came." The whole house presented a fearfully untidy appearance. The people were from the East but, living so long in the Western wilds had grown very careless in every respect. How I was ever to spend four months in this wretched place was more than I could tell.

The school was two miles distant—of course I drove and that was my first trouble for I knew nothing about horses and was very much afraid of them. One day when I had been there a week or so I nearly lost my horse in this wise. I tethered him to a stake as usual in the morning, but about eleven thirty a band of horses came along and my horse got wild to be off with them. Frightened that he would kill himself I let him loose and off he ran to join the band with the tether trailing after him—the children and myself went in pursuit and after half an hours' search found him fastened securely to a tree by the tether. But to return to my school. It was a low log building plastered with mud—the desks were immense affairs, home made of course and would almost require a four horse power to remove them. I had ten on the roll, and while I was there the average was

seven—all Danes speaking not a word of English when I went there.

The children were fairly bright, but I could only teach them Phonics and the English language, or rather try to make them understand our language. The school was situated in a very lonely place two miles from the nearest house and I was very much alarmed one day to find a party of Doukhobors encamped near the school digging seneca root and seeing, as I thought, one of them approaching the school I quietly locked the door—the first knock was greeted with silence but when the second resounded thro' the school—one little boy shouted, "teacher, knock---knock" so I was compelled to open the door and judge my amazement when the Inspector introduced himself. About a week after my arrival the mosquitos invaded the country and smudges became the order of the day. We went everywhere with a large veil of mosquito netting covering our faces and thick gloves on, no matter how hot the day but the poor horses had no protection and when we got to school they were literally covered.

I remained for three months and oh I can never express my joy at getting back to civilization again.

During the time I spent at L—— I met teachers who were much worse off than I was as to boarding places and some of them six and seven miles from a postoffice—but since then I have taught in Manitoba and the N. W. T., and have been as comfortably situated as in the East.

Korea Socially and Educationally.

By the Editor.

IN the northeastern part of Asia, located east of China and west of Japan, lies the Peninsula of Korea, bounded on the east by the Japan Sea, and on the west by the Yellow Sea. Its northern boundary is the Ap-Nok River, which separates it from China, and the Tuman River which separates it from Asiatic Russia together with a small portion of rocky country, its only connection with the mainland. This country is known in history under many names, but the name most familiar to the western world is Korea, a name which it dropped when the dynasty of Korea ceased to exist, over five hundred years ago. Since that time it has been known to the oriental world as Ta-Jo-Son, which is the name of the reigning dynasty and which signifies "great morning calm."

The Koreans are among the oldest people of the world and have a written history dating back 3000 years, but their origin is shrouded in doubt. The ancient Koreans worshipped God in the mountains, and although the old religion is nearly lost in the present religions of Buddha and Confucius, they still hold in great veneration the mountains where their ancestors used to worship. Buddhism was introduced into Korea from India and Confucianism from China. The former is the religion of the people, the latter that of the court. Buddhism is the religion of the Korean people and was supported by the Government in ancient times until Confucianism was made the court religion. At present it has many temples supported by the women of Korea, who are all worshippers of Buddha. This religion in many respects resembles Christianity. It inculcates all the moral prin-

ciples found in the ten commandments of Moses and it teaches that the spirit after death goes either to Heaven or to hell or becomes reembodyed in some plant or animal and that salvation is secured through faith, knowledge and morality. There are two forms of Buddhism, higher and lower. The former are found only among the philosophers and are either priests or celibates and devote themselves to the study of the soul rather than to prayers and ceremonies.

The followers of Confucius have a form of worship which existed long before his time and was continued by him, and the temples built to him are only monuments of respect to his memory, and show the esteem in which his teachings are held. These temples are built by the Government, and are never opened to the common people except for educational purposes. Although Confucianism is counted a religion, it is really a system of sociology, and has none of the elements of a religion. It in no way refers to a future life or to the immortality of the soul. Confucius was a moralist and a statesman, but not a saviour and his disciples are moralists and economists.

Those two religions must have had great influence in forming the Korean character, Confucius teaching them to care for the things of the present, and Buddha turning their thoughts to a life to come in which they will receive an accordance with the things done here.

The genealogy of Koreans is kept with great care, and no person whose lineage is not pure can ever become a high official. Polygamy is not practised, and no wife would pardon unfaithfulness in her husband.

The pure moral principles which govern Koreans are faithfulness to parents, respect for women, honesty in their dealings, and humility.

