

The April

# PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

1902

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"Basil" King



VOL. 4

NO. 2

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THE  
**Prince Edward Island Magazine**

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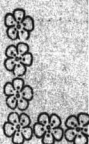
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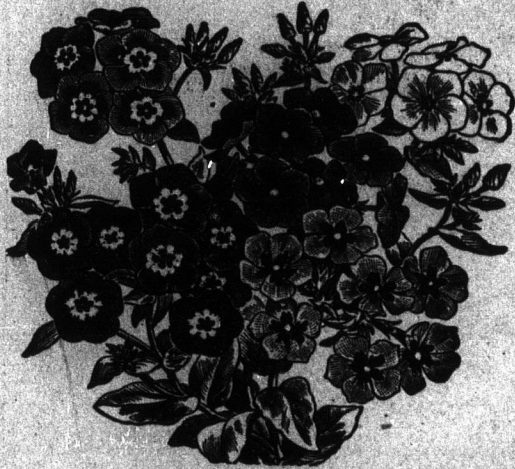
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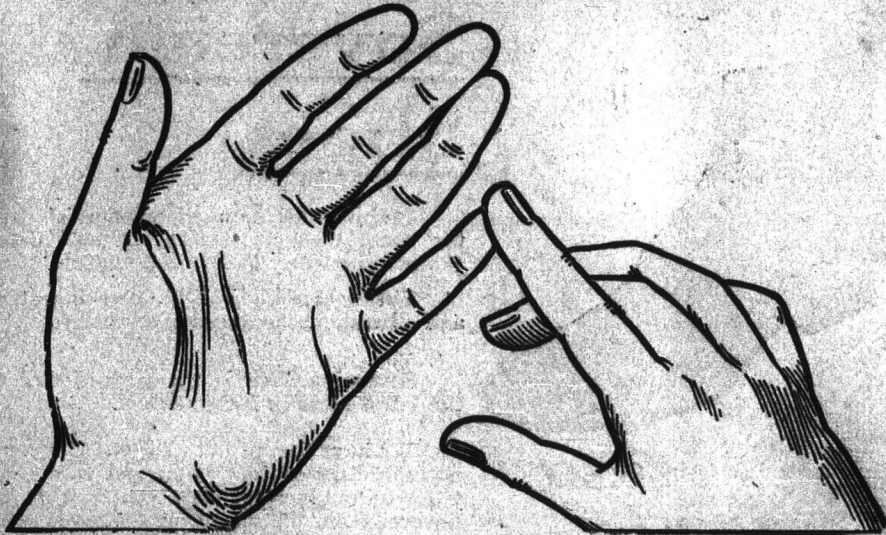
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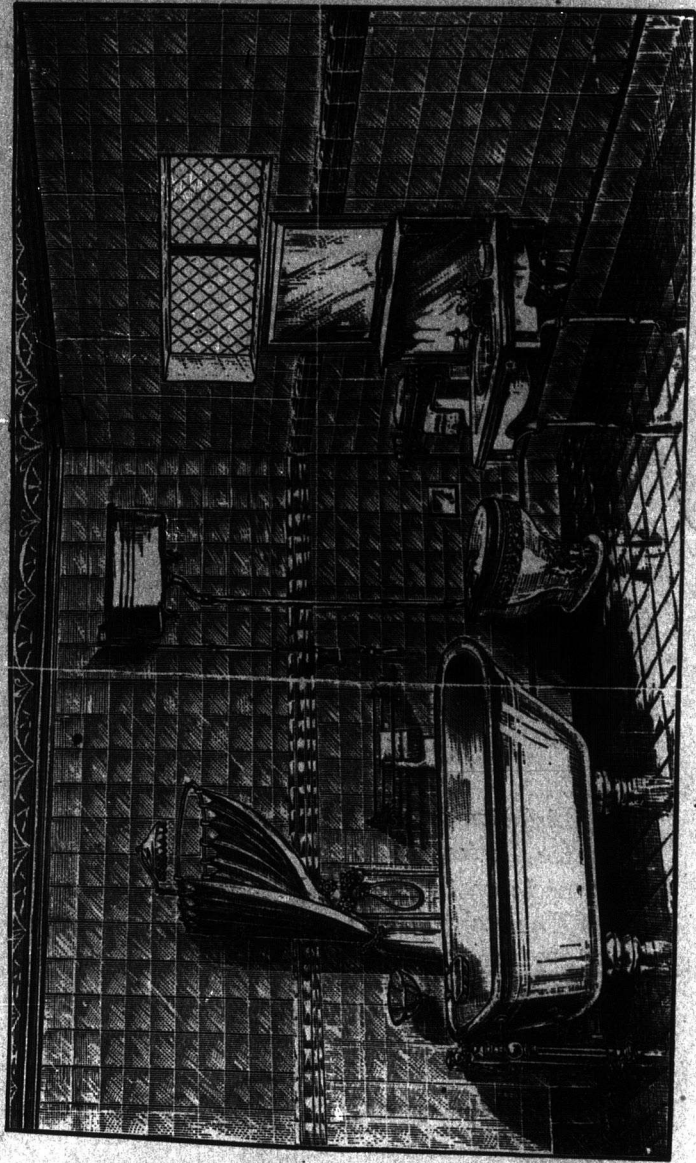
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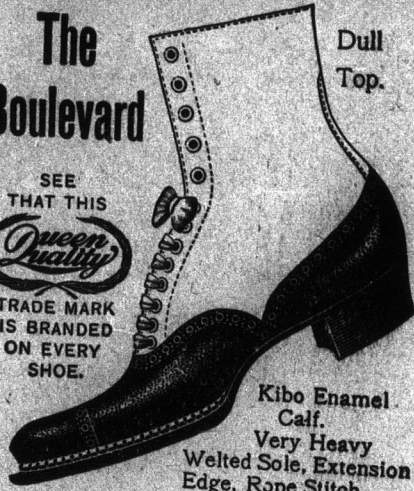
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Fortune River, King's County

The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

Vol. 4

April, 1902

No. 2

My Island Home

O H sweet and clear through each troubled year,  
Down the pathway of changing pain ;  
With a soothing calm, like Gilead's balm,  
Come thoughts of my home again.  
I've wandered long and often wrong,  
But a spot still soft and warm  
In memory's hold, still keeps that old,  
Prince Edward Island Farm.

The breeze that stirs in the mournful firs,  
And whispers among the flowers,  
Like a psalm of peace, will never cease  
To haunt my holiest hours.  
And with the dross of gain and loss  
Like a fair and fadeless charm,  
Come feelings of gold, born on that old  
Prince Edward Island Farm

The moonlight floats o'er the rustling oats,  
With a soft and shimmering sheen;  
The ripples run over the rolling clover,  
And mingle its pink and green

And in the night of Spirit blight  
As a path secure from harm,  
I follow the mould, formed on that old  
Prince Edward Island Farm.

Dear native name, there is none the same  
None other my heart can thrill,  
Through changes of clime and lapse of time,  
I love it, I love it still.  
And through all years come joy come tears  
My heart that is leal and warm  
Will tenderly fold thoughts of that old  
Prince Edward Island Farm.

W. W. ROGERS.

---

## Life

**B**YOND the slopes of the Rockies the sun was rapidly sinking, changing the peaks of the mighty hills to sharply defined shadows against the purple and gold of the sunset and blending into the brightness of mid-day the warmer tints of a western twilight. Over the rugged ridges and through the irregular valleys broad piercing beams of brightness flashed and faded away in the boundless arch of God's wondrous creation. Here and there a ray, seemingly brighter than others, stretched far across the blue vault, and as if anxious to take a last loving look at the face of the prairie, slowly withdrew from the sky and reluctantly sought the horizon.

In the thick juicy grass of the ranch land a herd of cattle was grazing, rolling along with a solemn glacier-like progress, each of the thousand wild creatures feeling the ground as it moved and lowing in quiet contentment, like to a strongly built dam which holds back an ocean of power,

calm and safe in appearance, but, if a break should occur, irresistible in its destruction.

