

THE

Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

VOL. I. ❁

APRIL, 1899.

❁ NO. 2.

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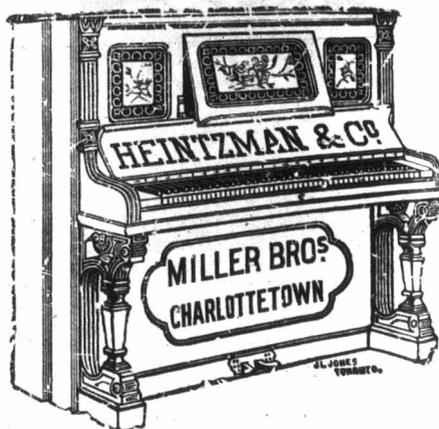
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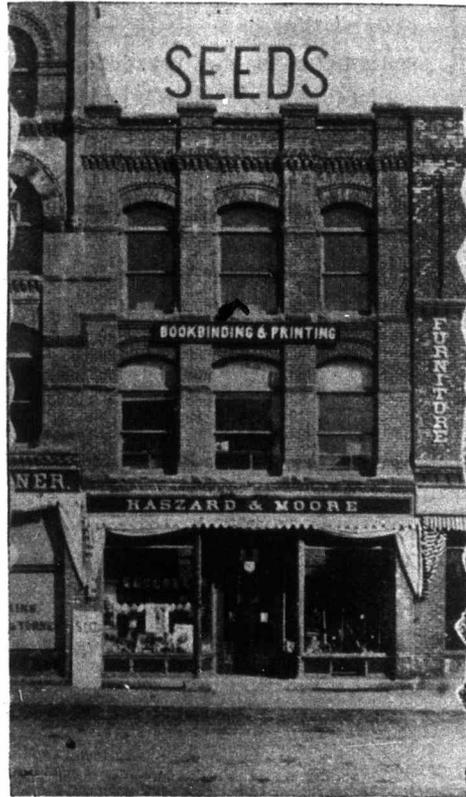
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The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

*For P. E. Island, Its People, Its History,
Its Literature, Its Advancement.*

The May and June Numbers



WILL contain a number of very interesting articles, among which will be "The Pioneers of the West River," the first of a series of articles relating to the history of the early settlers of P. E. Island, and the progress of the different settlements to the present day; the Story of La Belle Marie, an Indian tale of Fort La Joie; a short Ghost Story, laid in P. E. I.; historical sketches by authoritative writers on exceedingly interesting topics; "A Trip to the Peace River"; "In P. E. Island when George IV was King," and other good articles, besides Notes and Queries, Correspondence, etc.

Every effort will be made to keep the Magazine popular, and every opportunity will be used to improve it as the months go by.

Its circulation and advertising patronage has been very encouraging.

One thousand copies of the first number were printed, and the edition was almost sold out in a fortnight.

Address all correspondence and contributions to

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE,

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Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. I

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No. 2

Our Entertainments, Our Entertainers.

TO a community like our own which is largely cut off from the rest of the world during the winter season, the question of pleasant and profitable entertainment during that period should be one of great interest. Our city is fairly well provided in this direction. We have our lecture courses, and we think Charlottetown has good reason to feel proud of some of the literary efforts which are offered to the public year by year. We have our concerts at which music of all sorts and grades is offered to the lovers of harmony. But there is perhaps no attainment capable of giving more genuine enjoyment, combined with real profit, than good reading.

Of late years considerable attention has been given to elocutionary training, and our city can boast of some good readers. But it appears to us that much effort is being turned in a wrong direction and good reading is suffering thereby.

Any observations which we have to offer are not made in any spirit of carping criticism, but rather from a desire to help those who aim at affording pleasure and profit by means of public reading. It must be evident to the readers of our newspapers that intelligent criticism is conspicuous by its absence. There may be good reasons why things are as they are, but the fact cannot be denied that press notices of the public entertainments of our city, either consist of vague generalities which convey no meaning, or are made up of indiscriminate praise, lavished apparently without any special reason. In fact the notice of any one

entertainment might readily be made to serve for any other, if the necessary changes of pieces and performers were inserted. This state of things is certainly not helpful either to high attainment on the part of performers, or to a proper standard of appreciation on the part of audiences.

Reading is one thing; acting is another. Each has its sphere, though there seems a strong tendency on the part of many to confuse them. The true function of reading is to convey, by means of the modulation of the voice, the real meaning and force of a piece. It follows that it is useless to try and cover up indifferent reading by means of highly dramatic action. There are some public readers among us who conscientiously attempt true reading. They are, perhaps, not the most popular; certainly they are not the most frequently encored. But for their encouragement they may be quite sure that they reach the hearts of those who really appreciate true sentiment, truly voiced. Tearing passion to tatters will almost always command noisy applause, especially from that portion of the audience who are akin to the professional claqueurs of the theatre. This kind of success, however, is fatal to true excellence. We can think of one of our public readers who at the outset promised to attain high excellence—but who, carried away with the passion for acting, is fast losing the power truly to interpret the best kind of composition.

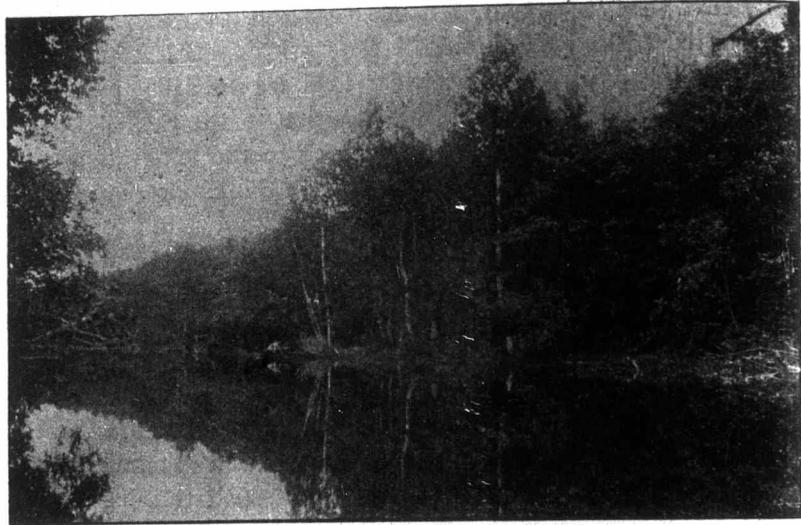
As illustrating these statements go over the selections presented to the public during the present season and ask yourself the question, How many of them were chosen simply because they are vehicles for action,—such action as is calculated to gain transient applause? How many because they are permeated with true emotion and depict the finer play of feeling which can only be truly rendered by one who in the first place fully understands the delicate shades of the author's meaning, and in the second place has trained the voice to convey to others, by its skilful modulations, the interpretation which has been perceived? Were it not invidious we could mention the names of half a dozen of our readers and give their selections, which amply illustrate the criticism we have ventured to make. But we are

quite sure that the readers, themselves, will see what we mean ; and we trust they will appreciate the spirit in which it is offered.

Turning to a somewhat wider field we note the application made by one of our teachers of elocution to the School Board, and the action of that body in reference to the application. In that action we fully concur. We do not think our school children can be successfully trained in this way. But we do feel that work of this kind should be done in our schools and that by training our children from early years in the true principles of reading, the best results can be secured. If the Board could see its way to require the teachers to undergo some training in elocution and to make this qualification have weight in their selection to fill vacancies, a real step in advance would be taken. As the result of enquiry we have learned from some who take an interest in our public schools that the effect of such training, on the part of certain teachers, is clearly discernible in their rooms.

If our children, from the time of their entrance into the primary departments, were in the hands of teachers who understood the principles of elocution, and were themselves good readers, a marked improvement would soon be visible. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to expect our present teachers to bear the expense of such a training out of their meagre salaries, but if the Board could see its way to, at least, assist such teachers as could with advantage take such a course, we feel sure it would be a wise investment, and one which the parents of the children would soon appreciate. There is, perhaps, nothing that would do more good to the rising generation than the cultivation of good taste in the selection of reading matter and the acquisition of the capability of properly rendering the noble thoughts of our best authors.





"where a screen of leaves keeps waters cool."

Dunk Speaks.

Along the west thin shreds of purple lay,
 The sultry air still throbb'd, as pulses beat,
 When fever is assuag'd; far off the Bay
 Of fair Bedeque spread like a silver sheet;
 The stars were few—only a lamb's soft bleat
 Broke on the soundless landscape: but there rose
 From out the stream a cry with grief replete—
 Such as you hear round graves about to close;
 The Dunk had found a voice, and thus she told her woes:

Ah me! my thoughts long years float back:

I see the gladeless forest spread
 Its twilight gloom; the lithe Micmac
 Stalking his game with noiseless tread:
 I see the Fox, the Elk, the Bear

Come forth to drink the eddying pool,
 And lave their burning haunches, where
 A screen of leaves keeps waters cool.