Superficially considered, the Koreans resemble the Chinese and Japanese in many respects. China may have a more ancient history, and Japan may of late years have been far more progressive, but Korea's political institutions which make her independent characteristics were organized on scientific principles many centuries ago. The feudal system was abolished in Korea about the time it was adopted in Japan. Free schools, public hospitals, alms houses, and civil-service examinations are old institutions to Korea and are unknown to China, and until a very recent date unknown to Japan. Loyalty to the court is considered a very strong element of morality in Japan, but in Korea patriotism ranks before it. The general culture of Korea is on a much higher plane than that of China and Japan; the Koreans speak of themselves as the "nation of culture" and of China and Japan as the "barbarous nations."

Two schools of philosophy are recognized in this country, the ancient Korean philosophy, which teaches that there are five elements—metals, plants, water, fire and earth; and the Buddhist philosophy, which makes only four—earth, water, fire and air. Much attention is given to the study of philosophy by all classes. In the twenty-third century B. C., the Koreans were a lettered people, and in the twentieth century B. C., they had schools to teach reading, writing, music and etiquette. From the third century B. C. to the present time education has gradually increased and today, with the exception of a few servant girls, all men and women can read and write. During the present dynasty free schools and many other kinds of educational institutions have been established.

Education in Korea is held in the highest esteem, and a literary man is received with no less formality by the prime minister, who is almost equal to the King in rank, than a nobleman or high official. Not only are the respectable classes educated, but even the dancing girls must study poetry, reading, writing and painting before they can fulfil their professional duties. Every nobleman, however poor, has a large private library of thousands of volumes. These are loaned to all who ask, and are kept in almost constant circulation. Books were first printed in Korea ten centuries ago. The scholars frequently spend their entire time in writing books, both of prose, and poetry. They are written on both sides of the thinnest possible sheets of paper and piled upon the floor 'till they reach the chin. Many of them accomplish two or three "chins" during their lifetime.

The Korean language, like the English, has twenty-five letters, and the words are of one or more syllables, while the Chinese words have generally but one. The Korean language has for centuries preserved its grammatical construction which is based on scientific principles. Like the Chinese it is written in perpendicular lines and the principal words of the sentence have the outlying words grouped around them. Metaphors and personifications are more used in the Korean than in either the Chinese or Japanese languages.

The following extract from a letter written by one recently a missionary teacher in Korea will give a good idea of Korean school life:—

"As one comes in contact with the children of Korea one cannot but become interested in their lives, so different from the American boys. In the winter days just as dawn begins to grow bright, about the hour of seven, one sees the little boys leaving their homes and taking their ways along the

pathways to the school building. Let us follow them along and notice their clothing and their behavior. How cold their cotton clothing looks! But as we notice it more carefully we see that it is all padded with cotton, and quilted so that it is quite warm after all. As the different boys meet one another, instead of romping and playing with each other as we are accustomed to see boys do, each falls into line behind the other and walks along in a quiet, dignified way, turning neither to the left nor the right, but behaving in a way which suggests that he is beyond childish frivolities and gayeties. Poor children!—they have never known a time of gay and happy childhood play!

This low mud building with the strange tiled roof is the school-house. We have to stoop to enter the low door. Once inside we see a small room entirely devoid of furniture unless it be a low table used by those sitting on the floor. Indeed, all sit on the floor—

teacher and pupils. The bright-faced boys, (girls have no schools in heathendom) are all bending over their books, and as they sway back and forth they call out the names of the characters at the top of their voices. The one who makes the loudest noise is supposed to be working the most diligently. The teachers' duty is principally to see that all keep busy. *All day long*, with only an intermission to eat a bowl of plain boiled rice or millet which each child has brought with him, do the pupils study the uninteresting characters in that monotonous tiresome way.

"You have now seen a school in a Korean heathendom. If you cared to visit the mission schools you would see a much different sight. Good sized rooms, furnished with blackboards and maps, and in some places even desks, and the schools carried on in quite a modern way, the pupils having even the pleasure of the *variety* of study."



Irregular Attendance.

THE following paragraphs on the effects of irregular attendance are taken from a circular sent some time ago by the School Board of Halifax to every parent in that city:—

(1) There is so much work to be done, and the time is so short, that every good teacher plans to have her pupils make some advance every day. At home she prepares for the next day's lessons, at least for those which seem to be the most important. Every

new lesson is easily learned, for new work naturally arouses interest, which is favourable to a deep and lasting impression. But the absent pupil loses this great advantage. The subjects may be brought up again for his benefit, but the freshness and interest are gone, and he learns it, if at all, with much greater difficulty.

(2) In many subjects it is impossible to understand to-day's problems without a clear knowledge of yesterdays

work. The pupils, therefore, who were absent yesterday must, to a great extent, fail in to-day's work. They will be continually laboring under a disadvantage and some fall behind. Leave out every fifth or tenth brick from a foundation and you will not have a very secure building. Leave out every fourth chapter from a good novel, and you may find the interest gone. The pupil who frequently loses a day from school, is likely to lose much in reading, spelling, geography and such subjects, — but he will fail entirely in grammar, arithmetic and geometry.

