

MR. HORACE HASZARD, M. P.

The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

Vol. 5

FEBRUARY, 1904

No. 12

The Settlement of Rustico.

THE first European settlers of Rustico were French, and the name of the district is derived from a Frenchman called Racicot. He came from Port la Joie and settled at the head of the creek where Stevenson's mill now stands, not far from Rustico Chapel.

That the district called Rustico had for ages been a camping ground of the Indians is conclusively shown by the number of stone axes, flint arrowheads, and other remains of prehistoric times found in the vicinity. Huge mounds of decayed oyster shells and bones of animals were found by the early inhabitants on the banks of Wheatley River. These have since completely disappeared, having been carried away and used as fertilizers. It is regrettable that the Indian name for the district has not been preserved, as Indian names are most expressive and picturesque; and in many cases they are the only record of the race.

To return to the French: there seem to have been forty heads of families when the first census of the Island was taken in 1798. There were about two hundred and fifty individuals of all ages in Lot 24. The Gallants were the most numerous, as they are to-day. The names of Martin, Peters,

Dorion, Doucette and Blanchard come next, in order named. There was one family of each of the following names: Buote, Pinaud, LeClair, Blacquier, Gauthier, Brown, Gaudet. Included in the census was a widow named Mews, with a family of ten; but it is not known whether she was French or not. I can find no trace of any people of that name in the settlement to-day.

All these families were settled around Rustico Bay and along the rivers and creeks that empty into it. They lived on very friendly terms with the Indians, and there were some intermarriages with the children of the forest. Traces of such a mingling of the races could be discerned in some families years ago but now all evidences of Indian blood has disappeared.

It may be well to make a few remarks about these pioneers of civilization in Rustico. They were a strong race, both physically and morally. No better proof of this is needed than that, although they have greatly increased in numbers during the past century, there is no record of any one of them having been indicted for a criminal offence. They were a most adaptive people, and would do anything that came to hand and do it well, and without grumbling at their lot, however hard.

Ideal pioneers, Rustico was an ideal place for their settlement. The rivers, bay and gulf teemed with fish of the best quality. Trout of great size could be caught easily at any season of the year: cod, herring and mackerel came to their shores in immense shoals. The now extinct walrus, or sea-cow, frequented the coasts, and was killed for its skin, which was used in many ways, but particularly in making harness for the ponies and oxen. The last of these mammals seen on the coast was the cause of a tragedy. A Frenchman and his son were outside the harbour in a canoe, where by some means they secured a young calf. The enraged mother, hearing the cries of her offspring, followed the

canoe, succeeded in getting her tusks over the side, and upset the occupants into the sea. Other canoes hastened to the rescue, but too late to save the lives of the unfortunate men.

The forest was full of game, both furred and feathered. The land was heavily timbered, the most valuable being pine and oak, which was hewn into square timber in the winter, and in spring floated down the streams to the harbour where it was loaded in ships for the English market. A man named Peter McAusland kept a large establishment on Rustico Island, now known as Robinson's Island. Here he kept a general store, built vessels, and traded in lumber.

The French grew flax, which they manufactured in their homes into coarse linen for domestic purposes. They also raised their own tobacco. When they made their little clearance the fertility of the soil was such that merely scratching the ground and sowing the seed produced immense crops of potatoes, barley, wheat, Indian corn, and all kinds of garden vegetables.

Such, briefly, was the condition of Rustico at the commencement of the last century. Up to that time, the settler cut down trees, and built from them a rough cabin in a few days. His son, when he decided to marry, selected a spot as near his father or father-in-law as possible, built his little hut, got his wife into it, and was very happy. The thought that any one could come and put him out of his home and take his little clearing never entered the mind of the hardy pioneers. But events were taking place that soon dispelled this Arcadian simplicity. Men came along, claiming to be agents of people in England who owned the land, and informed the pioneers that they must either buy the property or lease it for a term of years. Men of other nationalities came looking for land, and willing to pay for it, but insisted on having a deed or a lease. These the poor squatters could not give, as they had no titles.

Early in the century, Mr. Rollings was appointed agent

for the Winsloe estate, which comprised Lots 24 and 33. With very few exceptions, the French were the only settlers on these lots. Many of them made terms with the agent, and purchased or leased their holdings.

About this time settlers of other nationalities began to arrive. But an account of these will be matter for my next paper.

The Way We Speak.

BY TOPSY.

IT has so much to do with what people think of us. "You can tell just what a person is by their voice," I heard some one remark the other day, and when one comes to think of it, there seems to be truth in the saying. Face, figure, walk, manners, dress, all reveal individuality to a certain extent, but is not the voice more peculiarly expressive of what is characteristic of mind and heart? Facial expressions may successfully simulate, manners affect an insincerity that may not be discerned, but the voice is less cunning at deception; it may assume, it may affect, but the affectation is successful only in revealing what it makes effort to conceal. It responds readily to emotion, indicates with mercurial promptitude the exaltation or depression of one's feelings, and contrives at betraying what the mind flatters itself it holds in strictest seclusion.

Human nature is capricious, and the human voice varies according to moods, now exquisite with tenderness, or divinely attuned with a holy sincerity, now cutting with sarcasm, bitter with irony, dissonant with harshness, or

uncouth with vulgarity. How delightfully it lends itself to the expression of culture and refinement, and how wofully it becomes discordant when traits and tempers are unlovely. It divulges ambition, betrays weaknesses, hints at what one is, and what one may be.

There are voices honest but gruff, it is true, voices with a decided ring of truth that are graceless; but truth and refinement are eventually wont to find expression in words intonated with a gracious charm.

What an endless variety of voices one's memory can conjure up—voices sweet and low, like Annie Laurie's, that fall on a tired humanity like a benediction, and voices harsh and shrill, that inspire no tender emotion in poet or sentimentalist. Some are a monotonous succession of head notes, while others in not unpleasant contrast issue *de profundis*. The distinct, unmistakable notes of the scold, whose disembodied spirit Burns described as "aloft and imitating thunder," are happily heard as a rarity, and occasionally only one is startled by what suggests the going off of a non-intermittent alarm. There are rasping voices and rollicking voices, squeaky voices and squalling voices, wiry voices and witching voices, stentorian tones that are repellant, and voices full of music that fascinate one to attention.

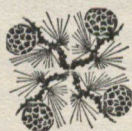
Perhaps the most disagreeable trait of which the human voice is susceptible is what has been called in musical critique "strenuous blatancy," as if one conscious of the inadequacy of one's words to influence made effort to add to their weight by an accompaniment of physical force, thrusting them out as it were with main strength. Voices may be varied with a pleasing variety of inflection, warmed by a genial sympathy, rounded out with intensity of feeling, magnetic with thought, musical with meaning, and still agreeably free from the effort which so detracts from artistic effect. The art of expressing what one feels and

thinks, becomes perfected as words are weighted with their own inherent value, their truth, their beauty, and the sincerity of the one who utters them.