I see beneath the midnight skies,
The toiling Beavers gnaw the trees ;
I see their dam and lodges rise,
Like Venice from the coyling seas.
Down where th' invading tide has spread
His slime along my sandstone bed.
I hear the crane's wild croaking ring—
Sure mark that storms are on the wing.
But, O the joy I prized the most—
A joy the dearer, for 'tis lost,
Was to behold my children swarm
In pool and stream, not dreading harm.
And O ! to see them when the night
Threw o'er the pools her summer pall,
You would have said, and said aright,
My fish were holding carnival.
The youngsters skipped, and nothing loth
Their elders revelled in the play,
Catching at times a toothsome moth
That flickered sportive in their way.
Anon, when maple leaves turned red
Uprushed my giants from the sea,
To hide secure in sandy bed
Their germs of future progeny—
I ween a mortal's pains were lost,
In reckoning up that countless host.
'Tis true ! the wretch on misery's rack,
Weeps in his anguish hotter tears,
When mocking memory calls back,
The vanished joys of happy years.
Such pangs are mine ; through all my length
Is heard my wailing widow's moan,
My stream has shrunk to half its strength,
My sportive offspring all but gone.
And had they perished by the art,
Which honorable sportsmen use,
I could have now a calmer heart,

And voice less tempted to accuse.
 But, O ! may curses deep and strong,
 Rain on the perverse, poaching throng,
 Who wreck my pools with torch and glaive,
 As midnight ghouls ransack a grave.
 And I have seen my infants rot,
 In heaps beneath the summer ray,
 Around the shady woodland spot,
 Where " Herods " spent their holiday.
 Yet I'm protected by the law,
 Though slowly tortured unto death—
 The warder's sword no strength may draw—
 Disuse has glued it to the sheath,
 Enough : 'twould seem the die is cast—
 Deeper and deeper I must sink,
 A finless stream, until at last—
 Deserted even by the mink !
 Words ceased, but in their place shrill wailings came,
 And sobs that spoke a grief without a name :
 And slowly up the stream those weird cries move,
 As if some matron, mourned her stricken love
 Behind his bier ; the boiling rapids hush
 The wild commotion of their foaming rush,
 To let their Queen be heard, while woods awoke
 Their echoes to repeat the sobs which broke
 From that crushed heart, until the coming day
 Had creamed the east, and then—they died away.

—JOHN CAVEN.

Two Departures.

IT was a courageous resolve which animated and sustained our
 ancestors through the great ordeal of emigration. Their
 homes in the old world were dear to them ; but under the in-
 fluence of this determination they snapped all the ties which bound
 them to the land of their birth ; faced the perils of the ocean,
 often in unseaworthy and uncomfortable ships ; and braved the

hostility of savages and the dangers of starvation in the unbroken wilderness of a comparatively unknown continent. In some of the early emigrations, both French and English, a love of adventure and a desire for gold were the dominating impulses. But, later, a genuine determination to better the condition of their families was the main motive which brought about the emigration to Canada. Where the religious and civil conditions prevailing at home were pleasant, and where the people were in easy circumstances, the resolution to leave must have been formed after great mental struggles. Where hard times were knocking at the door, or where political or religious difficulties made life in the old land less pleasant than it ought to be, the impulse to go was made stronger; but the sense of wrong was added to the agony of parting.

Notwithstanding the profuse promises of emigration agents the going forth from the old land was essentially a leap in the dark. With no regular mail communication those of their acquaintances who had gone before them were heard from, if at all, only at long intervals; and the first impressions of Canadian forests and winters, when faithfully communicated, were sure to be uninviting. With the exception of Ireland, in the days of the famine, the old land had always bread and to spare, and the climate was comparatively mild. Although rents and taxes were high and wages low, the frugality of the people enabled them to keep the wolf from the door. Whatever the trials of the farmer or the mechanic in the old country, he knew the worst about them. He had endured them in the past and could measure his ability to grapple with them in the future. His fancy did not require to be very lively to conjure up vastly greater trials and privations than these in the new world. A soil far from being uniformly fertile, covered by primeval forests, and inhabited by uncivilized Indians, was a reality not likely to be transformed, in imagination, into a land flowing with milk and honey. Who can ever tell of the mighty deliberations amongst the neighbors in considering the pros and cons of going to America? The strongest of the men might well recoil at first thought from his half-made resolution when he looked at his wife and children. But it was just there that the grand decision was clinched. The first glance

at the children would start the suggestion that the danger to them would be very great; but the succeeding thought would amount to a conviction that the new world, in the end, must bring greater comfort and independence to the boys and girls than they could ever attain to in the old land. All honor to the brave men and women who left country and friends and all the dear delights of home; crossed a mighty ocean, and hewed, out of rock and forest, a home in Canada for their children. Peace be to their ashes, and may our children cease to honor and love us, if we forget to cherish the memory of our grand old emigrant forefathers.

The other departure to which my heading refers, came from another direction and was brought about by influences of a widely different character. The European immigrant came usually as a matter of choice, brought his worldly goods with him, and was cheered in his departure by pleasant memories of friends whom he had left behind. The United Empire loyalist had emerged from a long and bitter domestic struggle, in which he had, like Francis the First at Pavia, lost all except honour. Those of the inhabitants of the old colonies who were opposed to separation from Britain, though a minority, were far from insignificant in numbers or intelligence. Many of them agreed with their revolutionary fellow colonists in protesting against the Navigation Laws and the Stamp Duties. But they disagreed with them in the means of redressing their wrongs. When the appeal was made to the sword, the Tories, as the Loyalists were called, sided with the government and incurred the hate of the Revolutionists, even in a greater degree than the English. When independence came they were left defenceless in the hands of their enemies. They had staked all on British connection and they lost.

The treatment of the Loyalists will ever remain a stain on the memory of the revolutionists. By withholding the hand of conciliation, the United States lost thousands of citizens, most of whom were natives of the soil, and who would undoubtedly have furnished the very best material in building the nation. The men who stood up for a sentiment against popular opinion and their own worldly interests, might well evoke the sympathy and

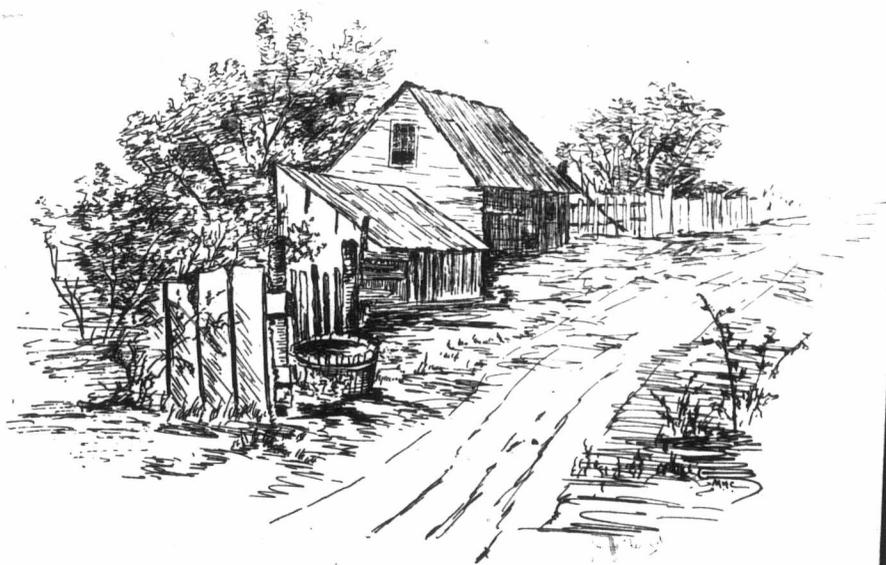
even the admiration of generous opponents. Their only fault was that they had loved the British flag and the British Constitution not wisely but too well, and for this they suffered expulsion. These brave people did not ask for mercy or favor. It would have been useless to do so. They cast no lingering longing looks behind to their stately plantations in the Carolinas or Virginia, or their cosy homes in the Connecticut Valley. They turned their faces to the north and sought new homes in the wilds of Canada, where they might enjoy the protection of the British flag and where they might help to build British institutions.

In a recent address, ex-President White, of Cornell University, now U. S. Ambassador to Germany, voiced what is to-day the sentiment of the best people in the United States towards the Loyalists. He said that the fatal blunder of the United States towards the Loyalists, had furnished Canada with early settlers of the highest character; but that his own country's loss did not end there. The expulsion of the Loyalists had diverted early British emigration to Canada, compelling the United States to receive settlers of inferior nationalities. Such of our people as are descended from the Loyalists may well be proud of their origin. The story of the settlement of Canada, during the last two decades of the eighteenth century, is replete with the heroism of the Loyalists. By frail vessels from the coasts of Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia they escaped with their lives, sometimes accompanied by their negro slaves, and settled on the shores and up the rivers of the Maritime Provinces. From the northern and middle States they found their way through the forests to the northern shores of the Great Lakes and of the River St. Lawrence, and to the wilds of Acadia. Amongst the heroic acts of those grand old Loyalists may be mentioned the performance of a Miss Robinson in rowing a boat for nearly one hundred miles down the River St. John and back, with provisions for the family who were clearing the spot which they had chosen for their future home. This story was communicated to me last summer by her kinsman, the Hon. Senator Allan, P. C., of Toronto. This young lady belonged to the Robinson family, who afterwards settled on the East River, near Charlottetown,

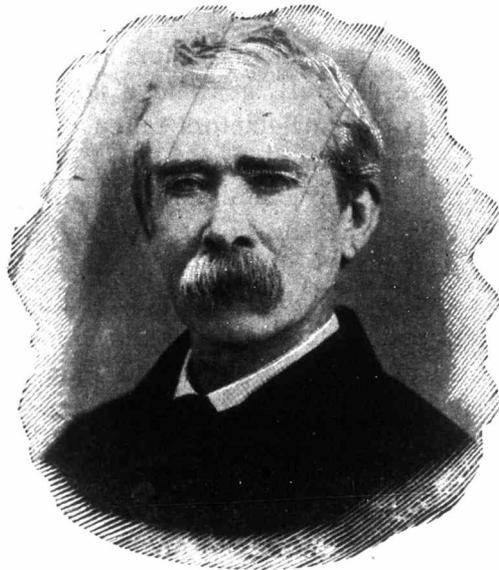
and whose descendants are, numerous and influential in Prince Edward Island at the present time.

