

THE  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
MAGAZINE

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**EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE**

**REVIEWS. ETC.**

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**OCTOBER**

VOL. 4.

NO. 5

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# THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

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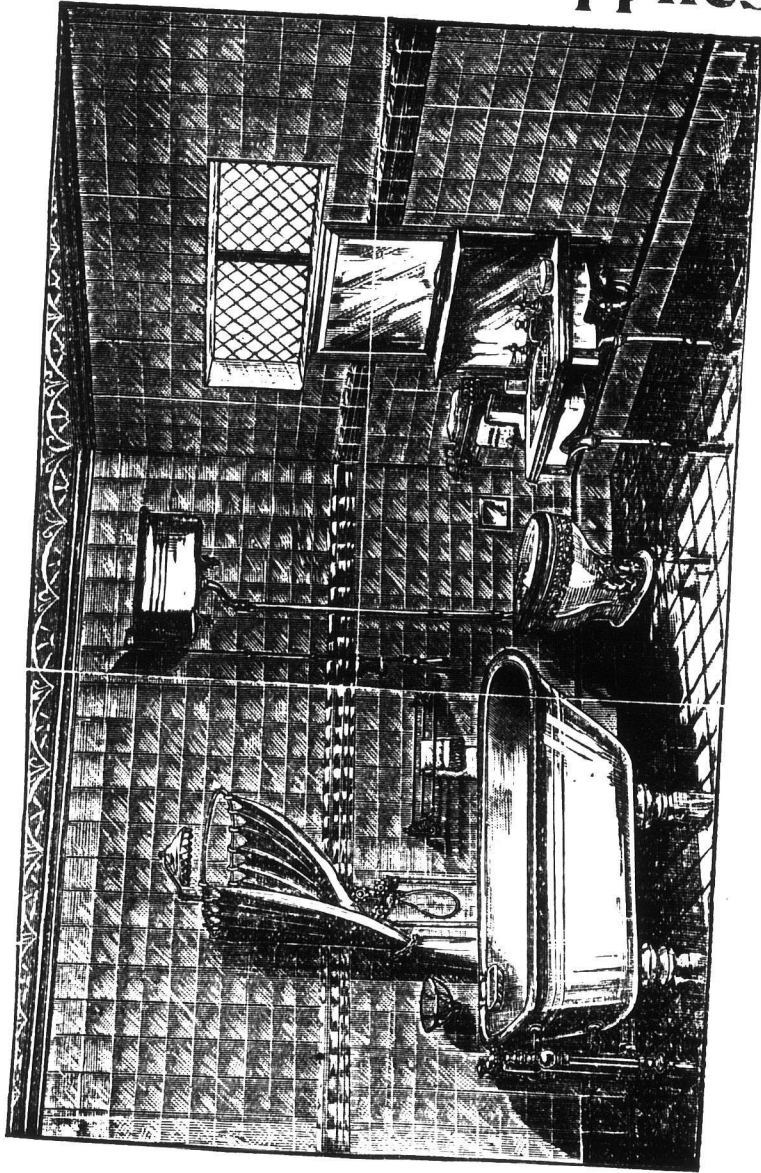
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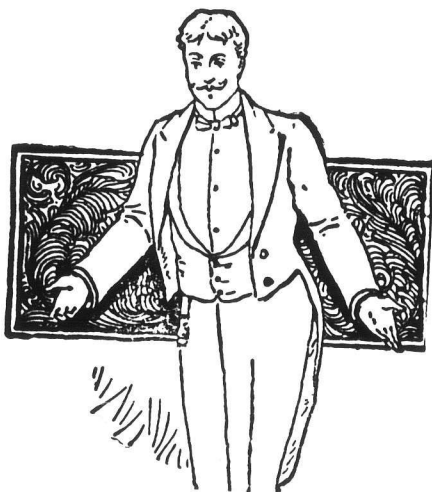
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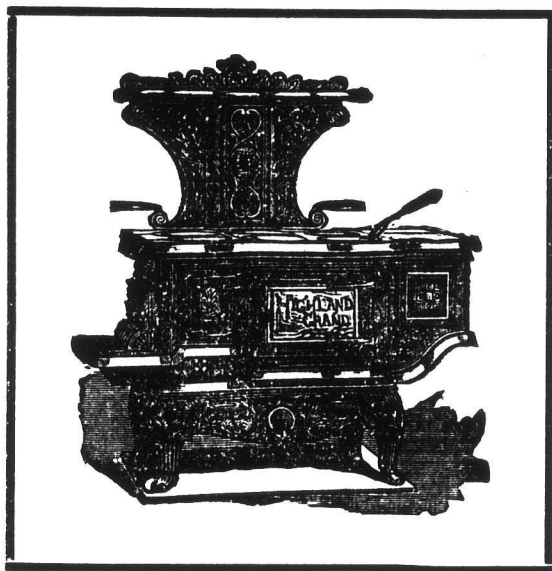
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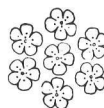
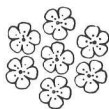
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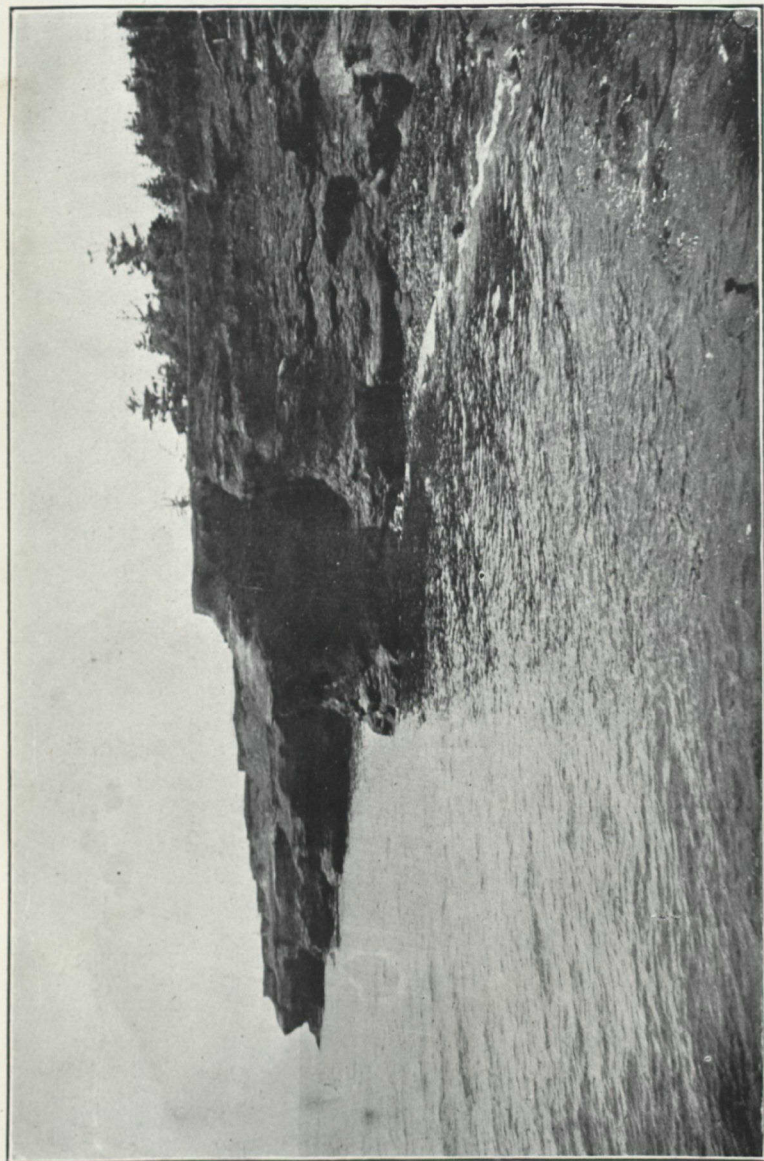
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## Simon W. Crabbe



KILDARE CAPE, NEAR ALBERTON

See "Early Days of Alberton" page 280

PHOTO BY J. W. WAUGH

The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

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Vol. 4

October, 1902

No. 8

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Old St. Jean.

Continuation of Pichon's Narrative.

“**T**HIS sequel of the description of the island of St. John will come into your hands at the same time as the former part, because the ship that was to convey my last has made a longer stay than I expected. We left off at our setting out from Tracadie for Malpec; here we shall take up our narrative again, and continue the voyage. From Tracadie we set out the twenty-second of August, in very bad weather, and after an hour's sailing we found ourselves in the middle of the harbor of Little Racico. The entrance lies north-east, and south south-west, and is practicable only for boats at high water, and in very fair weather. The country round about this harbor is proper for culture, and covered with all sorts of fine timber. But what is very remarkable, there is a conveniency here for building of large vessels, shallops and canoes. The badness of the weather obliged us to put into the harbor of Great Racico, the entrance of which is a hundred and twenty fathoms in breadth north-east and south-west. It has two branches, one of which advances east, south-east about three leagues on the side of Little Racico, and the other runs half a league south-west. These two rivers are extremely rapid; their banks are covered with timber, and they might likewise have mills for sawing and for grinding

of corn. After having made some stay in this harbor, we departed from thence the twenty-third, with the wind at north north-west, which rose so high as obliged us to put into the little harbor. The entrance is situated north north-east, and south south-west. The breadth of it may be a hundred and eighty fathoms, and its channel seventy. You find throughout a depth of eleven or twelve feet at high water. There are likewise some remains of a settlement, and even of a fishery about this place. The latter might be still continued, since the fishing boats would be perfectly safe, because of a kind of gulph, from whence a river is formed, that runs above a league south south-west up the country. This harbor receives two great streams, which come from the inner part of the island, west south-west. They are so very rapid, and their banks are covered with such fine timber, that mills might be easily erected on this spot. The wind having chopped about we set sail for Malpec, where we arrived that evening, after having enjoyed a prospect of a charming coast, decorated with meadows and beautiful trees. But we were greatly incommoded with *maringoins* or gnats, whose stings are more pungent here than in any other part of the country. There are such swarms of these insects, and they bite with such venom and fury that persons not accustomed to their insolence are apt to lose all patience.