It is quite surprising how quickly the vocal organs can adapt themselves to exigencies. I visited the other day the home of a good woman, who is burdened with the responsibility of many children; and, conscious of her duty as to bringing them up in the way they shou'd go, her admonitions were quite audible on the street. She evidently deemed the import of what she said as worthy of vociferous utterance. Her voice fell precipitously an octave or two on opening the door, and her polite, well modulated address made one wonder whether it were not a pity that the maternal advice had not been imparted in equally dulcet tones.

The way people speak has so much to do with the influence that radiates from them. The memory of accents kindly and benevolent lingers with us as an incentive to faith in human nature and its destiny, but how calculated to nullify one's sympathies are discordant voices, high and shrill, bespeaking natures ill at ease, faithless, devoid of hope.

What we say means much, how we say it is, too, of significance. Thought finds expression in words, clothes itself in the garb of language; it remains for vocal utterance to deck it out according to individual fancy.



Early Postal Arrangements in P. E. I.

IT would seem that the single Post Office at Charlottetown served for the whole of the Island for many years. Benjamin Chappell, the first Postmaster, was appointed in 1802, and held the position until his death in 1825. His son, Richard Chappell, then succeeded to the office, holding it as long as he lived. On his death in 1835, his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Chappell, was installed Postmistress of the Island. This lady was married to John Williams in 1840, and a few years later she gave up her office, and was succeeded by Thomas Owen.

It was the custom of the Postmaster to send out the letters for distribution. The following notice appears in Haszard's Gazette:

"POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Feb. 12, 1828.

In consequence of Mr. Richard Bagnall, Hazel Grove, having declined receiving papers and letters for that quarter, they will not be left there from this date.

RICHARD CHAPPELL, P. M."

Letters were frequently advertised by the Postmaster. The subjoined notice is copied from Haszard's Gazette:

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE IN CHARLOTTETOWN:

Anning John	Burnet Matthew
McArty Elenor	Cameron Dougal
Ashbridge Wm	Campbell Duncan
Brodie Charles	McCoughren Daniel
Byrne Elenor	Calahan James
Byrne Patrick two letters	Calahan John
Bell James	Currie John
Bott John R	Campbell John

McCraith John	Shaw James
Collins Patrick	Sutton Patrick
Cooper John	Sherron S.
Calahan Michael	Vesey Patrick
Costolo Michael	Walsh John
O'Connor Thos.	Walsh Edmund
Crawford Thos.	Walsh James
Corie Wm.	Walsh Patrick
McDonald Alex.	Wellington John, two letters
McDonald Donald	White Robert R.
O'Donnell John	Wilson Thos.
Dalton James	
Demsie Maurice	
McEwen James	
Eakins Thos. two letters	<i>For Murray Harbour</i>
Nicholas Edmonds	Collins Thos.
Fisher A.	Hughs David two letters
Foreman George	Fitzgerald Patk, two letters
Ferresy Thos.	Garriboo Francis
Fitzpatrick John	Goyner Pat
Monohan John	Higgins Charles
Martin Stephen	Hickey Daniel
Marsters Wm.	Hopkins David
Maher Thomas	Houlden John
McNiell Daniel two letters	Hennessy James
O'Niell David	Holms John
O'Neill Michael	Higgins Thos.
Osborne Francis	Johnston H.
McPhail Donald	Knox Fredk two letters
Pollard Joseph	Kelly Cornelius
Patterson John	Kendal William
Pendegrass John	Livingston Alex. three letters
Prowse George	Livingston Donald two letters
Prowse Wm.	Larimore Wm.
Pearce Wm.	McLean Catherine
Pratt Wm.	McLeod Lauchlan
Pratt Peter	Murphy Dennis
Rodgers Andrew	Matthewson John
Rawley Edward	Maunsell John
Rice John two letters	McLean James
Redmond Patrick	Palmer James
Stewart Allen	Roberts Wm.

<i>For West Point</i>	McDonald Ronald
Dunville James two letters	McDonald Ronald G.
McDonald (Widow)	McEachran Hugh
—	Graham Hector
	McIntyre Angus
<i>For Orwell Bay, Belfast and</i>	McLeod Alex.
<i>Wood Islands.</i>	Martin Alex.
Brian Gregory	Musick Henry
Currie John	Murchison Saml.
McDonald Duncan	McNiell John
	McPherson James

The above letters will be returned to Halifax on the 15th February next, if not previously called for; and there are several more for Charlottetown which the owners know of, and they are requested to call for them, or they will be returned at the same time.

RICHARD CHAPPELL, P. M.
Post Office, Dec. 26, 1828.

No doubt the reason why the "owners" of the letters did not call for them, in many instances, at least, was that a shilling or more postage had to be paid on each letter.

"The mail boat left Cape Tormentine yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, and reached Cape Traverse about noon. The couriers with the mails arrived in town last night about ten o'clock.

"The English November Packet had not arrived at Halifax on the 24th inst, but the papers of that place contain London News, to the 1st November, received by way of New York."—*Haszard's Gazette*, December 30, 1828.

Reference was made in the MAGAZINE some time since to the opening of a branch office at Princetown, about the year 1830. The new local Postmaster did not please all his neighbors, as appears by letters to Richard Chappell from a Princetown gentleman.

PRINCE TOWN, Aug. 26, 1830.

SIR:—Its with reluctance I see myself obliged to take up my pen to communicate to you the unwarrantable conduct towards me of

your deputy postmaster in this place. I first thought of laying his misdemeanors before His Excellency but upon second consideration conceive it to be your province to call him to account.

I bring nothing against him but what I can prove; and in the first place I have to say that there came letters from Government some weeks ago to Colonel Stewart, D. Montgomery, Esq., and myself, appointing us trustees of the Grammar School here. They received theirs in due time, but, although I sent one post day, and a second post day, and I am not sure but a third, the gentleman thought proper to detain this letter on public business till at length it was sent to me in a round about way.

Secondly I have to complain that after waiting a reasonable time for the post to be opened my son is sent for the paper and he is told that he has not time to give it to him until the post is sent off again: this at times may be attended with loss and Inconvenience and I conceive it not justifiable.

Thirdly, I have to state that as myself with two other persons, Messrs Hyndman and Kelly are appointed to manage some public business relating to the Prince Town wharf and were anxious to receive a letter from Government that we expected, as well as some printed Hand Bills, I sent my son a quarter of an hour after the arrival of the post, when Mr. Postmaster was pleased to say there was nothing in the office for me, and to please his whims thinks proper to keep this letter and papers on Public Business until the evening of the following day, when it pleased his fancy to send or take them to one of the other gentlemen concerned, but not until he had opened the package of Hand Bills and without any authority pasted up as many as he thought proper of them where he pleased, which Bills, as well as the letter, I should here observe bore my name first upon them, making his refusal of them to me still the more unjustifiable. If such private insults and public wrongs are suffered to be practised by a person in his situation and done intentionally to gratify a revengeful disposition we must certainly say the public are trampled upon indeed.