The century now drifting into the past has been a momentous one, when viewed in relation to the progress of the human race, and our predecessors in Prince Edward Island, whether Loyalists, European emigrants, or their immediate descendants, have, in their own modest way, contributed their fair share to the general result. Their part in the great performances of the century was not to found a stately city giving laws to commonwealths, or to draw the wealth of other countries to our shores, and "rear a little Venice" Their task was to clear the forest, to establish the home, to open the school, to build the church, and raise a virtuous population to stand like a wall of fire around the land. Right faithfully has this work been accomplished. Our fathers and mothers were no idlers in the market place, nor laggards in the race.

D. FERGUSON.



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LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN HUNTER-DUVAR
Author of *De Roberval*, etc.

De Roberval.

IN selecting Roberval for the leading part in his Canadian drama, Duvar displayed at once the poet's taste and the historian's judgment. There is much in the career of the first Viceroy of Canada, as set forth in the records of his time, that is questionable and mysterious. Ample room is thus afforded for the play of fancy, while the well established facts form a solid basis for the work and ensure its perpetuation to future ages.

Jean Francois de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, was a nobleman of Picardy who had won the favour of his king, Francis I, of France. By the terms of his commission he was created "Lord of Norembega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos." In addition to these empty titles he received a substantial sum of money from the royal treasury and five vessels equipped according to the custom of the age. The famous navigator, Jaques Cartier, was

under him as "Captain General," while a nobleman named Paul d'Auxillon was second in command of the expedition. With him, also, were several "gentlemen adventurers," and a number of criminals and malefactors taken out of the jails to make the crews required for the vessels. "Whereas," said the king in the course of his commission to Roberval, "we have undertaken this voyage for the honor of God our Creator, desiring with all our heart to do all that which is agreeable to Him, it is our will to perform a compassionate and meritorious work towards criminals and malefactors, to the end that they may acknowledge the Creator, give thanks to Him, and mend their lives; therefore we have resolved to cause to be delivered to our aforesaid lieutenant (Roberval) such and so many of the aforesaid criminals and malefactors detained in our prisons as may seem to him useful and necessary to be carried to the aforesaid countries." The pious desires of the king could not, of course, be fulfilled without priests as well as officers and common soldiers. There were, besides, a number of women of various ranks and qualities. One of these was Roberval's niece, the Lady Margaret,—whose tragic story has afforded our poet material for one of his finest scenes.

The drama begins at the Court in Fontainebleau. The first two scenes are made up of light and witty conversation, courtly masques, etc., which include many sparkling epigrams and some good poetry. We quote:—

LOVE THE HUNTER.

Allay thy terror, flying heart,
 All vain are thine attempts to hide;
 Behind, before, and at thy side
 The sly imp, Love, lurks with his dart.
 A hunter he, and not a foe,
 Although his shafts lay many low.

Come, cease thy trembling, timid heart,
 Accept thy doom at Love's decree,
 For true love dealeth leniently—
 A sudden stroke, an instant smart,
 And lo the victim hath not swooned,
 But kisses Love and hugs the wound.

In the third scene, the sad case of Margaret is introduced by Bishop Duchatel, the king's librarian, who says:—

Bishop. And now, my son, pray lend a lenient ear,
 While in my office I assume to plead
 The sufferings of a most afflicted lady
 Margaret, your once loved niece. That she has erred
 Is not to be denied; but she is young,
 And youth's main faults are of the blood, not brain;
 In which case 'tis not hard to palliate.
 She was but little more than a mere child
 When, stung by some small necessary restraint,
 She fled for sympathy to one whose heart
 She deemed was her's because he had her own.
 Wrong, very wrong! But she knew not the world;
 She was not long out of her convent school,
 And her fond fancy made her friend her hero,
 And built for him a shrine to worship in,
 Setting him up above all earthly good.
 Repentance now hath come. She sees her fault,
 And finds her idol was but partly clay,
 Yet will not from pedestal cast him down.
 She begs to be forgiven, prays for your love;
 Or, if love be withheld, craves your consent
 To honorably wed her heart's one mate.
 For him: he is not of the people, though
 His blood be not so rich and blue as her's;
 Yet 'tis of good account. But your displeasure—
 I say not 'tis unmerited—proscribes
 Him from all profitable use and venture
 In this our worldly and rank-haunting land.
 Restore them your forgiveness, and thereby
 Open the way for honorable employment
 To him to whom she gave her maiden heart,
 So that the girl herself may lift her head
 From her abasement, and be yet received
 In the full ordinance of Holy Church.
 This I beg of you—chiefly as a friend,
 But partly as director.

Roberval. Lord Bishop, I have heard you patiently.
 It is the clergy's mission to pray heaven
 To blot the record of repentant sinners,
 Re-ope the sheep-fold and invite them in;
 But as all laymen have their favorite faults,
 So have I mine; and, leaving out of count
 The trifle of a touch of vanity,
 A little hastiness, some arrogance,
 Besides the failings that are almost graces,
 My most besetting sin is pride of name.
 My niece hath wounded, unforgivably,
 The honor of her house.
 I as that house's head, will not defile
 The ashes of my ancestry, nor pardon
 Her who debases them by mesalliance,
 Nor give consent to my name's ignominy,—
 Before high heaven the vow is registered.

The Bishop continues to plead, but pleads in vain, for Margaret; and he leaves Roberval's presence in anger. D'Auxillon enters, to whom Roberval sets forth his purpose and says:—

In less than seven years all shall see a flag
Of rising Empire o'er the Atlantic wave,
Whose glory, growing greater day by day
In width and magnitude, shall far outshine
The petty thrones of Europe;
And you and I will build the substance of it.

In the next scene, there is a dramatic and highly interesting interview between king Francis and the Viceroy. But the reader is, perhaps, more deeply interested in the fate of Margaret, and therefore I quote the following:—

Enter Servant.

Servant. A lady waits.

Rob. Who?

Serv. Sieur, I know not:
In sorrow, as I think, but young and graceful,
And clad in mourning garb.

Rob. Admit her straight.

(Enter Margaret Roberval, veiled. Roberval escorts her gallantly to a seat, and stands uncovered.)

Fair lady, for I know that you are fair,
Whence comes this honor that you wait on me?
This cabinet is more the abiding place
Of logs and muster-rolls than ladies' bower.

Marg. Alas! I come a sad petitioner.

Rob. The happier, I, who have the power to aid.

Marg. If not in your power, then not in man's power,
But in the hand of God.

Rob. Lady unknown,
Much may lie in my power. Not all, but much.
My duty to my King, my self-respect,
Are almost all can lay restraint on me.
You seem in trouble: friends, perchance, have lost,
And that I cannot remedy. Consider,
If it be in the compass of my mission,
Your prayer already granted.

Marg. Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!
And dare I humbly ask if, of your grace,
You'll patient hear me.

Rob. Lady, there is no need
For this reiteration. Pray, unveil.

(Margaret removes her veil.)

Marg. Uncle! dear uncle! hear me, sir—

But they never landed upon the mainland of Canada. A story, almost beyond the bounds of belief, is related to the effect that they, together with an old Norman nurse of Margaret, were landed upon a small island near the American coast and there left to their fate. This story was believed and recorded by Thevet, who was "the personal friend of both Cartier and Roberval; and Parkman declares that there was in it, "without a doubt,—a nucleus of truth." Duvar has incorporated this story in his drama:

J. Alfonse. Come ashore, sir. The ships ride at anchor,
All three made fast; and a clean bill of health.

Rob. Any trouble with your convict crews?

J. Alf. Nothing to speak of: a revolt or two;
Occasion to fire down the hatchways twice;
Two men thrust through a port-hole; an attempt
To fire the magazine, and, by the way,
I had to tuck three hands to the yard-arm;
Some mutiny on board the smaller ships,
But, on the whole, nothing to speak of.

Rob. In virtue of the powers conferred on me,
My clerk shall write you out an amnesty
For these most necessary instances.
A man and woman prisoner who were given
With privately sealed orders, what of them?

J. Alf. Alas! sir—

Rob. Point direct, sir, answer me.

J. Alf. Viceroy, I know what you have done for me;
Have chosen me for your Pilot, and right well
I know your word is law. All this I know
And strongly feel; but when the moment came
To carry out your orders, in my breast
Compassion and obedience went to war,
And I had thought—had hoped—

Rob. Say on, sir. Well?

J. Alf. Obedience triumphed. With what grace I might
I made her doom known to the Lady Mar—

Rob. The prisoners.

J. Alf. The prisoners; they also had with them
A horrible old witch or nursing mother,—
'Fore Gad, I'd rather face five savages
Than that old spitfire; with her claws she flew
At all around, and lo! marines of France
Fled like Neapolitans before her charge,
With much-scratched visages; e'en I myself
Had to be rescued by my port-ensign,
Else had I throttled been; at length she clung
To her loved lady, who stood pale and dumb,
But trembling much, and then into the boat
We lowered them, while the sailors at the oars

Rob.
J. Alf

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Were silent in the presence of such grief ;
 But, when we left to come on board, there came
 Over the surge such wild burst of despair
 It quite o'ercame us, and I had to turn
 And vent some rounds of good sound Gascoyne oaths
 As a mild diluent to soothe my feelings.
 The place of landing was, as by this chart,
 An island you will see on Cartier's plan
 At thirty-six leagues distant from the coast
 Across the mouth of the known estuary

Rob. So that 'tis done tell me not where 'twas done.