(3) Occasional absence from school is apt to produce an indifference which soon grows into a dislike of school and school studies. Irregularity and tardiness are habits which are serious hindrances to success in after life.

(4) Irregularity is an injustice to the teacher. She has to-day explained to her class clearly and in the most interesting manner possible, the rule for the addition of fractions. Tomorrow she has to go over it a second time for

Willie and Annie, and the day after, a third time for John and Sarah, otherwise they would have no chance of keeping with the other classes, or perhaps she has gone to much trouble and some expense in getting up an experiment, or in collecting specimens for a nature lesson, and feels that all the pupils should be present to get the benefit.

(5) Irregularity is a serious worry to the punctual pupils. They are kept back in their studies while the teachers time is taken up by helping those who have been absent. The general advance of the whole department is hindered. A few tardy stragglers are capable of throwing a marching regiment into disorder.



Answers to February Puzzles.

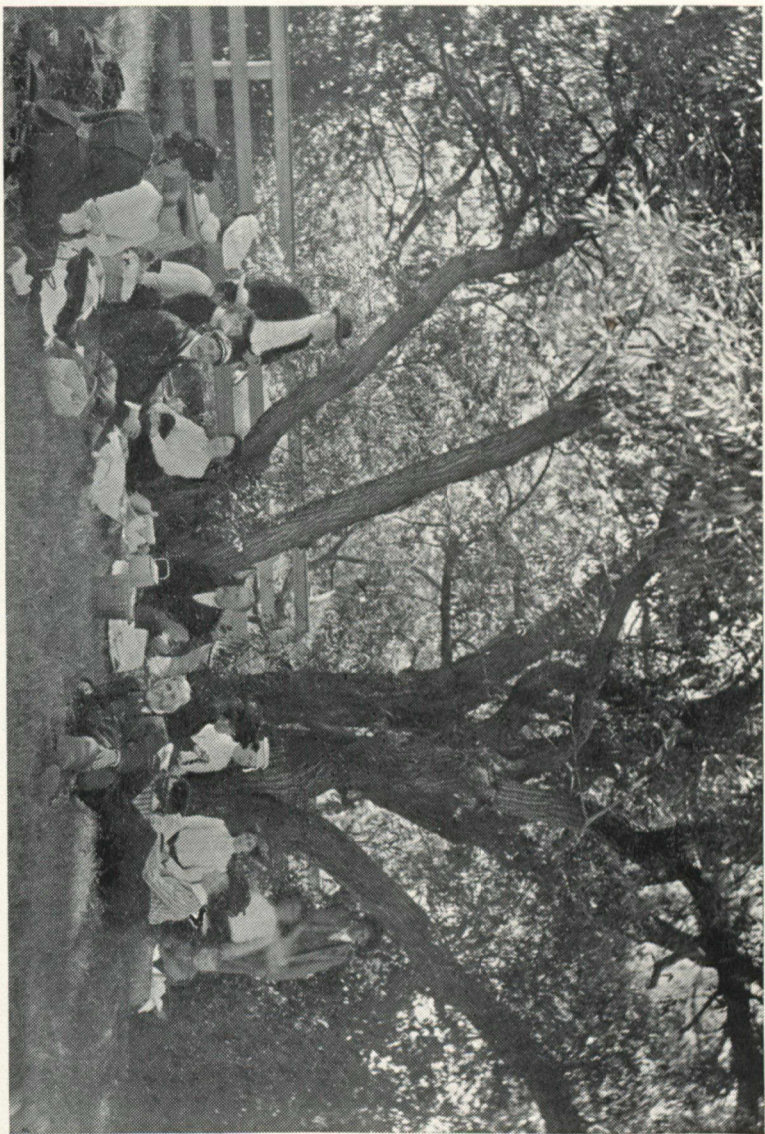
- I. Biliousness.
- II. Madam.
- III. Assets, As—sets.
- IV. Splashes, plashes, lashes, ashes, she's he's, e's.
- V. Stabling, Stab-ling.

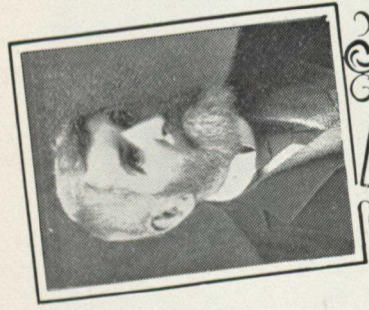


The Grammar Lesson.

THE teacher called the grammar class,
 One bright November day,
 And said: "My children, now you know
 The hens they sit and lay,
 So tell me what the people do—
 Now think right hard and try."
 And then a sorrel-headed boy
 Yelled out: "They sit and lie."