Leaving the matter with you at present.

I remain,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

THOMAS MACNUTT.

To Mr. Richd. Chapple, Post Master, Charlottetown.

P. S. I beg leave to refer you to Messrs. Hyndman & Kelly for the truth of my last assertion.—T. MCN.

Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy.—Continued.

BY PERCY POPE.

WE are all proud of the British Parliament, the august mother of representative assemblies. Other nations admire it, why do they not duplicate it? Simply because such organizations are not constructed but grow. If, at its next session, you exclude from the British Parliament every member who before sat in it, dismiss every trained official and deprive every elector throughout the country of his knowledge of parliamentary procedure as acquired by actual experience, though the written records of the past were available for the guidance of such new members as you might elect, even though these were superior in intelligence to those they replaced, you would find that the institution you took such a pride in had fallen from its high estate. Study the history of Oliver Cromwell's parliaments. Our parliament is what it is today because it is a living organism born more than a thousand years ago, which gained its character and strength by slow accretion of power, and secured by its moulding and educating its individual members to give expression not to their lives as individuals, but to its life as a corporation. In proportion as it was enabled to assimilate the new material offered to it and incorporate this in its life, it was enabled to perpetuate and develop its best traditions, but at any time an influx of untrained members inclined to assert their individuality at the expense of the community necessarily impaired its powers of action and jeopardized its future. Another instance:—

You are all of you members of a Christian community. Do you realize all this involves? To what extent did you originate your present standards of right and wrong, as these affect your action down to the most trivial detail of your daily life? To what extent were they imposed upon you by the Mr. Orthodoxy who dominates your circle and sect? You may flatter yourself on your independence, but it is doubtful whether the limits wherein you can exercise it are proportionately as great as that which the bit allows to the harnessed horse. By your actions you can uphold or you may impair the well-being of the community, just as the several cells in your body by properly or improperly performing their functions may maintain or destroy its efficiency, but in so doing you determine your own fate for your life is merged in its life. How all important then is this Mr. Orthodoxy—this Public Mind and Public Will which so moulds and directs your life and actions.

Fifty, perchance thirty, years ago we had in our midst individuals, brought up under the influence of the high standards of culture which then pertained to the privileged class in England, who enabled us to realize what was meant by the expression "gentle people of the old school." Their children, lacking the direction and control which developed such qualities in their parents, sank to a much lower level

until today the type exists only in the memories of our older citizens. We as a community have certainly advanced in general intelligence, we have good reason to believe, in morality as well, but *in knowledge of and aptitude in those niceties of speech and action which are essential to the higher phases of social intercourse* we do not attain to the level this small privileged class had reached.

There are those who consider the possession of such training a matter of little consequence; who declare that man's attention should be given wholly to questions of morals. Were manners and morals separable this claim might be admitted. Man, indeed, contrives to separate them for a time as he does many other things that should never be divided, but they must inevitably be united again, for in the Eternal Verities either is necessarily incomplete without the other. Right thought and right feeling are powerless to impart their blessings to others save in so far as the individual possesses the power of giving these their proper expression. Have you ever noticed an estimable person, with the best possible intentions, trample upon and lacerate the feelings of others, who have learned to discern discords where he perceives none, while a bad man, who has been trained to a nice observance of the laws of social intercourse, can be admitted to the same circle without his striking a jarring note? Good manners, or rather the outward form of good manners without Christianity may indeed be of little worth, but on the other hand Christianity without good manners is robbed of much of its legitimate charm.

The power of giving expression to thought and action at the right time in the right way is not only desirable but essential to the establishment of harmonious relations with one's fellows. We had at one time men with us who possessed this faculty to a high degree. We admired them. Why has the type been permitted to perish? Because it was an exotic—a growth possible only under conditions which did not exist, or could not be maintained here. We do not doubt that our native product is susceptible of acquiring a similar degree of polish, but it is the veriest folly to cherish the delusion that such can be imparted to it, save in the same way that it was given to our forefathers. It is said that it takes four generations to turn out a fine gentleman, but even this assumes the pre-existence of a society wherein he can from infancy be kept enveloped in an atmosphere of refinement until expression along the lines ascertained to be the most desirable becomes a second nature. Such a society cannot be made to order, it must grow, it being a veritable organic development. Herein we get a glimpse of a true aristocracy. We recognize it as a portion of the body which has been relieved from other forms of labor in order that upon it may be imposed the duty of securing powers of expression with the maximum of grace, beauty and efficiency, not for itself alone, but for the whole which, following its direction, adopts and benefits by its ideals.

Should it degenerate into an oligarchy or a "smart set" which lives merely for its own selfish enjoyment, then it becomes an excrescence upon the social organism, which must be excised and cast off. Yet even where an honest effort is made by a body of individuals to maintain the highest standards, there are circumstances under which they cannot be sustained, for if the amount of raw material is beyond what is absorbed and assimilated the higher culture is unable to

raise the lower but is forced down by it. In such cases, as in that of a triumphant democracy, the tendency of the whole mass may be upward and the breaking down process may even be absolutely necessary to prepare the way for rebuilding upon broader lines, yet while this state of affairs continues such a society holds but a similar rank in the social economy as does the star fish type in the animal kingdom. Of this last one ray can serve as a head as well as another because it is not highly enough organized to require that each several group of cells shall be trained to perform some particular function under direction effected through the medium of a brain.

Here again we are forced to realize how the progress of the individual is made dependent upon the organic development of the community.

The limits of this article do not permit me to pursue this particular line of thought further; the point to which I wish to direct your attention is that everywhere about us the same Power that is building up the marvellous structures of Nature is slowly transforming the rough individual atoms of human society into a highly developed social organism. Has this perception no practical application? If we are not satisfied with existing conditions, if our churches, our schools, our political, our social, and our commercial institutions are not all that we could wish them to be, are not as efficient as we might reasonably expect them to be, to what cause shall we attribute their partial failure?

Our present enquiry suggests one reason and an important one. We fully realize that the well-being of an organism is always dependent upon the manner in which it is functioned, upon the fact that the individual members find expression for their energies, not in self seeking effort, but in building up the body as a whole! We recognize that society is an incipient organism, but do we in our own cases fulfil this requirement of the law of organic development?

Wrapped up in self, do we not rather foolishly imagine that the problem of life is one that admits of private instead of public solution, and concentrating our energies upon the acquisition of wealth leave all other matters practically uncared for? How many are there who realize that it is only by safeguarding and advancing the interests of society at large that the safety and progress of the individual can be secured? Judging by the general indifference displayed with regard to the well-being of our social institutions very few indeed.

