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sults of investigation with regard to the rates of the Independent Order of Foresters, with regard to the great surplus which it laid by and with regard to the methods which were being pursued from time to time were such as to impress not only the Government, not only the Banking and Commerce Committee, but the House of Commons and the Senate well, so much that they gave the Order the Legislative authority to take the Dominion for its field of beneficent insurance work. When Parliament may be divided sometimes on matters of policy, when you come to questions concerning the business interests of the people, especially the interests of the fatherless and the widow, Parliament drops its party spirit and gets down to a sound financial investigation. It was after such an investigation that Parliament gave your order the authority which I have referred to. — Doctor Montague at Forester's Island Park.

ply to
S. H. C. R., Mt. Stewart
Treas. Charlottetown
P. H. C. R., Summerside
Sec., Bedeque

The PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

JAN
1901



Vol. II
No. 11

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TO CONTRIBUTORS: Articles on any subject likely to of interest to the readers of this Magazine are respectfully solicited. It is important that articles sent in for publication should not be too long. If P. E. Islanders, no matter where they may be, will look upon this Magazine as representative of P. E. Island, and communicate any matters of interest, the Editor will be sincerely grateful.

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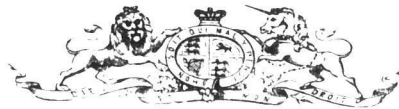
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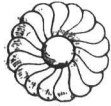
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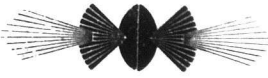


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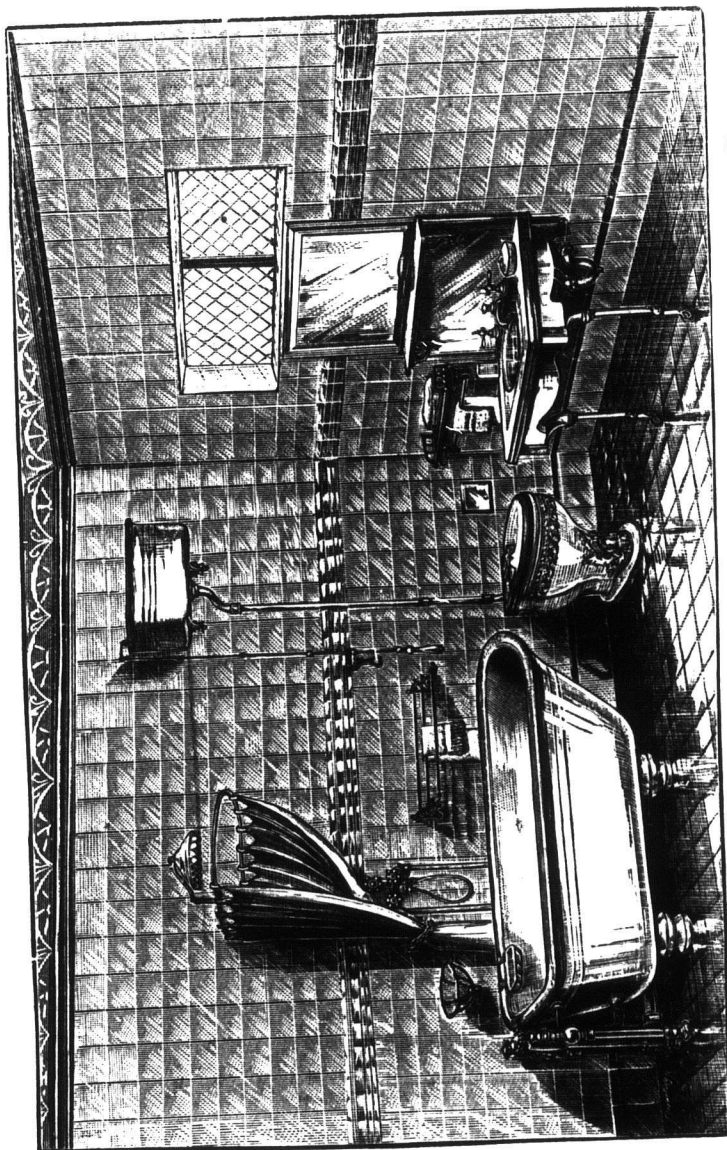
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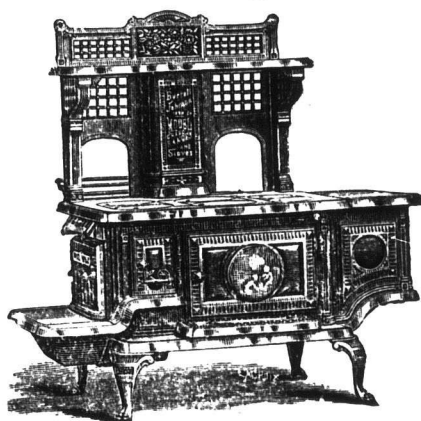
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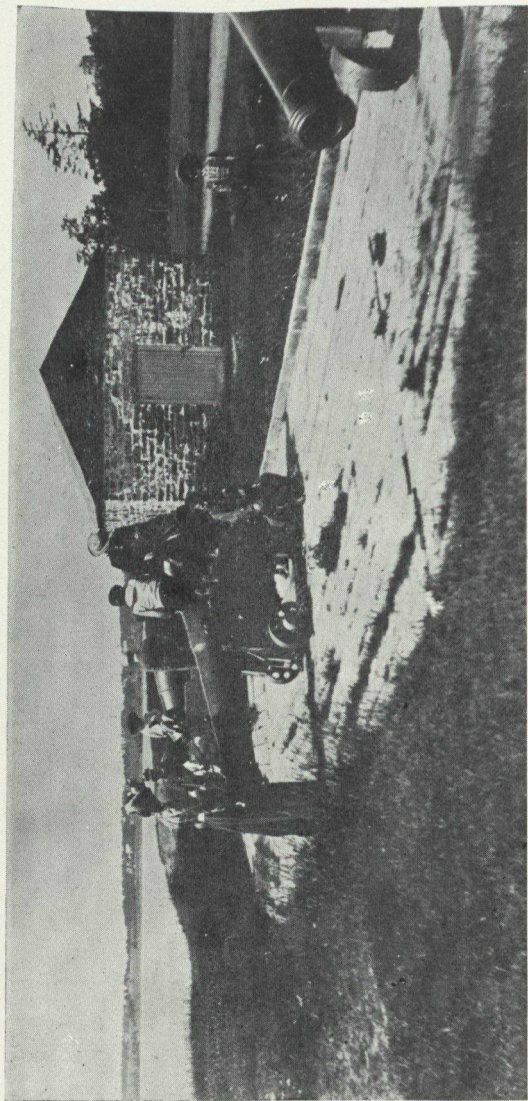
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"Grown old in peace, the playthings of the young."—The guns of Fort Edward, Charlottetown.

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

Vol. 2.

January, 1901

No. 11.

Memories of Old St. James'.

THE mention in a former number of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE of St. James' Presbyterian Church, familiarly called the "Old Kirk," stirred in me so many recollections and reminiscences that I feel tempted to enlarge a little on some of the topics alluded to, and indeed to go ten years further back. The actual building of the church was of course before my day, but I so often heard my father tell of it, and the attendant circumstances, that in hearsay I lived through the interest and excitement of the event.