Near to the skirts of the herd with his head on a hillock of clay thrown from a gophers burrow, the herdsman with face to the sky drowsily gazed at the sunset. One hand held the end of a halter rope, keeping in check the horse on which he controlled the cattle, while with the other the herdsman playfully flicked fragments of clay at a saucy jack-rabbit.

The day had been long and tiresome, the cattle restless and irritable from the heat, and the man on the ground sleepily wished for the station where he could meet his kind and relieve the dreadful monotony.

Up from the southern horizon rose a dark sombre cloud which told the experienced herdsman that a prairie squall was approaching, spreading as it arose. The cloud, to the still drowsy watcher, seemed a gigantic curtain drawn by invisible hands across the fast-fading azure. As it blotted the heavens from view an unnatural color fell on the twilight earth, and the cattle affrighted, stopped feeding to sniff for the danger. Roused by the sudden silence, when the munching of grass and dull pounding of thousands of hoofs no longer resounded, the herdsman sprang to his feet and mounting his horse rode about and among the cattle striving to calm the dumb brutes, regarding not his own safety. Over his head spread the cloud, lower and blacker than ever, and out of it fell a few raindrops—forerunners of what was to follow. The cattle, alarmed and afraid of a danger unknown but suspected, huddled together for safety and pawed the ground in excitement, their nerves at the utmost tension, and prepared to stampede in an instant.

Suddenly out from the cloud came a blinding flash of lightning, fell a crashing volley of thunder, followed by torrents of rain and a wind that tore up the moist herbage. The herd, already bewildered, in spite of the work of their

keeper, snorted with fear, and in terror dashed like a swollen tide towards the glow of the sunset. The animals in their wild rushing made straight for the western pastures to which the storm had not reached and where some light still remained.

The rider, who, when the stampede came, was in the midst of the cattle, drove his spurs into the horse and, galloping with the mad creatures, endeavored, by edging outwards, to escape from the terrified mass. All had gone well, but the horse, blinded with dust and unable to find solid footing stumbled in one of the many holes dug by the prairie rabbits.

\* \* \* \* \*

Quickly as it had arisen the sudden storm passed to the northward, and through the irregular valleys the last dying beams of the sunset feebly shone on the mantle of diamonds which covered the earth. Stretching away to the west, a stretch of torn, blackened earth, pounded by thousands of steel-hard hoofs, marked the trail of the cattle.

But where the man fell was silence, and low in the air a gorged hawk heavily floated in circles over a thing which lay near to a gopher's sand hill.

H. M.

---

### The Spirit of the Spring

**A**BOVE the frozen meadows,  
And hillsides bleak and bare,  
Down in the snow-bound valleys,  
Up through the frosty air;  
Where all the winds of winter  
Across the Heavens swing,

Comes on with breath of violets,  
The Spirit of the Spring.

The passing of her presence  
All Nature seems to know;  
Strong throb the world's great heart-beats  
Down deep beneath the snow.  
The little brooks are singing,  
Set free from winter's thrall;  
From roofs the icy spear points  
Melt softly as they fall.

She comes as do the breezes,  
Unseen by human eye;  
We strain our ears to hear her,—  
Silent she passes by.  
We know she brings a blessing  
Straight from the heart of God,  
And many a blade unspringing  
Shows where her feet have trod.

ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY

---

### The First of May

**O**N the first day of May, 1841, the nature-loving Thoreau wrote down these words in his journal: "Life in gardens and parlors is unpalatable to me. It wants rudeness and necessity to give it relish. I would at least strike my spade into the earth with as good-will as the wood-pecker his bill into a tree."

The thought is appropriate to the season. At no time in the year do man's primordial instincts for digging and moiling in the earth assert themselves so strongly as now, when the loosened bands of the frost set free once again the divine energies of life in herb and plant and tree. The hus-



bandman at this season goeth forth to sow, and the plough-boy blithely whistles along the red furrow. To these most of all is it vouchsafed to drink in the full beatitudes of Spring, to feel the warm heart of Mother Earth palpitating in the rich loam, to watch the bursting buds, to hear the joyous song-birds and to bask at noon-tide in the heartsome rays of the genial sun. Who would be a dweller in cities in the month of May.

There was a time in the history of the race when all sorts and conditions of men, alike in country and in town, rejoiced so greatly at the shooting grass-blade, the opening bud, the sunshine, and the song of birds that each spring time they took a day to wander among the meadows and the woods, in honor of the gentle season. Indeed in one form or another the May was observed with festivity for more than two thousand years. We have lived past that time by more than half a century; we who have so much more of science and art than had the Romans and the England of Elizabeth; so much less, as it seems, of imagination and the mental buoyance of young life.

As things go, the Romans were a very unimaginative people, yet let us note how they observed the May. At the end of April and the beginning of May, they held a festival—the Floralia or Florales Ludi, in honor of Flora the goddess of flowers. This was instituted as early as 238 B. C. in obedience to a command of the sublime oracle. Its practical object was to gain the protection of Flora for the blossoms. In the year 173 B. C. in consequence of the flowers being much damaged by inclement weather, the Senate decreed that the festival should be henceforth made annual. It occupied six days in all, days of merriment, riotous drinking, and lascivious games. In course of time, indeed, it became so indecent that people of good repute dared not risk their reputation by participating in it. During the Floralia the Romans adorned their houses with flowers,

heaped their marble tables with fresh cut roses, and twined dewy garlands about their heads. To the goddess Flora, who was represented as a beautiful maiden crowned with flowers, one temple stood on the Quirinal, and another near the Circus Maximus.

Among our Saxon ancestors, May was known as "trimilki" because in this month, after the Winter's rest, they began to milk the kine three times a day. To Ostara, the Teutonic goddess of Spring, the altar fires were renewed on May-day and by the light of torches the worshippers marched around them in long processions, singing and praying the goddess to shield them from Jotans, the malignant powers that darkly war against mankind. In the time of the Druids the Celts of Britain and the Gauls likewise celebrated the first of May as a national festival,

The English celebration of the May is probably descended from the Roman Floralia. One writer truly says:—"In merrie England, especially under the the reign of Catholicism, May day was more than a mere bean-feast. It was a solemn religious festival. Cromwellian austerity swept away most of the old May-day glories, and although at the Restoration an attempt was made to revive them, their original significance was to a great extent lost and the May festival degenerated." And again: "of all old English customs, those of May-day were the most pure and wholesome, There was much overeating and drinking, but our Englishmen will eat and drink under any circumstances, and as the Frenchman remarked, if two Englishmen were left at the end of the world, they would celebrate the event by a dinner.

The Maypole was an indispensable feature of the English festival. Its fate is set forth in the following brief paragraph:

"In 1644 Parliament ordered that all Maypoles should be taken down. At the Restoration they were again set up but the festivities never recovered from the blow received

from Puritanism. In the eighteenth century they went down, and in the nineteenth died out in most parts of England except among children. The London chimney-sweeps fete and the milkmaids' dance lingered till recent times."

We know from our early writers that it was customary in mediæval England for young and old to sally out early on May-day morning in quest of flowers; and jocund must it have been as with sound of tabor and horn, with laughter and song of birds, the festal ones returned home at the rising of the sun bearing flowers and hawthorn or sweet May branches in their hands.

Among the Italians a similar practice is kept up under the name of "Calendi di Maggio." It too is a survival of the old Floralia. The young folks go out at daybreak and bring back green boughs with which they deck the doors of their friends' houses. In Germany the day is celebrated by the burghers' wives, sons and daughters who forsake their work and take an outing in the open fields or on the rivers.