AN OUTTING, SUMMER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE—CHATHAM, N. B.





L.W. BAILEY, L.L.D.



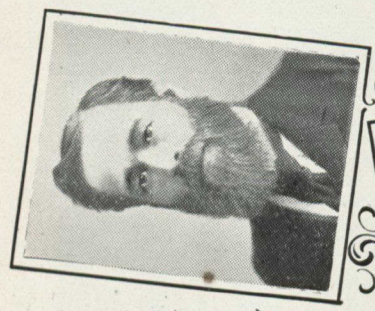
JAMES VROOM,
PRESIDENT.



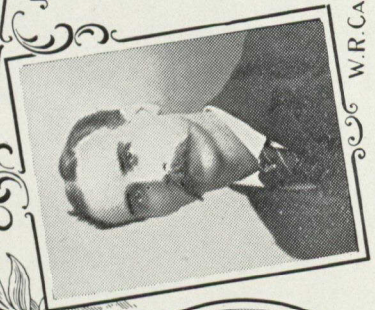
C.A. STARRATT



J.B. HALL, Ph.D.



J.D. SEAMAN,
SECRETARY.



W.R. CAMPBELL, M.A.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF SUMMER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE

The Summer School of Science.

AMONG the Summer Schools, which have become established institutions in every part of North America, none offer equal advantages at the same cost, than the Summer School of Science for the Atlantic Provinces of Canada does.

This school meets for its eighteenth session at Charlottetown, July 12th to 29th, 1904. The meetings will be held in the Prince of Wales College building, the splendid equipment of which has been placed at the disposal of the school by the college authorities.

The question of the most profitable way to employ the holidays is one that sometimes perplexes the teacher with but little money to devote to holidaying, and also having a desire to do something to make himself a more efficient teacher. The motto of the school "Recreative, Interesting, Educational," sets forth the objects aimed at by the school, viz: to offer to the teacher and others attending an interesting holiday, combining with it recreative opportunities and truly educational advantages. No more profitable nor enjoyable time can be spent by the progressive teacher than to attend the session of the Summer School. The work of the school is a delightful combination of outdoor exercises in the *field work* and *excursions*,

with the more methodical instruction of the class room.

The subjects that are taught are those that are now engaging the attention of all educationists and are found in the school course of every province and state in North America. Further they are the subjects that are coming more and more into prominence each year.

The instructors are the most efficient and best known specialists in the Maritime Provinces. The list of subjects and instructors are as follows:

Botany—D. W. Hamilton, M. A., of the McDonald Consolidated School, Kingston, N. B., and James Vroom.

Chemistry—Prof. W. W. Andrews, LL. D., of Mount Allison, University Sackville, N. B.

Drawing.—F. G. Mathews, Esq. of the Manual Training School, Truro, N. S.

Geology.—Prof. L. M. Bailey, LL. D. at the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.

Kindergarten.—Mrs. S. B. Patter-son, of the Normal School, Truro, N. S.

English Literature—Miss Eleanor Robinson, Teacher of a private Girls' School, St. John, N. B.

Manual Training—F. G. Mathews,

Esq. of the Manual Training School, Truro, N. S.

Physics—Prin. W. R. Campbell, M. A. of Colchester County Academy, Truro, N. S.

Physiology,—S. A. Starratt, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. U. S. A.

Zoology—Prin. P. Cox, Ph. D. of the Grammar School, Chatham, N. B. and G. W. Bailey, of Fredericton, N. B.

The names of those composing this Faculty are a guarantee of the efficiency of the instruction that will be given at the school.

The work of the school has been developed and improved year by year and offers at present a better course and more efficient teachers than ever before and this at no increase of cost. The inquiry has frequently been made by directors of other Summer schools, as to how the work can be carried on with so small a tuition fee. The answer is that the school gets a small financial support from each of the provincial governments, and that the members of the faculty do not serve for the monetary advantage they receive, being content if they receive their actual expenses, which they do not always do, but for the pleasure it gives to serve in any way their fellow teachers. Being teachers themselves, they have a sympathetic feeling for those engaged in the same arduous work.

Since 1894 the Educational Association of P. E. I., has been seeking to have the school recognized by the Government of P. E. I., so that there might be occasional sessions of the school held in this province. Their persistent efforts were at last rewarded by the Government giving to the school the recognition required. As a consequence the session of 1904 is being held in the Province, and it rests with the teachers to take advantage of the opportunity afforded to attend the school, so that the government may feel that they are justified in giving to the school the grant promised. Unless there is a good attendance of teachers it will be a great discouragement to the promoters of the school, and might tend to the recognition being withdrawn by the government. If such should unfortunately be the case and the benefits of occasional sessions of the school lost to the province, the fault would be the teachers alone. But such a thing is not to be anticipated the teachers of this province are not less enterprising than those of the sister provinces, in fact they are somewhat more so, and we are much mistaken if the session of 1904 to be held in Charlottetown will not be the largest and most successful in the history of the school. It rests with the teachers of the province to make it so.

