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The Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1899

No. 1

IS THERE ANY PRACTICAL WAY OF DEALING WITH THE LIQUOR PROBLEM IN CHARLOTTETOWN?

WHAT the problem is a difficult one goes without saying. We tried the license system : it was, confessedly, a failure. Whether under new conditions it might be made to work with better results is possible, but hardly likely. The Canada Temperance Act will, we think, be admitted by almost all fair-minded men to have been unsuccessful. The great hope of those who worked for it in its inception here, and in its earlier years, was that under its operation a sober generation of young men would grow up to become our future citizens. It was said freely : "No young man will sneak into illicit dens to take his first glass." The Act was certainly in operation long enough to effect this object; but, if we look at the report of the G. W. P. of the Sons of Temperance, we find the statement—which our own experience readily confirms—that the victims of intoxication on our streets are largely young men. Comparing our city with larger cities which have been under the operation of license acts for the period during which the Canada Temperance Act was in operation here, it is difficult, if not impossible, to say that we show any advance over them. Certainly the condition of our public streets is not as good in this respect as St. John or Halifax.

It will be said that the Act was not properly enforced. Granted. But that only draws attention to

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the vital fact that the Act was not backed by public opinion. It was carried by narrow majorities in every case and there were always a number who refused to vote and were passively opposed to it. The result was that while those in authority were blamed for its non-enforcement, the same persons were re-elected by the vote of the people in order that they might pursue the same policy over again. The delays and quibbles of the law, and the fact that the Act was class legislation of a very offensive kind, as was clearly shown in this city during the last years of its operation, alienated many who were once numbered among its supporters. It is hard to suppose that, if re-enacted to-morrow, better results would follow—inasmuch as the very same obstacles still exist and apparently will continue to do so. This being the case is it not wise to discuss in a practical way some step which even if not perfect in theory (which practical legislation never is) may at all events give a prospect of securing better results. Two factors seem of prime importance—eliminating the money element from the traffic, and providing a substitute for the saloon. The first will be readily conceded—the second may be disputed; but not, it seems to us, by sober minded men who will think calmly over the whole subject. In the limits of an article like this we cannot go into the discussion of this point.

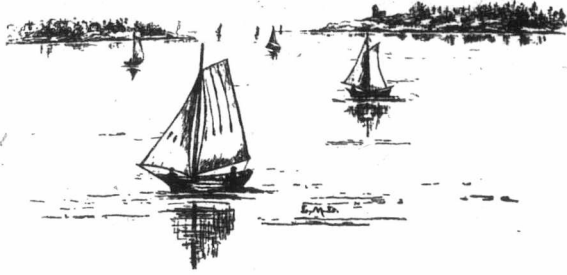
We suggest for consideration: That in Charlottetown liquor be sold only by the Government; there are obvious reasons why this is preferable to sale by the City officials. That this sale be conducted under whatever restrictions be deemed advisable; of these there are many that at once present themselves. The seller to be a salaried officer of the Government under heavy pecuniary bonds. The equipment and accessories of the place of sale to be of such a character as to

discourage as far as possible the traffic. This would secure the first object—the elimination of the money influence—and at the same time provide (so far as that is possible to-day) that the liquors consumed should be pure—a decided gain in all respects over the drugged beverages so fearfully common.

Out of the profits of this sale the Government to establish coffee houses with comfortable rooms, where men could meet to spend their evenings, smoke their pipes, discuss politics or any other subject; and where, at the same time, meals could be had at as cheap a rate as is consistent with the cost. Such houses would, we think, be supplied by our citizens with attractive literature free of cost; and might well become places where free lectures and talks would be given on subjects of vital importance to the health and happiness of our people, as well as on lighter topics of general interest.

That there are difficulties attending the plan we are well aware, but a frank and unprejudiced discussion of the question would probably tend either to the removal of these or to the suggestion of some plan which might embody the points which it is desired to attain, and eliminate the defects. The question of penalties for illicit sale would, it seems to a layman, necessitate joint Dominion and Local legislation; inasmuch as any penalty for non-payment of fines which did not involve something of the nature of hard labor on the streets would probably fail of its object.

It seems desirable to make the *purchase* of liquor from illicit sources punishable as well as the sale, and to take from the offender the privilege of refusing to tell where the illicit liquor was obtained; and at the same time to do away with the sale or whatever else it may be called of intoxicants at the rich man's club, as well as at the tavern.



FORT LA JOIE.

“ Amid the high green grass I rest me here,
 And gaze into the depths of space unbounded;
 The cricket's music comes from far and near,
 By heaven's blue I'm wondrously surrounded;
 The fair white clouds in silence slowly glide
 Through deep blue skies, like fair and mute dream-faces.

ON a summer's day last year, oppressed by the closeness within the four walls of my office—for the sake of a little outing, thank God so easily and so cheaply obtainable, I went by the ferry-boat to Rocky Point.