Dressed in their brightest and best they gaily ply their boats on the water or roam knee-deep in the grass of the rich meadows. In Ireland many curious rites used to be performed on May-day, bonfires were lit in the country, and the ancient Drudical custom of leaping through the flames was practised. The same rite was performed at midsummer eve, and was no doubt partly done for fun, though its early meaning was still held in mind with superstitious reverence. Old people went round and round the fires, repeating prayers. A man about to undertake a long journey leaped backward and forward three times through the fire to give him success. If about to wed he did the same in order to purify himself.

Returning to England, we find much in literature concerning the subject. Many poets and especially Chaucer, Milton, Spenser, and Shakespeare afford illustration that in old England May-day was made of much more account than

in later time. In Chaucer's Court of Love we are told that early on May-day all the court, both most and least, go forth

“To fetch the flouers fresh, and braunch and blome,  
And namely hauthorn brought both page and grome  
With fresh garlants party blew and white,  
And then rejoyesen in their great delihte.”

Subsequent to Chaucer's day “both great and leste” took part in the Spring festival. There is one very notable instance as follows: “Stow in his survey of London, 1603, quotes from Hall an account of Henry VIII's riding a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies.” This was when Henry was young, before he became corpulent and soured and fastidious in the choice of wives. “Happy” exclaims a writer, “happy the days in merry England when blithe King Hal, with Catherine his queen, went out a-Maying, and the people walked into the sweet meadowes and greene woodes, there to rejoyce their spirites with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds; when royal pageants with Maid Marians, and morris dancers, Robin Hoods and Friar Tucks, were considered more wholesome for the people than alehouse polemics.”

King James I's court and people also took observance of the day. Milton has some beautiful lines on May, delightful to lovers of poetry;

“Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.”

To return to our early authors, Sir Thomas Malory tells us that “Queen Guinevere held many revels, riding with her knights of the Table Round to the woods and the fields near Westminster, all cloathed in green and well horsed. And every knight had a lady behind him.” The Pur-

itanical writer Stubbs, author of *Anatomie of Abuses* 1585 describes the bringing home of the Maypole. "They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweete nose-gaie of flowers tyed on the tippé of his hornes, and these oxen draw home this Maiepole (this stinckynge idoll rather) which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes bound round about with strings, from the top to the bottom, and sometyme painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women and children followyng it with great devotion. And thus being reared up with handkerchiefs and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strewe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, sett up sommer haules, bowers and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leap and dance about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idolls, whereof this is a perfect patterne, or rather the thyng itself."

From the same author we have a description of the Maying expedition the going to the wood overnight which he considered and perhaps with good cause, extremely peniculous to the morals of youth: "Against Maie every parishe, towne and village, assemble themselves together, bothe men women and children, olde and yong, even all indifferently, and either going all together or dividyng themselves into companies, they goe some to the woods and groves some to the hills and mountains, some to one place some to another, where they spende all the night in pastimes, and in the mornyng they returne, bringyng with them birch bowers, and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withall."

This night excursion to the woods recalls Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* of which the scene is laid partly in a wood near Athens, where Lysander of the play once met with Hermia and Helena "to do observance to a morn of May" as he tells us in Act 1 Scene 1.

In Herrick's *Hesperides* the poem addressed to Corinna

contains allusions to May-day customs, the decorating of the streets with trees and of each house with boughs or branches of "white thorne neatly enterwove":—

"A deale of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white-thorne laden home  
Some have despatched their cakes and creame,  
Before that we have left to dreame."

But if Herrick approved of the May sports the Rev. Thomas Hall, pastor of Kings Norton, 1660, did not approve but vehemently denounced them, asserting among other things that the maypoles used in the games were generally stolen for the purpose. The value of one pole he mentions is five shillings. However the divine was not without a humorous side too. He thus indulges in a tirade against the goddess Flora who "contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord, his crown and dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical fanatics, viz., ignorants, atheists, papists, drunkards, swearers, swash-bucklers, maid-marrions, morris-dancers, maskers, mummers, maypole stealers, health stealers, health drinkers, gamesters, lewd men, light women, contemners of magistrates—and the list goes to humorous lengths. We may wonder if all of this preaching was genuine or if the following remark might not have applied with justice to good Thomas Hall: "When a Puritan preacher was gravelled for lack of better matter, there always remained for invective maypoles, May games, the Scarlet Woman Rome, and and the Surplice of the English Church." Anyway, it gave him a fine chance to air his collection of noun substantives.

Leaving him, lastly let us make a few extracts from the diary of our old friend and gossip, Samuel Pepys, which are germane to the topic. On May 1, 1667, he wrote: "To Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly (Nell Gwyn)

standing at her lodgings' door in Drury Lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon me : she seemed a mighty pretty creature." Sly old rascal ! and he a married man !

On May 28th, of the same year he wrote : " My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it. I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant; and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingales and other birds, and hear fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising. Among others there were two pretty women alone (sic), that walked a great while, which being discovered by some idle gentlemen, they would needs take them up. I was troubled to see them abused so; and could have found it in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies." Sly, but chivalrous, old Pepys !

Once again at least, about two years later, did Mrs. Pepy try the May-dew as a preserver of beauty; her husband noted the fact, in his wonderful diary under May 11, 1669, as follows : " Troubled about three in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up, and rising herself, to go with her coach abroad, to gather May dew, which she did, and I troubled for it, for fear of any hurt, going abroad so betimes, happening to her; but I to sleep again, and she came home about six."

H. V. Ross.



## The Bright Side of Hospital Life

A bright, cheery little article appeared in a recent number of the New York Journal, written by "Max O'Rell," while recovering from the effects of a surgical operation, in which he tells of his treatment at the hands of the surgeons and describes the sensation as one of "peacefully falling asleep" to soon be awakened and told that "all is over," in such a delightfully fascinating manner, that one almost envies him the experience.

While the article is rather light and jovial for such a subject, and sounds as if written from a theoretical rather than an experimental standpoint, the idea of the article is a good one. It is encouraging to read something tending to allay the almost universal dread entertained of surgical operations and hospital life, which in many minds is so closely associated with ambulances, undertakers and powerful odor of disinfectants, that the very mention causes a shudder.

On this account many go along, year after year, dragging out a weary existence; when a very simple surgical operation would place them in the full enjoyment of perfect health. The hospitals of to-day and the treatment by the specialists in their various branches, are revelations to the uninitiated. The kindhearted family doctor finds it almost impossible to persuade his patients or their friends that the hospital is preferable for the treatment of their case to their own home, surrounded as they are by every comfort that loving hearts can suggest: and, should he happen to mention surgical operation to them, why! one would imagine that he had pronounced the case hopeless, their hopes are so shocked.

It seems unnatural that their loved one should be taken from them at such a time, and placed among strangers, and



it is not until they have seen the complete arrangements of the hospital with its white-capped nurses and immaculately clean cots and surroundings that they begin to understand how almost impossible it is for anything to happen a patient under these conditions. One cannot but be impressed by the unselfish kindness of everyone there; such scenes of tenderness, such exhibitions of sympathy with suffering such delicate acts of attention and consideration on the part of those light-handed, soft-voiced nurses, coupled with every convenience within the possibility of science, and the homelikeness of the arrangements inspire a confidence in both patients and friends which is a delightful relief from the continued strain of home-nursing. It is all so different from what was expected—the stern, practical specialist of the world of science becomes the fatherly sympathizer of the frail patient, to whom he is tenderness itself; and when the doors of the operating room close upon them, it is with feelings of the greatest confidence and assurance in the minds of those waiting friends, that every effort within the possibility of human power will be made to benefit the loved one intrusted to their care.

It is not always a case of "peacefully falling asleep" etc.;—it is often the tedious work of hours; but finally the long-pent-up feelings of suspense and nameless dread are relieved by the delightful assurance that the efforts of those earnest savers of life have been rewarded and it is hard to tell whether the anxious waiting friends, or the operating specialists themselves are the more pleased over the result. Then comes the incessant attentions of the nurses with their deliciously appetizing little delicacies, strengthening drinks flavored to tempt the most reluctant palate, and the invigorating alcohol bathings, all given with such pleasing readiness that they compel the patient to forget most that is unpleasant about that few weeks sojourn at the much-dreaded hospital. It is often with feelings of regret that the final

farewells are said to nurses, doctors and attendants, and the perfect restfulness and quiet of hospital life is always retained in the memory as a bright spot in life.