What a fine set of Scotchmen there were in the quaint little town then; how ardently and energetically they worked together to raise the Church of their fathers in that far distant colony, and what excitement there was when the work completed, the first minister sent out by the Church of Scotland actually arrived. I think he landed on a Saturday, and in the evening many of the leading Scotchmen of the place met together to welcome him, and shrewdly forecast the spiritual chances of the morrow. Alas! the impression they received was anything but favorable. A tall, dark man, ungainly in appearance, shy and awkward in manner, he had little to say, and was altogether unprepossessing. My father came home quite crestfallen, and would only say that the service in the morning would be Gaelic, and English at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Next morning accordingly there was a great gathering of

the Highland members of the congregation, and I have heard that many of the other adherents stood at their doors waiting impatiently to hear the verdict of their Gaelic friends. The first that came along was, I think, Ewen Cameron, a fine enthusiastic Highlander, and when he caught sight of my father and John MacGill, he threw his arms up, and cried, "Doctor, he's just grand !, the finest preacher I ever heard ! If he does as well in English he'll tak' ye off your feet !"

And, sure enough, "Macintosh the minister," as he was invariably called, was a wonderful preacher. All timidity, all awkwardness vanished when he put on the gown and bands, and in the pulpit his tall figure was erect and commanding, the dark face lighted up, and his voice was peculiarly solemn and impressive. He was a born orator with a wonderful dramatic power of expressing himself, and his sermons were nearly always extemporaneous. I have heard my father say that he would sit in our little parlor, where there was usually a knot of politicians discussing secular matters, until the sma' hours on a Saturday night, and when my mother, concerned, good soul, over his next morning's work, would say "Why did'nt you tell the minister to go, he should have been at home at his sermon." the answer would be, "How could I send the man away ! I gave him the hint more than once, but he just stayed on." His preaching seldom suffered, however, and one day after an excellent sermon on some public event my father could not help asking him how he managed to get up such a fine discourse (he having left our house at two o'clock the previous night.) The answer was that he had chosen the text at his breakfast, placed the "heads" while dressing, and the "application" came to him as he walked to church. His questioner, who was a deliberate thinker and slow writer, stared at him in amazement, and exclaimed "Man, you're a wonder !"

But after all, oratory is not everything. I do not know how long he remained on the Island, but after the first year or

two troubles arose, and his ministry was not a success. He received a call to Halifax, remained there a few years, and then returned to Scotland.

Then there was a long vacancy, and many of the Presbyterians drifted into St. Paul's where they became warmly attached to "Parsons Jenkins" as the Rector was familiarly called in those days. He and his wife were examples of Christian philanthropy, and many a kind deed was done in that primitive little Episcopal parsonage.

The second minister who filled the pulpit of St. James' was a queer little man named McIntyre. He was not much of a preacher. I remember one incident that happened during his ministry. The disruption was just then rending the Scottish Church, leaving it crippled and shaken. Dr. Burns, so well known in Canada later on, was sent out by the Free Church, as a delegate to the colonies. He arrived in Charlottetown and was offered St. James' Church as a place in which to hold a meeting. We had news from Scotland so rarely in these early days, and the intelligence that reached us was so scanty that we had no idea of the bitterness of the conflict going on in the Old land. So when Dr. Burns, who was a remarkably earnest, vigorous speaker, began denouncing the old Kirk in pretty strong language, the Highlanders present became greatly incensed, and at last little Mr McIntyre jumped up in a fury, made a violent protest, and then walked down the aisle out of the church. Dr. Burns, leaning over the pulpit, watched his departure, and then repeated quietly :

" He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day. "

Another amusing incident connected with the early days of old St. James' occurs to my mind. This was a daring attempt at musical innovation. Of course we had the old fashioned Precentor who led the singing, reading out every two lines of the psalm separately, according to wont. His name escapes

me, but he annoyed many of the congregation by the false start he so frequently made. The note would be too high at first, then too low, and it was often not till the third attempt that the requisite pitch was reached. The townspeople of the congregation took counsel together, and as a result a pitch pipe actually made its appearance in the Kirk. This audacious instrument preceded the tuning fork, afterwards so commonly used in the churches. It was a long, narrow, wooden box, in shape resembling a razor strop. By pulling out some internal arrangement to regulated lengths you could sound all the notes of the gamut. The precentor was greatly pleased with the affair, and it promised to be a great success. But lo, and behold! the first Sunday it was used the Highlanders rose up in wrath; many of them walked out of the church and a stormy meeting was held a few days after. It was a "device of Satan," a "Popish innovation," the "thin end of the wedge." "Was there any mention of a pitch pipe in the Confession of Faith?" Would John Knox have tolerated such an instrument?" Down came their fists in passionate denunciation. The townspeople had to give in, and the result was that my father picked up the pitch pipe and walked off with it. It lay on the top shelf of a closet in our house, and many a time I climbed up and amused myself with it, sounding each note plaintively, and wondering what in the world it was intended for. Nowadays, the descendants of those sturdy old upholders of the Presbyterian form of worship meet, probably in a building embellished by stained glass windows, and listen, without compunction, to the music of an organ, and the singing of a trained choir. But would they, I wonder, sit as contentedly through a sermon over an hour long; or walk willingly ten or twelve miles to "The Kirk," as their devout forefathers did?

J. N.



Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.

Looking back after so many years recalls to our mind the Fanning garden. It was a lovely spot. The whole block between Great George and Prince Streets, on which the Y. M. C. A. and Zion Church now stand, belonged to Mrs. and Miss Fanning. The greater part of the ground was a well-kept garden, with fruit and ornamental trees. Their dwelling was a two story house, with a large porch in front, reaching to the second story. It was on the corner of Great George and Sydney Streets, facing on Sydney Street, and stood in about eight or ten feet from the corner, with a low railing around it. Shrubs and flowers were placed inside the railing. The stable was on the corner where the Bank of Nova Scotia now stands. Everything about the house and grounds was beautifully kept, and the perfume from the shrubs and fruit trees was delightful. The ladies, Mrs. and Miss Fanning, were often seen walking in the garden or sitting in the arbor at the lower part, just where the Lyceum now stands, and we have been told that the General's greatest enjoyment in his later years was to sit and read in that arbor. Not any of those fine old trees are now standing. There was one in the late Dr. MacLeod's grounds until the summer of 1898, whose large trunk and gnarled branches showed its antiquity; but it, too, is gone, and there is nothing now remaining of the lovely old garden.

We have heard the late Judge Young say he brought the first willow trees to Charlottetown. Be that as it may, we remember a large willow at the north-east corner of the Fanning garden; it branched far into Richmond Street. The ground was often very wet under it. That tree was the first one removed after the garden was divided into lots; and the first house built on the old garden site was erected upon that corner.

In the summer of 1847 the Fanning house was destroyed by fire. It was in the morning: we saw the smoke curling around the large chimney before the fire broke through the roof, or the alarm was given. To show how far apart the houses were at that time, any one standing at the north-east corner of King Square

could see the roof of the Fanning house. Mrs. Fanning, if we remember, had died a year or two before ; and Miss Fanning was living alone. Captain and Mrs. Cumberland lived at Warren Farm, across the Harbour. Miss Fanning had her men- and women-servants, her horses and carriage, and kept up a good deal of state. She was in her private sitting room that morning, writing for the English mail, when the alarm of fire was given ; and it was with difficulty she could be persuaded to leave the house, Jewell, her waiting maid, was not in attendance as usual. Miss Fanning called and asked for her several times. Some one, not understanding, spoke unkindly to her, and told her she should be thankful to escape with her life, instead of wanting her jewels. Strange to say, when everything had been, as was supposed, removed from the house ; the late John Coll. Macdonald, going in happened to notice a door in the pannelled wall under the the staircase. He broke it open and there discovered and saved the plate chest, with all the family silver and other valuables.