At the close of the 17th century, French men and women were, as individuals, neither much better nor worse than at other periods of their history, but the life of the nation was brought under great stress. Forgetting that it rested upon the interdependence of its parts, the several members began to develop separate interests and as a consequence the body speedily became worn out by overwork—preyed upon by a mind absorbed in pursuit of idle fancies and vain delusions—the bond of union was strained, and, orderly control being superseded, the irresponsibility of the Terror was given to the world. It was the legitimate consequence of what? Of the failure of the individual units, or some of them, to realize and perform their proper function in society. The forces which brought about the French Revolution lie latent in every society today ready to spring

into action whenever the principles which govern the life of man in association are disregarded. This truth is not sufficiently appreciated. Yet on a lower plane the lesson has been forced home to us. We realize that it is well worth our while to give our time and attention and to spend thousands of dollars on protecting our slums from being infected with contagious diseases, such as the small-pox. Why? Certainly not primarily because of our interest in the individuals who dwell there, for if this were so there are other ills they suffer from that would cause us at least equal concern. Is it not because they cannot be attacked without our participating in the danger: we are members of the same body. Cannot we carry this truth a little further and realize, not in a general way, but concretely that it applies to moral and spiritual as well as physical interests. If, for instance, our lives as individuals, more particularly in childhood are moulded and fashioned by the corporate mind and corporate will of the community, does it not behoove us to at least ask ourselves if we are individually concerned in the development and maintenance of such public mind and will? The great informing power or principle which is determining the lines along which social development shall run may be involved in mystery, and we may be no more able to explain its method of action than we can how the cells of the human body find expression as a personal being, but we surely are justified in assuming that, as in this last case each cell possesses to some extent the capacity of realizing or failing to realize and fulfil its proper function, and thus increasing or impairing the power of the man, so in a community, in a people, in the race each individual possesses the power of enhancing or retarding its development as a whole. For instance, associated with all organized groups of men there is a public conscience. It may lack in definiteness, but none the less it is a reality expressing itself in religious, political and social life. How is it formed? This at least we may venture that each individual plays a part in its formation. Do we sufficiently realize the extent of this responsibility. If a country is ill-governed, if crime is not treated as such, if morality is of a low order, if ignorance is permitted to take the helm, depend upon it the public conscience is at fault. You may plead that such evils are due to bad representatives, weak and incompetent officials, imperfect legislation, the indifference of the masses to the claims of wisdom, but this condition of affairs is only possible when public opinion permits the election of such representatives, the appointment of such officials, the imperfection of such statutes or the usurpation of ignorance, and the saddest feature of the case is that too often it obtains not because the majority of the community is ignorant or vicious, but because men fail to realize their responsibilities in this respect; are blind to the tremendous issues involved.

Some little time ago a hackman in New York overcharged Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) fifty cents. Rather than submit to the extortion, he, at the cost of much valuable time, took the matter into court and was subject to annoyances that an amount one hundred times larger than that involved would not have repaid him for. He did this because he, for one, realized that it is a duty imperatively laid upon every good citizen to see that all laws and regulations are

rigidly obeyed. There are thousands of Englishmen who, in the spirit of John Hampden would do this, for they have learned that only at the cost of eternal vigilance can the social order be maintained and with it their rights and liberties. How many of us, resting in the self assurance of ignorance would consider Samuel Clemens' action a foolish waste of time and money, even if we did not go further and suggest that it was inspired by officiousness?

The more carefully the human problem is studied the more clearly it will appear that man's safety, or, if you prefer the term, salvation, is involved with that of his fellow men to an extent heretofore little appreciated. It is veritably true that only by saving others can we hope to save ourselves. Though matters are not as bad as some pessimists would have us believe the social organism is certainly menaced to-day by the arrogance of ignorance, which fails to realize that power can only be safely entrusted to the fit; by the ignoble ambition of the plutocrat who cannot comprehend that wealth is a trust to be administered by its holder for the public good; by the debasing influence of the professional politician, who sees in office only an opportunity to feather his own nest. We realize the danger. Where lies the remedy?

In an enlightened public opinion you reply. If by this you merely mean that a certain number of individuals shall hold correct ideas and enunciate them, that is not likely to produce the effect. What is needed is not only the ideas of individuals but a public mind and a public will, having as necessary concomitants recognized ideals and efficient functionaries to direct the thoughts and dominate the actions of the community as a whole; active in our churches, in our schools, in our homes. We as individuals may help to build it—may be instrumental in making it operative but when made, or ill-made, it for weal or woe exercises rule over us. Is this not apparent in our social condition today? What is the character of this public mind that is moulding and fostering the souls of our children? Do we not need in the religious, social, and commercial worlds, a vigorous Mr. Orthodoxy—a Mr. Orthodoxy to whom we can offer loyal service, and does it not devolve upon us to do our part towards calling him into action?

And if this holds good with regard to Mr. Orthodoxy, the public mind and public will in the matters of correct thought, it applies with equal force to Madame Fashion—the Public Mind and the Public Will in the matter of correct appearance. It would no doubt be profitable did space permit, to enquire at some length into the part external coverings, whether of clothes, or assumed character, play in the great drama of human development. We grow so accustomed to treating ourselves and our outer appearance as one and indivisible that we scarcely ever pause to think of them separately. Yet as Carlyle puts it, "Nevertheless there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappings and sees indeed that he is naked" and, as Swift has it, "a forked-straddling animal with bandy legs, yet also a spirit and unutterable mystery of mysteries." At the same time while realizing the greater importance of spirit it does not do to ignore these wrappings of ours—to disdain the ladder upon which we climb. Fashion and

Frivolty are generally linked together yet the issues involved are of too much moment to be passed over lightly. There is an intimate connection between dress, manners, and character that cannot be ignored. Study the two opposing types of Cavalier and Puritan in the time of Charles II if you wish to gain an insight into one phase of this problem.

It may seem to some a matter of small moment whether a man wears a dress coat or a suit of fustian; the veriest trifle whether, when he meets a lady, he shall greet her with a bow, or with a nod and a "hello! Mary;" of little consequence whether he conforms to the canons of good manners in his dealings with his fellows, or obeys no other law than his own inclinations; yet all these are matters of serious import. For does not Madame Fashion so lead man to seek, in the first instance, *beauty*; in the second, *the most perfect mode of expression*; and in the third *ability to so conduct himself in his relations with his fellows as to avoid all unnecessary friction and pave the way to sympathetic intercourse*. Think you that the fine perception which discerns the smallest diversity of form or colour, and the discipline which enables one to control his impulses in accordance with recognized law is of no value in determining character and hence destiny.

In every age—the Chaldean, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Modern, Madame Fashion by establishing ideals in art, dress and general deportment gave its special character and tone to each civilization and to-day in the great commonwealth of nations, drawing upon the past, is she not gradually forming a common standard of beauty and fitness which, as sympathetic appreciation is the basis of all true relationship, is absolutely essential to the unification of the race?

Without attempting to condone the mistakes and extravagances which she indulges in, and which must be expected so long as man has no other means of discovering the right than by making test of and discarding the wrong, it behooves us to realize her mission, and recognizing her as a full sister of Mr. Orthodoxy see that we do our part to enable her to fulfil her proper function—the establishment and enforcement of canons of good taste in every department of social intercourse.