J. Alf. The wind had fallen, and our idle sails
 Lay pinned against the mast. Some twenty hours
 We lay in a dead calm, and from aloft
 Could see the fragile gently nurtured dame
 Dragging huge stones and staggering under faggots,
 Helping the man and witch to build a hut.
 Then, as a breath came round by nor'-nor'east,
 We spread our wings and left them to their fate.

If this story were grounded in truth, it is not wonderful that Roberval's efforts to colonize Canada ended in disaster.

Our author has filled out his drama with scenes in the new world, representing Roberval's efforts to effect a settlement of the country and find "the great highway to the Orient," his difficulties with his motley crew and with the Indians, the partially successful efforts of the priests who accompanied him to Christianize and civilize the wild men of the woods. He introduces with effect a beautiful Indian girl who becomes Roberval's friend and lover, and falls a victim to the suspicion and jealousy of an Indian brave. Roberval was recalled to France early in the summer of 1543. It is said that he made an attempt some years afterwards to return to Canada and that he perished at sea. Our poet closes his drama with the following scene :—

(Off the coast of Newfoundland ; long seas rolling in after a storm ; mermaids singing)

A gallant fleet sailed out to sea
 With the pennons streaming merrily.
 On the hulls the tempest lit,
 And the great ships split
 In the gale,
 And the foaming fierce sea-horses
 Hurled the fragments in their forces
 To the ocean deeps,
 Where the kraken sleeps,
 And the whale.
 The men are in the ledges' clefts,
 Dead, but with motion of living guise

Their bodies are rocking there.
 Monstrous sea-fish and efts
 Stare at them with glassy eyes
 As their limbs are stirred and their hair.
 Moan, O Sea !
 O death at once and the grave,
 And sorrow in passing, O cruel wave !
 Let the resonant sea-caves ring,
 And the sorrowful surges sing,
 For the dead men rest but restlessly.
 We do keep account of them
 And sing an ocean requiem
 For the brave.

In his summing up of the career of Roberval and the first attempts on the part of France to colonize Canada, Parkman says that "experience and forecast had both been wanting. There were storehouses but no stores; mills but no grist; an ample oven, and a dearth of bread. It was only when two of the ships had sailed for France, that they took account of the provisions and discovered its lamentable shortcoming. Winter and famine followed. They bought fish from the Indians and dug roots and boiled them in whale oil. Disease broke out and, before spring, killed one-third of the colony. The rest would have quarrelled, mutinied, and otherwise aggravated their unutterable woes. But disorder was dangerous under the iron rule of the inexorable Roberval." Thevet, while calling himself the intimate friend of the Viceroy, gives a darker coloring to the story. He says that "forced to increasing labour and chafed by arbitrary rules, some of the soldiers fell under Roberval's displeasure, and six of them, formerly his favorites, were hanged in one day. Others were banished to an island and there kept in fetters, while for various light offences, several, both men and women, were shot. Even the Indians were moved to pity, and wept at the sight of their woes."

Whatever may be the truth in this regard, it is certain that John Hunter-Duvar, of Prince Edward Island, has left to Canada an historical drama which is elegantly written and interesting throughout, which abounds in true poetry, and which contains many passages exhibiting the rare power of true and graphic description.

W. L. COTTON.

A Dream Face.

I sailed through the mists into dreamland,
That kingdom so vast and unknown
Where the soul with bright visions holds converse
And Bliss crowns each thought ere't has flown ;
And from out the dim vista before me
There shone like a ray from on high
A face, pure and radiant as sunbeams
That flash o'er the loveliest sky.

Like the calm dusky gleam of the twilight
Ere night turns to sable its hue
Shone her eyes, from whose depths beamed a blessing
Which thrilled me like love stirred anew.
They spoke to my soul of a rapture—
A bliss which life could not define
But which, sometime, when years had rolled onward
Would forever be mine—only mine.

* * * * *

My bark sailed away from sweet dreamland,
And her face faded slowly from sight,
As the shores of that bright land of fancy
Grew distant ; while on in its flight
My bark sped o'er seas rough and stormy,
And sad was my heart, sad and sore,
For one chill dreary morn it lay stranded
On earth's barren and desolate shore.

MAY CARROLL.

Insula Felix—II.

IT is August. The hour is noon ; and the spell of idleness seems to hold the world in poise. The pleasure of mere existence is enough. No one wishes to do anything. No one, except a fool, wishes to say anything. When the cup of enjoyment is full to the brim, it is necessary to be quiet lest it spill. The tide is at the ebb, and we are strolling on the beach. Above us towers the ragged cliff whose ruddy sides make a pleasing border to the green slopes of Warren Farm. Gradually rising from the water line at the old lime-kiln near Indian Cove, it reaches the height of some forty feet, and, sweeping around in a jagged semi-circle, loses itself in the little bay not far from the "Block House". From the top of this bank the fields of ripening corn slope up on all sides quite steep to the old French fort that caps the height, and which in its turn, is overgrown and hidden from sight by a crown of Nature's weaving. For the trees have taken the place of the warriors who manned the walls of Fort la Joie. To-day the spruce, the birch, and the fir fight for place, and stand more thickly in ditch and on rampart, than ever did the dark or pale-face, brave of old. As though in derision of man's arms, She has said, "Lo, I will plant you here a garrison that will outlast your puny race, and renew itself from their dust when the last of them is under my sod." In shape the hill is not unlike a wedding cake with a bunch of flowers stuck in the crest ; but its color reminds one of an Irishman's button-hole on the seventeenth of March.

From what I have said it is plain that we are a small party on a days outing. But far be it from thee, O reader, to think this one of those common pic-nics where everyone does nothing *ad nauseam*—except the boys, who have a bet up as to who will go in bathing the oftenest without taking the cold shivers ; and the women, who do their best so see if it be possible to clean more dishes, and smirch more characters, than they would if at home. Know then that we are all members in good standing of the Natural History Society, that is, all but one or two who are denying themselves by cutting off their cigars and tutti-frutti,



"It is possible that there may be other good reasons for such a grouping."—See *Insula Felix*.

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and saving all their coppers to pay the enormous initiation fee into that illustrious body of savants. Yes, we have "improved the shining hours" of the morning. With reverent hands we have made levy on Dame Nature, and opened up her treasure-house; and now after infinite pains crowned with success, we spread out and examine our specimens on the shore, having first broken up into groups of two so as to study to better advantage. It is understood that this course is approved by the Society. It allows of several investigations being carried on at the same time without interfering with one another. If one does not relish the dissection of a crab, he can make up a group botanical to discuss the *Grandiflora Watsonia*; or geological, and bury it in the mysteries of the tertiary period, as deep as our coal seams are, under this top coat of good red sandstone. It is possible that there may be other good reasons for such a grouping, but I am sure it is unnecessary to state them.

But where is the Mentor of the party? Ah, there he goes, wandering alone by the foot of the cliff where the great boulders and fragments wrenched off by last winter's frosts make good climbing but bad walking. He pauses, his eye caught by some small object partly buried in the smooth, hard sand at the tide line. Stooping to pick it up, he finds it is an Indian arrow-head and straightway falls into divers meditations. Let us try and follow the sage in his reverie.

This flinty relic of the barbaric past, upon which he has chanced in his solitary ramble, is a truer record of man's doings than any made with pen and ink. Why? Because it is involuntary. It was not made to *record* a deed, but to *do* it. When a man sits down to write, he is always tempted to make a telling story, or to extol his own, his country's, or his patron's greatness. But, when the matter in hand is to get his dinner or slay his foe, he gets to business without preliminary flourishes, and, if he draws the long bow, it is not in a metaphor, but with deadly purpose.

True, it is only a hint of the past. But, even as the artist sketches first the salient points as they strike him one by one; so, by piecing together the glimpses afforded us of what has been, we get a true outline, the blanks of which can be filled in

by the instructed mind of the sage. Let the rocks and woods and streams of our Island tell the tale of man's doings here in early days. They were here then, and, in spite of our hard usage, there is still a little of them with us.

Instead of the stately legislative halls, in which our provincial statesmen discuss their country's good, and abuse, at greater length, their opponents bad, here, in the heart of the forest, buried in pine and hemlock, but discovered to the eye by the upward curling smoke, dull blue against the darkling shades of the trees, was the camp of the Mic-Macs. Here met their chiefs around the solemn council fire, to talk of war and peace.

The burden and curse of an excess of governmental machinery was then unfelt. The dusky warriors did not have to make pilgrimage from Souris, or Crapaud, or Tignish, to Charlottetown, Halifax, Ottawa, Downing Street, or even to Washington, to get authority, or to beg for plums. Each tribe was to itself a kingdom. Their bravest was their chief. Elected—perhaps not by ballot, but none the worse for that—when they “raised him aloft on the buckler throne, and, with clanging armour and hearts, said solemnly: ‘Be thou our acknowledged strongest!’”