Miss Fanning, with her sister, Mrs. Cumberland, and Capt. Camberland, left for England soon after the house was burned. The stable, in its coat of lavender paint, stood as a monument for many years after. The Fannings had land in other parts of the town ; they owned a large piece on the corner of Prince and Fitzroy streets, where the Baptist Church stands. They had fully quarter of that block. It was called Miss Fanning's field. Sometime in the seventies it was claimed by a descendant of General Fanning's living in the United States, and sold by him. That property which is now the Kensington shooting range and exhibition grounds belonged to the Fannings ; it had in the forties pretty groves and stumps of trees through it, and being situated on the river side was a favorite resort for picnic parties and pedestrians. The Methodists held their annual Sunday School teas there ; it was a pretty sight to see the children walking in procession from their meeting house along Prince and Kent Streets on to Kensington and watch them winding through the trees, with their banners and flags flying, to the place where the tables were spread with a sumptuous tea of which they partook when their games were ended. People of other denominations

often went to those teas; it cost very little and was a pleasant way of spending a midsummer afternoon.

Directly across Great George Street from the Fanning house and stables was a fenced-in piece of grass known as Mr. Brennan's field. As the ground was unoccupied it was made a receptacle for old boots, tin cans, etc., probably used to throw at the ancestors of the cats of Charlottetown, so well described in the first number of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE. Some years later St. Patrick's Hall, now Queen Square public school was built upon that ground.

As we are endeavouring to describe the surroundings of Queen Square in 1844 (our early school days) we must say the illustrations given in the October number of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE of 1900, showing Cheapside, is not quite as it was then, for next to Mr. Brennan's field was a large and handsome brick residence owned and occupied by the late John Morris, Esq. It was similar in appearance to the Peake house on Water Street. As bricks were not so easily obtained as now, and brick houses were few, Mr. Morris was generally named John Brick Morris to distinguish him from another John Morris who had lived in town. Mrs. Morris was an invalid, always poorly, but for all that she lived past the allotted time and saw many of her children carried away to their last resting place. The Morris' family moved from their house, and the Hon. Small Macdonald took it and there Mr. Macdonald died in 1849 as we have before stated.

Adjoining the Morris' brick house was a two story building, probably built for a store; a Mr. Clark had his shop there. Then came the Cameron property, on which was Mr. Cameron's house and warehouse or stable with a large yard between, there was a nice garden at the back. Gardens were necessary in the long ago for each one had to grow his own vegetables or do without, as only potatoes and turnips were brought to market. Mrs. Cameron had a shop in the west side of her house to which her son attended. Her husband, the late Ewen Cameron, Sr., had been drowned a few years previously when bathing in this harbour.

The large three story building, as shown in the engraving, was not there, but instead a vacant piece of ground, which had either been fenced in, or the fence taken away, for the posts were standing, and they were useful for any one to tie his horse to whilst he was attending to his business in town. Next this came a small two-story house, in which a cooper, named Kelly, lived. Hoops and barrel staves were numerous about his house, and in the vacant lot, and did not at all add to the appearance or tidiness of the place.

And now we come to the corner known, by even the oldest inhabitant, as "Stamper's Corner," a name which never should have been taken from it, for by changing it to Prowse's Building it loses its identity, and we lose one of the old landmarks of the town. Prowse's Building is grander, and more ponderous; but it will never appeal to the hearts of the old people as Stamper's Corner does. There we bought our school books and stationery, our toys and our valentines.

Mr. Stamper was a particularly neat and gentlemanly little Englishman; he was always obliging, had a nicely-kept bookstore, and, as he usually kept the latest English and Colonial newspapers and periodicals his shop was a favorite resort for the young, and, we may say, some of the older men too, who would meet there to discuss the latest war and society news, talk politics or gossip, criticize the passers by, and sometimes indulge in a little scandal.

Mr. Stamper's small yard and neat little stable were between his house and Kelly's, and opened on Richmond Street or Queen Square. In 1845 he had his stable changed into a shop; it was small, but large enough for a Mrs. Forsythe and her daughter, who came here from Halifax and started a fancy-work store, where she sold all colours and shades of Berlin wool; canvas and patterns for working covers for cushions, chairs and ottomans, and making slippers. She also sold other materials for fancy work, and, as she was well patronized by the ladies she made a comfortable living.

E. L. M.

(To be continued)

By Shore and Camp Fire.



WE had talked it over for fully a fortnight; we had planned and discussed every possible and impossible method of making it a success, until (as we supposed) we had every thing arranged for in the best manner; we had made out price-lists of the grub we would need, and of the ammunition we would consume; we had not even forgotten the wherewithal to dress, and make eatable meals of, the birds that we fondly hoped were to fall victims to our prowess.

At length the great day dawned. Bob, he is one of us you know,—there were three of us in it altogether,—Bob, Jack and I,—labored under the strange delusion that he knew more about how to do and attend to matters in general than any one else and this seemed to be Jack's prevailing idea regarding himself. Now I'm a modest sort of a fellow, myself, and generally keep in the background, but I believe in asserting my rights. I have no hesitation in saying that it was entirely owing to my management that we ever got started at all, and I said so. Instead of being grateful, and acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude they owed me for having helped them through with their arrangements they actually scoffed at me and suggested that I should go and see a doctor. They seemed to think there was something wrong with me mentally. Jack said: "Look here George, old boy," (that's me) "If you're not feeling well you know, you'd better give up thinking altogether. It's not right to tax your brain too much, and looking at me doing all the work has been too much for you. Don't get laid up before we start." I retorted in kind: "Jack," I said "If I were possessed of the same amount of energy as you are I'd rent myself out as a subject for hypnotic experiments, where I'd only have to be

awake part of the day." He seemed to feel hurt and insulted at the ingratitude displayed by Bob and me for the important services, he considered he had rendered. That's the way of the world.

Would you believe it, reader, those lazy beggars never so much as stirred out of bed one morning while we were in camp until after the fire was lighted and breakfast ready, and they actually had the cheek to tell me that it was only because I had a bigger capacity for eating, and got hungry about twice as quickly as either of them that I got up at all in the morning and more to the same effect. Then they made disparaging remarks about my cooking, and said that they could have done about twice as well themselves. They told me what they would have done had they been in my place, but at this point I reached for a piece of wood, or something that would serve as a missile, and the conversation took an abrupt turn.

To resume. The day came at last for us to start. We were setting out in a boat, intending to go some distance outside the harbour, somewhere near the South Shore, and there pass two weeks in that most delightful and healthful of summer joys,—camping. We were grouped on the shore, our belongings lying about us in scattered piles, and seeming to make an enormous total. The usual crowd of small boys stood around, taking us in from all points, and passing perfectly audible, uncomplimentary remarks on our personal appearance and probable intentions, while we tried to look unconscious and dignified. But all things have an end and, at last, we were off. With light hearts, and minds free from care, we set sail for our two weeks' outing.

Now, I don't know the first thing about a sail-boat; at least, I didn't before I made that voyage. Neither did Bob; but if there is one thing that Jack excels in it is the manage- of a sail-boat, and he lets you know it too. The way that fellow would lean back, tiller in hand, and give orders that we

didn't understand, was simply maddening. But we forebore from making remarks on his conduct; and, while in the boat, allowed him to do things in his own way.

We could not possibly have had a better day for starting on such a trip. The weather was perfect. Only a few small fleecy clouds floated in a sky of perfect blue. Best of all a steady breeze was blowing from the very quarter that favored us the most, and it drove us along at a fine rate, part of the time washboard under. The pleasant sound of the wash and gurgle of the water round the bow as our little craft slipped over the surface was as a foretaste of the good time that awaited us.