Of Mrs Grundy permits me to say the interest she takes in our behaviour is not necessarily intrusive or impertinent, on the contrary it is always to some extent justifiable. No man can live to himself and our manner of conducting ourselves is ever a matter of proper concern to the community to which we belong. Whether we make our back yards repositories of filth or convert our homes into moral pig-styes Mrs Grundy is warranted in protesting against the nuisance and in endeavouring to have it abated. That she is more or less meddlesome and sometimes takes most unwarrantable liberties cannot be disputed, but these are rather the faults and failings of individuals than of the community in general. The Public Mind and Public Will in matters of right behaviour is a most essential factor in human development, for many who fear not God nor honour the King fall in abject submission before Mrs. Grundy's slightest frown. Much reason is there, therefore, to use every effort to make so potent an

agency effective for good, for though operating on a lower plane, it undoubtedly exercises as great an influence in moulding the framework of the social organism today and hence the individual men and women of the future as do either Mr. Orthodoxy and Madame Fashion: for indeed all three are but expressions of the selfsame mind and will acting upon different planes—the outbreathings of the soul of the community.

The vastness of the problem and the complexities of the relationships involved so overburden us with a mass of detail that it is difficult to apprehend the facts in their larger relations. Yet the faintest glimmer of this fuller light is to be warmly welcomed, the importance of a perception being not always measurable by its wealth and accuracy of detail—the glimpse of an angel may be of greater value than the most precise knowledge of the appearance of a snail.

In virtue of such perceptions incidents of daily life, which seem trivial, when measured by ordinary standards take on new meaning. To follow the plough is ordinarily deemed an ignoble occupation, but, under the inspiration of christian belief, to have consciously guided the plough which was instrumental in raising the wheat that sustained the strength of Jesus of Nazareth during his labours here must surely be deemed as worthy an effort as that of seizing a crown or gathering together some millions of dollars—and who can tell what momentous issues hang upon seemingly trivial actions of today.

The poet, in virtue of his divine gift, is enabled to fire the imagination with quick perception, thus arousing the soul to new consciousness. By slow process of reasoning and with evident effort I have endeavoured to conjure up in your imaginations a shadowy presentment of that vast movement which is bearing humanity onward. The effort is confessedly a feeble one—it is faulty—to a clearer vision it would appear as false, but it may embody an element of perception that will engage your attention and stimulate further enquiry.

Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy, I leave them with you, not to look at but to look into as a man might peer into a human face in eager desire to penetrate to the soul within. The suggestion of personality they shadow forth may give substance to your vision of that mighty informing Power that finds expression through, while dominating, the myriad atoms of humanity which it marshalling and gathering into systematic adjustment as sentient units of a living whole. "A body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, which according to the effectual working in the measure of every part maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

Under the inspiration of such ideas life will assume a deeper significance and the bonds of human fellowship be drawn ever closer, for they bid us recognize man not merely as a creature of time, but also as an heir of eternity.

Notwithstanding their acknowledged imperfections let us cherish such perceptions as of infinite worth, for are they not a promise and foretaste of a fuller insight yet to come, of the further unfolding of the wings of the soul.

Do you ask what constitutes a state such as we have dimly pictured forth—

"Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound
 Thick wall or moated gate:
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,
 Not bays and broad armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride:
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride
 No! Men, high minded men,
 With power as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest brake or den
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude
 Men, who their duties know
 And knowing dare maintain,

The House of the Trees.

(Selected.)

○ OPE your doors and take me in,
 Spirit of the wood;
 Wash me clean of dust and din,
 Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
 To the sunless peace,
 Where at midday standeth Night,
 Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
 To my senses give;
 Take me in and lock the doors,
 Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
 Part your yielding walls;
 Let me wander lingeringly
 Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
 Spirit of the wood;
 Take me—make me next of kin
 To your leafy brood.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Our Prominent Men—Horace Haszard, M. P.

HORACE Haszard is the descendant of one of the foremost Loyalists who settled in Prince Edward Island in the year 1786. Of him and of his descendants we shall have more to say in a future article, dealing with the Loyalists who came to this Province during the period of the Revolutionary War; for the present, we will confine ourselves to the subject of our sketch.

Mr. Horace Haszard is the son of Henry Haszard and his wife Hannah Catherine Cameron, and was born on November 2nd, 1853. He is, consequently, in his 51st year. Mr. Haszard has long been prominently identified as an earnest citizen, whose desires for the well-being of his native city and province have never lacked the support of his vigorous efforts whenever occasion offered him an opportunity to say and do anything in the way of effecting improvements. Moreover, he has, from his earliest years, been distinguished by characteristics, which (and it is quite a tribute to say so of any man) have placed him on a different plane from the general run of political place-seekers. Even his strongest opponents admit his integrity, his whole-souled desire to do what is right, and his determination to allow no unworthy motives to turn him aside from his ideas of what is required of a honourable public man.

His education was acquired in Charlottetown, principally at the old Central Academy. Before he was twenty, he went to Montreal, where for some years he was employed as a clerk with the large wholesale drygoods firm of S. Greenshields Son & Co. Returning to Charlottetown in 1873 he established himself as a broker, insurance and commission agent, and manufacturers' representative. His

business has been conducted with gratifying success, and for years Mr. Haszard's position in the mercantile life of our Island has been assured.

It cannot be truthfully said that Mr. Haszard ever pressed hard, as is the manner of some, for the high places in politics. Nevertheless the recognition of his abilities led to his being selected as a representative in the City Council in 1885. He was twice elected to the position and it was in the period during which he served at that Board, that the old system of municipal government gave way to advanced methods which resulted in Charlottetown being raised from a comatose condition, as regarded many departments of civil administration, and placed in a position that led to many much-needed improvements—particularly in regard to the appearance of the streets. The good work instituted by the Council of that day has been continued more or less by succeeding Boards. It makes one tremble to think what would have been the condition of affairs in our now beautiful city, had not some one been brave enough then to sound the note of Progress.

One thing which was commenced during Mr. Haszard's term in the City Council was the construction of the Park Roadway. He does not claim all the credit for this,—nevertheless the writer of these lines knows that had it not been for the efforts, and the time, spent by Mr. Haszard to secure for the city the right of way, the roadway might have been indefinitely delayed.

In the establishing of the Charlottetown Board of Trade also Mr. Haszard was one of the moving spirits, and it is owing largely to his enthusiasm and to his willingness to work for the sake of the benefits which he knew would accrue to Charlottetown, that we have the organization now so firmly established. In fact, in every measure that has been undertaken in the past twenty years, having for its object the placing of the Island's interests ahead of matters

of lesser importance, Mr. Haszard has striven with a zeal that took no heed of men or other obstacles that blocked the way. In procuring direct steamship communication with Great Britain; in trying to improve the telegraph service; in all ways that were open to him he has advocated our Island's interests, and pressed her claims home upon the powers in authority.