The harbor of Malpec is within sixteen leagues of that of St. Peter. It is situated on the north coast, and very convenient for the cod fishery—nature having formed several small islands, as well as strands adapted for drying it, and besides there is a brisk, sharp air, proper for the purpose. It is therefore a convenient spot for this kind of commerce, and these little islands contribute to the security of the harbor.

Malpec has four different entrances. The first to the westward is formed by the south-west point, situate on the

*Granoletterre* of the island of St. John, and by the north-east point of the little island of the east entrance. The distance from one point to another is estimated at three-quarters of a league, and runs north-east and south-west. Vessels that draw twelve or thirteen feet of water are obliged to traverse the space of a quarter of a league between the two points, where you have generally three fathoms at low water. The second entrance, which lies north-east and south south-west, is formed by the west north-west point of that little isle of entrance, and that of the east south-east point of the north. This is wider than the other. The channel may be three hundred and fifty fathoms in breadth, five or six in depth at the lowest ebb, and seven at high water. None but these two entrances admit of all sorts of vessels, the other two are only for shallops and canoes. The Isle of Savages lies between the east and north-west entrances. Its situation renders it extremely convenient for the reception of vessels in the harbor, as well as for the safety of anchorage; therefore whenever they intend to make either of these two entrances, they should turn their head to the Isle of Savages. We made use of this precaution by means of which a vessel is always certain of riding safe in the middle of the channel. There is a second island west south-west of that of the Savages. The latter was resigned entirely to them, and is three quarters of a league distant from the former. The lands are high and covered with beech. The rapidity of the currents of this haven has forced the three different entrances mentioned. The further on to the west was not formed before 1750, when a violent storm beat off the sands, and the strength of the currents has hindered them since from returning. From the north-west point it is two leagues and a quarter; and from the east and north-west to the bottom of the bay, we reckoned two leagues. They go up with vessels from a hundred to a hundred and fifty tons. The harbor is divided into two branches; the first runs

about a league south south-west. At the further extremity there is a little river which rises half a league within the south lands. The second runs within three leagues west south-west. Small vessels may ascend in the space of two leagues. Keeping along the west point we arrived at a kind of canal, which runs north-west as far as the harbor of Cachecampec. It admits only of small vessels, and forms a communication betwixt the two harbors, distant from each other six leagues. The lands adjacent to the harbor of Malpec are of a superior quality to those of St. Peter's, and indeed by far the best of the whole island of St. John. The banks of the rivers are covered with all sorts of beautiful trees. Between this and the harbor of Cachecampec there is a large grove of cedars, about three leagues in circumference. There are two sorts of cedar trees—white and red; the white is the largest and serves to make shingles or coverings of houses, enclosures, etc. The wood is extremely light and distils a kind of incense, but bears no fruit like the cedar of Mount Lebanon. The fragrancy is in the leaves; that of the red cedar is in the wood, and far more agreeable. The Acadian women are accustomed to chew this incense, which preserves their teeth, and makes them exceeding white. In the neighborhood they have likewise discovered a particular kind of clay, proper for making of bricks. They have also great plenty of all sorts of game. Notwithstanding these advantages, the inhabitants are, by unforeseen accidents, reduced to great misery, for which reason they ought, in my opinion, to be allowed the privilege of fishing. It is a mistake to imagine that this method of subsisting would make them indiligent with regard to agriculture. The harbors of St. Peter and Tracadie are proofs of the contrary. It is even demonstrable that the fishery is a sure means of promoting tillage, because it enables those who follow it to maintain domestics and cattle, without which the lands must needs remain unculti-

vated, Neither is this the only advantage they would reap from the fishery, for the stock of dry cod which they would keep by them, together with the adventitious messes of milk, butter and cheese, would supply any scarcity in bad years, and repair the damage done to the grain by locusts and field mice. These animals are the scourge of the country. Whenever there happens to be plenty of beech nuts, the field mice come out of their lurking places and devour what they find, either in the woods or the open fields, and after everything is consumed, they rush headlong into the sea, where, in all probability, they expect to find some nourishment. In rainy weather or in case of inundations of rivers, or of thick fogs, the field mice are succeeded by locusts, which commit the like devastation. These misfortunes frequently reduce the inhabitants, who are two hundred in number, to great misery; and such, indeed, was the condition when we happened to be among them.

From Malpec we set out in a canoe, and after crossing a bay three leagues we landed near a small rivulet, entirely fed by the filtration of the waters, which lodge themselves in this low, marshy neighborhood. From thence we directed our course by a way that begins at the bottom of the rivulet and runs a league to the southward. The earth was covered with beech, and especially with a prodigious quantity of French beans and a kind of pine trees. At length we arrived at Bedec. The harbor of Bedec is inhabited by eight families, which, by our computation, makes four and forty souls. It is situate in the south side of the island, within sixteen leagues of Port de la Joye, and eighteen of the green bay of Acadia. The soil is very proper for culture, and the borders adorned with beautiful meadows. The entrance is formed by the point of the isle of Bedec upon the lands eastward, and by the west north-west point upon those to the west. These two points being south-east and west north-west, are three quarters of a league distant



from each other. The channel situate north-east and south-west, may be about a quarter of a league in breadth and from four to five fathoms in depth at low water. After doubling the Isle of Bedec the harbour divides itself into two branches. One runs north-east about a league and a half, the other south-east three quarters of a league. In both you may cast anchor in four or five fathoms at low water, but for greater safety you had better move to the south-west side which is thoroughly protected from the wind. Leaving the harbor of Bedec we followed the coast, and reached the Traverse River, where we reckoned only three and twenty inhabitants, but observed that the banks were covered with very good pasture. From thence we proceeded to the River aux Blonds, following the coast for three leagues. This stream runs up the country four leagues north. The inhabitants to the number of thirty-seven are settled on both sides a league from the mouth. These lands which we saw cultivated promise very fair: and those untilled are covered with timber. This river is navigable only for boats, and its banks are enriched with excellent pasture.

**To be concluded.**

---

### In Summer Places.

**A**T Bay Fortune, each summer there foregather a company of histrionic artists—men who have achieved reputations of no mean degree. Those who have spent some time in their company and enjoyed their hospitality have experienced a rare pleasure. Of how they spend their days in their delightful summer retreats, the tale is told in

the accompanying account, which has been copied from the New York *Mirror* :—

“Arden Cottage, Beachmont Farm, Aitken's Cape, Fortune Bridge, King's County, P. E. I., Canada. How is that for an address? It alone should produce happiness, and in connection with splendid weather, fine scenery, a murmuring sea on one side, a rapid river on the other, and surrounded (though at a distance) by congenial companions, you can readily understand the present condition of our inhabitants—mentally at least. Physically—the thermometer never being above seventy-five degrees—we are always comfortable, and are only wetted by the high water; for in spite of rubber boots the excitement of a big sea trout (en route for the spawning grounds, eight miles up the river) at the end of a line usually causes one to step out of his depth and capture a bootful of water as well as the fish. My biggest “take” this season was  $3\frac{1}{4}$  pounds, though the greatest excitement was when I hooked two at one cast, weighing severally  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pounds. Oh! What happiness! I can't describe the beautiful delight of having your heart in your mouth for six or seven minutes, and the delicious *swallow* after the struggle is over and the fishes safely landed. It was a Brown Chop House cocktail! However, the sport this season, in comparison to last, is very poor, the fish being scarce and extra shy, though much larger and consequently more gamey.

I told you once before of Captain Kidd's connection with this place. How he buried his treasures on Flockton Cape, or was supposed to do so, and how dozens of treasure seekers annually come with divining rods to delve, hoping to resurrect it. It yet goes on, but they are always scared away, and the only treasures discovered are the hinges and hasps of a monster box, accompanied by a quaint and ponderous key. Though why the latter should have been buried with the box is difficult to say.

At present this end of the Island is harbouring and sustaining a number of actors, all good ones.

At three points of an acute angle, actors have homes. The apex is the home of the late Charles Coghlan's family; the southern point Charles Flockton owns; at the eastern point, I, another Charles, am doing the *dolce far niente*. Still further west of the Coghlan house is Harry Warwick, late of Amelia Bingham's company, who has built himself a pretty cottage on a bluff overlooking both river and bay. He calls his place “Freidheim,” that I understand is Swedish for “Happy Home.” We, of course, call it Fried Ham. Anyway, his wife, who emanates from Sweden, named it, and she ought to know

With C. P. Flockton are Herbert Millward, Harry Roberts, both of Mrs. Leslie Carter's company, and Cuthbert Cooper, a genuine Bohemian.

Last week Flockton put his place at the disposal of the church for their annual picnic. He owns about one hundred and sixty-five acres. Think of the paper and scraps he had to pick up the next day!