The enrollment fee of the school is only \$2.50 which entitles the member to attendance at all the ordinary classes

without additional cost. If any desire special instruction on any subject they can make arrangements with the instructors at very reasonable rates.

The Secretary of the school Mr. J. D. Seaman, of Charlottetown, will gladly give any information to those desiring it. A Calendar giving full information respecting the meeting has been published and the Secretary, Mr. Seaman, will send them to any making application therefor.



Arbor Day Suggestions.

A summer will soon be here and its opening month, May is the best for tree-planting, would it not be in the interests of education and of the pupils attending the public schools in the country, if something were to be done, next month by them in the way of tree-planting? I think it would be a very excellent thing if every school in the country would, this spring plant a few trees. I suggest that the teachers and pupils of each school undertake to plant a limited number. They should not try to set out too many as a few properly planted and cared for will give more satisfactory results than would be given by a larger number hurriedly and carelessly planted and afterwards neglected.

If each school would decide now to plant a few trees, not more in any one case, than say twelve, or eight, or even four, in a very short time a great improvement would be seen in the appearance of the country. Suppose that this year the planting be confined to the two sides of the public road in front of the school planting an equal number on each side of the road, so as to make a short avenue, having the school house to face the middle of the central space. Put the trees not less than forty feet apart, as that is quite close enough for a public avenue. Twelve trees so planted would give an avenue two hundred feet long which

could be extended from year to year.

1. Should any of the schools undertake this, care should be taken in the selection of the species of trees. On the road side do not plant spruce or other ever-greens as they will catch the snow in winter. We have plenty of native trees to choose from, such as maple, white birch, ash, which would make handsome avenues. We have also beech and in some places oak, but these are more difficult to plant and grow successfully owing to their roots striking into the ground. The trees to be planted should not be too big. I should say a young tree not larger round six inches from the ground, than an ordinary hay-fork handle would be a good outside limit, and if a little smaller it would be fully as good.

2. Having decided on the species select the best obtainable specimens of that species for planting. This is a very simple matter, but not always borne in mind. We have all frequently seen young trees planted out near the road or about buildings, which were miserable specimens, while very much better of the same species could be had with little or no extra trouble. The results from poor selection are apt to be discouraging. The selection must be left to the judgment of the teacher in every case.

3. Pruning. One of the most difficult things to get an amateur tree-planter to do

is to use his knife sufficiently. Yet to say that he cannot use it too freely when putting out the young trees is scarcely to speak too strongly.

4. Planting. The method of planting is usually to dig a little hole, stick the young tree into it, tramp the soil down over the roots and leave it. With a little extra trouble a great improvement upon this method could be made. For vigorous growth the hole should be fairly deep and wide so as to enable good earth to be put under and about the roots, and to enable the roots, particularly the young tendrils, to be spread out, so as to give them plenty of room. In planting young trees, such as maple, elm, etc., intended for avenues or for ornamental trees along the road side or about the household grounds very satisfactory results may be had from the following method: A hole is dug ten inches to a foot deep and from 24 inches to 30 inches in diameter. Place half a dozen good fork fulls of stable manure in the bottom. This manure is covered with good soil to a depth sufficient to allow room between the added soil and the surface of the ground to place the tree so that it will be about the same depth in the ground as it was where grown. Then place the tree (having been first well pruned and the wounds well painted or waxed) upright on this soil and in the centre of the hole, spreading out the fibrous roots as thoroughly as possible. Throw a bucket of water over the roots; then while one person holds the tree so as to keep it straight, the other carefully shovels good soil on and around the roots, so as to fill up the hole, the tree being shaken so as to get the soil well worked in among the roots. Then tramp it down as firmly as possible and cover the surface with four or five inches of stable manure, as a mulch, to give nourishment and hold moisture during dry weather. This will be found excellent for avenues or detached

trees, and while it takes a little time and trouble will amply repay the time and trouble spent.

5. Guarding. The trees must be fenced off or otherwise protected from cattle, horses, careless drivers, etc., otherwise they may be destroyed. Three or four strong stakes, firmly driven into the ground and wound about with a little barbed wire or having a few battens nailed on would afford a good protection.