On the 16th of the present month Mr. Haszard, representing the Liberal Party was elected member of the House of Commons of Canada to represent his native city and riding.

This is but a fitting climax and reward for his untiring work on behalf of his country and his fellow-men. That he will make a most capable representative of our interests at Ottawa, even his most strenuous political opponents generously admit. He numbers friends on the opposite side of politics who admire his sturdy honesty in greater measure than they admire politics—and they remain his friends, something that cannot be said of all members of parliament.

Mr. Haszard's popularity would be greater if he were to take more pains to make himself more generally known. But he will not. He does not care greatly for occupying the front of the stage, but this fact, recognized by his personal friends, only places him higher in their esteem. He leaves clap-trap and the plausible humbug of the politician to those who care to use it. He is almost contemptuously indifferent to the cheap popularity that is gained by playing to the gallery—and the party jobber who thinks that Horace Haszard is going to support unjust or tricky schemes finds himself sadly mistaken.

Mr. Haszard is a bachelor. He is a member of the Church of England, and in the social circles of Charlottetown he is well known and liked. Of all our prominent men of P. E. Island, the writer feels that none is more worthy of mention than Horace Haszard, M. P.

Requiescat.

THERE is no sentiment in business; success crowns the survival of the fittest. Uncompromising facts these; we hear them frequently expressed in this age of keen competition.

Business men, however, have hearts, and the majority realize that success in life's struggles does not altogether depend upon the accumulation of dollars and cents. Were this true ninety per cent. of the men who bravely launch out into commercial life are failures.

"Not all who seem to fail, have failed indeed
Not all who fail, have therefore worked in vain."

Amid the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, through the changes and chances of mortal life, men form character. Character is capital, character is immortal, and remains when all else dissolves.

In the city of Charlottetown on 2nd February, 1904, there passed away from this active scene the gentle spirit of Mr. Thomas J. Harris. We feel that saying anything about his unselfish life would be to mar the impressions that remain.

We take off our hats in reverence to his memory, and say:

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold."

Great Epochs in English Literature and their Causes. A Sketch—3. The Shakesperian and Elizabethan Era.

BY HON. A. B. WARBURTON, D.C.L.

THIS, the second great epoch in our literary annals, is much better known than the first. It is the finest of all periods in English Literature. Great writers in every department are here to be found in numbers. It is pre-eminently the dramatic era. It was also an age of original and profound thinkers. In Francis Bacon, "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" as Pope describes him, it produced, possibly the greatest philosopher the world has seen, a man of such varied and far-reaching genius that some do not hesitate to ascribe even the works of Shakespeare to his pen.

In law, besides the famous Bacon, this age produced the great Common lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, a man harsh to brutality in some of his actions, notably in his conduct of the prosecution of Sir Walter Raleigh, a much better man than himself, yet distinguished by his sturdy independence and great legal erudition. For nearly three centuries, he has been famed as a legal writer, the influence of whose works continued to have a profound effect long after their author had passed away. His great claim, however, to the respect, the admiration, the gratitude of the Anglo-Saxon race for all time to come, is to be found in his sturdy, uncompromising, though perfectly constitutional, resistance to both James I. and Charles I. in their attacks upon the independence of the judiciary, and in their attempts to subvert the rights of the people.

In poetry, apart from the drama, the Elizabethan

period is graced above all others with the name of Edmund Spenser, the "poet's poet," the fault in whose poetry, if it can be called a fault, is its continued sweetness. I have, time and again, striven hard to carefully read the works of this noted man, and, while I decline to accept McAulay as an infallible guide in all he has to say, I must admit that his views of Spenser suit me remarkably well. I never could get through the *Faerie Queene*, and having failed in several attempts to do so, I feel the task to be a hopeless one. At first it is pleasant—too pleasant. Its very sweetness (perhaps I should say its poetry), its rhythm, cloy, and, to an ordinary mortal like myself, becomes wearisome. Until I had read a few books of Spenser, I fear I never quite appreciated the children of Israel's objection to manna. The fact was it was too good for them. Their taste was not sufficiently pure, or sufficiently educated, for it, and they rebelled against food they did not know how to appreciate. I must confess that while I can see and recognize the genius of Spenser, his poetry is too good for me. Having none of the poetic instinct in my composition, I must remain a stranger to those delights, which finer natures feel in his works, unquestionably beautiful though they are. Had I been an Israelite, I would most surely have tired of manna. Milk and honey would become nauseous to me. So with the poetry of Spenser. It is sweet, good, pure, beautiful, but to me it is wearisome. In addition to poetry, Spenser also wrote a somewhat lengthy report, in prose, on the state of Ireland, which may be of interest at the present time to the curious and to those interested in the Irish question of to-day.

Besides Spenser, we have, in this age, Sir Philip Sydney, — brave soldier, able statesman, sweet poet—Fairfax, Marlowe, Sir Walter Raleigh, George Herbert, Chapman, the great translator of Homer and Hesiod, and Shakespeare in his non-dramatic works.

Historians are numerous, among whom I can only mention the names of Lord Herbert, Camden, and Sir Walter Raleigh—Raleigh equally at home with the pen or the sword, a brave soldier, a skilful sailor, a polished courtier, a statesman-like Counsellor. Sir Thomas More's name should not be forgotten, though he really belongs to an earlier period.

In other branches, besides Bacon—the father of the inductive system of philosophy, as, not with perfect accuracy he is called—It must suffice to mention Thomas Hobbes, author of the *Leviathan*, and other philosophical works, whose influence has been great with subsequent writers and thinkers; John Stow the famous chronicler and collector of manuscripts; Holinshed, historian and chronicler, from whom Shakespeare is believed to have derived the material for *MacBeth*; Hakluyt, compiler of old narratives and himself a voluminous writer on "voyages" and historical subjects, including works on America and the West Indies; John Davis, the famous navigator, who gave his name to Davis' Straits, discovered by him, and wrote a *Hydrographical History of the world*, as well as a narrative of his own voyages. William Lithgow, James Howell and Sir Thomas Herbert were extensive travellers and wrote so hackneyed and well of their wanderings, a subject not then famous author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, flourished in this period, as did also Camden (already referred to) and Spellman, the noted antiquarian.