We had not started until the tide was ebbing, and it took us some time to reach our destination. The tide was quite out when we arrived there, and, to crown all, it was beginning to get dark. There was a channel somewhere that would take us close in to our landing place, so Jack said. We were under his orders and didn't know anything about it, but for some reason of its own I suppose the passage refused to be located. We were in such shallow water that we could not use our centre-board; so, when we tried to get up to where we supposed the channel was we made leeway so fast that we couldn't pass a certain point. I was shocked to hear Jack giving way to profanity and I told him so. He said: "See here George, am I running this thing or are you. Take a pole and shove her ahead and don't sit there like a stuffed mummy gaping at me doing all the work." He seemed to be angry and ruffled over something, so I judged it best to comply with his pleasant invitation to pole her ahead.

The way that channel dodged us was something to marvel at. Jack swore that he knew that it was there, but we did not believe him. Why couldn't he find it, and get us up? we asked him; but he did not seem to want to speak just then, so we made another suggestion. It was Bob's idea; he really comes

out with a bright suggestion now and again, and when he does he takes care that everyone hears about it. He said: "Say Jack, what do you say to wading ashore and anchoring the old hooker here for the night; I think she'll be all right." I hailed this idea with applause and finally we persuaded Jack to give up his idea of finding the channel and come with us. Then the proposition arose: what were we going to carry with us? Of course we could only take a little grab—enough for supper and for breakfast the following morning, and we also had to carry our tent. This was soon arranged and presently was seen the spectacle of three men stalking solemnly in single file across the muddy flats, loaded down with a various assortment of pots and pans and provisions of many kinds while the gulls circled around our heads and screamed defiance at us. I suppose they thought we were some half-mad creatures from another world. Tired enough we were when we reached the shore. Walking through sticky mud is no fun at any time but when you are loaded down with bundles, and the tent pole that the other fellow is carrying, occasionally explores the tender parts of your ribs, it is about the last occupation I would wish for.

E. W. I.

(To Be Continued.)

A Nicotine Ballad.

All hail to the prophet who first burnt this incense;
All hail to great Raleigh with instinct divine;
Who was first to discover this boon of all humans—
The Queen of all weeds, Sublime Nicotine.

The Chinese have Buddha; the Hindoos their monkeys;
To Moslems Mahomet gives infinite joy:
But a god that I worship with fervent devotion
Is my pipe of Tobacco which never will cloy.

Fair Venus taught Love—and the fools who adore her
Pour feverish prayers at her dangerous shrine.
Poor moths! they are sure to be scorched and discarded—
I safely burn incense to sweet Nicotine.

Great Bacchus, a god whom most of us worship—
Full pleasant and sweet are libations of wine—
But half of the pleasures the great Bacchus gives us
Were wanting indeed without dear Nicotine.

Old Grandfather Time, with his pitiless sickle
Keeps hacking away till we're crippled and bent;
But, with half-crippled limbs and a bald-headed noddle,
We can still smoke tobacco to any extent.

'Twixt doubt and conviction we're all apt to waver—
Some follow the Pope and some Bob Ingersoll;
But we all know for certain that sooner or later
The worms and the grave are the end of us all,

Now, when you are old and getting grey-headed,
Don't try and mix in with this troublesome throng;
Just smoke a good pipe of sweet, fragrant Tobacco;
Be kind to your friends and you'll never go wrong.

It must be a god who created Tobacco:
And a god full of love for us mortals down here—
And a god who thus loves men has claims to devotion
From all Nicotine lovers on this mundane sphere.

So then, with a pipe and a pouch of Tobacco,
And old friends about us to greet with a smile,
We'll cross life's last portage in joy and in gladness
Though rough be the way for many a mile.

W. P.

Incompleteness.

“On the earth the broken arc ; in the heaven
the perfect round.”

AS the train steamed into the station Jack Wilson's heart throbbed with delightful expectancy. He had worked hard at college, not tasting any of the pleasures so dear to the heart of youth. Hardly allowing himself sufficient rest he had toiled on, while others were sleeping. Now, loaded with honors, he was returning home, to lay the wealth of his labor at the feet of the woman he loved. Thus, he hurried through the throng, picturing to himself the blushing welcome in store for him. To be sure no word of love had passed between Cleo and himself, but he believed there had always been a mutual understanding.

The muddy streets, pouring rain, and discordant noise of the city affected not the harmony of his dreams. At last he reached his destination. A moment more, to him it seemed an age, and the great door swung open.

The maid looked knowingly at him when he asked for Miss Day and answered, “Mrs. Clark left last night on her honeymoon ; then she's going to live abroad. Thought everyone knew about it.”

“Who is Mrs. Clarke ?” asked Jack, a strange foreboding stealing over him.

“Why, Miss Day that was. Will you come in sir ?”

He did not reply. All that was strong and brave and good in him died at that moment. A mad mocking demon seemed pulsing within him as he retraced his steps. On, on, he went until, hours later, through fatigue he paused. Nearby, a brilliantly lighted saloon caught his eye ; he entered and for the first time sought oblivion among the haunts of the bacchanal.

Two years later, in the attic of a squalid tenement, as the

shadows of evening were stealing over the city, Jack Wilson, the promising college graduate, breathed his last. Two years of wild gambling and drink had done their work, but poor Jack was blissfully unconscious of his state. Again, in his feverish raving he was rambling by Cleo's side in their childhood's days. Again he plucked the wild rose for her sunny hair. Again he was toiling night and day to win the highest honours so that Cleo would be proud of him; and on this billow of illusion his soul was tossed into Lethe's stream and his body into a pauper's grave.

Meanwhile, Cleo, after many weary months of anxious pondering as to whether Jack really cared for her or not, consented to the persuasions of her family, and accepted what was considered by all a desirable offer of marriage. Years thus came and passed in which she lived to rue her choice. But death at last claimed her husband, and once more she was free.

With hopeful heart she turned her steps toward her native land, wondering if Jack had ever married, and, if not, could he learn to love her? Little she dreamed of the wreck she had made of one more dear to her than her own life.

Now, as the days go by, a woman is often seen at twilight hour, kneeling by a lonely grave. The knowledge of her dead loves love had come to Cleo too late.

ROBERT PEACE.

Summer Flowers.

“O, little Susannie, why do you sigh so?
Why are you sad to-day?”

“I sigh for the flowers, sweet little flowers—
Flowers that come in May.”

“Sigh not Susannie, the year holds them safely,
Safely they're hidden away.

A Day with the Pheasants on Vancouver Island.

COMING, as I did, from Eastern Canada, pheasant-shooting was, to me, a novel experience; consequently, it was with much impatience that I looked forward to the first of October, the opening day of the season.

Up to this time my shooting had been chiefly confined to geese and ducks, with an occasional "go" at the brant; so certain Victoria sportsmen found me a ready believer in their assertions to the effect that a cock pheasant is a most difficult bird to bag. I found, however, that if one hunts over a dog that knows his business, prettier shooting could not be desired; especially in the beginning of the season, when the birds lie close, and only flush when they have to. In my humble opinion the ruffed grouse (miscalled partridge in the East) requires much more knack; for his aggravating method of avoiding an ounce of No. 6 shot, by flying, cork-screw fashion, among the trees, is enough to make even the most pious sportsman use unparliamentary language.

Shortly after my arrival in Victoria I met a young gentleman, who was, at the time, a student-at-law in a prominent firm of the city. Our tastes, lying in the same direction, we soon became very intimate, passing most of our spare time together. My friend had the days, and—I really believe—the hours counted, which were to elapse before the much-longed for "first" arrived. His twelve-bore "Greener" was shining like a mirror, and the rest of his shooting gear was in readiness. My old "Parker" came in for a rub-down, but nothing more; for several years of hard usage in the salt water down east had spoiled her beauty. Still the old "blunderbuss," as the boys dubbed her, shoots as hard and makes as good a pattern as she did when new.