H. A. R.

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## Old Voyagers in Canadian Waters

CABOT—*Continued.*

**I**t is not known where John Cabot was when he heard the rumor, but it seems to have stirred him deeply. But in 1490, arriving in England with his three sons Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancion, he resided in Bristol, then the chief city of the West of England. From here he was sent by Henry VII. to Iceland in connection with a treaty with the king of Denmark concerning the English fishing rights in that country. When Cabot presented himself at the Court of Westminster, craving permission to sail to these new lands, he was warmly received and readily listened to. He promised Henry that he would do for England, what Columbus had done for Spain "I will" he said "show a new route to the east, and bring back my ships laden with spices. He also presented to the king a petition from the merchants of Bristol craving permission to proceed with a voyage of discovery of new lands :

"To the king, our soverigne Lord. Please it your Highnes of your most noble and habundant grace, to graunt unto Jno Cabotto, citizen of Venes; Lewes, Sebastyan and Sancto his sonneys your gracious letters patentes under your grete sele in due forme to be made according to the tenour hereafter ensuyng

and they shall during their lyves pray God for the prosperous continuance of your most noble and Royal estate, long to endure.

This is the earliest document definitely connecting England with the new world.

Henry's avarice was as much pleased by the visions of

spice-laden vessels wafted to his shores as his shrewdness was satisfied by the evident ability of Cabot, and the maps and charts by which he explained his plans. There was a show of deliberation on the part of the royal patron; but John Cabot's son had the papers of commission in his hands. A copy of the exact words of the order may be interesting. It is dated March 5th, 1496 (11th year of the reign)

Henry by the Grace of God, &c., &c. . . . . Be it known to all, that we have given and granted to our well-beloved John Cabotto, citizen of Venes, and to Lewis, Sebastyan, and Sancto sons of the said John, and to their heirs and deputies, full authority &c. . . . . to sail to all parts, countries and seas of the east of the west and of the north, under our banner and ensignes, with five ships, and to set up our banner on any new found land, as our vessels and lieutenants . . . . . upon their own proper costs and charges, to seek out and discover whatsoever isles . . . . . of the heathens and infidels, which before the time have been unknown to all christians . . . . . and to pay to us the fifth part of the capital gain so gotten for every their voyage and to return to the port of Bristol."

And so on for five more paragraphs, in the usual wordy manner of legal documents. All English subjects are charged to render assistance to the voyagers in whatever way it was needed and the order is signed thus:—

"Witnessed by the King at Westminster, on the 5th day of March 1496 in the eleventh year of his reign.

"By the King himself."

On the second of May 1497, John Cabot set sail from Bristol on famous voyage accompanied by a Basque and sixteen English sailors, (there is no record to show that either his sons accompanied him) in a small vessel of about fifteen tons, called the Matthew.

What a grand sight as the little vessel leaves the Avon, and the north winds fill her sails as she skirts the rugged coasts of North Devon on a fair day in the merry month of May, and steers down the southern coast of Ireland, and then on to the great waste of waters and the far unknown ocean

with no land between pigmy bark and America. There was need of stoutness of heart on the part of those eighteen ancient mariners. Of the bold Italian seaman, who was their captain they probably knew little, and if the belief he cherished should prove to be false or fancy, what might happen? most likely, (says Judge Prowse) "My countryman has found land at the south of this great western sea. The Icelanders found it on the North. It is all part of Asia. I *will* strike it somewhere sailing west." However, these tough fellows entered into the adventure with as much spirit as their descendants were to show in voyages a century later.

Slowly across the waste of waters, for fifty-one days, the trim little vessel ploughed on her way. The direction she kept was due west, but as she neared the unknown land the current must have changed the line of her course slightly to the south, perhaps by some two hundred miles. Don Socino, a representative of Spain at the court of Henry, says that on this voyage Cabot first sailed around Ireland, then towards the north, and finally steered due west.

The sombre darkness of a June night had closed in upon sky and ocean. It was Midsummer Eve, and the eve of a great discovery. As the shadows deepened, and the vessel's lights shone more brightly for the surrounding gloom, the men of Bristol gathered in groups about the deck, yarning in the warm summer darkness, their thoughts no doubt, turned to the home-land now some seven hundred leagues astern. What was happening in the primrose-scented lanes and on the village greens of sunny Devon that night? A red letter day in the rustic calendar of old England was Midsummer Eve, and well might they repine at having to spend it upon the lonely sea. There would be merry-making in every shire and hamlet. Hughe bonfires would be lit and logs a blazing, and a bevy of dancers would encircle them. The lassies would wear their brightest kirtles, and wreaths woven, fresh herbs gathered and dancing

to the sound of pipe and tabor. And then, as midnight drew near, couples would join hands, and, according to the time honoured custom leap through the pungent smoke of the dying embers. Ah! It would be pleasant to be back in "merrie England."

So came and went Midsummer Eve 1497, for the sailors on the good ship *Matthew* of Bristol. Dawn broke early and in the quiet grey light, to the joy of all on board, a dim coast-line was in sight.

Where this coast really was is a question that has caused much learned discussion, and after the whole matter has been thoroughly probed into, there is no certainty as to the exact point first seen. Some writers say Labrador, others Newfoundland. A map and globe prepared by John Cabot are lost, but of the former one copy has survived; from this it seems to place the *Prima Terra Vista* (land first seen) as the place is named on the map, as the northean end of Cape Breton. Another Island, discovered on the same day, and named St. John's (Midsummer Day is St. John's day,) and called Isle de S. Juan on the above mentioned map, was, there is no doubt, our own Island of Prince Edward. The dense fogs which prevail off the coast of Newfoundland must have concealed that great Island, the southern end of which lay so near. After his discovery Cabot landed a boat's crew on the lonely shores of one of his land-falls. I think that it is more than likely that the sandy beach of our Island home received the feet of this grand old voyager; he would hardly proceed back to Cape Breton as he was so near to our shores and the day far spent. Here he hoisted the banner of England in token of possession; not forgetting too, his Venetian citizenship, he unfurled beside King Henry's flag another emblazoned with the lion of St. Mark.

If any native eyes looked from pine and spruce upon the strangers, no sign of their presence was observed. But

traces of the Micmacs were detected later, in the shape of snares set for catching the animals of the forest, and a bone needle for making nets; also several trees were found to have been notched (blazed). The immense pines and spruces, with birch and beeches clothing the Island to the waters edge, made further discovery difficult, and as the night grew so rapidly, the boat's crew pulled back to the ship.

Such is the record of the discovery of our fair Island. What might have been our destiny had Columbus, not Cabot with his west of England sailors, discovered North America and our own home land? Perhaps a fate like Cuba with wars, famine, unjust taxes, priest-ridden and a heritage of general decay.

Cabot's provisions running short, and being anxious to return with the good news, caused him to relinquish the thoughts of further discoveries, and the homeward voyage was begun. "Two Islands to the right" probably those of the St. Madelines, were noticed after a run of some miles, and then heading eastward, the *Matthew* crossed the Atlantic once more. The passage occupied thirty-five days, and early in August the adventurers dropped anchor in Bristol roads.

The welcome given to Cabot, on his return, was a great and warm one. Seventeen days after his arrival, Pasqualigo a Venetian in London, writing to his brother in Venice, says:—

"The Englishmen run after him like mad, his name is Zuan Cabot, and they call him the Great Admiral."

Don Soncino, envoy to the Duke of Milan, sends, in December 1497, an interesting account of his voyage to his master: this letter is among the State archives of Milan.

The king did not seem to be much moved by the enthusiasm of his subjects. Among the privy purse accounts of the monarch, this item is found: "August 10th,

1497. To him that founde the new isles £10." However, on the 13th of December a pension of £20 a year was granted to Cabot, payable half-yearly.