He himself assumed his favorite character, a witch, and was seated for the day, mind you, in a black wigwam, telling fortunes at five cents per "tell." He was wonderfully successful and drew good houses, but he had forgotten to leave a hole in the top of the teepee, and the day being the hottest we have yet had, he almost suffocated. The fortunes he told, though, gave great comfort and satisfaction—until the next day, when I hear people began to exchange notes and found out they had all been told the same fortune. Herbert Millward controlled the "Aunt Sally," an English sport, consisting of a wooden colored lady, with a pipe in her mouth, at which the crowd threw sticks at one cent a stick. The gent making, or rather breaking, the most pipes, was rewarded by a beautiful album, the gift of C. P. Flockton. Millward cleared over five dollars. Cooper was the general showman of the place, dressed as became the race—long linen duster and white plug hat. Roberts, dressed in his best, *did* the attractions, even to riding a merry-go-round and consuming a twenty-five cent supper, with sundry other refreshments in the shape of soft drinks and flirtations with the youth and beauty of the surrounding country, who came in by buggy, buck-board and wagon, from all parts of the country within a radius of twenty miles. All pronounced it a grand success, winding up as it did with a dance in the barn, that the clergyman of the very church denounced on the following Sunday as highly improper. Anyway, Flockton made a big hit and is solid with the church, for it cleared nearly two hundred dollars. For myself, hating crowds and reckless tea drinking, I went up the river and broke my best rod on a trout (which I lost), that persisted in climbing a tree.

Our social life is one of even placidity varied by the exchange of impromptu lunches and dinners. It's impossible to get a guest for breakfast—we still stick to our old habits.

The boss cook is Mrs. Warwick, and Roberts comes a good second, curries and blanc-mange being his specialties; though nobody can compare to Flockton for suet or beefsteak pudding. Millward and myself can both make tea or boil an egg, but we both hate to wash dishes. Island beef is not *par excellence*, but the lamb is simply—well, I hate to carve it, it's like cutting babies. You buy a lamb for two

dollars, sell the pelt for sixty cents; three quarters for fifty cents each; so you make your own quarter and ten cents profit. Lobsters are high this season, twenty-five cents per dozen. And such lobsters! Rector, Shanley, Sherrie or O'Neil can't get the like. Cod is cod—ten or fifteen cents will buy them, and mackerel at the same price. Clams cost nothing but the digging, and we have the broth—oh, so unlike Broadway broth!—every morning before the bath.

Most of the inhabitants of this beautiful place are kind, generous, and hospitable, though some are not quite so unsophisticated as they were two years ago. Every newcomer from the States spoils them, and where an article of consumption once cost five cents, it is now ten cents. Everything has "gone up." Even nails and lumber, to say nothing of butter and eggs. The greatest satisfaction of a summer here is the fact of "earning" your living, for we have to catch, pick, dig or delve for everything. In their regular season wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and mushrooms, grow in profusion. The butcher calls twice a week, and you earn your beef and mutton by the anxiety you expend in picking out a choice cut ahead of your neighbors.

Although isolated from the world and scrapping for our living, we do not vegetate, for at present as guests of a near neighbor are Sir Louis and Lady Davies—charming people, without a particle of the "side" a title usually calls for.

The arts are not neglected, either, and an evening "at home" is a sight worthy of Dickens (I always feel like Ham Pegotty.) But to see Warwick with his banjo accompanying Roberts on the tin whistle—that he plays beautifully—relieved by Flockton on the zither, Millward and myself playing pipes—loaded with queer Island tobacco—all dressed in sweaters and rubber boots or slip-slod slippers, while the logs crackle in the open fireplaces—it's a sight that would delight the late James A. Herne. The decorations of our various quarters are all more or less primitive but strictly individual. Warwick, who is a sportsman, goes in for cases of stuffed birds, the trophies of his shotgun or rifle; Flockton runs to bric-a-brac and curios, yearly sending up crates of stuff he picks up in the by-ways of Israel. For my own place I prefer the native products, such as rag carpets and wasps' nests, pewter plates and pots, and the original sketches of my artist friends, while fungi of various shapes and sizes are attached to the walls, forming splendid brackets for flower vases. My dining-room furniture is of local manufacture; six quaint table chairs, two gentlemen's rockers, two gentlemen's armchairs, two ladies' rockers, two ladies' armchairs, that in addition to three washstands and a large

table, cost seventeen dollars and fifty cents. Who would be destitute at the price? Incidentally, I may as well remark, all the armchairs show a peculiar fondness for ladies' society, and whenever they obtain a fair occupant are loath to part with her, sticking to her closer than a brother with tightly compressed arms. They are like a lobster pot, easy to get into but hard to get out. Fishing rods and nets, with the gay colors of the wools and feathers upon the fly-tying table, together with wild flowers in jars, and growing geraniums at the windows, through which the sunshine and shadow creep in on every side, complete the scenic attributes and lift the mind far above the struggle of everyday life, elevating the soul to something higher."

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

CHARLES KENT.

---

## Scientists,

**A**RE these things so? If they are, will you prove them? If they are not, will you show their falsity? I quote:

"All structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite rate of vibration, depending on their material, size, and shape, as fixed as the fundamental note of a musical chord. When the bridge at Colebrook Dale (the first iron bridge in the world) was building, a fiddler came along and said he could fiddle it down. The workmen laughed in scorn, and told him to fiddle away to his heart's content. He played until he struck the keynote of the bridge, and it swayed so violently that the astonished workmen commanded him to stop. At one time considerable annoyance was experienced in one of the mills in Lowell. Some days the building was so shaken that a pail of water would be nearly emptied, while on other days all was quiet.

Experiment proved it was only when the machinery was running at a certain rate that the building was disturbed. The simple remedy was in running slower or faster, so as to put it out of time with the building. We have here the reason of the rule observed by marching armies when they cross a bridge, namely: Stop the music, break step, and open column, lest the measured cadence of a condensed mass of men should urge the bridge to vibrate beyond its sphere of cohesion. Neglect of this has led to fearful accidents." [There is not so much danger, a scientist says, when it is heavily loaded with men or cattle, as when a few men go marching over it.—THE WRITER.]—*Peloubet*.

Tyndall states that "while away up amid the Alpine solitudes of Switzerland a few years ago, I noticed the muleteers tied up the bells of their mules, and was told that the protracted combined tinkling would start an avalanche."

Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tuft's College, College Hill, Mass., in his work on the Telephone, tells us, on page 73, "if a glass tumbler be struck, it gives out a musical sound of a certain pitch, which will set a piano-string sounding that is tuned to the same pitch, provided that the damper be raised. It is said that some persons' voices have broken tumblers by singing powerfully near them the same note which the tumblers could give out, the vibrations of the tumblers being so great as to overcome cohesion of the molecules. Large trees are sometimes uprooted by wind that comes in gusts, timed to the rate of vibration of the tree."

Again, in a late issue of the *Youths' Companion* appears the following: "What force least expected does the greatest damage to buildings?" is a question which a representative of the *Indianapolis News* asked a well known architect. The architect's answer may be a surprise to those who do not understand that it is the regularity of vibration that makes it powerful.

“‘It is difficult to tell,’ replied the architect, ‘but I will venture to say that you would never suspect violin playing to injure the walls of a building. Yet it certainly does. There have been instances when the walls of stone and brick structures have been seriously damaged by the vibrations from a violin. Of course these cases are unusual but the facts are established.

“‘The vibrations of a violin are really serious in their unseen, unbounded force, and when they come with regularity, they exercise an influence upon structures of brick, stone, or iron. Of course it takes continuous playing for many years to loosen masonry or to make iron brittle, but it will do so in time.

“‘I have often thought of what the result might be if a man would stand at the bottom of a nineteen-story light well, on the first floor of the great Masonic Temple, in Chicago, and play there continuously. The result could be more easily seen there than almost anywhere else, because the vibration gathers force as it sweeps upward.

“‘A man can feel the vibrations of a violin on an iron-clad ocean vessel, and at the same time be unable to hear the music. It is the regularity which means so much. Like the constant dripping of water which wears away a stone, the incessant vibration of the violin makes its way to the walls and attacks their solidity.’”

JAMES D. LAWSON.

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### Recompense.

**T**HE lengthened days are waning fast,  
The reign of summer bright is past;  
In cool October's clearer air  
The sun has lost his fiercer glare.

The mists, at morn on hillside hung,  
By day in higher air are flung;  
And floating clouds, now cooling, seem  
To temper the descending beam.

The starry asters gem the sod,  
Leontoden and golden-rod;  
The fitting birds in ling'ring bands  
Prepare to leave for kindlier lands.

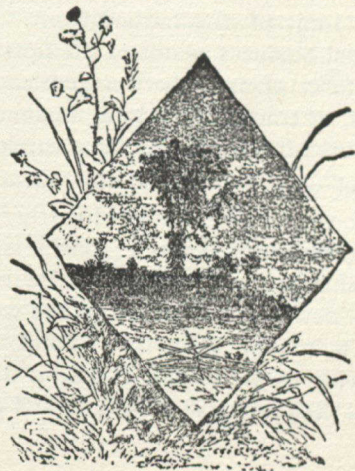
Odd leaves begin to show the taint—  
Touched with a bright but blighting paint;  
The barren tree with alien root  
Would counterfeit the ripening fruit.

The fields are bare, their fleeces shorn,  
But stubble left of waving corn;  
Which all away now safe is stored—  
Well pleased the Toiler views his hoard.

So toil with patience, well begun  
Brings full reward when all is done;  
To earn a rest we must not shirk,  
But through Life's Summer tireless work.

And then in calm and shortening days  
We satisfied may cast our gaze  
O'er records long of duty done,  
A Fight well fought, and Peace well won.

A. J. MACADAM.





## Early Days of Alberton.

**T**HE story of the founding and growth of one of our small Island towns or villages may not have much of interest to the ordinary reader of the pages of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, especially as that growth has never reached any great dimensions, and therefore lacks the interest attached to the early history of a well-known place; moreover, whatever interest is lacking in the story of the early days of Alberton has not been supplied in the telling.