The eve of the great day came at last, and boarding the train, our party soon arrived at Sannich, a district lying about seventeen miles north of Victoria. The country thereabouts is

fairly open, interspersed with fern patches and slashings which afford excellent cover for pheasants and quail.

We took up our quarters for the night at a farm house, finding the owner absent. A couple of Chinamen who seemed to have been left in charge of the place, did not look over-pleased to see us, but their powers of conversation being limited and their gesticulations capable of any sort of interpretation, we took what we wanted and managed very well under the circumstances.

After supper yarns and stories were told in rapid succession, until, all too soon, it was bedtime, and we set about preparing our respective couches. Three of the boys slept on a pile of hay spread on the floor, while the others occupied a couple of beds, which they discovered after a tour of inspection. The dogs fought and snarled all night; greatly to the annoyance of my friend, who is a light sleeper. If his wishes, expressed during the night, regarding the quarrelsome brutes, had been carried into effect, we would have been without dogs next day.

We were astir before dawn, cooked and ate our breakfasts, the celestials being still in the land of Nod or Confucius. Then gamebags and cartridge belts were buckled on and we passed out into the delicious morning air.

The first shot was fired within a few yards of the house, the youngest member of the party flushing a cock out of a turnip field. The light may have been bad, or the bird in too much of a hurry; but, sad to relate, that bird escaped with nothing more than a bad fright. Our friend said bitter things as he slipped fresh shells into his gun.

Blood was spilt, however, in a fern patch a little further on. Being a greenhorn, I was repeatedly cautioned to "look out," so "look out" I did, especially when the dogs struck what was evidently a fresh scent. My heart seemed to stand still as a cock rose with a most startling whirr within a few yards of me. What a beautiful shot he made as he headed for the timber, his

long tail streaming behind him like a ship's pennant. However, he did not go far, for the old 10 bore roared and down came Mr. Pheasant as dead as the proverbial door nail.

I was considerably elated at having killed my first pheasant, but, for the benefit of the other chaps, stowed the bird away in a careless manner, as if the occurrence did not excite me in the least. We got three cocks out of that patch of ferns, which was not at all bad as a starter.

A band of quail gave us a rather interesting time of it just as we entered the next field. Among us we bagged six of the little beggars. Shortly afterwards I nearly disgraced myself by almost firing at a hen pheasant. Was prevented in time, however. While crossing a stubble field a solitary snipe rose right in front of me, and continued to get in the way of some No. 6 shot which were moving in his vicinity. I had just slipped the bird into my coat, and was in the act of re-loading when I heard a shout from my friend who was beating the field some distance away. Hastening around, I managed to stop another cock, the wily bird having allowed me to pass close by, never moving until my back was towards him. It is remarkable such large birds can hide among stubble only a few inches high. Still they contrive to do it, and very effectively, too.

A couple of brace of wild pigeons were then added to the list of my victims. but no more pheasants came my way until quite late in the day, most probably due to the fact that I had become separated from the other fellows, and the dogs were with them.

On my way to the railway station I caught a glimpse of a cock as he went skimming through the underbrush in the direction of a big potato patch. I scoured that bunch of potatoes for a long time before the cunning bird thought fit to change his feeding ground. In fact, I was just giving it up as a bad job, when I nearly trod on the object of my search. Up he got I remember thinking, even in that exciting moment, what a

splendid creature he was. An ounce and a quarter of No. 6 proved too much for him, and a moment later he lay gasping at my feet. His tail feathers measured two feet two inches in length, and his plumage was of unusual brightness.

That finished my day, for I was at the end of the cover. Three pheasants, two brace of pigeons, one quail and a snipe are not a very heavy day's shooting, but still worth while going after. The rest of the party put in an appearance in time to catch the train. One chap had seven cocks which is considered good work for one day, and very proud he looked over his success. We were all very tired and dirty, but everyone seemed well pleased with the events of the day.

I have been shooting many times since, and brought home bigger bags, but I have never had a more enjoyable tramp through the fields than on that first day of October.

H. A. BAYFIELD, B. A. SC.

Ode to Prince Edward Island.

On the boundless waste of ocean,
 Sitting like a bird at ease,
 Ever quiet—ever silent
 Thou shalt sit till time shalt cease ;
 Storms will rage and the sea monsters
 May come snorting to thy shore,
 But thou'lt stand in silent glory
 Until time shall be no more.

Lovely Island

Ever silent

Not a murmur comes from thee ;

Slumber silent

Little Island

In thy bed beneath the sea.

Precious stone set in the ocean
 And ever glist'ning brightly,
 Rich in all that makes men stalwart
 And nations great and mighty ;
 Small thou art but rich in blessing
 To the tillers of thy soil,
 When they're frugal and contented
 Plenty compensates their toil.

Shower and sunshine
 Are ever thine
 Sitting in the rolling sea ;
 Fruits and flowers
 Are thy dowers
 Blessed Island of the sea.

Like the swift-winged bird reposing
 In the storm-tossed waters,
 Thou manifests the self-same spirit
 Of all thy sons and daughters—
 Sitting stolid—yet aspiring
 Thy great destiny to fill
 Ever wearing—slowly rising
 Grandly high and higher still.

Little Freeland,
 Lovely Island,
 In the restless, roaring sea ;
 Thou art peerless,
 Ever fearless,
 For thy children all love thee.

In the rolling waves of ocean,
 Lying silent in thy bed,
 Mantled deep in dark-green verdure ;
 Soil, and rock, and sea-shore red ;
 Hills of grain and grove abounding
 Ever charming to the eye,
 Ever fairest

Always rarest
Little garden of the sea.
Ever my land
Tiny Island
Fare thee well ! and God bless thee

J. H. FLETCHER.

Salem, Oregon, 24th Nov., 1900.

A Side Talk with Sports.

THE blissful ignorance of the rules of play exhibited by gamesters has often been a matter of wonder to me. It is no uncommon thing to meet with some players, who, while they may be cracks at this or that particular game, are in semi-darkness concerning the laws framed to guide them in its pursuit. They know the underlying principles, what they are to do in their endeavour to make the score sheet balance in their favour, but of the many danger lines which must not be overstepped in legitimately reaching the goal of their ambition they have only the haziest of conceptions. And the funny part of the whole affair is their unconcerned demeanour, for while all the time conscious of a want of light they appear content to plod along until their own act shall bring them counter to the law. Then when it is too late, after the heavy penalty has been imposed upon their side, or victory has been driven away just when it was within grasp, the full realization of their mistake dawns upon them.

It may be urged that it is too much to expect every member of a team to have all the rules at his fingers' tips, seeing we are more apt to first acquire a practical, rather than a theoretical, knowledge of a game. Granted. My idea is that the practical and theoretical work should go hand in hand, to make one a stepping stone to the other. In other words be a

student of the rules until you become thoroughly grounded in their meaning and application. Be not content with supposing that your captain, or some other fellow, knows it all, because it may so happen that they do not. Like yourself, they, too may be vegetating on the supposition theory.

Besides the injury it does a team I consider the want of knowledge of the rules of play one of the most fruitful sources of disputes and bickerings among competitors. A laughable feature of the affair, also, is the readiness with which those who know the least about rules are wont to question a decision. They are usually the first to do so, and the last to be convinced of the unstableness of their contention.