6. Cultivation. Trees will make much more rapid growth if worked about and mulched for a few years after planting, and where trees are planted for avenues or on road sides, or for ornament elsewhere where quick growth is desired, this will bring them on rapidly. As an illustration of this, I myself, in the spring of 1898, planted a number of maples and elms on the same day, taken from the same lot of trees, (there being no apparent choice among the individual specimens) but in two separate places. They were all planted in the same way but one lot was in ground which was then broken up, used and worked as a flower and vegetable garden, the other was in sod which remained unbroken, although the trees were mulched. The lot in the cultivated place have made more than double the growth of the others.

Should tree-planting be started in our country schools this spring, it would afford valuable instruction to the pupils and at the same time be more of an amusement than work. Should a half or even a whole holiday be required for the purpose, I have no doubt but that it could be readily obtained. It would be a day very well taken.

Cannot the teachers and pupils in the different schools throughout the Island start this work next month. If each school were to plant only four trees it would aggregate over 2000 for the whole Province.

A. B. WARBURTON.

Charlottetown, 5th April, 1904.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF
Building a New School
or
Replacing Old Furniture

OUR CATALOG OF
"EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOLS"

School Desks
Blackboards
Maps
AND
Globes

WILL BE OF INTEREST

A POSTCARD IS ALL IT WILL COST YOU
DOLLARS ARE WHAT IT WILL SAVE YOU

SEND TO-DAY AND DO IT NOW

The Maritime School Supply Co.,

OFFICE AND SAMPLE ROOMS

87 HOLLIS ST.,

Halifax, N. S.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers.

Shooting Fishing Camping Nature Study Wild Life

If you like to read of the experiences of sportsmen as written by sports-

men for sportsmen, ask your

dealer for **"FOREST AND STREAM"** or send us 25 cents for four weeks' trial trip. A large illustrated weekly journal of shooting, fishing, natural history, yachting. \$4 a year, \$2 for six months. Send for list of our handsome premium engravings. This moose picture (12 x 19 inches) is one of them.



We send free on request our catalogue of the best books on outdoor sport.

Address

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.
346 Broadway, New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE
A FAMILY LIBRARY

The Best in Current Literature

12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY
MANY SHORT STORIES AND
PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

\$2.50 PER YEAR; 25 CTS. A COPY
NO CONTINUED STORIES
EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

Dunlop



Reliability

You can place full reliance in Dunlop Detachable Pneumatic Tires—they will never betray your trust, hardest to puncture, easiest to repair. Years of excellent service have made them of almost universal adoption. Every wheel with a reputation is fitted with them. Every rider of experience insists on them.

Dunlop Tires make bicycle enthusiasts. They increase the pleasure of wheeling and minimize the troubles. Bicycling is an assured success with Dunlops.

The Dunlop Tire Co.
Limited
Toronto, Ont.

Depots at Montreal, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Have you found a Dunlop Coin?

1a

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

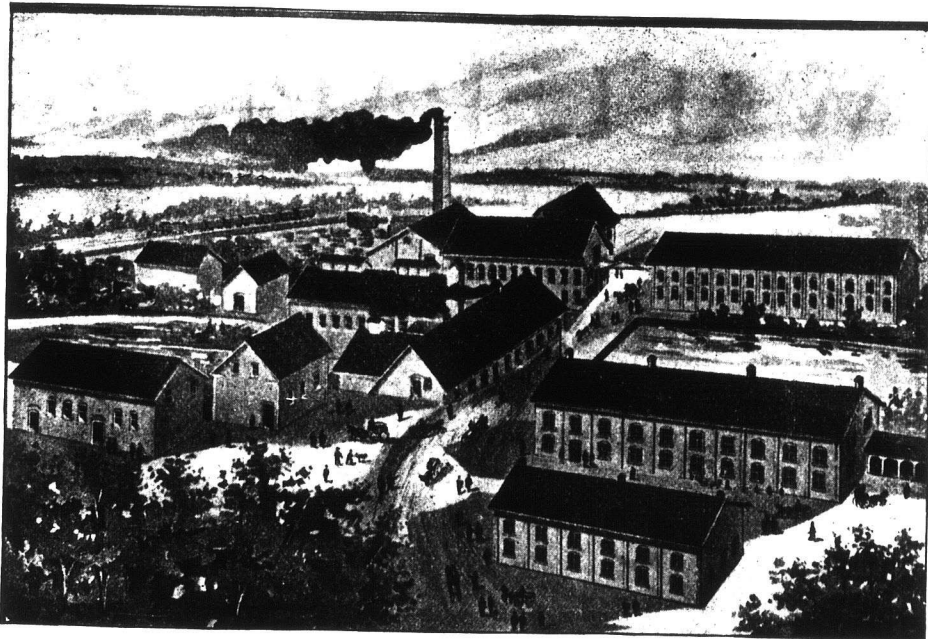
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers

THE BIRTHPLACE OF
Pure Wool Goods

WHERE QUALITY AND LOW PRICES REIGN
SUPREME AND SHODDY IS UNKNOWN



THE CELEBRATED MONCTON WOOLEN MILLS.