It is as well to state also that the following brief account of the early days of Alberton has been gleaned from old residents of that place, and the writer's only authority for what is here set down, is based on tradition and reminiscence.

The history of the Alberton of to-day begins, not at the present site of that town, but at what is now known as the "Point," about two miles to the south of Alberton and at the farthest limit of the harbor front. This locality, once the principal business centre of the far west, is now a portion of the farm of an Alberton gentleman, and not a building, wharf, or trace of any kind remains to mark the site where a flourishing trade was once carried on.

As the land was cleared and the forests receded, the lumberman and shipbuilder followed further back into the country or these interests died out; business slackened still more as the fisheries diminished, and the removal of the fishing fleet to new waters completed the work of driving the trader and merchant from the "Point." But, as the forests gave way to well-tilled farms, a new traffic was springing up in the products of the soil, and gradually trade

was drawn to Alberton South, and The Cross-Roads—the Alberton of the present.

Somewhere during the last decade of the 18th century, Samuel Hill, who had been doing a business on the river Miramichi, came to the Island and landed at Cascumpec harbor. Recognizing the wealth of the pine forests with which the surrounding country was covered, he opened a store and started a lumber business at the end of the long promontory that juts out into Cascumpec Bay, before referred to as the "Point."

At this time no English families were living in the vicinity of Cascumpec; a few French settlers, who came here no doubt during the French *regime*, were settled along the shore of the above bay, on the direct route between their countrymen in the east and the French settlement at Tignish. This route was nothing more than the beach around the bay,—across wading places in the creeks and gullies, and, where this was impossible, a rude track through the woods. One of these tracks, now known as the "Old French Road," can still be pointed out to the east of Alberton, where the French made a detour to cross the head of one of the numerous creeks that mark that vicinity.

Hill, after obtaining from the original grantees a portion of Lot 1, together with Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, opened up a lumber trade with the French and Indians. Ships came here from the old country and took back cargoes of lumber. Cargoes were also sent to the West Indies and exchanged for rum, sugar, etc., and as he soon began ship-building his trade grew to be very extensive.

About this time a man by the name of Christy came out to Cascumpec in one of Hill's vessels; he was a friend of Hill's and soon became his trusted employee. Christy took up his residence on land belonging to his employer—to-day the fertile farm of Mr. Joseph Keefe, a son of John Keefe, who also immigrated to this country in one of Hill's

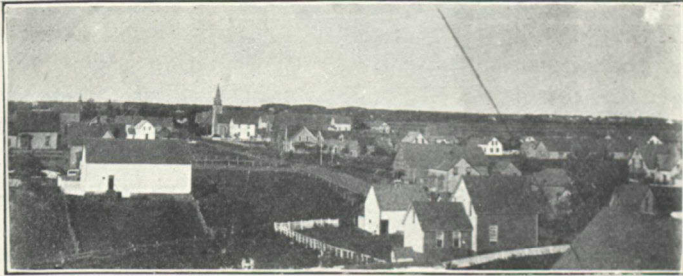
ships. Christy proved unfaithful to his trust, and one dark night robbed his employer's store. To cover his guilt he set fire to the building, and the business stand with its stock of goods brought from the West Indies and England, and estimated to be worth about £4,000, went up in smoke. By one means and another, but chiefly through the aid of a band of Indians encamped in the vicinity of the store, the crime was traced to Christy, who was tried, found guilty, and hanged. A number of years afterwards a quantity of the booty was found by Mr. John Keefe under the flooring of an old log barn that stood on the land since Christy dwelt on the farm.

The loss of his store and its contents determined Samuel Hill to give up business, which he did soon afterwards, and returned home to England. The business was continued a few years longer by Mr. Hill's son, but lumber becoming scarce in the vicinity of his stand, he sold the different lots owned by him and also left the country.

Before leaving the "Point" Mr. Hill negotiated with a man named Chanter and Lemuel Cambridge, who were engaged in business to the east of Cascumpec Bay, for the sale of his land. These gentlemen came to no agreement with Hill with regard to the sale of the land, which soon after came into the possession of Samuel Cunard, who held it until the settlement of the land question on the Island.

During Hill's time the country in the vicinity of Cascumpec Bay received, as far as is known, its first settlement of English people. A number of immigrants came out in Hill's ships, a great many of whom were employed in the lumber business, ship-building and about Hill's establishment. The Hardys and Gordons took farms on the eastern shore of Cascumpec Bay, and the Wells and Forsythes settled in what is now known as the "Dock," about a mile to the west of Alberton. Other settlers took up land in the near vicinity of Hill's business stand, among them the

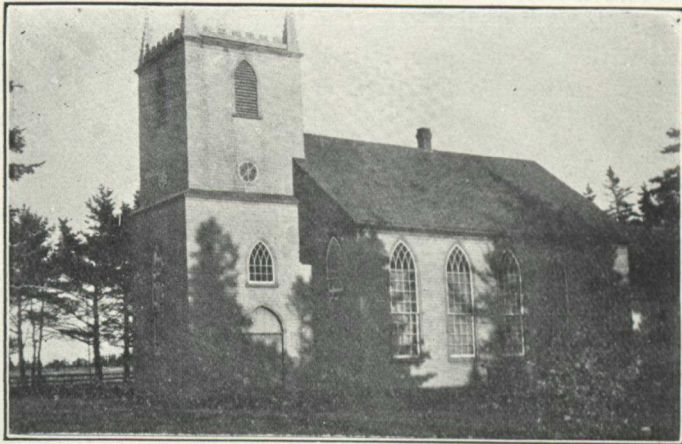
Meggisons, who came out from England in 1812, and one



*Bird's-eye view of Alberton.*

of whom was the first magistrate in this section of the west. As the children of these settlers grew to manhood they took up new farms. A number moved to the north of Cascumpec Point, and thus new settlements sprang up towards what is to-day Kildare and Montrose. The only communication between the different settlements was by the old French routes or rude lumber road.

Sometime elapsed between the days of Hill and the next business at the "Point," which was carried on by Lemuel Cambridge before referred to. Cambridge built a



*Presbyterian Church, Alberton.*

number of ships here, and shipped large quantities of square timber and lath woods to the old country, but lumber becoming scarce in the vicinity of the "Point," he transferred

his ship-building operations to what is now known as Hill's river, about four miles west of Cascumpec. He eventually left the "Point" about the year 1842.

Sufficient time elapsed between Cambridge's departure and the coming of his successor in business for all the former's buildings to disappear, with the exception of a warehouse, which remained standing for a number of years, and was known to those living in the vicinity of the "Point" as the "red store."

During this interval, the only business stand in the vicinity of Cascumpec harbor was a small store conducted by Mrs. Alexander Meggison, on what is to-day known as the Lower Kildare Road, about one mile to the east of Alberton. Mrs. Meggison also kept the post office. Once or twice a year a small schooner went to Chatham, N. B., and brought back a cargo of supplies for this store. Some idea may be formed of the extraordinary price of articles in those days, when it is related that a bushel of wheat was usually given in payment for a pound of tea.

In 1842 a company was formed in the Old Country for the establishment of a fishing station at Cascumpec harbor. The Duke of Argyle's name has been mentioned in connection with this company, but whether as a promoter of the scheme, or merely a patron, is not known. At any rate this company, through the agency of Henry Woodman, Esq., a resident of Cascumpec, built a number of log houses, twelve or thirteen in all, at different points around the above harbor as dwellings for the fishermen, who were expected out from Scotland. The scheme came to naught; the expected fishermen never came, and the log houses were filled by other tenants. Three or four of these buildings were erected at the base of the promontory ending in the "Point," and being thus in a central position between the settlements to the west and east, and on the direct road to the only available shipping point in the vicinity, a store was opened, a schoolhouse was here built, and around this nucleus has grown the Alberton of to-day.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

To be continued

One Touch  
of Nature.

WILL S. LOUSON.

**T**WO clergymen, each representing millions of followers (in the different denominations of which they form a part), were seen, during the past summer, actively engaged in a special open-air service.

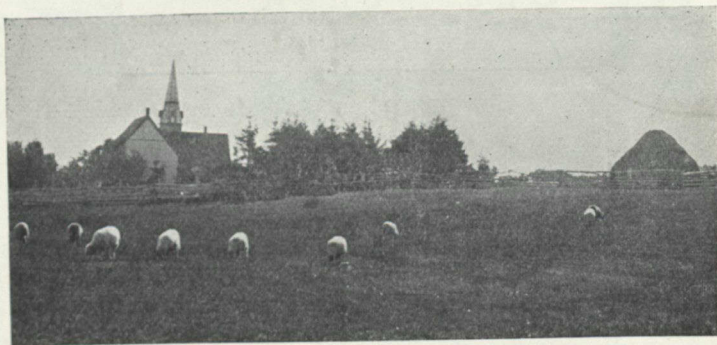
Both ministers addressed the meeting from the same platform,—the writer was one of the audience. Generally speaking we associate clergymen with black clothes or white surplices and ties. None of these, however, were visible upon this occasion.

We occasionally hear of the dignity of the cloth, and we sometimes wonder what this all implies. Suffice to say that these gentlemen were actually in their shirtsleeves. For a platform they stood upon the boards of an ordinary farm wagon. I was glad to notice that the platform was *broad enough* to enable both to work together in God's harvest-field.