Players owe it to their clubs to become conversant with the laws of the game they pursue. Neglect to do so very often jeopardizes the chance of winning the laurel, if it does not make it impossible. Read the rules, then, boys; study them if you will, and thereby strike at the root of an annoying factor of athletics. Let every member of a team have a copy, that he may for himself read, learn and inwardly digest. Have it, of course, at your club's expense; for if you are to bring the shekels to its coffers the least it should do is to provide you with the food for thought.

JIMSO.

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

THOSE Breton French who first settled the valleys of the Hillsborough and Pisquid Rivers, and parts adjacent Tracadie, Savage Harbor, French Village, Saint Peter's and Groshaut were quite a different people from the French who settled Quebec. The Acadians were of purely Celtic origin. They spoke a patois, the soft, gliding tones of which you detect

to-day among their descendants here or in Louisiana. They were an industrious people also. Only located here a few years they left traces of great improvements in the old clearings and in the dyked marshes. Some places near Mount Stewart show the old, narrow ridges they ploughed, covered with a forest growth of one hundred and fifty years.

The permanent population of Isle St. Jean was given as five thousand at the time of the capture by the British in 1758. These places I have named contained a large part of the agricultural settlers of the time. They had a church on the land that now comprises the farm of Mr. John McKenzie, of Scotchfort, where the old cemetery is still preserved. In it, in after time, some of the Glenaladales were buried.

There were two grist-mills on streams at the head of the Hillsborough; one in front of R. Egan's farm, another three miles east, on the north-east branch of the river.

Numerous traces of the first settlers remain, such as cellars and roads. A coin of the time—a louis-d'or—was ploughed up near the first-mentioned mill site. The whole outfit of a forge was found at Allisary, buried in the edge of the marsh. Some of their old silver coins were picked up, which were large and very thin, so that they could be doubled up with the fingers. The bones of a span of oxen, with a large chain by which they had been fastened to a tree, and the metals of a plough near at hand were found in the depths of the forests north of the Cameron settlement some years ago.

A portage of one mile at St. Andrew's connected the river with the head of Savage Harbour and the thickly settled country near French Village. This Harbor was a good port then. The entrance for vessels was on the west side in those days, A high sandhill occupied the present entrance and extended nearly across to the west side. The channel was kept clear by a novel dredge which was made like one of the modern cultivators, had a hawser and buoy attached, and was heavily weighted; out-

going vessels fastened on to it, and towed it to the outer bar; and incoming craft dragged it in. The sand thus loosened was cleared out by the current. At least one vessel traded here, as the name of the "Quebec Trader" and her owners Corie and Conrey, are preserved. She carried wheat and other supplies for the use of the Quebec Garrison.

The village was on the east side, in a cove where deep water and perfect shelter with the most beautiful surroundings on the Island made an inviting site. When the McEacherns landed here in 1790, direct from "the Port of Ardnamurchan," the French had been gone some years. The road from the landing place at the head of the tide on the Hillsborough river, at a place known later as Fanning's Farm, led to this village at the entrance of Savage Harbour, thence skirting Crow Bush Pond and the lake to St. Peter's Harbour. This road, known to the French as De Bleu Road, is yet partly used and is known as Canavoy, properly Cannobie Road. Another trail from the Hillsborough River to St. Peter's led through a dense forest south of the present railway. Though used only as a winter route there were some settlers along this road, as old cellars can be found north of the present Cameron settlement. This trail was resorted to by a numerous population who, in the winter season, left the shores and harbours where they fished in summer, and sought the sheltered forest through the stormy season. Here they made their oars and utensils for the next season; made maple sugar, hunted, danced and whiled the long winter hours away. Occasionally they made visits to the settlement east of them, and the church of St. Pierre at St. Peter's Harbour; or west, by the river, to the church of St. Louis. This church was destroyed, with a number of sailing craft which lay there stripped for the season,—by a forest fire that swept all that part of the country, from the Hillsborough to the North Shore, and west to Covehead, about the year 1739.

The church bell was ploughed up on this old town site

twenty or thirty years ago and aroused much interest in the minds of local antiquarians. J. BAMBRICK, GLENROY.

(To be continued)

Our School System.

SECOND PAPER—CONTINUED.

ACCORDING to the Report for 1897, the average cost, to the government of the Province, of each enrolled pupil was \$5.90. The cost of each pupil in daily attendance was \$9.68, a decrease of 23 cents from the previous year.

In 1899, the cost to the Government for each enrolled pupil was \$5.82—a decrease of eight cents. The cost of each pupil in attendance was \$9.70, an increase of 2 cents, and in this year no supplement was granted. Now, if this expenditure were evenly distributed, and allowing for exceptional cases there might not be so much ground for criticism, except on the absolutely unassailable ground that we cannot afford to pay the money. But analyze the School Reports as supplemented by the Provincial Auditors Reports for the same years. I will, in this connection, confine my remarks to the average daily attendance.

In 1898 there were nineteen schools with an average daily attendance of ten or less going down to two (?) Of these some were and are peculiarly situated and require exceptional treatment. These are the schools situated on islands such as Panmure, St. Peter's, etc.

Of the others the cost to the Government for teachers' salaries only, without including supplements, which were paid that year and are no longer paid, varied from \$64.80 per pupil down to \$13.00. Here they are:—

QUEEN'S COUNTY

Class of Teacher	No. of District.	Average Attendance	Number Enrolled	Cost to Gov't per pupil
2	27	10	20	\$18 00
2	32	9	15	25 00
1	45	10	14	17 34
2	49	2	7	64 80
2	125	9	20	23 64
3	163	8	16	16 25
3	177	10	20	12 38

PRINCE COUNTY

Class of Teacher	No. of District.	Average Attendance	Pupils Enrolled	Cost to Gov't per pupil
3	41	10	15	\$18 00
2	76	9	14	23 75
1	83	9	17	21 25
3	174	7	11	18 71

KING'S COUNTY

Class of Teacher	No. of District	Average Attendance	Pupils Enrolled	Cost to Gov't per pupil
3	7	10	16	\$18 00
2	22	10	14	23 75
2	46	10	23	17 18
3	74	10	18	13 00
2	138	10	21	20 12

In 1899 there were nineteen schools with an average daily attendance of ten or less. Excepting the schools on islands, etc., these were as follows:—

QUEEN'S COUNTY

Class of Teacher	No. of District	Average Attendance	Pupils Enrolled	Cost to Gov't per pupil
2	27	8	18	\$23 90
2	32	8	16	28 12
1	45	7	12	26 63
3	49	6	10	21 66
2	125	10	19	18 00
2	142	10	15	23 00
1	149	10	18	17 00
3	163	9	16	14 44
3	177	7	22	15 90

PRINCE COUNTY

Class of Teacher	No. of District	Average Attendance	Pupils Enrolled	Cost to Gov't per pupil
3	41	8	15	\$22 50
2	57	7	19	30 53
2	76	8	15	22 50
3	78	10	18	15 37
2	83	9	15	25 00
*3	174	6	20	12 50

* Part of year only.

It will be noticed that the schools in Queen's and Prince which had ten or less in daily attendance in 1898 are all in the same category in 1899.

On the other hand, there were in 1898 a number of schools in each county with large attendance. In Queen's County alone there were fifteen schools, each conducted by a single teacher, and each having a daily average of over thirty. Of these four had a daily average of over thirty-five. Here they are :—

Class of Teacher	No. of District.	Average Attendance	Pupils Enrolled.	Cost to Govt. Per Pupil
2	103	39	66	\$5 77
2	218	39	65	5 66
2	96	43	58	5 23
2	131	39	57	5 77

In 1899 there were thirteen schools in Queen's, each conducted by a single teacher and each having a daily average of over thirty. Of these five had a daily average of over thirty-five as follows :—

Class of Teacher	No. of District.	Average Attendance	Number Enrolled	Cost to Gov't per pupil
2	218	42	73	\$5 23
1	96	37	66	6 08
1	143	36	45	6 25
2	104	36	62	6 25
2	44	38	69	5 16

These will suffice to illustrate the discrepancies which exist. It is unnecessary to take up time and space by referring to cases in the other counties, or for other years.