The old men were the privy council, the young braves the executive. This style of government had a great advantage over ours in the promptness with which its decisions were carried out. Red tape had not yet been imported from England. True it is that then, as now, the old men* of the senate threw out whatever measures displeased them. But there was no appeal to the people to reverse their decision. For instance, if they voted war against a neighbouring tribe, there was little delay over formalities. From the council adjourned, they went to the wigwams, soon to issue forth naked in all the glory of the war paint. An extra edge to tomahawk and scalping knife, a new thong to the bow, off they filed through the wood, and the war was begun.

* *Note.* It is well known that not even the elderly squaws had any place at the council in those dark times. That was a development reserved for happier days.

With the canoe for bridge, the forest trail for highway, and the blue vault of heaven their only roof, it will be seen at a glance that the great spending departments of Railroads and Public Works could not then have reached the state of perfection in which they now flourish. It follows that taxation, if it existed at all, was light. And that may account for some of the red-skin shortcomings.

For, come to think of it, that much abused man the tax gatherer, is really an ambassador of civilization. Among savages every one works for his own hand. The result is selfishness, greed, hate, despotism, oppression. How different with us; we know that every dollar we earn helps educate our neighbors' children, macadamize the roads, bridge the Hillsborough; and that every time we buy a pound of sugar or a fig of tobacco we put in a mite for the deficit on the Intercolonial Railway, or the subsidy for the Atlantic and Pacific steamers, for our little army in the Klondike, or the Straits subway that is to be.

One feels then, with a glow of ardour, the greatness of his country, and that he is not living or working for himself alone, but, even in the humblest sphere, for the good of the whole. These considerations, I say, raise the mind to a higher level. The savage no longer confines his observations to the arrival and departure of the wild goose, the particulars of the last bush fight or hockey match, or the price of hogs and potatoes. No, no, we hold high converse on more lofty themes. The liberation of Cuba, partition of China, pacification of the Philipines, expansion of the United States, annexation of Canada, intervention of the European Concert, the expulsion of the Mahdi,—these are subjects which admit of refined conversation, and require scientific investigation and delicate handling. To be sure at the bottom of each of them remains the same old incident to which our little chipped flint gives the point—slaughter. Perhaps it is not that that gives them interest to fill the columns of our journals. But what is the butchery of a few thousand or hundred thousand souls, if it provides a topic of interest to amuse the civilized world?

Arrow, and tomahawk, and scalping knife are out of date ; we carry on the business in a more scientific way with Enfield rifles and the improved shrapnel shell and machine gun. And then the object of a modern war is always a good one—never for territory, glory or revenge. We fight for liberty, enlightenment, Christianity, always—both sides. And the story of the fight is no longer told by savages around their fires, but is dressed in the prettiest words and pictures in the pages of our magazines, and devoured with all the more avidity on Sundays after reciting "Thou shalt not kill ; Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

Things improve too for the gentle squaw. She counts no more the scalps brought home by her lord, nor wastes her time minding the papoose and cooking dinner, or pouring balm on the wounds of her hero at foot-ball or lacrosse. These things cut no figure, except as history.

The fair one (or dark, as the case may be) is emancipated ; and if, perchance, she can spare an hour from her academic studies and æsthetic pursuits, she gives it to humanity in the W. C. T. U., or the Woman's Council. A paper on the Curfew Bell, Sanitary Reform, Woman's place on School Boards, or the snow's place off the sidewalk, is much to her taste. Should she get home in time to warm her husband's slippers, so much the better for him. Bearing the most active part in the struggle of daily life, who would grudge her the happiness to amuse herself with philosophy, and to theorize to her heart's content over the problems of existence.

Since she governs the world in her control of the three great posers that tackle a man every day—what shall he eat and drink ? wherewithal shall he be clothed ? and who will make his bed ?—it is only natural that she should wish to divert herself with those lighter questions that do not touch us so closely, arising out of metaphysics, theology, law, medicine, and morality. These are subjects evidently made to be played with ; they will stand any amount of it ; they don't mind, they are seldom treated any other way.

Diversion over she returns to her work with new zest. Her work ! What volume large enough to detail it ? What heart

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great enough to understand it? Whether it be little or big, mean or noble; be it in college or on the stage, in home or in hospital, in convent or in salvation barracks; be it where it may, it is her work of redemption, and must have an ever broadening sphere of action. It was given her by God; what man shall fix its bounds.

M. L. W. F.

The Bastile of Charlottetown.

Aramis: "Nay, nay, you will never make me believe there are any good rooms in the Bastile, and as for your carpets, they exist only in your imagination. I see nothing but spiders, rats, and perhaps toads too."

Baisemeaux: Toads! "I don't say there are not toads in the dungeons. But will you be convinced by your own eyes."

One's mind makes curious comparisons. To think of our County Jail seems not an obvious result from reading the conversation between Aramis and the Governor of the Bastile when the former was plotting the trick that (according to Dumas) brought upon the brother of Louis XIV the agony of the iron mask.

But when the Bastile of Charlottetown is an ever-present, irritating reality; when its ugliness, and squalor, and dirt oppress one day by day it gets on the nerves. When one perceives how it blights a portion of our town he may be pardoned for making a protest.

Consider the case. When Charlottetown was "laid out" five public squares were provided to be the lungs of the city. They were poorly looked after for years but four of them are now more or less creditable to the town. As to the fifth, some vandal conceived the idea of building the jail upon it. An architect of a corresponding mind must have planned the building and the stockade that surrounds it. It is a specimen of the useful not ornamental kind of architecture. It resembles the lodges that our aborigines used to build and fortify with a palisade—but it is not so picturesque. It is dismally ugly.

This incubus placed upon it the square had to be named. It became the "Jail Square." With about the same amount of imagination the jail could be called the square jail.

If the exterior of this wretched building is uncouth, the interior is every bit as miserably depressing. Once a year the Grand Jury visit it, and in carefully expressed phrases say words that do not recommend it. The peccant men that visit it at less regular intervals express themselves to the same affect, using the vulgar tongue without careful phrasing. One of these who calls there occasionally, and who lately went down in charge of a gentleman dressed in blue and a tall fur cap, and stayed ten days, could not find words strong enough to express his opinion. He ought to know: confidentially he imparted the fact that the winter is the best time to "go down to the jug" at the Queen's invitation. It is certainly cold and breezy; but in the summer the industrious hammerers who crack up limestone in the exercise yard all day, and hard tack at meal times, retire to their couches with heavy eyes to woo "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," only to find that it "wilt no more weigh their eyelids down and steep their senses in forgetfulness." The reason is that in addition to the rats, there is another class of inmates not committed by law, but present in overwhelming numbers, their proper name being *Cimex lectularius*. These insects, it appears, have grown bold during decades of residence and dispute possession of the beds.

But why go on to enumerate the particulars of this deformity which constitutes one of the eyesores of our town.

Delightful results have been lately obtained by clearing up and planting with trees our public squares. Note Rochfort Square as an example. A feeble attempt was made to redeem the ugliness of the Jail Square by planting trees, but the hopelessness of the work was overpowering.

Is there any prospect of getting this prison removed, and the square made into a breathing place for the many children—in no part of the city is the case more pressing—that dwell thereabouts? Planted with trees, with nice walks and comfortable seats it would make a grateful resting place and pleasure resort

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for scores. It would forever remove the shabbiness of that portion of the city, and make as good a prospect as the eye could look upon.

With perhaps a reservation.

There is not far removed from the jail another structure. It is a part of the Owen Connolly estate. It is gigantic in its hideousness. It is the abode of water rats and a bad atmosphere. It is so repulsive that it destroys the appearance of the attractive building beside it: it is so hopelessly and uncompromisingly ugly that the beauty of the neighboring building cannot in the least atone for its homeliness.

Therefore let the "black flower of civilization," the prison, be transplanted; and away with the caravanseri where vermin congregate and bad smells abide.

Let the prison go first. Tear it down or move it away. Do something with it. Sacrifice the *cimex lectularius*: immolate it upon the altar of improvement. The town will be the better by recovering the use of one of its public squares; and the people of that neighborhood will bless the name of the reformer who brings this thing to pass.

A. IRWIN.

Side Talks with "Sports."

[NOTE that our city fathers in the amendment to the City Coporation Act which it is proposed to ask the Legislature to pass this session purpose having incorporated therein a clause to provide for the regulation of clubs or places of amusement and resort of boys. It is said that the legislation is necessary owing to the abuses existing in some of these resorts. I have heard of one in particular—an athletic club's quarters by the way—and if all told of the scenes therein enacted be true, legislation can come none too quickly to suppress or regulate such places. Its members are said to be ever ready to shine, but that on certain occasions, when, for example, victory has come to their colors, they eclipse by their nocturnal orgies the bacchanalian splendor of the highest court in toperdom. On these state

occasions their moist congratulations are not confined alone to members. Oh no! The giddy youth yet in knickerbockers is then given entree, tempted by "a bracer" and taught that it is more man-fashioned to take it straight. Other evils are said to flourish under the patronage of this same club, but of them, enough!

And these are some of the custodians of sport in the city! Why they are not even capable of guarding their own honor. Do they know the cardinal principle of athletics—do they know the kernel of it all? I trow not. Do they know that the physical man, which it is intended to strengthen and beautify, is enervated and enfeebled by their folly and, that their mental faculties, which depend upon a sound body for the vitalizing agencies that give accuracy and alertness, are blunted by their riotous living? If these hobbledehoys would but adjust their thinking caps and reflect for a moment I am sure they would see the injury they do themselves.