*A platform that was "broad enough."*

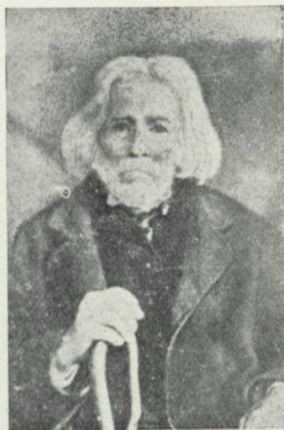
Among other requests, I have been asked to write up some of the experiences and perplexities of a clergyman. This honor I will leave to others, better informed, and will simply take you, in imagination, to the church door.



*"It is a Sunday evening in Summer-time."*

It is a Sunday evening in Summer-time. The village bells are ringing. In the porch and on the church door-steps many people are assembled. (That young girl in white lawn or muslin, must feel bashful walking up to the church with so many looking at her).

As I approach I notice a well-preserved, elderly gentleman with white hair and beard, leaning upon a cane. He has such a kind, fatherly look, that I go up to him and introduce myself as a stranger. As it is a little before the



church hour, I ask him to accompany me to the grave-yard adjoining, and we walk away together.

"Young man," he said, "I am an old resident in these parts, and I know more people in this grave-yard here, than I do

in our church. In looking over my long life, let me say for your encouragement, that I have had many troubles,

the most of which have never come to pass. We are all liable to be too apprehensive of the future. So taken up are we with our own experiences that we seemingly lose interest in other lives around us. It is not what we take out of this world that makes us richer. It is what we give to the world."

If I can live  
To make some pale face brighter, and to give  
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye  
Or e'en impart  
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,  
Or cheer some careworn soul in passing by.

If I can lend  
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend  
The right against a single envious stain;  
My life, though bare,  
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair  
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy  
Most near to heaven, farthest from earth's alloy,  
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine;  
And 'twill be well  
If on that day of days the angels tell  
Of me: "He did his best for one of Thine!"

"Whose grave is marked by that large granite monument, over there?"

"That was a young man who went away to the States some years ago. He made a lot of money, and died suddenly. His body was brought home by his relatives here; and, since the money he made has been distributed among them, they have been quarrelling among themselves."

"So you good people in the country have the same misunderstandings which some of us have in the city and elsewhere."

In my travels I hear occasionally of husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, unfriendly towards each other, owing to money matters and other causes. Would it not be a nice idea to have a special day appointed, throughout the world, for people who have been unfriendly to one another, to meet and make up again. Life is so short, and it is not considered unmanly and unwomanly by right-thinking people to try and heal up all differences. We have Thanksgiving Day, Labor Day, Decoration Day,



Dominion Day, Christmas Day and New Year's Day. If these are not enough to help us to make up all differences, let us now by all means have "Friendship Day."

"This plot, here," resumed the old man, "is my family lot. I try to visit this spot once a week, winter and summer. It does me good. Here lies the mortal remains of George, and Jim, and Mary, my children, and you may read what I have placed upon the tombstone over the grave of my dear wife :

"Peace, perfect Peace  
With loved ones far away  
In Jesus' keeping,  
We are safe, and they."

"It will not be very long now before I join my family in the home reunion above."

We hear the congregation singing,—

"Nearer my God to thee,  
Nearer to thee,  
Ee'n though it be a cross  
That raiseth me."

When, however, the crosses and the losses come, we sometimes rebel and think it hard. Do we not many times lose a blessing by not being patient in tribulation?

Lift up, O God, the heart of those who gaze  
Through tear-dimmed eyes upon a darkened world,  
O'er ruined shines and cherished idols hurled  
From their high places at the parting ways,  
Where faith and hope were lost. Help them to raise  
New temples on the ruins of the past,  
From whose pure altars hope, new-born at last,  
Shall drive the shadows of their sunless days.  
Give them the peace that follows vanquished grief,  
The joy that springs from trials nobly born,  
And vigor of the soul to hold belief  
In Thy just laws. And when, with anguish torn,  
They find in human aid a vain relief,  
Show them the Light that shines for all who mourn. \*

We walk along together, and I notice this grand old man raising his handkerchief to wipe silent tears away. "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

"This, Sir, is the newly made grave of a young woman, who I understand used to teach in the Sunday School here. She was married about a year ago, and here alongside the mother, asleep in her little bed, lies the form

\* HENRY SHERMAN BOUTELL, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C. 1902.

of her first-born darling. Oh! these experiences are hard to understand."

"How few of us men appreciate a woman's love, a woman's heart? How can we ever be unkind to a woman, when nature demands so much of her? If we have any flowers to give them, and others, let us be kind now; do not wait until they cannot appreciate the affection,—commence to-day."

This circumstance brings to mind the beautiful poem of Harriet Beecher Stowe,—

One year,—what loves, what schemes  
Far into life!  
What joyous hopes, what bright resolves,  
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,  
The burial stone  
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,  
Remain alone!

One year,—one year—one little year,  
And so much gone  
And yet the even flow of life  
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair  
Above that head;  
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray  
Says she is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds  
That sing above.  
Tells us how coldly sleeps below  
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?  
What hast thou seen?  
What visions fair, what glorious life,  
Where hast thou been?

The veil! the veil, so thin, so strong!  
'Twixt us and thee;  
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,  
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone  
But present still,  
And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,  
Our Saviour dear!  
We lay in silence at thy feet  
This sad, sad, year.

Through the open window of the church near by, we hear the Minister's voice and he is preaching the evening sermon. We shall hope that the fathers and mothers present will be more kind to their children, and also to their neighbors; that the boys may be obedient to their parents, and the girls more loveable in disposition, and thoughtful about others. Indeed, as a result of this evening's sermon we expect that the faithful horses, tied to the trees and posts outside, will receive more consideration and kindness. If the sermon is upon love, ("the greatest thing in the world,") even the dog, the cat, and the canary bird, at home, may be surprised at getting an extra bone, a saucer of milk, and lump of sugar during the week. We shall hope they may, for love is so merciful and kind.

"This grave here on your left is that of a young man, a distant relation of mine. He broke his mother's and father's hearts. How often it is, that some of the kindest men have this failing of taking too much liquor. Shall we not hope, within the coming years that the Brotherhood of Man will join together in removing this temptation, this curse, from all lands. Our hope is in the children. As I look upon this little mound and headstone, I am reminded of one of my life-long friends. We went to school together in dear old Scotland. What changes since then. Robert fell asleep about four years ago, beloved by everybody. I must tell you one little incident in his life. He had a lovely house and farm about a mile from ours. I never could get the full particulars from him, but it seems he helped out some friend or relation in business, and signed a note or something like that. The business could not have been successful, for Robert's home was sold over his head, and for years he rented it from the owner until he got it back again. Be it ever to the credit of his children they helped their father and mother to buy back the old homestead again.

"It seems like yesterday that we placed Robert here, —how quickly the years roll by. There must have been three hundred carriages, full of sympathizers, that followed the remains from the house to this place. When they were

lowering the coffin into the grave, a little sunshower fell upon us, and it seemed to say: 'we are sorry too, that dear old Robert has left us.' "

As we walk along together, I notice a little upright white marble stone, on which I read:

In loving memory of  
GRACE  
"Suffer the little children."

"That touches me," said my fatherly friend, "What a sermon these bereaved parents could give others. Yes, young man, many say, 'spare the rod and spoil the child,' but the kindest heart the world has ever seen, the one who loved even his enemies, now says to all: 'Suffer the little children.'



*"Suffer the little children"*

"If I had to live my long life over again, I would use the rod less and reason with, and love my children more. It gave the best results. We all must learn life's lessons from experience."

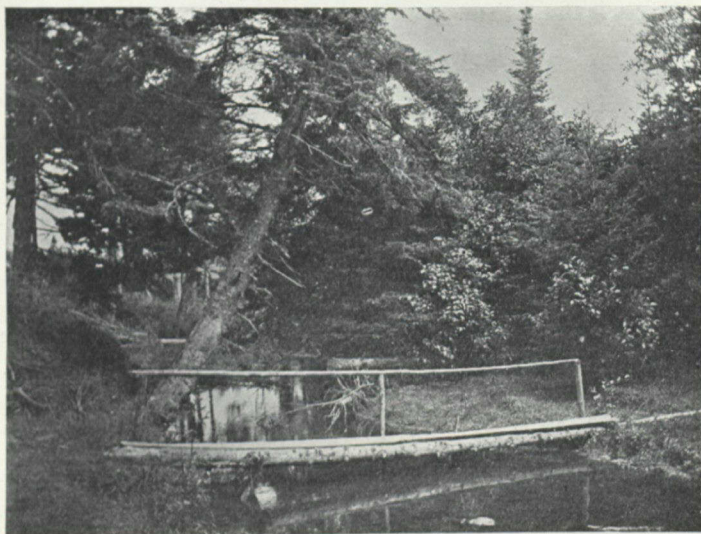
It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you've left undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun,  
A tender word forgotten,

The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say,  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone  
That you had no time or thought for  
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,  
So easily out of mind:  
Those chances to be angels,  
Which every mortal finds—  
They come in night and silence,  
Each chill reproachful wraith.  
When hope is faint and flagging  
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer or show compassion  
That tarries until too late.  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you've left undone  
Which gives you the bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.



*"Where the little brook is spanned by a rustic bridge."*  
Over all this pastoral scene around us—down in the valley



## A Song to Brave Women.

THEY were married in the autumn when the leaves were turning  
 gold,  
 And the mornings bore a menace of the winter's coming cold;  
 Side by side they stood and promised, hand in hand, to walk through life  
 And the parson said, 'God bless you' as he named them man and wife.  
 They had little wealth to aid them; little of the world they knew;  
 But he whispered: "Oh, my darling, I have riches,—I have—you.  
 Then they vowed that, walking ever side by side and hand in hand,  
 They would gain the distant summits of their far-off, happy land.

Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes for a kiss,  
 Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's perfect bliss;  
 But the battle-stress was on them, and the foeman bade them yield.  
 And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon the field;  
 And his heart grew faint within him as he murmured: "I must fall,  
 For the foeman presses ever, and his cohorts conquer all,"  
 But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered: "You shall win!  
 You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battle strife and din."

Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds were gaping wide,  
 Listening ever for a whisper,—"I am battling by your side."  
 Struggling onward, struggling ever, though the mists were dark about;  
 Beaten downward by the foeman, lost in mists of gloom and doubt;  
 Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must obey  
 Till he reached the golden summits past the borderland of gray.  
 Then the world as wise as ever, said, "Behold a conquering knight!"  
 For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to the height.

Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these,  
 Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid prize they seize;  
 Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed or stricken in the din,  
 But to rise and falter forward at the whisper, "you shall win"  
 And we name them knights and heroes of the battle and the fray,  
 Knowing not that there behind each is the one who showed the way;  
 Just some little, loyal woman forcing back the tears that blur,—  
 You may honour your brave hero; I will sing a song to her.

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE—*Selected.*



WILLIAM S. STEWART, K. C.

The Government Guarantee and the Dominion  
Packing Company.

**T**HE proposal that the Government should guarantee the bonds of the Dominion Packing Company, to the extent of \$150,000, is a sufficiently startling one to attract



the attention and careful consideration of the people of this Province. That this proposal has been made by representatives of this Company is clear enough, and it seems to be equally clear that our Government has given its consent thereto, and has agreed to introduce and carry through legislation at the next session of the Legislature, guaranteeing the bonds of the Company to the amount of \$150,000, and exempting the Company and its property from taxation for a period of thirty years. It is by no means, however, so clear that the Government should have entered into such an agreement, or that, if it is carried into effect, it will be in any respect advantageous for the Province. That it may work lasting injury is probable enough. Unfortunately the public is not in possession of the full text of the agreement, but we are told by the Premier that the guarantee will not be given until the Company furnishes the government with full and ample security. This statement is somewhat vague and wears a rather suspicious appearance. Ample security for what? For the payment of the bonds? If this is so what earthly good will the guarantee be to the Company? It is just as easy for the Company to give ample security to the bondholders as to the government, and ample security is all that the bondholders could desire. The Company desires the Province to become the security for the payment of \$150,000 and interest. The government agrees to this, but only providing the Company gives the government ample security for the payment of this \$150,000 and interest. The Company comes to the government and says: "Mr. Government, please loan me \$100." "Certainly" replies Mr. Government, "but before doing so you must give me the \$100." It is very difficult to believe that the Company has entered into such a foolish agreement as this. This is not, if I am correctly informed, the Company's understanding of the agreement; and it will probably be found, when the time comes, that the

Company is right, and that the only security the Government will receive will be a mortgage on the plant and buildings of the Company—which, as everyone knows, is no security at all.

The gentlemen who came here to promote this Company are undoubtedly able men. They have made up their minds to secure for themselves valuable benefits at the expense of the people of this Province. The most of them are legal gentlemen from Montreal and Halifax—worthy men in their own business, but no one believes that they intend to invest one dollar in the pork-packing and canning business here. They are mere promoters, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow; who, the moment they procure the guarantee from us, will be in a splendid position to hand over their valuable franchise for a large money consideration to others who will be presumed to know something of the business that the Company was organized to handle. These promoters go about from place to place organizing companies, and do nothing else. They care nothing for the success or failure of the enterprise which they have promoted. They have made a good thing and go on their way rejoicing. This promoting of companies has of late years become quite an extensive business but not always profitable for the shareholders who confide in them.

These gentlemen have had great success so far, for they have actually captured the Government of the Province, and it seems surprising to an outsider that the gentlemen composing our executive could be so easily and completely overcome. The promoters, no doubt, used nice, flattering words; praised the country and its people; talked earnestly of its boundless resources, its great possibilities, its untold agricultural treasures; which only required the establishment in our midst of their gigantic enterprise to bring an abundance of wealth and prosperity to every man in the Province. They no doubt promised large establishments

cold storage, skilled labor, the utilization of the by-products, in short, everything. The Government is overcome—carried off its feet. An agreement is hastily prepared and signed, which only requires the ratification of the Legislature to make it binding on all ; and the dangerous thing is that the Government is pledged to obtain that ratification. The promoters are perfectly satisfied that the ratification will be forthcoming at the proper time, and they will not likely be disappointed unless the people, who are the parties really interested, take a hand in the game and bring their influence to bear in no uncertain manner.

It is a pretty serious business to have the revenues of our Province exploited and our finances probably shipwrecked for the benefit of a few, able, oily-tongued strangers. We are asked to assume a new and heavy obligation when our debt, on the completion of the Hillsborough Bridge, will exceed one million dollars. Our capital at Ottawa was diminished several years ago by the withdrawal of \$200,000. As it is, every species of property and every kind of business is taxed ; and the taxes are every now and again increased. Begging delegations have been going to Ottawa almost every year during the past twenty years, and, notwithstanding all these, about \$50,000 a year is being added to our Provincial debt. At such a time and under such circumstances our Government capitulates to a delegation of promoters who come to us with bland ways and fair promises.

What is the Government to get for its guarantee of \$150,000? Nothing, so far as the public can learn, but lavish promises. They should remember that those who promise too much mean nothing, and that one acre of performance is worth a whole world of promise. Once the bonds are guaranteed, the act can never be recalled. What security has the Government that the business of the Company will continue here for more than one year? If it pays it will continue; otherwise it will not. What assurance has

the Government that the by-products even will be utilized, or that the enterprise will be conducted on a larger scale than that of the Rattenburys? Promises in abundance,—but chasms frequently arise between promising and fulfilling. The people should not be satisfied with promises, for if they do they will certainly die of starvation. Why should this poor Province furnish a capital of \$150,000 for any company, much less a Company of strangers who have nothing to offer but profuse promises and valueless buildings.

The guaranteeing of the bonds of a trading company by government is unprecedented. It is the first time in the history of the British Empire that anything of the kind has been attempted. It is doubtful if these gentlemen would even think of making such a proposal to any other government under the sun. It is perfectly useless to attempt to justify it by alleging that the Dominion Government has subsidized railways and steamboats, and that cities and towns sometimes offer bonuses to new enterprises, such as iron and steel works. The cases are not parallel. It has been the policy of the Dominion Government for years back to subsidize railways, and they are given to all new roads, and not to one company as is proposed here; and cities give bonuses in order to obtain such works as iron and steel plants in their midst; but will any one venture to assert that if the bonds of this Company are not guaranteed our people will not be able to sell their products for as high prices as this Company will offer.

It is amusing to read statements, made by apparently intelligent people, about our unlimited agricultural resources and that we should guarantee these bonds in order to get capital among us. The great drawback to any company that comes to do business here is that our agricultural capabilities are so very limited. If it were not so this Company would never ask for a guarantee. If we were a large Province like Ontario, or some of the Western States, it

would be different. Enterprises would flourish without guarantees. But with a population of about 15,000 farmers—a mere handful compared with many other places—it is simply ridiculous to speak of our unbounded agricultural resources. The Rattenbury pork factory can handle all the year's crop of pigs in about forty-five days. Mr. Rattenbury never got half of the pigs grown here, and it is not likely that this Company will fare any better in this respect, and it may be before long that this Company—of such vaunted strength and capital—will, as the Rattenburys did, tire of doing business with us,—and in such a contingency the Province will certainly be obliged to look after the bonds.

W. S. STEWART.

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### A Song in October.

**N**OW the great north wind has blown,  
Now the southern bird has flown  
In the boughs, each tiny nest  
Hangs forlorn and tenantless ;  
So this earth, with you away,  
Sombre grows, that once was gay.  
Like this vessel drifting far,  
Out, beyond the homeland bar,  
So went you, dear heart, sweet heart,  
Where I could not form a part,  
Like the waves that sob, and roam,  
So we cry, come home, come home !  
You, as silent as this shore,  
Though we call you o'er and o'er ;  
Silent as the silent deep,  
That has rocked your heart to sleep.

BERT MARIE CLEVELAND.

The word "EDITORIAL" is written in a large, bold, serif font. To the left of the word is a detailed illustration of an owl perched on a branch, looking towards the right. To the right of the word is a decorative flourish or scrollwork element. The entire title is set against a background of horizontal lines that fade out to the right.

Correspondence, Queries, Reviews, Etc.

WE hoped, in this issue, to place before our readers a statement from D. A. McKinnon, Esq., M. P., explaining the arrangement made between the Provincial Government and the Dominion Packing Company. By reason of the fact that the matter is one which greatly concerns this Province, and because of the doubt which exists amongst all classes of our people regarding the terms of agreement with our local Government under which this Company is established here, we endeavoured to obtain some information of a substantial nature on which the people outside of those engaged in the transaction might base their opinions. But, at the last moment, we were disappointed by receiving from Mr. McKinnon a note saying that pressure of other work had prevented him from writing the promised article.



The September number of the *Canadian Journal of Fabrics* in referring to the Bureau of American Ethnology at Washington commends the publication of dictionaries and other works designed for the preservation of the languages of the Indian tribes of the United States, and goes on to state that "the publications of this department are models of their kind, and it is a pity that the Canadian Government does not co-operate intelligently in the work." In so far as this Province is concerned the Government of Canada may be considered not only blameless but deserving of praise in this matter, for at the present time there are in the printers' hands the MSS. of a Synoptical Grammar and of an elaborate Dictionary of the Micmac Language; the publication of this important work having been delegated by the Canadian Government to Mr. J. S. Clark, B. A., of Bay View, who is well known to the readers of this Magazine. As Maga-

zine readers will be interested in this important work we reproduce a sample page of the Dictionary.