Pamphleteers and controversialists were numerous. Bacon's essays rank among the greatest of that class of literature, and are justly reckoned one of the great works of English Literature. Yet great as this period was in poetry, in philosophy, in history and in miscellaneous writings, the full intellectual strength of the age is not to be found in these. The drama, having thrown off the cumbrous forms

of moral play and miracle, having discarded the stiff, artificial rules of the classic stage, was now ready formed for the hands of its masters. The popularity it possessed and the vast influence it wielded, attracted and engrossed the great poetical genius of the land. The dramatic writings of this time not only rise superior to those of every other period in English history, but they excel those of any other country and of any other age. The writers of the Greek drama, long held up as models, celebrated, and justly celebrated, for the beauty of their language, for their vigor and grasp of thought, and for the originality of their genius, are forgotten when the name of Shakespeare is heard. Nor is Shakespeare the only great dramatist of this period. His inspired thoughts so tower above those of other writers:—

“Like signiors and rich burgers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea
Do over-peer the petty traffickers.”

that our eyes, dazzled by his brilliancy, do not recognize the beauties of his contemporaries. Yet these were no common men. In another country or in any other time, they would have been looked upon as though the genius of the drama were in them personified.

Of these, passing over the names of Sackville, John Lilly, of Peele, of Green, Massinger, of Heywood, of Shirley, of Marston, and many others, not because they are unworthy to be remembered, but because there is not space in this sketch for more than a bare reference to them, I would mention Marlowe, author of Edward II., Dr. Faustus and other splendid tragedies.

In tragedy, Marlowe came nearer Shakespeare than has any other writer. He was cut off in early manhood, in a drunken brawl. Had he lived till his powers were matured, or had he given his noble intellect fair play, he would, as a tragedian, have proved himself a formidable rival even to the author of “MacBeth.” Of Marlowe’s

Edward II. I cannot give a better idea than is contained in this quotation from Charles Lamb, who says:—"The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in England, furnished hints on which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard II.; and the death scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror, beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted." Faustus is written with such terrible power, the blood almost curdles in the reader's veins as he reads. And yet there is a strange fascination about it. Once begun it cannot be laid aside. You cannot tear yourself away. You are as if spell-bound, till it is finished. The genius of Marlowe, the weird bent of his mind, the infidel nature of his life are well given in the words of Hazlitt:—

"There is a lust of power, a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination, unhallowed by anything but its own energies. His thoughts burn within him like a furnace with bickering flames, or throwing out black smoke and mist that hide the dawn of genius, or like a poisonous mineral, corrode the heart. Faustus himself is a rude sketch, but a gigantic one. This character may be considered as a personification of the pride of will and eagerness of curiosity, sublime beyond the reach of fear and remorse."

As an illustration of his deep tragic power, of the appalling spirit he can breathe into his work, take the following passage from *The Jew of Malta*. The Jew has taken vengeance on his oppressors, but has not escaped their hands. Brought to bay, he triumphs in the crimes he has committed. I do not know of any passage in which the very essence of hatred and defiance is so terribly portrayed. The Jew says:—

"Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And, in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution:

Know, governor, 'tis I that slew thy son;
 I framed the challenge, that did make them meet,
 Know, Colymath, I aimed thy over-throw;
 And, had I but escaped this stratagem,
 I would have brought confusion on you all.
 Damn'd Christian dogs and Turkish infidels,
 But now begins the extremity of heat
 To pinch me with intolerable pangs,
 Die, life; fly, soul; tongue, curse thy fill and die."
 To show the esteem in which he was held by his
 fellow-poets, let me quote these lines from Drayton, a
 contemporary dramatist:—

"Next, Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
 Had in him those brave translunary things,
 That the first poets had:—his raptures were
 All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
 For that fine madness still he did retain
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Leaving "Marlowe's mighty line," as his noble blank
 verse was termed by Jonson, we have "rare Ben" himself,
 whose writings are probably better known than any other of
 Shakespeare's contemporaries. He was a man of ponderous
 and clumsy, yet lofty genius. He is the founder of the
 regular or classic school of English Comedy. Of his
 numerous plays, the best are *Epicene, or The Silent Woman*
 and the *Alchemist*. *Every Man in His Humour* is one of
 his best known works, and contains the celebrated Captain
 Bobadill, whose magnificent boasting we used to read in the
 school-books of my childhood. Jonson was a pedantic
 scholar. In all his writings his mind seems oppressed by
 the burden of his knowledge, yet powerless to shake off the
 incubus. His learning was too heavy and cumbrous for
 him. He staggered under its weight.

Next we have Beaumont and Fletcher, famous for their
 literary partnership, most of their plays being joint produc-
 tions. They are distinguished by their luxuriant imagina-
 tion—ever running to waste, and by the graceful beauty of

their language. In them, to again borrow from Hazlitt, we find "all the prodigality of youth, the confidence inspired by success, an enthusiasm bordering on extravagance, richness running riot, beauty dissolving in its own sweetness." All subjects are touched upon by them. Though, perhaps, inferior to Jonson in comedy, certainly to Marlowe and Webster in tragedy, they on the whole make the nearest approach to Shakespeare.

Then comes "noble-minded" John Webster, of whose life little is known. The cast of his genius is gloomy and weird. Of his extant dramas, *Vittoria Corambona* or *The White Devil*, and the *Duchess of Malfi* are the best. Webster, to borrow the words of an English writer, delights "to suggest horrible imaginings, to adorn his sentiments with some image of tender and awful beauty." No better illustration can be given of the dark and morbid bent, the gloomy power of Webster's genius that in the words of Charles Lamb, speaking of the *Duchess of Malfi*, "who," he says, "has lived among horrors till she has become native and endowed into that element. She speaks the dialect of despair; her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls of Hell. To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then to step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeits, this only a Webster can do."

I have given a sketch, brief and imperfect, a skeleton though it be, of this epoch, but, ere passing to the next, I wish, for a moment, to draw attention to a peculiarity of the English dramatists of this age. It is this. The dramatists of the Elizabethan period are the only writers of England, or of any other country, who habitually represent the various forms of mental disease. There is something awful about distempers of the mind which possessed wonderful attractions for their tragic muse. Not only do

they delineate lunacy in all stages, but they are true to nature in doing so. Other writers have attempted to describe madness, but not with like success. In the Elizabethan drama you see its beginning, you follow it from stage to stage till it reaches its climax. There is nothing unnatural, nothing repulsive, about it. Each phase in its progress is but the fore-runner of what follows. Shakespeare, especially, delights in grappling with and describing this most difficult of all characters. You find it in Lady MacBeth. MacBeth, himself, in the closing scenes, is possessed by something very near akin to a "mind diseased." So in Hamlet, so in Othello, and others. In the Merchant of Venice, it takes the form of melancholy, and Antonio is oppressed with deep sadness, though, in sooth, he knows nor why he is so sad.

The student of this period cannot but be struck with the extraordinary versatility, the many-sidedness of its great writers! We find men distinguished in letters, who also rank among the foremost in the practical affairs of their country; men, who were at once poets, writers of prose, statesmen, politicians, courtiers, sailors, soldiers; great lawyers, who were also profound thinkers and writers on many subjects outside their profession, and who were prominent as courtiers and in state-craft; men who were, at once, great travellers, writers of travels, of history, of poetry and were skilled in arms, in the ways of court and in diplomacy.

Another strange feature is that, in the case of a number of the great dramatists, as Marlowe, Massinger, Heywood, Webster, even Shakespeare himself, so comparatively little, outside their own writings, is known of their personal history.