In the spring of 1498 John Cabot went on a second voyage. A northerly course was steered first, but meeting with fierce gales, he turned, and bore southward and westward. His men marvelled at the prodigal way in which nature had stocked the waters with fish—and such fish! so dense were the shoals, we are told, that "they sometymes stayed his shyppes" *Bacallaos* he called them, which is the Basque word for codfish.

Continuing his course southward Cabot traced the North American coast-line as far at least as Cape Hatteras, where his failing stores obliged him to hasten back to England. Over the conclusion of this voyage the curtain falls. The fleet was expected home by September, but if it arrived, and when, and where and when John Cabot died is not known. He utterly disappeared from history at this period, but as someone abruptly says, "He discovered a new continent, and no man knows his grave."

In 1501 others took up his work of discovery, but to John Cabot alone belongs the honour and glory of this voyage which showed to Englishmen that the New World could be reached without crossing the track of a Spanish keel.

J. EDWARD RENDLE

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## England and Japan

THE signing, by England and Japan, of a treaty of alliance at the end of January last brought about quite a change in the situation in the Far East. It has been extensively advertised in the press of the neighboring republic, from which unfortunately our own newspapers are only too

ready to quote without seeking corroboration for their statements—that England lost in the game of diplomacy that was played with China for a stake.

Everybody knows that it is a very difficult matter to judge of affairs that take place so far away.

Especially are we apt to confuse facts if from events that are taking place we venture to guess the real moves being made behind the curtain of diplomacy. Three months ago for instance, the "man who reads" would have expressed the opinion that was being generally aired as to Great Britain's loss of prestige and failure to assert her rights. But to-day the same man would be chary of expressing an opinion.

For, in the first place, the Anglo-Japanese agreement came as an utter surprise. A careful examination of it shows no sign of decadence in strength on the part of Great Britain. And, curiously, all the bravado of certain powers that were supposed to be in a position of vantage is hushed, their pretensions reduced, and they are brought face to face with the determination of Great Britain in such way as to require sober reflection on the part of their statesmen.

And the fact that the agreement is accepted, is *prima facie* evidence that the British Foreign Office knows what it is about, and is well supported. Beyond a doubt the moral backing of the United States is behind the Mother Country. In Japan the treaty has given unbounded delight. As for all other nations—with regular Anglo-Saxon stoicism John Bull evidently concludes that those who do not like the agreement may make the best of it.

The principal clauses are :—

"Article I. The high contracting parties, having mutually recognized the independence of China and Korea, declare themselves to be entirely uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies in either country. Having in view, however, their especial interests, of which those of Great Britain relate principally to China while Japan, in addition to the interests she possesses in China, is interested in a peculiar degree



politically as well as commercially and industrially, in Korea, the signatories recognize that it will be admissable for either of them to take such measures as may be indispensable in order to safeguard those interests if these be threatened either by the aggressive action of any other power, or by disturbances arising in China or Korea, necessitating the intervention of either of the contracting parties for the protection of the lives and property of its subjects.

"Article II. If either Great Britain or Japan, in defence of their respective interests, as above described, should become involved in a war with another Power, the other contracting party will maintain strict neutrality and use its best efforts to prevent other Powers from joining in the hostilities against its ally.

"Article III. If, in the above event, any other Power or Powers should join in hostilities against that ally, the other contracting party will come to its assistance and will conduct war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with it.

"Article IV. The contracting parties agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power to the prejudice of the interests above described.

"Article V. Whenever, in the opinion of either Great Britain or Japan, the above mentioned interests are jeopardized, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly.

"Article VI. That the agreement come into effect immediately, remain in force for five years, and be binding for a year after either party denounces it, but if, when the date fixed for the expiration of the agreement arrive either party thereto is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall, *ipso facto*, continue until peace is concluded."

A. IRWIN.

## A Light in The Window

**A** LITTLE light, but shining bright and clear,  
To signal down the road at night :  
"A friend lives here."

Let this be mine, and I will envy none  
The radiance of the splendid noonday sun.

Lulu Whedon Mitchell, in *Lippincott's*

## “ Basil ” King

**T**O many of the readers of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, the features of Rev. W. B. King, whose portrait appears on this page, will be tolerably familiar. But a less number we ven-



REV. W. B. KING  
Author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder"

ture to say, are familiar with the knowledge of the literary success achieved by Mr King through his recent novel "Let Not Man Put Asunder."

We have not space this month to review the story. It deals with the problems arising from the marriage and divorce system of the

United States, and of course a discussion of these problems incidentally brings under review such other problems as woman's independence, influence, sphere, and other matters of that kind.

Mr King's manner of handling his subject, complex as it is, has been such as to bring forth unusual praise from even the staidest and most conservative literary reviews both in England and the United States. Of the "success" of the novel there is no question.

Mr King was born in Charlottetown a little more than forty years ago. His origin was humble, proving the truth of the adage that honor arises from no condition of birth. From his early days he showed remarkable intellectual ability, which increased with years and changes of condition. He was fortunate when young in being provided with an excellent education, beginning at St. Peter's Boys School in Charlottetown and ending at King's College, N. S., of which university Mr King is an M. A. The church claimed the first years of Mr King's manhood—and his clerical work was carried out in Charlottetown, Halifax, Boston and in Cambridge, Mass. In the latter place he married. Failing health, several years ago, compelled him to avoid active work, and since then he has given much time up to Literature with which he had long been in love. The praise given his latest work is enough to turn any man's head, and Mr King's friends will rejoice at the fame that his pen has brought him. His *nom de guerre* is "Basil" King, and we look eagerly for further mention of his name in the world of letters.

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### At His Feet.

ALL day he scans the far horizon blue,  
 And asks, Will Earth and Heaven ever meet?  
 While all around, deep-dyed with Heaven's hue,  
 The violets are blooming at his feet.

Marco Morrow in *Lippincott's*.

## Charlottetown Past and Present

**A**T the conclusion of my last article, in the March Number of this Magazine, I mentioned old time elections but did not give any description of the way they were conducted which was somewhat different to our present-day method. To give our younger people some idea of them I will try to describe them. They were a cause of the most intense excitement, party faction ran riot, and for weeks there would be hardly anything else talked of. Opinions waxed furious on both sides, and very frequently resulted in a game of fisticuffs, and there was many a sore head and bruised body in consequence. This party feeling was so strong that it even spread among the school boys at the old Academy, and on election day there would be a regular pitched battle, which ended pretty much like the election—the stronger party won. The contending parties were called Tories and Radicals. As far as I can remember there were only two polling places in the town; one at the old court house and the other on King Square; and certainly a man would be pretty determined to put his vote in, when he faced the mob that surrounded the hustings. It was a hard push and a strong one at that and took quite a time to get through with it; and I dare say some wished they had left it alone. Pity help the man who voted contrary to the usual custom—he would be greeted with hisses and cries of “turncoat,” and find it much harder getting out through the crowd than he even did getting in. If any doubtful voter put in an appearance, he was quickly noticed and loud cries of “swear him!” “swear him!” would be heard on all sides.

When the day was over, and the winning party made known, the town was the scene of wildest excitement and the yelling and cheering and drinking created a pandemon-

ium. This was re-enacted over again on declaration day when it was known from all over the Island who were the victorious party candidates. The uproar was intensified and a procession would be formed by the victors and their supporters, who would march through the town with banners and flags flying, and of course a band of music,—for we had a band even in those days; I think it was called Lobban's band, and although much inferior to those of our present day, still it made a noise, and that was of the most importance. Sometimes the friends of those who won the day would illuminate their houses at night, and any windows that remained dark would often be broken by stones or some other missiles. It was altogether most lively, and it took quite a while to cool down. Without doubt it is much better having such affairs concluded in the peaceable manner that they are at present. All over the Island the elections were carried on in much the same noisy style. I dare say a good deal of this may be accounted for in the fact that there was so much shipbuilding going on, and the men employed were partly of the rougher element and were strong brawny fellows. Even around Charlottetown there were four shipyards, which were situated thus: Duncan's, where R. McMillan's coal yard now is; White's where Sir Louis Davies' residence now stands; Heard's, where the railway station now stands; and McGill's near where the Exhibition grounds are. Those places were of great benefit to the town.