Now, let us compare some of these statistics for 1898 and 1899 with these for 1889. I take 1889 for two reasons. First, a decade elapsed between the two years, and ten years is a convenient period to allow to intervene in making such a comparison and secondly, the year 1889 is especially referred to in the Report in 1899 for the purposes of comparison as to the improvement made in the ten years in our schools.

In 1899 the number of enrolled pupils was 23,045. Allowing

2000 for the towns we get 21,045 for the rest of the Island, or 1195 more than in 1898, and 1497 more than in 1899. The average daily attendance was 13,159. Allow 1500 for the towns, which the report for that year shows to be a liberal one, and we get an average of 11,255 in 1899.

There were 436 districts in 1889. Deduct the seven for towns and we have 429 for the country, as against 464 in 1898 or 1899, or an increase of 35 for the two later years.

There were 518 teachers in all in 1889, of whom 46 were in the towns, leaving 472 in the country, as against 520 and 521 in 1898 and 1899, or an increase of 48 and 49 respectively. Yet we have now a smaller number of enrolled pupils and a smaller daily attendance.

Of the Primary Schools in 1889 only 79 had an average attendance of less than 20, divided among the counties as follows:—

Queen's, 32; Prince, 20; and King's, 27. These had a daily average attendance of 15.92 as compared with 177 schools with an average of 14.80 in 1898, and 194 schools with an average of about 15 in 1899.

Only one district in 1889 had an average attendance of 10 or less. That was No. 45 Queen's (in the same list in 1899) with first-class teacher, average attendance 9. In that case the teacher taught only part of the year and received only \$58.47 as salary.

Now, it does seem to me that the statistics I have compiled and set out in the foregoing pages merit attention.

A. B. WARBURTON.

(To be continued.)

Some Recollections of Richmond Bay.

EARLY in the present century the lands bordering on the shores of Richmond Bay South were cultivated. Even as late as 1835 traces of the last furrows turned could be seen. At

that time a thick growth of spruce, including a few fir and juniper sprang up and flourished in this soil, so well suited to their growth. I have learned from those who have studied nature and profited thereby, this fact, that our native fir has a very rapid growth and in fourteen years it has been known to attain a sufficient size to supply, when split, two longers each thirteen feet in length. There were thirty acres in this grove. Other similar groves of second growth lay all along the shores at intervals of from two hundred yards to a half mile apart for a distance of four miles in either direction, then came the primeval forest.

In youth I loved to wander through these woods with my gun and faithful dog; no other companions I sought for palpable reasons. There were but few families residing near us at this time whose members, if they had the same inclinations as mine—but I fancy they had not—were perhaps employed in pursuits of greater profit. At the same time, however, my lessons were not neglected, Our teacher, Wm. Coates, Esq., a gentleman who emigrated to this Island from Suffolk, England, in the year 1827, and resided with us for many years. He was also deputy prothonotary, and assistant to the late Daniel Hodgson, Esq., at the time the Supreme Court was held at St. Eleanor's; and continued in office until the year 1853, when he resigned, owing to ill health,—Thomas Hunt, Esq., of the above named village, succeeding.

I remember, with pleasure my wanderings through the dark shades of the forest. An abundance of game was then hidden beneath the branches of some of the many giants of the wood, towering so far above us. Numbers of sweet songsters were also there. They have left us and have sought more genial climes, owing to the loss of their friendly cover.

First to join me in my wanderings was an Indian lad. His father at that time was chief of his tribe, and each year this

family, with others, camped near our home. I will relate an incident that occurred shortly after our acquaintance.

In a brook that ran below our house were to be found many fine trout. At this brook, in those days, all the washing of the house was done, under the shade of the trees. At the washing-place a large pine log lay across the brook, forming a natural bridge for all who passed that way to and from the house.

Other logs lay below this adjacent to this pond I have mentioned in other articles that I have contributed. Under these at any time could be seen by approaching them cautiously, one or more fine specimens of the finny tribe—the tail being always in motion—to attract one's attention.

Many of these fish I have taken from the water with my naked hand. Others, no doubt, can remember, to have done the same thing. These trout were never returned to their native element except, as I remember, on one occasion, which resulted in my acquiring a rather novel pet, in this wise:

Under the above-mentioned bridge, a certain trout could, for a long time be always found. When I first took him from the water I quickly gave him his liberty again. This I repeated for many days; and after a little time, I scattered bread, broken up, on the water, which the fish came and ate of. At the expiration of a few days he became so tame that, as I approached the log, he would come toward me, showing no fear. Then I could put my hand down and take him up, allowing but a few seconds of time to elapse before putting him back.

This pet came to grief through the Indian lad. As he was crossing over on the log, one day, the trout rose to the surface and was killed by the Indian's arrow. The Indian lads always carried bows and arrows in those early days, he and I often hunted with this primitive weapon. Small plovers were very numerous and could be approached within short range.

This sporting friend of my early days married in the year

1854, his wedding taking place at our house, which was known as the Pavilion. It was quite an imposing ceremony. There were many guests besides his dusky relatives from St. Eleanor's and Summerside. Many of those are still living and can remember the merry time spent at the wedding of the pretty bride and active, well-mannered young groom. Frank was commonly spoken of as the biggest snake on the Island.

Frank Snake was well known all through the Island, more particularly in Kensington and Summerside. He is still active, although well advanced in years, and regularly pays his respects to his numerous friends. Enemies he has none.

HUBERT G. COMPTON.

An Islander's Christmas Dinner in Greenwood, B. C.

WE are "clannish" people, we Islanders, but at the same time our tendency to wander and to explore, overcomes our clannishness. Thus it happens that here and there solitary Islanders will be heard of in the furthest corners of the earth. Where one goes another soon follows—if that other is not already there. Then it follows that the password of "The Island" goes forth from one to the other and they foregather. If the country is very new there may be only one or two Islanders there—but others come—and keep coming—and after awhile they get together as occasion permits. Proud of their native place they celebrate the common bond between them in various ways, and accentuate the fellow-feeling that makes them one in heart and mind.

On Christmas evening a company of P. E. Islanders gathered together in the British Columbia Hotel at Greenwood. Some lived in Greenwood; some came from Phoenix; some

were wanderers from the surrounding wilds, others were seekers for fortune in the uttermost parts of the Boundary Country,—but nearly all were Islanders. They came together for a Christmas feast, with elation and with the feeling of kinship strong in their hearts. A sumptuous repast had been ordered, and it was a joyous company that gathered around the festive board that Christmas night. “Mine host” was a genial gentleman named Flannagan, and his memory will be green for many a day in the grateful hearts of his visitors—even if they were not, all of them, his fellow-countrymen.

Toasts were freely drunk to “The Island,” so dear to them; to “The Islanders in South Africa”; to “Cape Breton—the other Island”; and to “The Maritime Provinces—the land of granite-block diamonds, good sailors, and good fish.”

Then followed the jolliest part of the evening’s entertainment. Supper over, a programme of songs, recitations and humorous anecdotes was carried out. Most of the items on this programme were full of local significance, and the applause came in “gusts.” Particularly good was the man from Kinkora, whose hilarity was catching.