SHINNY.

BY "TOM A. HAWKE."

SAY, boys! What has become of the good, the true and the beautiful old-time game of shinny? The game which was played by as many or as few as cared to participate; as long as they liked and as often as they liked. The game which was played with wild hurroos and a hurley; the cudgel which has been supplanted by the more genteel, artistic and wieldy hockey stick. The game which did not have to wait until the man with the puck arrived in order to commence; but got right down to work the instant the always handy empty fruit can or block of wood was dropped upon the field of action. Whatever has happened the lively old game there is one sure thing it is not to be found.

The abolition of shinny has dispensed with another time-honored custom among the boys—a custom which was always looked forward to with a keen anticipation. This was "cuttin' hurleys." As soon as the autumn air took on coolness sufficient that one could "smell" the frost, the hurley-cutting season was open for business. Boy would anxiously enquire of boy in school-hours if he "was goin' cuttin' on Saturday?" He generally was and so were others. Then on Saturday morning each armed with a hatchet, a group of lads would hike them forth to the woods on the outskirts of Charlottetown and return late that afternoon very tired, but very happy, carrying a wad of joy in their hearts and a bundle of rough-looking sticks on their shoulders. Ah, me! those were the days! The merry laugh and the more than medium-sized appetite; the wet feet and the dry remark! The sticks when trimmed of their knots and bark were laid away to season for the conflicts to come. I think I see them yet—nice, round and shiny, right-handed

and left handed, the one with a knot on the end of the curve and the one that hadn't quite the right curve; worthy predecessors of the spick-and-span hockey stick of to-day.

To play the grand old game of shinny it wasn't by any means necessary to have a rink. It was like a mouth-organ. You could play it anywhere you liked; on a small patch of ice, in the snow or on the bare ground. You could play with skates, or without, you could play in your bare feet if you wanted to. There wasn't much style to shinny or any conventionalities. Nobody was ever sent to the sides for violating rules and referees were as scarce as hen's teeth. However, playing off-sides was not allowed, except perhaps in the case of a left-handed player. The penalty was to "shin" a man for off-side play: after a man was shinned his identity as a left-handed player was always established.

Shinny was in many respects a rough game; it was not sand-papered and glossed off so nicely as hockey, and if rude boys got into the game they would slash and the result sometimes would be that somebody would have to retire from the game in order to extract the "block" from their face. This was very seldom, however, and the casualty list of shinny would feel ashamed of itself if it were around today to see how hockey has outclassed it in this line of work.

Shin pads and skates! Well p'raps skates, if there was ice. Shin pads? No sir! You couldn't induce even a football player to don this article some years ago. There hasn't been a game invented yet to take real shinny's place. Hockey is nice sometimes and often exciting—but it is sometimes liable to put on frills.

Say fellers, 'member the old game of shinny, when the count used to be about 33 to 28, with 35 more games to play! When I think of these old games I can again hear the exquisite music of the empty fruit can as it went clankety-clank over and over, and over and over and over the frozen clumps of ground. If the old shinny epidemic should ever break out again we'll never be too proud to play it, no sir. Hockey is lively and dashing, but it's a counterfeit after all. Hand us over some shinny, boys.



Healthy Recreation

With Camera and Fishing Rod



Now that May has come, our thoughts naturally turn to out-door sports. A moderate cash outlay for a Camera or Fishing Rod will give splendid returns in good fun and increased health. We have Cameras from \$5.00 up. Each instrument is fully guaranteed, and accompanied with full instructions. Fishing Rods from 15c up. We specially mention a few English Rods at \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.25, \$4.50, \$5.75 that are splendid value. Our stock of Amateur Photographers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle is comprehensive and complete, and prices are right.

Johnson & Johnson
DRUGGISTS

For Up-to-date

Printing and Bookbinding

TELEPHONE OR WRITE

MURLEY & GARNNUM

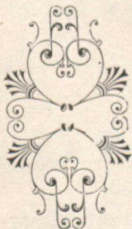
A Few of Our Specialties

PRINTING—Billheads, Letterheads, Noteheads, Business Cards, etc., etc. Catalogue and Book Printing a specialty.

BOOKBINDING—Day Books, Ledgers, Journals, Cash Books, Letter Books, etc., etc

Magazines and Periodicals Bound in First-class Style and at Low Prices.

PHOTOGRAPHS



of any of the public buildings, churches, or places of interest in and around Charlottetown, viz.:

Post Office, Provincial Building, City Hall, Law Courts Building, Hospital for Insane, Park Roadway, Queen Square Gardens, St. Dunstan's Cathedral, etc.

ONLY 25 CENTS EACH.

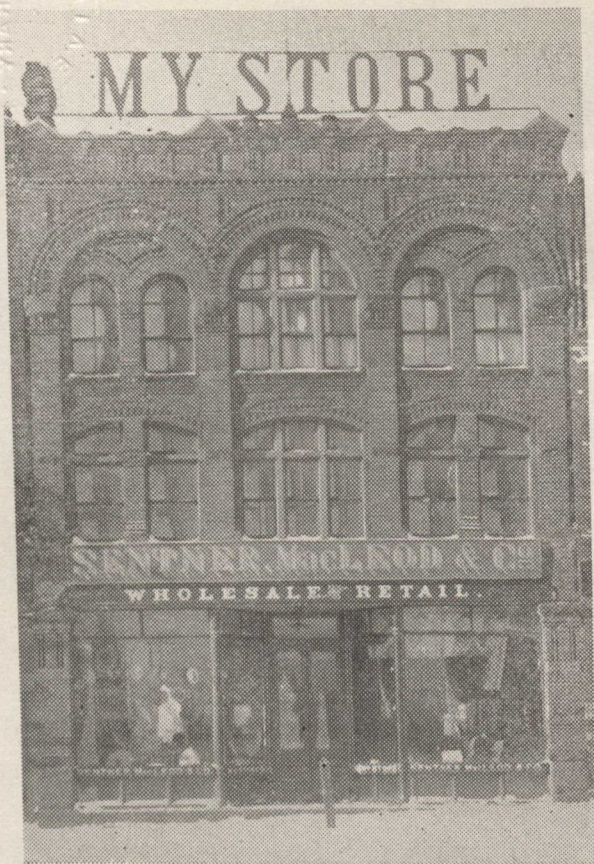
BY MAIL POST PAID

..W. L. HARVIE..

BOX 204

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

❖
THE ONE PRICE STORE
❖



❖
THE LOW PRICE STORE
❖

This is a Picture of Charlottetown's Leading Dry Goods Store.

We're doing our best every day to keep this store of your making so good that it will be indispensable to you.

We have just opened 55 cases of the prettiest English, German, French and American goods ever imported to Charlottetown.

Sentner, McLeod & Co.

SUCCESSORS TO BEER BROS.

Wholesale and Retail

CHARLOTTETOWN