All well dressed ladies and gentlemen should wear

Moncton Tweeds

They look nicer, wear longer and cost less than any other goods made.

TWEEDS all prices from 50 cents up to \$2.00 per yard.

Ready-to-wear (men's and boys) Suits, Pants and Overcoats. Our made-to-measure suits, etc., are up-to-date in style, fit and finish.

Men's Suits made to order at

\$12.00, \$13.00 and \$15.00

A FIT GUARANTEED OR NO SALE

Humphrey Clothing Store, Opera House Building,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

A. WINFIELD SCOTT, Manager.

PHONE 63.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers.



THERE

... IS MUCH ...

BEAUTY

In many of the simple patterns among
our low priced

WALL PAPERS

The taste of our buyers has improved and manufacturers can no longer find a market for the crude designs such as were turned out a few years ago. Artists of ability originate the designs for all these papers regardless of price.

There's variety and beauty at all prices

From **6** Cents per Double Roll

up to **80** Cents.

WALL PAPERS that appeal to the artistic eye and good taste are shown here.

CARTER & CO.,

LIMITED

IMPORTERS OF
ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS



Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers.

ARE YOU AN ART LOVER ?

Do you appreciate the refining influence of fine pictures in the home or study? Then you will surely be interested in our special limited offer of the few remaining sets of those superb

Ten Copies of Master Paintings

These carbon-tint copies were made by this Society especially for artists, friends, and members. The edition, while limited, was larger than the advance subscriptions; therefore we have decided to distribute the balance among art-lovers and persons who appreciate artistic things generally, as an introduction of our works,

At Less Than Half Price

Upon application the entire set carefully packed flat
Will Be Sent on Approval

After found Satisfactory
send 

\$1.00

And \$1 a month thereafter
for 5 months

Each Picture is prepared for framing on a mount especially made for it in an appropriate shade, or can be used unframed, a custom now very much in vogue. They are splendid for adornment of one's own walls or for weddings, birthday gifts, etc. The originals are conceded to be the ten most famous paintings in existence. Inferior copies sell in art shops for \$5 each copy.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Size, Mounted:

2 feet x 1 foot 8 inches

1. **The Mill** - - - - By Ruysdael
In the Amsterdam Gallery
2. **Spring** - - - - - By Corot
In the Louvre, Paris
3. **Ploughing** - By Rosa Bonheur
In the Luxembourg Gallery
4. **The Gleaners** - - - By Millet
From the Louvre
5. **Rembrandt and Wife** - Rembrandt
In the Berlin Gallery
6. **Divine Shepherd** - - By Murillo
Nat. Gallery, Madrid
7. **Sheep in Snowstorm** By Schenck
Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.
8. **Bringing in the Cows** - By Dupre
Owned by French Government
9. **Duchess of Devonshire**
Owned by J. Pierpont Morgan
10. **Girl With Muff** - By Le Brun
In the Louvre

FREE

If you mail us the blank opposite AT ONCE, we will include in your package a set of **Five Additional Pictures**, not mentioned in List of Subjects, the gems of the pasto-carbon set issued last fall, all mounted, 20 x 25 inches, (formerly sold for \$3 each) a few sets left, complimentary.

(Tear along this line)

P. E.
I.
ART LOVERS' SOCIETY,

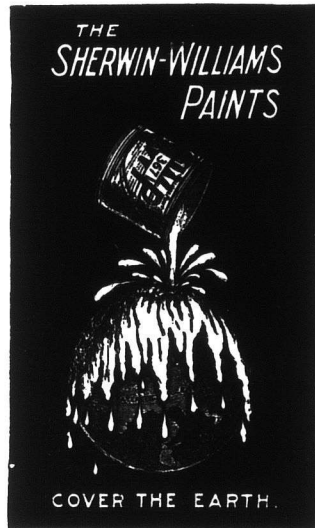
1135 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

Send on approval a Set of Ten Copies of Master Paintings and Five Pasto-Carbons. If satisfactory I agree to pay \$1 within 5 days and \$1 a month thereafter for 5 mos. If not satisfied I will return the sets in 5 days

Name _____

Address _____

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers



FOR SALE BY

SIMON W. CRABBE

CHARLOTTETOWN

Prince Edward Island.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers

It Leads Them All

**Sun Life Assurance
Co. of Canada.**

FIGURES FOR 1903.

Amount of New Assurances paid
for **\$14,167,205.00**
(Being over \$4,000,000 more
than that of any other Cana-
dian Company. The Canadian
contribution being over half a
million ahead of any other
Canadian Company.)