And if the mischief were to end here: but it does not. There is still another phase of the question—a phase which tends more, perhaps, than any other to make sport languish and die. Mankind in general is prone to hasty conclusions and the good or evil of a thing is judged by the effect it produces in others. If then, the blame for conduct like the above is laid at the door of athletics, as it certainly is, how are the minds of parents to be disabused of the idea that sport tends to develop the animal man at the expense of the moral man? Is it to be expected that they will permit their children to worship at its shrine? Hardly. While I have never considered athletics in the light of a character moulder, I do not on the contrary believe it to be a character destroyer. Those who give the matter an honest thought must know that the fast young man will go a rapid pace to an inglorious finish did he never see a wheel, a hockey stick, a football or a cricket bat. Though it must often shoulder the opprobrium, athletics, of itself, is not responsible for the swiftness of some who follow it. Its tendencies and its precepts point altogether in opposite directions. When supplemented by good sense and reason, it fills its mission, and gives

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strength and beauty to its devotees. Good sense did I say? Ah, there comes the rub, and there lies the reason why in it as in the other walks of life we must be careful of the company we keep.

JIMSO.

The Skerry Vore Lighthouse.

IT is safe to say that on the day that six of our fellow townsmen narrowly escaped a watery grave near the Skerry Vore Rock, very few people in this province knew much about the place.



MR. W. W. STANLEY.

This short description will give some idea of the fearful danger which almost without ceasing dwells about this dreaded spot—and will make plain the fact that this shipwreck, without the loss of a single life was most remarkable.

The Skerry Vore is a rock with a bad reputation. It is situated off the Hebrides, on the west of Scotland, and forms part of a dangerous reef of rocks extending about fifteen miles out into the ocean.

Because of its position a lighthouse was a necessity for the safety of ships, and as early as 1804 it was visited by the engineer of the British Board of Northern Lights. The fearful difficulty of even landing upon the rock, and other conditions, were such, that not until twenty years afterwards was a survey made in order to arrange for the construction of the lighthouse. This survey took three years to accomplish. On June 28th, 1838, the first day's work on the rock was done. It took 102 days to blast out the foundation. The work, in all its stages, was terribly interrupted by fearful storms. On one occasion, the men at work upon the rock were fourteen days without communication with the shore (which is even worse than the plight of P. E. Island in winter.) The waves, it is said, "sometimes obscured



MR. L. E. PROWSE



MR. S. A. McLEOD

the engineer's windows, fifty feet above the sea, with their sheets of spray. Provisions ran short, and only one days rations remained when the steamer was able to reach them."

The building of the lighthouse began on the 7th July, 1840, when the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Argyle. The stones for the tower were prepared at the quarries at Hynish, in Tyree Island, where a large force of men were employed, and were towed to the rock in lighters, and on the 25th of July, 1843, the masonry of the tower was completed. "Thus was brought to a conclusion the great polished sea-tower, solid as a work of nature, 137 feet 11 inches high, and about 4,308 tons in weight."

But yet all was not done. It was imperatively necessary that when the light was ready to be shown, it should appear on the day advertised, lest navigators should be misled and cast away. "Seven weeks elapsed in fruitless attempts to reach the unhappy prisoners at the tower. The last attempt happily succeeded just in the



MR. J. A. McLAREN.

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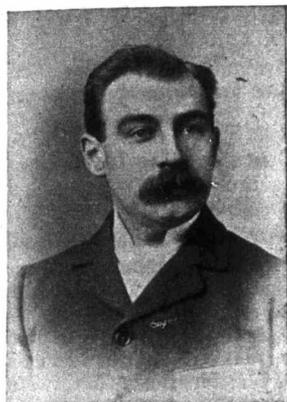
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MR. CHAS. E. LEIGH



MR. W. A. HUESTIS

nick of time, and the light appeared on the 1st of February, 1844. The men were in a pitiable state of privation, with their clothes hanging in rags."

For the information of our readers away from home we subjoin the following facts regarding our Islanders who were on board the SS Labrador when she struck, and whose portraits appear with this article :

Mr. W. W. Stanley is a son of the late James Stanley, of Charlottetown, and was born in 1856. He served his apprenticeship with the well known firm of Davies & Co., in the London House, and in 1885 entered into partnership with his brother George. He is married to Carrie, daughter of H. A. Harvie, Esq., of Charlottetown. Mr. Stanley has crossed the Atlantic a score of times without mishap, except on the last eventful voyage.

Mr. L. E. Prowse is the senior member of the firm of Prowse Bros., controlling one of the largest businesses on P. E. Island. He was born in Charlottetown Royalty, where his father, Mr. William Prowse, was a well known farmer. He came to town and began business in the hat and clothing line in 1881, subsequently taking his brother, Mr. B. C. Prowse into partnership. Mr. L. E. Prowse represents the city of Charlottetown as member of the Provincial Legislature.

Mr. John Alexander McLaren is a native of Doune, Perthshire, Scotland, and, ten years ago, came to Charlottetown to enter into the employment of Mr. James Paton. He became a partner of the firm in 1894 and has crossed the Atlantic many times to purchase goods for his firm in the English markets. Mr. McLaren married Miss Jamieson, a native of his "ain countree" several years ago, when on a trip to his old home.

Mr. S. A. McLeod was born at Orwell in April, 1867. In April, 1882, he entered the employment of Messrs. Perkins & Sterns. He remained with them for a little less than eleven years. In January, 1893, Mr. McLeod, with Mr. Geo. M. Moore, the junior member of the firm of Perkins & Sterns, combined to

buy out the business with which they had so long been connected. Since this date they have carried on the business with marked success under the name of Moore & McLeod.

Mr. Chas. E. Leigh was born in 1869 at Plymouth, Devonshire. He is a son of Capt. Chas. E. Leigh, R. N., of Charlottetown and began his business career in 1887 with Messrs. Weeks & Beer, continuing with W. A. Weeks & Co., and this year becoming, on the retirement of Mr. W. A. Weeks and Mr. A. W. Weeks, a partner of the present firm of Weeks & Co. Mr. Leigh has made several trips to the old country for his firm during the past few years. He is married to a daughter of the late John Brecken, Esq., of Charlottetown.

Mr. W. A. Huestis was born at Port Hill in the year 1863 and was the youngest son of Mr. Nathan Huestis. He moved with his parents to Summerside in 1876 and entered the dry goods store of Hon. Benj. Rogers in 1878. He remained in Mr. Rogers' employ 14 years. In 1892 he entered the employ of Messrs. Henderson and McNeill, with whom he remained for three years. In 1897 he, with his wife and little boy, moved to Charlottetown, taking a position as manager of the dress goods department and European buyer for the firm of Messrs. Perkins & Co.

The Autobiography of an Umbrella.

HERE I lie in this dingy attic, broken, and battered, and covered with dust; I who was once a handsome, respectable umbrella, highly prized by my owner.

To-day I heard one of the children ask if he might have me to make a cane of, and, fearing that my days are numbered, I hasten to make a short sketch of my life.

I am old in experience, if not in years. Can it be possible that only three years have passed since I was made in one of the largest umbrella manufactories in England?

I am a descendant of a very old race, which took its name from the Latin word "umbra", a shade. In proof of the antiquity of our race, I may say that in the sculptures of Egypt and Ninevah we were often carved. In early days our use was confined to royalty in the East, but in Greece and Rome we were more extensively used. The Italians were the next to adopt us; but it was not until the beginning of the 17th century that we were introduced into England, and then only as a great luxury for the ladies. At first the sterner sex would not deign to use us; they considered it a sign of infirmity or effeminacy to be seen carrying us, but now we are regarded by all as one of the necessities of life.

When I was about two weeks old, I was sent to a fashionable London shop, as handsome and trim a black silken umbrella as ever was made—if I say it who shouldn't. Shortly after this I was purchased by an elderly gentleman, who was, as I soon learned, a tourist from a place called Canada—so I prepared to bid my native land adieu.

Before embarking on the ship which carried us away, I had a week of life in London—which, for an umbrella, means fog, fog, fog—and many an hour I spent waiting for my owner outside of the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, etc, etc, but never went near a theatre, or place of that description, for my owner was a Reverend Professor occupying a Chair in a large Methodist College in the little town of Z—, and didn't believe in such things.

I cannot enter very minutely into our sea-voyage, for I spent most of my time in a corner of the cabin, tied up with canes and other umbrellas. The Professor kept me company a great deal of the time—he seemed very fond of his berth, and, as he lay there, he gave utterance to that which from any other lips would have seemed profane, but as I have already said he was a Reverend Professor! *Mal de mer* they called it!

Contrary to the fate of the proverbial umbrella, I have never changed owners—except when I was temporarily borrowed or hidden by mischievous college students—perhaps my owner's name carved on my massive silver handle may account for that.

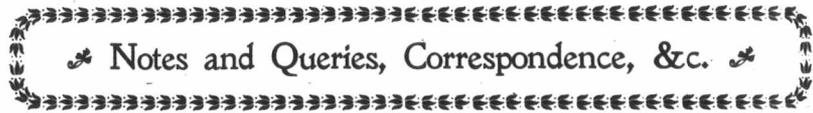
It was on one of these "borrowed" occasions that I heard my first and only love story; for the Professor was a steady middle-aged man with a wife and children, and more addicted to talk of theology than love. It was coming home from a concert in the Music Hall one rainy evening, that, under my friendly shade, a youth and maiden plighted their troth, and I'm sure I hope nothing will happen to disturb their "love's young dream." Do not ask me to repeat what they said. Such confidences are sacred, even to an umbrella.