ABA

— 2 —

ABA

- abajipkwodelase*, I am re-purchasing what was my own; I am redeemed; *noojeabajipkwodelagā*, I am a purchaser, redeemer, saviour.
- ābajiskunooā*, I knit ribbed (backwards); I weave or plait backwards.
- abajusooādo*, I take it back.
- abajuskugagulumk*, I return a kiss, (*abajeweskagulumk*).
- abākt*, the distant sea; *abāktootc*, the sea near the shore.
- abaktooe*, the large awk; *abaktoolā*, belonging to the large awk; an awk's egg.
- abaktoogwāl*, out on the open sea; *abaktootkāl*, a short distance out to sea.
- abaktookāwatc*, one from over the sea, a foreigner, Englishman or Frenchman; though the English are called definitely *Aglaseāook*, from Fr. *Anglais*.
- abalpakumek*, a chipmunk.
- abankooei*, I return from trading, market, shopping; *ālānkooei*, I go shopping; *nadankooei*, I am going shopping.
- abankudāadinkāwā*, a reward, payment; *abankudooāwā*, wages, salary.
- abankudum*, I pay a debt; *abankudooowolsaook*, I pay his debt for him.
- abateladimk*, a redeeming, purchasing; *abatelase*, I am redeemed.
- abateladimkāwā*, the purchase-price, redemption-price.
- abatkoose*, I dream about events that have already occurred.
- abatkoosimk, ul*, a dream con-
- nected with past events.
- abatkwāe*, I return after having gone considerable distance by water.
- abatkweboogooādo*, I lean it up against something.
- abatkwiskooneboogooadase*, I am leaned close up against something or someone.
- abatkwiskooneboogooe*, I stand leaning close up against it.
- abatkwiskoonpe*, I sit leaning close up against it.
- abatkwiskoonesin*, I lie leaning close up against it.
- abatunegā*, I bring something back on my shoulder.
- abatunum*, I pay it back; *abatunumak*, I pay him back; *abatunumool*, I pay thee back.
- ābe, k, n*, a net, cobweb.
- ābē, v*, I am covered with cobwebs or nets, in the toils.
- ābeā, k, l*, adj. belonging to a net; net-like; v. it belongs to a net.
- ābeāgā*, I make, am making a net; *ābeāgoose*, I am searching for nets.
- ābeālugik, ul*, I catch him (an. g.) in a net.
- ābeām*, I am provided with, armed with a net.
- ābeāmookse*, it is like a net; *nad-ābeā*, I take up a net.
- ābeāptum*, it looks like a net (external resemblance)
- ābēt, k*, a small net.
- ābegē*, it has the form of a net.
- ābik*, it is network, netted, is a net; (2) there is a supply of nets.
- ābiktook*, Adv. in a net, from, with, by or at a net.
- ābe*, Adv. again, used in compo-

Our Provincial Sunday School workers have made a splendid record during their year just closed. Though it was the eighth year of organized effort, as an interdenominational organization, they had never employed a Field Secretary for full time until a year ago when, at Summerside, Rev. G. P. Raymond was placed in charge of the work. The success of the year has been in a large measure due to his ability and energy, backed up as he was by a capable Executive, of which Mr. D. Schurman was chairman.

The Secretary's Report showed 212 schools in touch with the Provincial organizations and tabulated statistics relating to 188 of these; there has been some growth numerically, but the work has been rather marked by advancement in the different departments of the work. A pleasing feature of the Convention was the large number of Normal Graduates, 52 of whom received diplomas for Bible Study during the year. The singing was conducted by Prof. E. O. Excell, of Chicago, whose international reputation suffered no decline. Mr. Marion Lawrance of Toledo, Ohio, was present to represent the International Movement and assist very materially in all work of the Convention. It was the largest and best Convention yet held; 229 registered as delegates in attendance. The citizens of Charlottetown hospitably entertained all visiting delegates, and attended the public meetings in appreciative numbers.



What our boys call a "shivaree"—being the popular way of pronouncing "charivari"—will be the subject of an article next month from the pen of one who is a favorite writer with the readers of this Magazine—Hon. James H. Fletcher. When we say that this sketch of a charivari that took place many years ago at the cross-roads near Orwell, is written in Mr. Fletcher's happiest vein of humor we feel sure that his many admirers will be on the lookout for his story—the reading of which, we can promise, will afford them genuine amusement.



Canadians should encourage their own manufactures. When they want to buy clothes they should insist on purchasing Canadian made goods whenever possible. Especially in the matter of textile fabrics Canada has suffered greatly in the past from the apathy of Canadians. It should be a part of our patriotism to buy what is made by our fellow-countrymen in preference to any other; and especially when our goods are of superior quality to imported there should be no inclination or desire to buy any article from a foreign market. Perhaps our Canadian firms have not advertised so largely nor so well as



their foreign rivals in the past. We are glad to note however that a change is taking place and that goods made in our midst are finding home markets. In the *Toronto Star* some time ago a manufacturer, speaking on this subject, praised Canadian women. He said :—

“The Canadian women have saved the Canadian Manufacturing business in woolens. I can't give the ladies too much taffy on this point. Perhaps a man is a protectionist and talks loudly, and at the same time goes and buys an imported suit, while his wife buys the cloth for her dress on its merits and says nothing. And it is a fact that Canadian goods have almost supplanted imported women's dress goods in the last few years. The women's dress goods business stayed the manufacturer over a critical period, too, about eighteen months ago.

“The men are following suit. Our business has trebled in the last two and a half years, and I can tell you that the increase has been largely due to our Canadian lines, the increase in these being quite out of proportion to the increase in imported lines. We simply cannot give the Canadian goods their due. If we praised them as they deserved people wouldn't believe us. Dyeing, too, is as well done here as in Europe.

“I tell you that Canadian mills are turning out to-day intrinsically better values than are the foreign manufacturers in the same lines of goods. Canadian goods are being sold on their merits to-day in England and the United States.”



An interesting volume, lately to hand, is the story of the life of Rev. Donald McDonald, written by Murdoch Lamont, who tells us that his book is “an attempt to illustrate Mr. McDonald's character by giving, in narrative form, glimpses of his life and of his times. The author did not work with a pot of whitewash at his elbow to plaster over everything that was not saintly white in his subject.” And it is to be confessed that Mr. Lamont has faithfully given the ‘debit as well as the credit side’ of the life of his subject, who was at one time a force in the religious life of Prince Edward Island. He it was who founded the “McDonaldites” as they are called by some, and by the ignorant the “kickers.” But a study of the life of him to whose account may be laid the credit of those revivals during which were manifested the peculiar physical demonstrations that have marked his followers, will lead one to think very deeply ere dismissing the matter lightly out of mind. That Mr. McDonald must have been a man of peculiarly independent character seems apparent, even in his early life before he felt the call of the Spirit, when he differed very little from his fellow-clergymen of the time in the same station of life as himself. On reading the book we incline to the opinion that this trait of Mr. McDonald's character was eccentricity, as it is called to-day by those who deem themselves free from eccentricity. But this

eccentricity of Mr. McDonald was of such a nature and worked in such a groove that when the time came for him to go forth and preach and work for the Master he was able to sway the souls of men and women in an almost miraculous way. Of the "involuntary motions" that seized converts to Mr. McDonald's preaching the author has much to say in the book, and to the book we sincerely commend our readers to turn—especially those who have heretofore considered the McDonaldites as a peculiar sect whose actions were only to be joked about. Mr. Lamont has written an interesting book—it might be cavilled at by hypercritical critics for its little slips here and there—but it is graphically written, and fairly written, and the completed work is a credit to the author who is merely one of our people and not a professional writer. That the book will meet with a large sale on P. E. Island, where very many people revere the name of the dead preacher there can be no doubt; nor will these be the only ones to be interested, for the story of the man's career is one that conveys many lessons to every reader of books. Murley and Garnhum, are the printers of the book, which may be obtained at all of our bookstores.



*Donovan Pasha*, a volume of short stories by Sir Gilbert Parker is a collection of tales, the reading of which will be keenly enjoyed by the average reader. To our mind Sir Gilbert Parker stands unequalled as a short-story writer; his work in *Pierre and his People* surely established his position, to say nothing of other meritorious tales. In *Donovan Pasha* his admirers will be introduced into a new atmosphere—the atmosphere, it must be confessed, that pervades Kipling's stories—but an atmosphere that Parker's imagination revels and succeeds in. The stories have been published before in different newspapers and magazines—but they stand reading over again with as much pleasure as if they were new. It is not often that Sir Gilbert Parker indulges in promises but we are led to believe from his foreword that there is something good in store for us when his novel on Egyptian life is published, for which this volume is put forth as *avant courier*. If those who want to read some soul-stirring tales will procure *Donovan Pasha* they will not be disappointed.



This month our readers will miss the usual contribution from Mr. Thomas A. Hawke, who went to Boston for a short visit,—and took his telescope with him. Not having arranged his time schedule as carefully as did Prince Henry of Prussia, we are afraid that the American lion-hunters have got hold of our distinguished contri-

butor—and are making him the victim of a hospitality that his modest soul will shrink from. In a letter received from him shortly after arrival he seemed to be perturbed about the coal strike but as he has apparently settled the strike we expect that he will return home in time to furnish his usual article next month.