And now, as the personal interest of your readers will be centred in those who were present on this occasion, I will give you their names and the places whence they came. They were: R. B. Fraser, Belfast; Daniel O’Connor, Clifton; J. Carson and R. Carson, Brookfield; W. W. Rogers, North Bedeque; Daniel McBeth, Kenneth McBeth, and C. McBeth, Kinross; John McInnis, Hartsville; Felix Hughes, Kinkora; Marcus Martin and E. E. Nicholson, Dundas; Thomas Kelly, Kelly’s Cross; Alexander Finlayson, and Roderick McPherson, Grandview. Also, we had Harry L. McQuaid, formerly connected with The Charlottetown Woollen Mills; and Doctor Gordon, a Nova Scotian by birth, but well known in Charlottetown and in Alberton. The Doctor figured quite prominently on the foot-ball ground of Prince of

Wales College in the days gone by. Six other guests, natives of Cape Breton, completed the company.

There were other Islanders, whom we should have had with us that night, but who were unable to be present; and to show that there is no dearth out here of representatives of the Province in the sea—fair Abegweit, I will give their names and former homes; Messrs Shaw, Wickwire and McLeod of Charlottetown; W. McKay, Clifton; W McGregor, Wilmot; Neil Stewart, North Wiltshire; Alexander McLeod, and John McLeod, Belfast; J. Buchanan, Georgetown; Dougald McMillan, Wood Islands, who is now Chief of Police of Phoenix; and Rev. Hedley Balderston, pastor of the Methodist Church of Greenwood; a son of the Hon. Mr. Balderston, whose name was a household word in the annals of P. E. Island politics.

So you see what a mustering we can make out here—we sons of the Island.

It was in the early hours of the morning when the last stentorian notes of "Auld Lang Syne" died away, and the guests departed for their homes and beds. But it will be long before the memory of that merry evening and happy reunion fades away in their hearts. Each vowed, as men always vow on such an occasion, that it had been his most enjoyable Christmas for many years; and the parting good-byes were coupled with earnest wishes that the same crewd of good fellows might all be spared to meet again a year afterwards.

W. W. ROGERS.

A new book by Charles M. Sheldon, the famous author of "In His Steps," never fails to excite the interest of thousands of readers. "Born To Serve" is its title, and the advance sheets indicate a very strong book indeed. The Canadian rights have been secured by The Poole Publishing Company, Toronto. The publishers will run it as a serial in the Presbyterian Review, beginning with the issue of the 3rd inst.

Correspondence, Notes, etc.

TO OUR READERS.

As already announced in the public press, the Editor of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, having severed his connection with the Examiner newspaper, will in future devote his time and energies to the publication of this Magazine.

To this change must be attributed the late appearance of the present number and any regrettable evidence it may present of the unsettled conditions under which it has been produced.

Our next number will complete the second volume. We shall enter upon our third year of publication fully equipped for the work, and prepared the better to deserve a continuation of the kindly consideration hitherto shown us by our many readers, friends and patrons.

A large addition to our list of subscribers would materially strengthen our hands just now. Our friends will best show a gratefully appreciated recognition of our determination to increase the efficiency of the Magazine if they will send us the names and subscriptions of as many new readers as possible. For every list of five new subscribers we will send one year's issues free. We shall also be glad to receive applications for space in our advertisement pages.

All communications should be addressed to:—

ARCHIBALD IRWIN,
P. E. I. MAGAZINE,
P. O. BOX 71, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Impressing Seamen in Prince Edward Island.

MR. EDITOR: I am much interested in the events relative to the early history of Prince Edward Island which appear in your excellent MAGAZINE. They are more than interesting, for they are historical. I trust you will continue them, and obtain many other articles on the same lines. I now write to ask if you know

anything regarding impressing seamen in Provincial ports, as I have been told that this was done at one period of our early Provincial history, but I have always doubted that such could have occurred here. Yours, etc., M. D,

Our correspondent can no longer remain in doubt, as we are able to supply him with an authentic account of at least one case in which seamen were impressed in this Province and there may have been other cases.

In July, 1807, the good ship Hope, of Bristol, Captain John Ford, was chartered by Andrew Macdonald and Sons, of Three Rivers (now named Georgetown), to bring out a cargo of merchandise. and there load a cargo of pine timber for Britain.

While preparing to load, the sloop-of-war Halifax arrived at Three Rivers, and one morning the captain of the Hope was surprised by a visit from an officer and boat's crew, from the Halifax, boarding his vessel; and impressing, against their will and his own protest, the most able seamen he had, and taking them off on board the Halifax.

The Hope was delayed for a long time to the serious loss of all concerned. The master and the charterers sent a petition to Lieutenant Governour DesBarres, setting forth the serious injury this practice would cause to the export trade of the Province, and praying His Excellency to use his influence to have the men returned to them, if possible; and to put a stop to impressing seamen here; for if it was allowed to continue it would be impossible to charter vessels to ports in this Province, where other men, equally qualified, could not be procured to navigate the vessels.

It does not appear whether Captain Ford got his men back, nor do we know what the Governour may have done to stop this practice in Provincial ports, but we have met with no other record of later cases. The men in Her Majesty's navy now receive fair wages, good food and just treatment (which was not always the case at that time), and they are now quite willing to serve in the Navy without being impressed.

The First Steamer in Charlottetown Harbour.

SIR; Can you let us know in what year any vessel propelled by steam was first seen in Charlottetown harbour; as some of your

readers don't agree with the statement that the "Pocahontas," which arrived here on the 11th May, 1832, and plied semi-weekly between Charlottetown and Pictou for some time after that, could have been the first one. Yours, etc., J. JONES.

We find in the Prince Edward Island Register, of August, 1830, that a small steamer called the "Richard Smith," belonging to the Pictou Mines Company, entered Charlottetown harbour on the 10th of August, 1830, and was the first steam vessel that ever appeared here. The manager of the mines and several other gentlemen came by her; and next morning, before leaving again for Pictou, they gave His Excellency Governour Ready, and his party, a sail up the river.

The second steam vessel arrived here in September, 1831. This was the steamer "Royal William," 1370 tons, built at Quebec, to ply between that port and Halifax; and she called here on her first trip for inspection by the people, who went on board and viewed the machinery with astonishment.

The "Royal William" was afterwards the first vessel, propelled entirely by steam power to cross the Atlantic, which she did in 1833, leaving Pictou in that year for Gravesend, England, where she arrived after a very stormy passage. This event is commemorated by a brass tablet erected in one of the halls of the House of Commons, Ottawa.

"ACADIENSIS" is the title of a new quarterly, published in St. John, N. B., which we are glad to welcome into the magazine world of the Lower Provinces. Its object is to cover the history of the territory known as Acadia; to deal with all matters relating to its people, its past history, or its future prospects; any literary or other productions of the people who live within its borders, etc." The initial number is very promising. The subscription is one dollar a year. Mr. D. R. Jack, of St. John, is editor and publisher.

WITH a view to encouraging the development of a literary spirit in Canada, the Ladies Magazine, Toronto, is offering cash prizes for the best short stories by Canadian writers. The competition is well planned, and further particulars are given in the January number of the Magazine. A photographic competition is also announced, and cash prizes offered.

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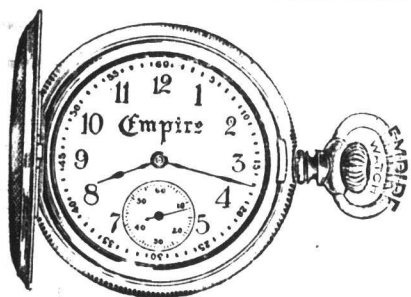
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