Amount of Cash Income (Net) **3,986,139.50**
(Bring larger than that of any
other Canadian Company.)

Addition made to Assets **2,025,503.60**
(Being larger than that of any
other Canadian Company.)

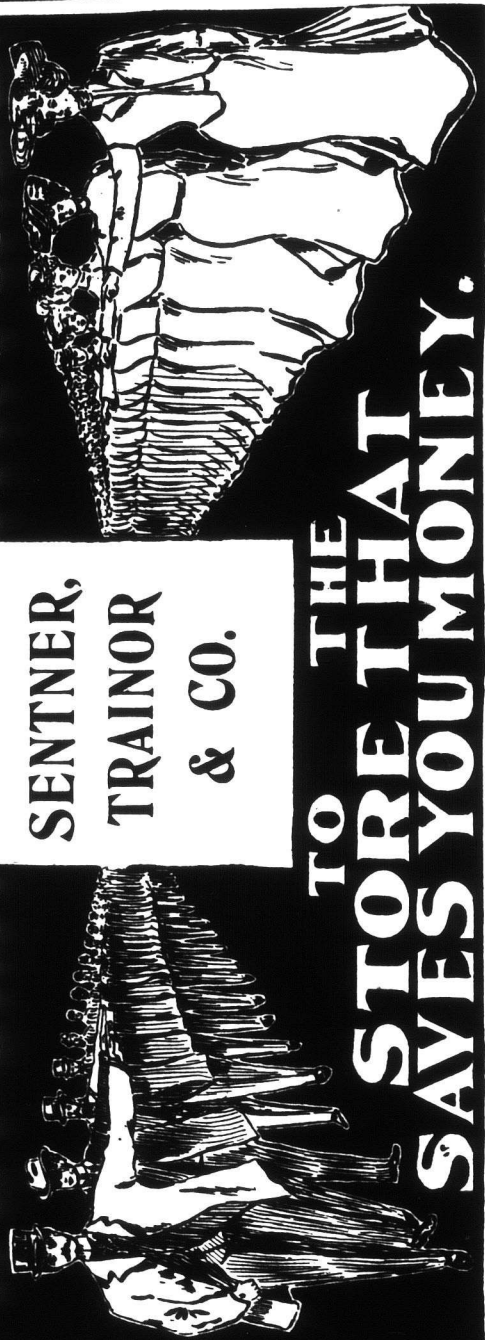
Surplus—Year's increase was . . **289,202.32**
(Being larger than that of any
other Canadian Company.)

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE.

**SENTNER,
TRAINOR
& CO.**

**TO THE
STORE THAT
SAVES YOU MONEY.**



PLEASED EXPRESSIONS.

are heard on all sides about our Dress Fabrics, and Ladies who are distinguished for good taste find their sense of what is fit and proper duly gratified by our splendid assortment of New Spring Goods. Handsome effects in Lustres, Voiles, Veiling, Granite Cloth, Brilliantine, Serges, Canvas Cloth, etc., are finding a temporary resting place on our shelves until it suits your convenience to purchase. Our stock is selected from samples sent out by the best houses, so we have the pick—the cream of all the productions of the best manufacturers and at prices that will readily make them change ownership. Our dress linings are splendid value, while our dress trimmings are extremely beautiful and include all the latest novelties in braids, appliques, and buttons. Every lady should make it a point to see them as merely a casual inspection will convince you of the exclusive beauty, style and worth, of this collection of Dress Fabrics.

Please mention this Publication when writing to or dealing with advertisers.

see manufacturers, and at prices that will readily make them change ownership. Our dress linings are splendid value, while our dress trimmings are extremely beautiful and include all the latest novelties in braids, appliques, and buttons. Every lady should make it a point to see them as merely a casual inspection will convince you of the exclusive beauty, style and worth, of this collection of Dress Fabrics.

TRY ONE OF OUR SUITS
FOR THAT BOY
WHO IS SO HARD ON HIS CLOTHES

There's no satisfaction in putting a poor suit on a boy—a suit you fear won't stand the strain.

A Boy's Suit ought to be equal to abuse.

The foundation of a sturdy suit is the cloth for if that isn't right the tailoring is wasted.

We have Boys' Suits in double breasted and single breasted, two and three piece styles.

Prices range at

\$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00,

UP TO

\$7.00.

These suits are made from selected fabrics.

MADE TO
Stand Abuse

Still they are stylish and handsome.

We take great pleasure in showing the new spring styles to mothers.

PROWSE BROS.

YOUR CLOTHIERS

I believe my building is the best Tea warehouse
in eastern Canada and that my facilities are not
surpassed by any of my competitors.

TRY

**UNION
BLEND
= TEA =**

and you will see that this statement is carried
into effect.

Harry W. de Forest

ST. JOHN, N. B.