The great day in those shipyards was the launching of a vessel, and as I suppose very few of my readers know how this was done in old times I will try to describe it. First of all there would be the launchways—very long and heavy pieces of timber run out behind the ship—extending into the water until sufficient depth to float her would be reached. These would be securely fastened down and thickly smeared with grease; while

under the ship other pieces of timber would be placed on top of the greased way and fitted into the shape of the hull, and there very firmly fastened together. Preparing to launch her was most exciting. As she had to be raised off the blocks upon which she was constructed, pieces of wood called wedges would be inserted in large numbers in certain places among the timbers under the ship and the word would be given: "rally her up, boys," and then would commence a most exciting rattle, as regular as the firing of a lot of rifles one after another. This would raise the vessel up and the next order would be: "knock down blocks."

All being ready now to launch her, intense excitement prevailed, waiting for the final word of command. But before this came a bottle filled with wine, and gaily decorated with many coloured ribbons, would be suspended from her bow and some important person (generally a lady) would hold the bottle in her hands and at the words: "down dogshores" would break it against the ship—at the same time giving the name she was to be called. The ship would be gaily trimmed with flags from stem to stern and no prettier sight one would wish to see than the graceful way she would glide into her proper element. After all was over the men would be served with a sumptuous dinner with grog *ad libitum*, and at night there would be a great dance, when all were allowed to invite their lady friends, and a right enjoyable time they would have. And this ended launching day.

There was one very important personage that I must not forget to mention, and that was the town crier; for be it known, there was no daily paper in those days, so if there was anything of a particular nature going on, such as auctions, amusements, lost and founds and many other things too numerous to mention, all such were delegated to the crier who would go around the principal streets and at the

corners would ring a loud-sounding bell and cry "Oh yes, oh yes!" and then would follow an enumeration of the different things for which the public attention was wanted, and he would wind up much as we do now at concerts and such like affairs with "God save the Queen." The holder of this important office in my time was called John Hatch, who was quite a character in his way, and a very cross man, as we youngsters knew by experience.

I shall now describe, as well as my memory serves me, some of the ways in which the people amused themselves in those days, and I must say that for jolly times with lots of fun Charlottetown was far far ahead of what it is now. There seemed to be plenty of money in circulation, and those who had it were not backward in spending it for the benefit of the community. A great deal of hospitality was shown which is not the case at present, and a greater interest was taken in all kinds of sport and gaiety.

Why, the regattas of those days were something to be remembered.! The whole town would be excited over them, and the banks of the river and the wharves crowded with sightseers. In fact Regatta day was quite a gala day; the town and all the ships in harbour would be gaily decorated with flags, and it was altogether an exciting time. Most of the wealthier people owned yachts, and there were a good many other sail boats also. Of row boats of different kinds there were quite a number, such as eight, six, and four oar'd gigboat as they were called. There would be several races of this kind, as well as of sail-boats.

The most amusing and last race of the day was the punt race which was conducted something after this fashion. A very small, and awkward boat would be chased by a six-oared boat round and round a vessel anchored in the river, and if the man in the punt was anything of a smart fellow he would give that gigboat an awful time of it: sometimes just as they thought they they had him he

would give a twirl and be out of their reach and his pursuers would have to go quite a little way before they could turn. If they did not succeed in catching the punt the one man won the prize, of course, and I am afraid those long-boat men would say some very naughty things especially during the race. The day's proceedings ended about six o'clock after which the town would be pretty lively and oratorical powers would be very much aired.

During the progress of the races there would be quite a gay time going on aboard the ship anchored in the stream (generally abreast of Pownal wharf.) This vessel would be one of the best in the harbour and was used as the starting point for the races. On board her would be an invited party of the beauty and fashion of the town; who would be sumptuously entertained by the members of the Yacht Club and as there would be several of the officers belonging to the regiment stationed here at that time also present, you may be sure the ladies young and old had a fine time of it.

The regatta was generally held about August, and in September or October would come the horse races, which if I remember aright were held about three miles or so from the town at a place named Croker's, situated on St. Peter's Road. There was a vast amount of excitement attending those races, and as liquors of all kinds were sold at the grounds there would be sometimes more harm than good as the result.

During the summer there were a good many private picnics, mostly boating, and the favorite resort for all such was the Blockhouse at the harbour's mouth. Very frequently it would be hard to land and the gentlemen would have to carry the ladies on shore in their arms which caused plenty of merriment, what with the screams of the latter and splashing of the former, but I daresay they both enjoyed it immensely. At any rate this plan of landing seems still to be in fashion when occasion requires.

J. E. W.



## A Night of Horror.

**T**WENTY years ago I shipped as mate on board the English barque Alice, at Liverpool, G. B. This was in the beginning of September and the barque was to sail on the 20th of that month for a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope with a general cargo. The Alice was a new vessel, well built, with good accomodation for officers and men; splendidly modelled and rigged.

Two or three days before sailing I took my position among the crew of the barque. On the 20th we sailed from Liverpool. It was a fine bright day with a brisk favorable wind, and after we dropped our tug we made pretty fair way down the channel. We had a splendid crew, obedient and willing, and all on board were in good humor at the progress we were making. On the third day the wind changed and blew dead against us for about a week. This gave us plenty of tacking to do before we got into the Bay of Biscay, when the wind again became favorable and for some days we sped uneventfully upon our way. Day after day however the breeze grew lighter and less favorable, and after the newness of the ship wore off and the crew became familiar with each other, all hands became weary of the slow progress we were making. Most of the men would go about whistling for the wind; others would scrub the already clean decks; the captain used to read and yawn and sleep. There was not one of us but would have welcomed anything to break into the monotony of our voyage.

So things went on until we got near the equator, when, one day, the wind fell till it was scarcely blowing at all. The little rolls that had ruffled the face of the water in the morning were gradually growing smaller, until by mid-day they could not be distinguished on the surface from the regular ocean swell. The sails of the barque still shook to a

faint breeze that was blowing, but it was evident that soon the wind would die away and we should be becalmed. It was while I was thinking thus, and leaning over the ship's side, watching the swirl of the green water as we glided through it, that I looked over the now almost still ocean, and thought I perceived just on the horizon off our star-board bow, a dark speck. Convinced that my eyes did not deceive me, I immediately ordered one of the men aloft with the glass to try and make out the object. He climbed into the foretop and shouted down to me :

"It's a wreck, sir as far as I can make out, and about six or seven miles away."

"How big do you think she is?" I asked.

"Very small, sir, perhaps only a ship's boat, but we are slowly coming nearer, and I will be able to make her out more plainly."

I went below and reported to the captain what I had seen. He came on deck, looked through his glass at the wreck, or whatever it was, and turning round to me said :

"I expect it is only a boat that has been washed adrift or something of that sort. However, have the ship brought round and try and come as near as you can while we still have a puff of wind."

He went below again and I gave the necessary orders. The ship came round and I hoped that if the wind did not die out altogether we would be up to the wreck in two or three hours. But the breeze failed altogether about an hour after we changed our course. By this time we were apparently about five miles distant from the wreck ; which, with the aid of the glasses we made out to be the abandoned hull of one of those boats so common to the Mediterranean Sea—a *felucca*—she was dismasted ; part of the shrouds were hanging over the side and she was also evidently waterlogged, for she rolled from side to side help-

lessly and was without doubt only prevented from sinking by the cargo which was plainly of a buoyant character.