My Professor was very much given to wearing a tall silk hat. No matter what the weather—sunny or rainy, or blowing gales of wind—Z—was such a windy town—on went the

beaver, and it was quite touching to note the skill with which the Professor adjusted me over it, or it under me. I remember one day especially, how amused some of the college girls were at us, they tapped at him when passing, and at every tap he popped out his head, then nicely fixed it under each time, until finding them in the end, he gave them a pleasant smile—for he was a genial man, was the Professor, and, I have heard, often sent those self-same young ladies nice taffy drops, flavored with orange and lemon.

I fear there is nothing very thrilling in my simple autobiography, but we cannot all be famous.

Oh dear! here comes a horrid boy to break me up, and if this narrative were to be continued any longer it would be merely—"The Story of a Stick."



 ❁ Notes and Queries, Correspondence, &c. ❁

Our New York Letter.

Our New York correspondent sends the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE the following:—

"I notice very many things which I believe would amuse, startle, or help to educate friends in P. E. Island. But I am like the stuttering man who asked for a ticket on the freight train. I cannot express myself very fluently, as it were. Of course, Boston is the promised land of Canadians in general, and P. E. Islanders in particular, and there one comes across them in all walks of life, from the cradle to the police court. They are plainly heralded as successful Canadians, and the special notice of their attainments is copied and recopied from paper to paper until their own particular home publication makes known the fact that Americans have once more had to give way to Canadian talent. Here in New York it is different. George Dixon the champion light weight of the world wins battle after battle, and the fact that he first saw the light of day in P. E. Island, and later on came from Halifax to the United States is never even mentioned. Professor Schurman, President of Cornell College, leaps from rung to rung in the ladder of fame, and is finally selected from among the millions of native Americans by the President of the country to bring him a faithful report of the condition of our latest acquisition—The Philippines. Still P. E. Island, his birthplace, is not held before the American people as the place which has given to the world this most brilliant scholar. What's the matter with P. E. Island's press agent?"

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"The cable office here is manned by the finest telegraph talent in the world—75 per cent. Canadians. Rose Coghlan and her brother entertain theatre-goers in a manner never before dreamed of by *them*, simply as the result of a few months sojourn upon the Gem of the Gulf. But in all their sensational press notices or upon the stage one looks in vain for even one small footprint of the red clay of the garden isle. Hence the great difference between Boston and New York.

"New York life is an education in itself. One has only to stand at the ferry entrance and watch the continuous stream of humanity pouring into New York for hours in the morning, and remember that the same thing is taking place at every inlet—the Brooklyn Bridge—the Elevated Road—a dozen trolley lines and thirty odd ferries—to get some idea of the amount of business done here in a day. These millions all subscribe their mite to New York's existence—ten cents car fare, twenty or thirty cents for lunch, a few cents for newspaper "extras" (which everyone have even if they have to forego the pleasures of eating). And although this same multitude marches from the city again at nightfall, there still remain people enough to fill scores of the theatres, halls, and the various places of amusement throughout the city to such an extent that one would imagine that there was a Prince Edward Island Exhibition being held in every block.

"New York can please the most fastidious in regard to transportation. The latest arrival, who is at all dubious about the modern inventions in the way of locomotion, can of course secure the old fashioned cab, but, whether it is because the soldiers have eaten up the supply of horses, or whether the ever-rushing, never-satisfied American has made a quicker means of travelling a necessity, it is much easier to secure the modern equipages. The ordinary electric trolley lines are being turned into electric cable roads, the current being received from an underground cable instead of from overhead. The Air Motor line which has been run with much success on a small scale, has decided to extend its lines throughout the city. And the horseless cab system of getting around the city in a hurry, and which, a short time ago was such a novelty, even to New Yorkers, accustomed as they are to the latest novelties in everything, has already become such a recognized factor to the success of city life, that the street gamins have accepted it as a means of escaping the cops and making quick time in delivering parcels, etc., and have become experts at 'sticking on behind.'

"Besides these various modes of travel there is the never failing elevated road—twenty to eighty feet above the street—rain or shine—blizzard or drought, running its trains every three to eight minutes, and making the trip from the Battery to Harlem River, (8 miles) with its thirty odd stations, in three-quarters of an hour.

"As yet there are no regular balloon lines in operation, but if you seriously think of visiting us, drop me a line and I will use my every effort to rush work upon some of the proposed schemes for balloon travel.

"There are many interesting sights in New York—all the way from Trinity Church, with its magnificent Astor memorial doors and ancient English tombstones, to the Concert Halls, Turkish Parlors and Opium joints along the Bowery and Mott Street."

Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.

The Y. M. C. A. reading room is an excellent place to study the styles in men's hats. It matters little whether there are ladies in the room or not, anyone who drops in can behold a display of hats and caps on the heads of frequenters, such as it must be confessed with shame, no other city could equal in the circumstances. Another equally peculiar custom that is indulged in—not so largely we are glad to add—is the filthy habit of spitting upon the carpet of the room. The writer has repeatedly seen this done by young men, and older men, who are as utterly unconscious of the disgust they excite as they are of the hatpegs that are provided in profusion, but never used. It is to be hoped that further remarks upon this subject will be unnecessary.

* * * * *

The Provincial Building.

Our Provincial Building is, as regards its interior, one of the shabbiest looking places that can be imagined. It is floored with flagstones, of which some are worn nearly through and others broken. It is dusty and sadly in need of paint. The windows let in little light—just enough to show that occasionally the corridors are used as a storehouse for road machines and government Paris Green. A musty political smell pervades all,—coming from the vaults wherein repose the corpse of the Land Office, the Two-Thirds Bill, the Gerrymander, the plans for the Bridge and other decaying curiosities. Upon the staircase, in glass covered cabinets, stuffed owls and other native birds gaze fixedly down. When the Government finally puts aside an appropriation to clean up the building these wide eyed birds will surely blink with surprise. But by all means let them blink.

* * * * *

Lieutenant Governor Howlan.

Lieutenant Governor Howlan, whose portrait forms our frontispiece this month, and whose term of office is drawing to an end, was born at Waterford, Ireland, May 19, 1835. He came to this Island with his parents in 1839. He was educated at the Central Academy, and entered into mercantile life. He was a member of the House of Assembly from 1862 to 1873. He entered the P. E. Island Government under Hon. Geo. Coles, in 1866, and continued therein until 1873, during which time he conducted many negotiations of importance, going to Washington on trade matters in 1869, and to Ottawa to negotiate terms of union with Canada in 1873. In 1873 he was called to the Senate, and in February, 1894, was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island. In this high position people of all classes have learned to like and esteem him. He is deeply interested in the welfare of the Province, and energetically helps forward all efforts for the improvement and success of agriculture. He strongly supports the dairying and fruit growing industries, and for years fought manfully to bring into prominent notice the Island's claims to have continuous communication afforded by the only practicable means—namely, a subway.

Encouragement.

The following we extract from our correspondence as a specimen of the encouragement given the Magazine, as well as an example of the interest it has aroused :

Belleville, Ont., March 17, 1899.

Dear Sir :—I see your notice *re* P. E. Island Magazine. I would like to see your first number. I notice one item, "Duyar as a Poet." I think something might be added "as a soldier," for he was the best officer we had in Prince Co., and if I have been informed rightly, he was the Colonel of the Garrison Artillery at Halifax, and ex-Mayor Shreeve of Digby was a captain under him. I enclose stamps for a copy. Yours truly,

Albert Casswell.

Belleville, Ont., March 25 1899.

Dear Sir :—The March number of the P. E. Island Magazine to hand. I have read it with pleasure, and, believing that it will be a success, I send you postal note for 50c for the Magazine for one year. I often think of the time I lived on P. E. Island and the many kind friends I had there ; also of the beautiful trout I used to get in Dunk River. Yours very truly,

A. Casswell.

When Major Caswell has read Professor Caven's contribution to this number we are sure he will regret to learn of the mistreatment of that stream beloved of anglers. We are in receipt of many cheering letters from ail over the continent, showing that Islanders, wherever they may be, or at whatever distance from home, still have a warm spot in their hearts for their native province.

* * * *

Oddfellows' Natal Day.

It will be a certain disappointment to our amusement lovers to learn that the Oddfellows of Charlottetown are going to celebrate their Natal Day without the usual performance in the Opera House. For years they have been the purveyors of the best amateur representations of comic opera that we have had—and the opportunities to enjoy this class of amusement come to us few and far between. Heretofore the Oddfellows have scored notable successes with whatever they have undertaken in this line. But the expense and labor involved, as well as the talent required, make the task an arduous one. So we must perforce forgive them, and congratulate them beforehand on the success they are sure to make of this year's celebration, which it is rumored is to take the form of a banquet—for which, *sub rosa*, there is not likely to be a lack of talent.

* * * *

Develop the Tourist Travel.

Should not some attempt be made to officially arrange for the dispensing of information to tourists when they visit P. E. Island? A lot of money is spent here each summer by visitors, and the Island as a whole profits thereby. Yet absolutely no attempt is made to improve this opportunity for trade, and strangers who arrive here find it almost impossible to obtain information on the hundred and one subjects sure to confront a visitor in a strange land. In Fredericton elaborate preparations have been made for the reception of visitors. Why should not something of this kind be done in Charlottetown.

St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick's day was quietly and dignifiedly celebrated here by Ireland's warm hearted sons. The procession formed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, with the Benevolent Irish Society, each headed by brass bands, paraded the town and presented a pleasing spectacle. The streets were unusually deep with snow for the time of year, and the day was quite cold. Generally St. Patrick's Day is looked upon as heralding the advance of spring, but this year the weather was midwintry and the snow-plough was required to clear the streets.