SIR—

Your reference to the Industrial Monopoly movement in your last issue was most timely. Our Province is now facing a crisis which compels consideration by every thoughtful citizen. It would be desirable to have both more capital and more ability directed along all lines that tend to develop our country, provided the cost is not too great, but we shall guard our liberties with jealous care.

The Dairy movement has been an almost unqualified success since we adopted the co-operative plan: it was a failure until then, whereas we can now look back upon millions of money distributed broadcast for value received, while it has given employment to an army of busy workers, and (what is perhaps its best feature) it has developed or rather drawn out a business ability which is a constant source of surprise to all who had accepted the slander that the farmer's brains are chiefly in his feet.

On two occasions, some years ago, large representative meetings of farmers were held in Summerside in order to consider and if possible organize a Farmers' Co-operative Packing Company, in order that our enormous output of raw material might be manufactured here and shipped in best marketable form. On both occasions the conventions adjourned without definite action, as it was impossible to secure a competent management which would command unqualified confidence. Two years ago Mr. F. W. Hodson brought a wealthy English provision dealer to our Maritime Stock-Breeders Convention in Charlottetown, who offered to back us up with all the necessary capital and handle the entire output, if we would organize a farmers' Co-operative Packing Company along approved lines. Farmers were gaining confidence in themselves, and there was considerable correspondence before this matter dropped, but there was no competent leader, and our hands were already full with private enterprise.

Now the matter is again astir, and will not down. We must either trust a Trust to manage our packing business at their own charges (which we know will not be small) or we may launch a co-operative joint-stock company in which five-thousand farmers are offered shares at ten dollars each, giving us a voice in the management as well as a share in the profits, which we would then be more disposed to see round out a good lump sum year after year. The Company making the proposal is well and favourably known from one end of the Island to the other. Mr. Fraser is one of our 'Successful Islanders abroad.' They have purchased largely here, paying market prices, and often setting the pace for other buyers; they are prospering already, and no doubt a Co-operative company including the producers, under equally capable management would do even better, other things being equal.

Here is an opportunity for us to do our own business, and, personally, I am satisfied that we cannot afford to let the opportunity slip, and place ourselves at the mercy of a large monopoly which would first crush out all competitors and then fix their own prices while producers might writhe on the gridiron.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

### "Twins"

In form and feature, face and limbs,  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached an awful pitch;  
For one of us was born a twin,  
Yet not a soul knew "which."  
When quite a little infant child  
My brouble did begin,  
For when I called for nourishment  
'Twas given to the other twin;  
They gave "me" Godfrey's cordial  
When he kicked up a shine,  
And when his nose was tronblesome  
They took to wiping mine.  
One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse  
We got "completely mixed,"  
And thus you see by fate's decree,  
Or rather nurses whim,  
My brother John got christened "me."  
And I got christened "him."  
This fatal likeness even dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
For I was always being flogged  
'Cause he turned out a fool.  
But once I had a sweet revenge,  
For something made me ill;  
The doctor came, and gave poor Jack  
A black draught and a pill.  
This fatal likeness turned the tide  
Of my domestic life,  
For somehow my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.  
Year after year, and still the same  
Absurd mistakes went on;  
And when I died the neighbors came  
And buried brother John.

To-morrow's fate though thou be wise,  
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;  
Pass, therefore, not this day in vain,  
For it will never come again.

—Omar Khayyam.



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&  
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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

### No Go.

MAMIE went to Sunday-school and came back with a very serious face. "What's the matter, Mamie?" asked mamma. "Didn't you have a nice time at Sunday-school?" Then Mamie explained: "The Superintendent said that no one could go to Heaven 'less they had a pure, clean heart, and I have swallowed a button and a rock and a peach-seed!"

A girl there was and the truth she knew,  
Her head was clear and her judgment true;

Her eye was keen with a critic's sight,  
Her mind was fair and she saw things right—

At least, I thought; and I liked her more  
Than any girl I had known before.

But she called my verses stale and flat,  
And I never liked her after that.

*James Courtney Challiss.*

### The Old Boy.

Mrs. C. was horrified to discover that her little seven-year-old daughter was acquiring the habit of alluding very freely to the devil, and at last she told her determinedly that a repetition of the obnoxious word would bring severe punishment.

The child knew that her mother was in earnest, so she set a seal on her lips. At last she seemed to have forgotten it; but one Sunday Mrs. C., who had been too ill to go to church, asked her if she could tell what the minister had preached about in his sermon.

"Oh, yes'm," she answered; "he preached about Our Lord going up into the mountain and being tempted by—by—the gentleman who keeps hell!"

She intended to run no risks of being punished,

*Francis E. Wadleigh.*

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**FOURTH**—We buy about one hundred thousand dollars worth of clothing in a year for our three stores you know. When buying so much we get an extra 10 per cent. discount—**so do you.**

**FIFTH**—If there are any clothing snaps in the market they are always offered to us first. If they are good we buy them and get the goods sometimes at half price—**so do you.**

**SIXTH**—The best firms are always working hard to keep our big trade and so are very careful that goods shipped to us are the best that the best tailors can make and material correct; they can't afford to do otherwise, we get the benefit—**so do you.**

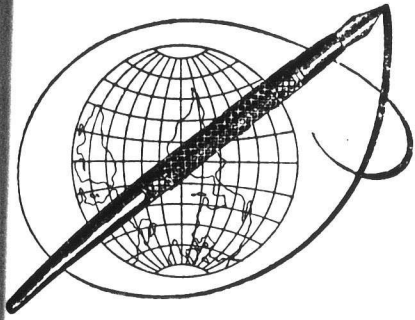
**SEVENTH**—Our clothing buyer is recognized by all the travellers (men who ought to know) as the best clothing buyer on the Island; we get the benefit—**so do you.**

This fall we have a special large quantity of tailor-made overcoats and suits made for good trade, they cost \$10, \$12 and \$14 each. You might as well save \$3 to \$8 as anybody else, and you can't tell them from best tailors work. Come and give us your honest opinion now, we'll get the benefit—**so will you.**

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

One of these women who have an antipathy for tobacco entered a street-car the other day, and inquired of the man sitting next to her, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?"

"No, Madam, I do not," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

### A Question of Etiquette.

A TENDERFOOT from the East was trying hard to get the hang of things in the mining district. He had acquired tolerable proficiency in the use of rough language, could "tote a gun" with moderate grace, wear a sombrero rakishly, and ride a mustang or a broncho more than passably. But he had not tackled the liquor. That was a feat to make the boldest pause and think twice. Discreetly he undertook his initiation alone but for the evil spirits and the barkeeper.

Flinging his money on the bar, he demanded whiskey with an expletive. The barkeeper turned, took down a bottle and glass, placed them upon the bar, the bottle at the right of his customer, the glass at the left. At the left of the glass he placed a small whisk-broom, and quietly resumed his reading of a thumb-worn book of terrors and horrors.

The tenderfoot was all off his reckonings. He didn't know what on earth to do with the broom. The man behind the bar paid no attention to him. He hated to ask questions. He decided to await developments, to throw himself upon fate. And fate was with him. Presently the Sheriff walked in, threw down a coin, cursed the barkeeper, and ordered liquor. Without a word the caterer handed down a bottle, a glass, and a whisk-broom, placing them in the same order as before. In his right hand the Sheriff seized the





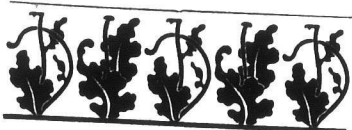
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**CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.**

bottle firmly, while in his left he clutched the glass almost desperately. He filled it to the brim from the bottle. He drank down the contents with a spasmodic but an heroic gulp. Then he seized the broom, hurried to the wall, rapidly swept the dirt from a place big enough for his purpose, lay down, and had a fit. Then the tenderfoot knew how to proceed.



An evangelist journeying through dark South Carolina stopped at a cabin swarming with children and asked of the young and very pretty negress who responded to his knock how many children she had. After an embarrassing silence the woman replied, "Well, I've buried some, of co'se, but livin' I reckon I got 'bout 'leven head."

*C. B. Kuehn.*



It was at a dinner at the house of a Multimillionaire in New York City. It was a noble lord who told the story, and this is what he said :

"I am a very irascible man. I refuse to allow myself to be contradicted by anyone. When I engage a servant I say to him, 'If you ever contradict me, I shall discharge you at once.' One day at my shooting I was out gunning with a friend. As we walked across the moors such a furious blast was blowing that we were obliged to hold our caps on with our hands. Turning to my gamekeeper, I said, 'Not much wind to-day, John.' 'Not much, sir,' was the answer, 'but what there is is uncommon 'igh.'"

*H. E.*

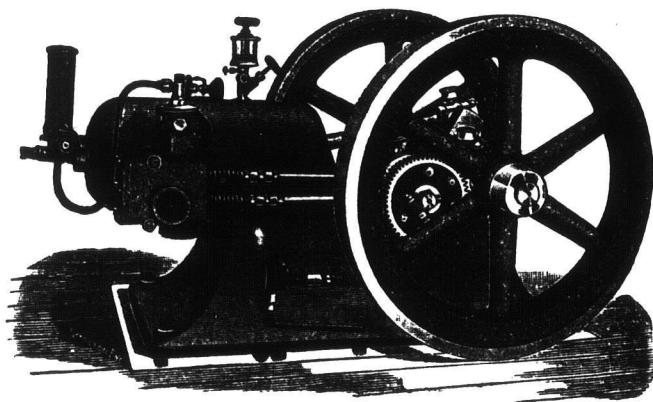


There was once a second-rate joker  
Who tried to crack jokes with a poker.

In vain did he whack 'em,  
He never could crack 'em—  
Said he, "Something's wrong with the  
poker."

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