After the previous dullness of our voyage the wreck caused quite an excitement and we hoped that the captain would let a boat's crew go aboard to examine into the nature of our find. Our desires were gratified when our commander called off the jolly boat and ordered me with four of the crew to row to the wreck and bring back word what she was.

"Now Harding," he said to me as I got over the side, you are up to these seas; don't tire the men but take care no fog comes on you when you are away from the ship."

"Ay, ay sir, I replied, "I'll take care."

I took the rudder lines and gave the word "go." The men started as if for a race and as we pulled swiftly away from the ship they grinned at the disappointed faces of their companions who looked enviously over the rail towards the wreck. My little crew enjoyed the row thoroughly—after the dreary routine of every day ship life, for nearly a month it was positively a pleasure to be pulling in a boat over the glassy surface of the water. I for one enjoyed the change and I am sure the men with me did. They pulled like giants, glad to stretch their brawny arms after their enforced idleness and we rapidly came up with the wreck. The weather was very warm and the men were soon stripped to the waist but there was a clearness in the air which made me think the skipper evidently mistook when he conceived that there was any danger of a fog for twenty-four hours to come. Pretending to watch the sea as we approached the wreck I brought the boat suddenly round and let the men see that we were at the end of our pull. They had looked for some word from me as we neared the wreck and were completely surprised to find it had taken so little time to come up with it. With many jokes on their part they fastened to the

wreck and, one after the other, we all jumped aboard.

It was, as I had supposed from the first, one of the coasting vessels so much seen about the small Mediterranean ports. As soon as we reached the deck our noses told us that she was laden with wine, some of which had no doubt been spilt, and was washing about the hold. The deck was clean swept and the little cabin aft was closed. I sent one of the men to explore it while the others lifted the hatches, of which there were two. The forward hold was full of empty casks, which were pressed tightly up to the deck by reason of the water in the vessel. There was evidently a leak and had it not been for the empty casks the little vessel would long ago have perished. Then we tried the after hatch and upon opening it were greeted with strong fumes of very pleasant wine, full casks of which were here carefully stowed away. Some of the casks were leaking and hence the smell that had betrayed to us the nature of the cargo. This hold was divided from the rest of the vessel by a stout bulkhead and the wine here stowed was in perfectly good order. This was indeed a find and I considered with the men what we had better do in the circumstances. The man I had sent to the cabin now returned and reported that nothing was to be seen there save some old clothes and stale provisions. He also added that there was a most peculiar close smell in the cabin.

The abandonment of the little craft had without doubt been deliberately done though why we could not make out; unless indeed the mast had been by some accident broken before the crew left her which did not seem very likely. After some deliberation we determined that our boat should return with three or four casks of the wine and bring back two of the other boats with her. The men were to go and leave me on the wreck, as it would require the four of them to row. I was, while they were away, to get up as

many of the casks as I could, in readiness for the return of the boats. It never troubled me in the least my staying alone on the wreck while the boat went back for help. That the help would come I was sure, for the skipper, jolly old soul, dearly loved a glass of good wine, as his ruddy face amply testified. On the score of the weather I had little uneasiness, though I remember noticing how much the sun had sunk during the half hour we had been on the wreck. At any rate I took off my coat and set to work getting out all the casks I could and laying them on deck, and as they were not large I soon had quite enough to fill the three boats when they should appear. Then I looked toward the ship and what was my amazement to see that the sun was almost down to the water's level and angrily going to rest, while the ship seemed farther away than when I had looked before. From her mainmast I plainly perceived a signal to the boat to hurry, and the boat, which I expected to see returning for me, was to my great wonder still about a mile from the ship. Standing on the deck of the wine boat I tried to think what had prevented them reaching the ship, which idly floated like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." By no means anxious, though wondering greatly why the ship looked so far away, I watched the boat getting closer and closer to her. Then the sun went out completely, swallowed up in the sea, and his red glow for a few seconds shed a glory upon the tropical twilight. Now, with a great uneasiness, I perceived what had caused me so much wonder. As the red light died away a whiteness came into the air and fell upon the ocean. A great mass of white vapor seemed to rise from the grave of the departed sun, and roll toward the ship, completely shutting it out from my startled gaze. With a shudder I recognized the fog.

J. A. M.

*To be continued*

## ❧ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❧

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

**G**ENTLE reader, did you ever go picking Mayflowers. It's a most delightful pastime and involves less worry or labor than any similar occupation I know of. Mayflowers like Junebugs generally arrive a good while in advance of the month after which they have been named, which goes to show that the flower is not as slow as it looks.



The Mayflower possesses more real charm about it than the average flower. It's charm seems to lie in its simplicity, if I may use such a word, and its simplicity lies in its gentle, retiring nature. This combined with its delightful aromatic qualities helps to make it carry great weight in the human estimate of what may be considered general loveliness. Of course there are other flowers which are just as lovely in their way as this, but for true beauty and a charm which will attract, everyone commend to me the simple little Mayflower.



This conversation will probably be considered rather flowery. A little water might make it more pastey, and help me to stick to my subject. If you desire to go picking Mayflowers all you have to do is to call upon a few of your most intimate acquaintances and arrange the time and place. Charlottetonians generally hit upon a Sunday as the most favorable day and nearly always select Southport as the place. This involves a trip upon the briny, which trip occupies but a few minutes and is a feature which goes toward making Southport such a popular resort for Mayflower pickers. The fact that there are Mayflowers there also has something to do with it too, I presume.



If it is a rough day put a piece of dried codfish in your pocket to ward off seasickness. If you feel that nausea coming on get behind

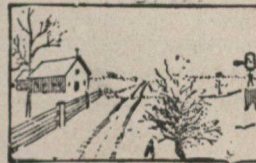
the cabin door and take a nibble. It is said to be the best thing yet discovered for this complaint, but of course it is not guaranteed to cure a troubled conscience. This last remark may be regarded as superfluous, and perhaps it is; but it was said for the benefit of any who may be going after Mayflowers on Sunday with a feeling at heart that they should be somewhere else. To any who intend going on any kind of a trip on Sunday and feel that is not quite the thing, let me say a word—Don't.

The writer of these paragraphs not long ago formed one of a party of young fellows who wended their way up the Southport pier *en route* to the Mayflower fields. We had a camera fiend with us.



Notwithstanding, all the disparaging things which have been said about the camera fiend he is generally a good-natured fellow. His avocation is bound to make him one if he keeps it up, no matter what kind of a nature he started out with. This doesn't hold good for all men who take pictures, however. I saw by the papers recently that a fellow in one of the big American cities was arrested and sent to prison for an extended term on account of simply taking pictures. The owner didn't say anything at the time they were taken but the detectives it appears managed to work in a successful time exposure. We had not gone far up the principal street of the Southport metropolis before some of our party signified their intention of trekking to Keppoch, a thriving little watering

place, celebrated for its sea-trout and smallpox hospital. As we did not all purpose going to Keppoch it was suggested that before the party should break up our camera fiend should be given a chance to distinguish himself. We therefore ranged ourselves against a rail fence, which we did not discover to be embellished with an ancient growth of moss and whitewash until after the picture was taken. We all tried to look agreeable. It's a hard job trying to look that way when everyone is sort of disagreeable. The picture was taken anyway, and the photographer holds a copy of it as a souvenir of that trip, and uses it to frighten the kids at home when they are inclined to be troublesome.



*To be continued*

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**SIMON  
W.  
CRABBE**

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

### The Colonel Also Took Something.

ONE of the campaign stories that floated through the cloakroom yesterday related to Senator Fairbanks of Indiana and Gov. Shaw of Iowa. According to the story these two orators were stumping Kentucky.

After a successful meeting the Kentucky colonel, who had the two republican statesmen in charge, invited them into the hotel barroom for some refreshments.

"What'll you have?" he asked Senator Fairbanks.

"A little cold Apollinaris," was the reply.

"And you?" said the host to Gen. Shaw.

"I think I'll have a glass of buttermilk."

The barkeeper turned to the Kentuckian. "What shall I give you, Colonel?" he asked.