* * * *

The Man Who Sat Down.

A slight tremor of excitement was caused by the conduct of one of the audience at the entertainment on the evening of St. Patrick's Day in the Opera House. This person did not stand up when the National Anthem was played, and his behaviour caused some indignation—but it very properly was good naturedly overlooked for various reasons. If Mr. Barnes of New York, or Mr. Potter of Texas, (it is said that the delinquent comes from over the border) does not feel like standing up when "God Save the Queen" is played, by all means let Mr. Potter of Texas sit down. His lack of politeness did not hurt anyone. Besides, there may have been reasons why Mr. Barnes of New York, or Mr. Potter of Texas, preferred to sit down. He has been sat down on so much since the affair that, really, he should be allowed to rest—after this.

* * * *

Query—Where was Tartar Wharf?

In the revised statutes of the Island for 1780, in the Militia act Chap. I, Sec XXI it is enacted that alarm shall be given in case of invasion, at Patterson's Battery in Charlottetown, by firing two guns and by lighting a beacon on the summit of the hill on Queen St., and also by firing two guns from Tartar Wharf. A correspondent asks, where was Tartar Wharf, and where Patterson's Battery?

* * * *

The Invasion Of Mice.

Can any of the readers of this Magazine furnish us with information regarding the invasion of the grain fields of P. E. Island by mice. We have some slight accounts of these visitations but would be glad to receive further particulars.

* * * *

Who Built Fort La Joie?

An esteemed reader points out that our article on Fort La Joie, in our March number, was inaccurate in stating that the fort on Warren Farm was built by the French. In our May number we hope to publish a contribution from a writer thoroughly qualified, dealing with this subject.

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Royal Oak Soap



Is a superior laundry soap. It is used in all households. We have spared no industry or expense to make it the best soap on the market. It will quickly loosen dirt without much rubbing and without injuring the fabric or hands. Health and sweetness may be promoted by introducing it into your home.

Jubilee Soap . . .

For the toilet and bath. It is just fun to bath with Jubilee Soap. The great creamy lather—the softening action upon the water—delightfully soothed and refreshed feelings, makes a man look forward to his morning bath with genuine pleasure.

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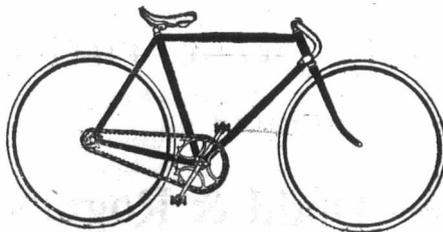
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Range in price from
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We have the best wheel and the best prices
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We have some second-hand wheels — will sell them low.

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YOU ARE THE PEOPLE.



YOU represent the labor, business and profession of our community. You are every man, young and old, in it.

You are the people whom **we** desire to pass judgment **for** or **against** the new production of Fit-Reform.

You are an intelligent, thrifty, fair minded people.

Each season most of you have to buy some article of apparel. Each season the same old question has to be answered, "Where shall I buy my clothes?"

Men and occupations are as various here as in any other community, and the men differ in size, shape and personality as widely as do the occupations at which they are engaged.

Fit-Reform is ready-to-wear clothing made to fit these different forms and suit each different individuality.

Fit-Reform garments are made to fit nine distinct shapes of men, the "regular" man, the "short stout" man, the "slim" man, the "tall stout" man, and variations of each.

Fit-Reform for spring and summer 1899 is now ready, and we are waiting for your judgment of it. Truly the showing of styles and cloths that are herewith put before you for this season merits the careful consideration of every buyer of men's clothing in this vicinity.

This is the beginning of the third season for Fit-Reform. The first two were only experimental, but they demonstrated to the maker that the people of Canada **did** appreciate better clothing than heretofore they had been able to procure.

The first two seasons brought out other important facts that have tended to **improve** and **perfect** this brand of clothing, the present showing of which is well nigh perfect.

It brought to the surface all the mistakes, the shortcomings, the imperfections. It showed **where** they were and **how** to remedy them.

They **have** been remedied.

Still, from the first, the maker put his guarantee on every garment, and stood ready to right all errors that happened.

The guarantee this season is, then, a double one; the improvements make dissatisfaction **less** liable, the absolute guarantee provides for dissatisfaction if it does come.

So the chances of your disappointment have been reduced to **nothing**.

Now we can tell you something about the clothing itself.

The way Fit-Reform is made:—The invisible **staying** that **binds** every pocket—the **linen tape** that **strengthens** every edge—the **hand** stitched

shrunken canvas that **interlines** the fronts, **moulded** into shape by the needle—will **positively** keep the garments in **perfect** shape until worn out.

No **cheap** "custom made," no other "ready made" has these hidden **merits** of Fit-Reform.

What Fit-Reform is made of:—The cloths contained in Fit-Reform garments are first of all **carefully selected**. The markets of the world are open to all—wider open where larger orders are placed. The custom tailor cannot possibly buy as cheaply by the suit length (6½ yards) as the maker who orders cloth in one thousand yard lots. The custom tailor never deals with the cloth maker, but gets his stock through the wholesale house—thus pays another profit.

The cloths in the new Spring Fit-Reform suits are from weavers of known reputation. Tweeds from "Hill & Sons, Lucan," Ireland; from the Athlone Woolen Mills, Ireland, comes the famous Shannon Tweeds; from R. Nobles & Co., Howike, Scotland, are representative weaves; from Fox Bros. and John Taylor come the English serges that go into Fit-Reform garments. Tweeds and homespuns from the Rosamund Woolen Mills and the Cornwall Manufacturing Company tell the story of Canadian produced wools that enter the Fit-Reform out-put for the coming season.

Before these cloths are made up they are subjected to severe **tests for color and wear**, and any that do not come up to the **high standard** now observed by the makers of Fit-Reform are shipped back to the weavers. The cloth must be absolutely fast color, and each thread stand a certain **test for strength**, or it does not pass the cloth expert.

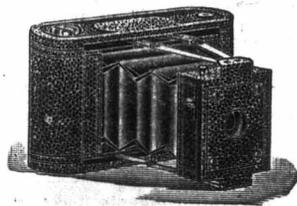
The price to you is regulated by the maker, printed on a silk label and sewn into the left breast pocket, put there to **protect** the wearer against overcharge and to assure to him the **value** intended by the maker.

This label with the brand, price and size printed thereon, is the manufacturer's guarantee, and as long as this label is **left intact** the maker assumes **entire responsibility** for the good behaviour of the garment.

The Fit-Reform Wardrobe :

 **PROWSE BROS.**

Sole Agents for the Island.



Send for Catalogue

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

THE CAMERAS we sell are guaranteed to take good photos. We have a fully equipped dark room on the premises, and will give full practical instructions to all who purchase cameras from us.

A large line of

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New Spring Goods to hand.
Fashionable Garments for all.

❁ ❁ Well Dressed Men order from us

Our stock comprises an extensive assortment of the latest patterns in Scotch Tweeds, colored Worsteds, English and Canadian Trouserings. Serges and other lines to suit the most fastidious.

THE LATEST HATS—We sell the Wilkinson Hat. None better. Fashionable Collars and up-to-date Furnishings. No old styles. Don't sacrifice quality and style for cheapness. Visit our store if you want to be correctly dressed.

Are You Stout?—Stout men find it difficult to get a white shirt to fit them. We have a specialty—a "PHAT MAN'S SHIRT."

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

D. A. BRUCE
MORRIS BLOCK

THE LATEST SHOE

IS RIGHT UP TO DATE

for young men. They are stylish and handsome, yet they are so truly nature-shaped that OLD MEN may wear them with ease and comfort.

We have them in several different leathers, shapes and widths, to suit varying fancies, at the following prices:—

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GOLD AND SILVER



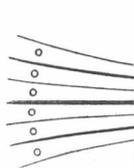
Highest market price allowed for old gold and silver in exchange for Watches, Jewelry, Spectacles, Clocks or Silverware.

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It is just here that properly fitted glasses prove such a boon. We fit them accurately.

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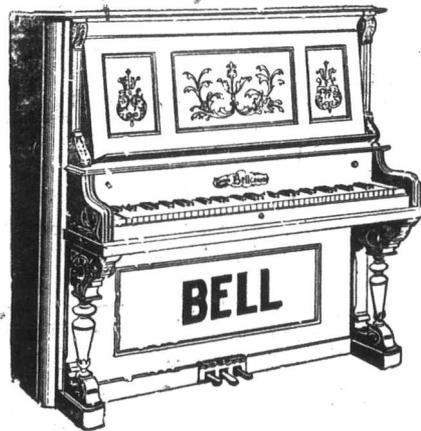
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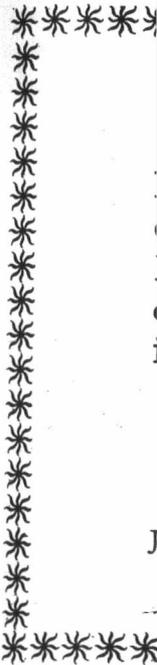
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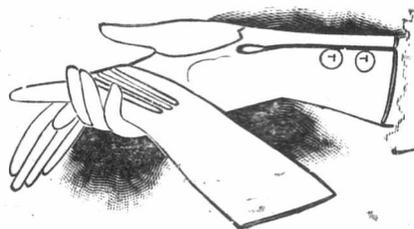
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