The Kentucky gentleman heaved a long sigh. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you can give me a piece of pie."—*Washington Post*.

### The Poplars at the Gate.

Softly they murmur in their mystic language  
And whisper to each other in the dew  
Telling the secrets of primeval forests  
They keep their stately watch the long  
hours through.

Upon their leafy brows the summer  
breezes  
Play with caressing touch, and summer  
rain  
Falls on their branches a with gentle  
rhythm,  
Lulling and sweet of nature's old refrain.

Beneath them passes many a weary foot-  
fall,  
And many a sore and aching heart goes  
by,  
But still they stand with arms outstretch-  
ing  
Beneath the radiant hollow of the sky.

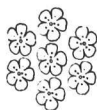
Rebuking all our haste and mad en-  
deavour,  
Our shadow chasing and our selfish  
strite,



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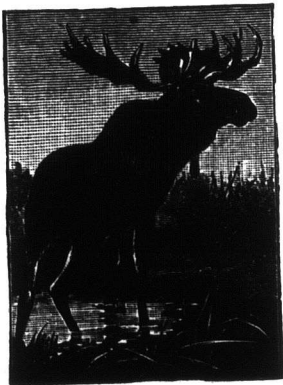
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### CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"A saint it ud sadden  
To drill such a mug !  
Eyes front !—ye baboon, ye !  
Chin up !—ye gossoon, ye !  
Ye've jaws like a goat—  
Halt ! ye leather-lipped loon, ye !

Wan—two !

Wan—two !

Ye whiskered orang-utang, I'll fix you !

Wan—two !

Time ! Mark !

Ye've eyes like a bat ! can ye see in the dark ?

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"Yer figger wants padd'n—  
Sure, man, ye've no shape !

Behind ye yer shoulders,  
Stick out like two bowlders !

Yer shins is as thin

As a pair of penholders !

Wan—two !

Wan—two !

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew !

Wan—two !

Time ! Mark !

I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake, but I bark !

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"Me heart it ud gladden

To blacken yer eyes.

Ye're getting too bold, ye

Compel me to scold ye—

'Tis halt ! that I say—

Will ye heed what I told ye ?

Wan—two !

Wan—two !

Be jabers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru !

Wan—two !

Time ! Mark !

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark !"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden :

"I'll not stay a gadd'n'

Wid Dagoes like you !

I'll travel no farther,

I'm dyin' for—wather—

Come on, if ye like—

Can ye loan me a quarther ?

Ya-as, you.

What, two ?

And ye'll pay the potheen ?

## ANNOUNCEMENT

**T**HE Publisher announces that the present month's issue is the second number of Vol. IV and trusts that the success that has attended the Magazine in the first three years of its life, will continue for many years to come. Hereafter the Magazine will be enlarged and improved, and after the first of July, 1902, the Subscription price will be increased to Seventy-five cents a year. All subscriptions paid in before that date will be received at the present rate. The Magazine is not sent to any addresses after the time of subscription has ended.

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Mr. Archibald Irwin,  
Publisher P. E. I. Magazine,  
P. O. Box 71 Charlottetown. P. E. I.

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

*Judge*

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Ye're a daisy ! Whurroo !

You'll do—

Whist ! Mark !

The R'giment's flattered to own ye, me  
spark !"

To Preserve Cut Flowers

**J**UST now flowers are literally worth  
their weight in gold, and when one  
is fortunate enough to become the possessor  
of a generous bowlful, it is well worth  
while to study ways to keep their beauty  
from fading. Our readers are advised to  
try the following the very next time there  
is an opportunity, and they will have this  
department to thank for their flowers  
lasting three or four times the length of time  
they would if treated in the ordinary manner.

In the first place, before removing the  
beauties from the box or paper in which  
they arrive, sprinkle them gently, but  
thoroughly, with fresh, cold water ; then  
make some good strong soap suds, which  
takes the place of roots, and is, therefore,  
very important, and put the flowers therein,  
taking care not to pack the stems too  
closely together. Every morning, without  
fail, the flowers must be taken out of the  
suds, their stems clipped a wee morsel,  
and laid sideways in clear, cool water.  
See that every stem is well covered, let  
lie for a few minutes, sprinkle with fresh  
water shake and return to the sud, and  
your flowers will look as if just that  
moment picked. Change the suds every  
three days; follow this rule carefully, and  
at the end of a whole month compare  
your flowers with those of a day or two  
old, which have been carelessly crammed  
into a vase of water, and mark the contrast.  
Even after the fifth week the flowers  
that have been fed by the suds will look  
passably. This is certainly worth a trial  
for flower lovers, and how a few do  
glorify a room, to be sure.

A very simple and curious experiment  
may be tried with ordinary household  
ammonia. For instance, dip a white  
carnation or darkened sweet pea in the  
ammonia, and the former will immediately  
change to a dainty yellow, the latter to  
blue, deeping into purple.

Green roses are not pretty, but if there  
is a faded pink one it will be curious to  
dip it, and behold it transformed into a  
beautiful lettuce green.

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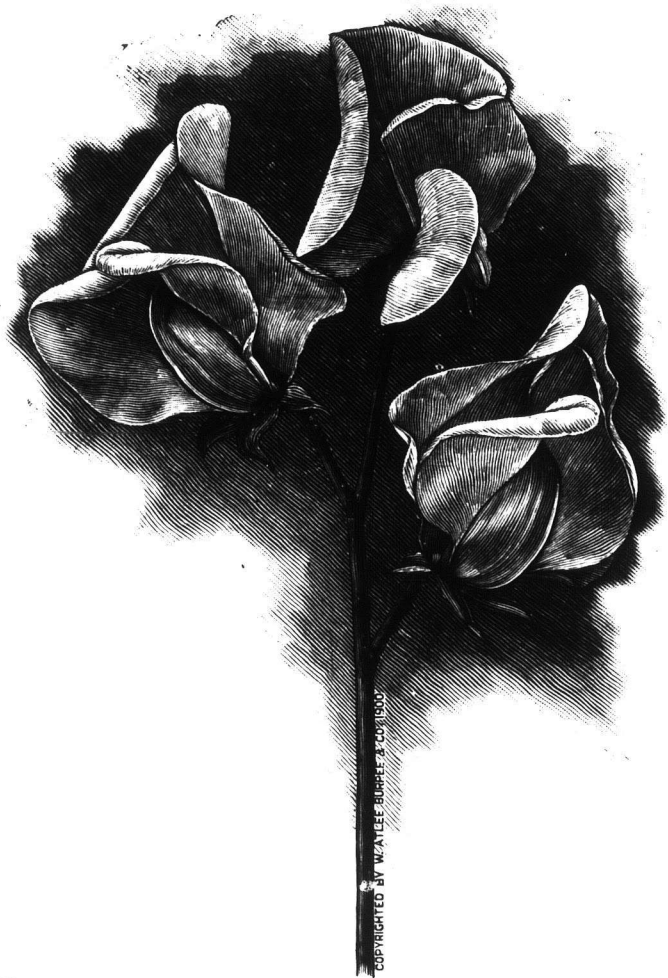
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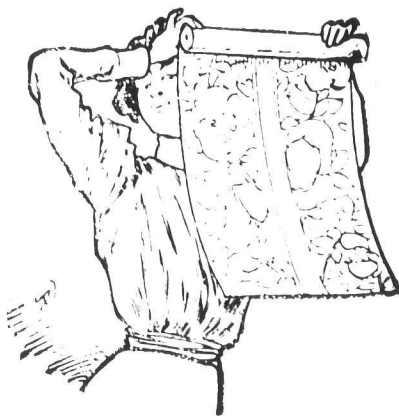
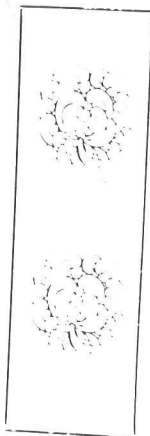
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