The steamer, puffing and paddling, drowsily made her trip across the bay, and the few passengers—who—like myself, apparently—had come to escape the heat of the town—divided on landing at the wharf; some going to visit friends, others to stroll along the shore—all intent on enjoying to the full the perfection of the summer afternoon.

My ramble took me towards Warren Farm, and my fancy led me to select the old French fort, where I disposed myself to enjoy my few hours of holiday.

The heat was so great that afternoon that it wavered in a shimmering haze over the land and the sea. At irregular intervals, but quite frequently, a zephyr came across the blue surface of the waters of

the Gulf stretching out before me, and—cool and ozone-laden—fell with soporific effect, gratefully as a blessing, on weary limbs and tired mind. ♡

Stretched out full length—after invoking with appropriate ceremony the great god Nicotine, contented, I fell to sleepily musing about the old fort that lay around me—a ruin picturesquely draped and covered up in a disguise of Nature's bestowing.

But 'twas not so very long ago. Not very many generations have passed away since the first tree was hewed here to mark the site of the little fortress.

I imagined the impetuous Frenchmen and their Mic-Mac allies laboring together to make the clearing; then the ramparts going up and the log houses built within the sheltering enclosure; the mounting of the little carronades that hardly could be said to command the harbor's entrance; the soldiers busy at their various duties; then the arrival of the ships from France containing their women-folk; their little church; their priests; their baptisms. So for a while the white lilies of France waved from the little flagstaff, while men of noble birth enjoyed undisputed power.

But on a certain day the flag with its fleur de luces was pulled down in the Fort La Joie, and the reign of the Anglo-Saxon had begun.

I sat up, disturbed by the knowledge that I was not alone. A few paces off, just on the edge of a flourishing field of potatoes, stood an Indian, accompanied by the indispensable camp dog. Seeing me wide awake, he lost no time in begging some tobacco from his white brother.

And although I looked about me on every side, not another living trace of the past that belonged to France could I see.

All around was well tilled farm land with nineteenth century written upon it—an English scene in all respects.

Not a sabot-clad peasant, not a chateau amongst the trees, telling that a descendant of the first occupiers still lingers near the scenes of his country's enterprise.

No other living evidence; nothing but the old grass-grown mounds and hollows, that once were Fort La Joie. If you visit it now you will find it hidden almost from sight in a thick curtain of trees that have again asserted their title to the ground.

But it affords illimitable scope for the mind to revel in all the fantastic and glorious romance of the days of long ago.

SOCIAL ENJOYMENT IN THE OLD TIMES.

THE social enjoyment of the people in the old days was not without its good features, however uncourtly they may seem to the present generation. In the long, winter evenings the custom of "kaleeing" was universal. Supper over, and chores completed, the huge log was rolled into the back of the chimney, while the dog-irons were made to support a well-built fire of the choicest wood; through the seams of which a glorious blaze soon passed up the throat of the big, old-fashioned chimney; warming and lighting the plain, but comfortable apartment assigned to the every-day use of the family as kitchen and diningroom. Then the circle was formed in front of the fire; the mother with her knitting or sewing; the children with their lessons or toys; while the father presided over the scene, as proud as a baronet. By-and-by a neighbour, usual-

ly accompanied by his wife, drop in, and take places in the circle; and the evening passes with pleasant conversation, sometimes interspersed with a song or a story. This describes an ordinary evening's enjoyment when the settlement is not the scene of a wedding or a thickening frolic. The oldfashioned wedding has its counterpart in the milder festivities of the modern wedding; but the thickening frolic has passed away forever. The sacrilegious fulling-mill came, and the grand old thickening frolic found its occupation gone.

When the industrious hands of the women had put the wool through the various operations of washing, teasing, carding, spinning and weaving, the service of many hands was required to thicken or full the cloth, before the skill of the tailor would be called on to manufacture it into clothing. When the web was ready and the neighbours invited, tables were temporarily erected around the sides of the kitchen. The web was extended along the centre of the tables, after being saturated in warm water well pleyed with soap; and sewed together at the ends. The men and women then took their places at both sides of the table. Every hand in the company seized the web, pulling and pushing it athwart the table—at the same time moving it a little to the right and taking a fresh grip to the left. Then a song was started, in which the company joined; the measure corresponding to the motion of the web, which went to and fro across the table, and round and round the room like an endless chain. It was great fun, but it was also hard work; and it did not end until the master of ceremonies declared the fulling finished. By this time supper is ready in the best room, to which the thickeners repair and do ample justice to the good things which the mistress of the house has taken great pains to prepare. After supper

the tables are cleared; the violin is produced, and the company engage in the mazes of the merry dance.

The return of spring found the settler overwhelmed with work. Machinery, to lighten the labour in either winter or summer was unknown. There were no threshing or stumping machines; no mowers or reapers, much less binders; no horse rakes or hay lifts in those days. By the strength of the muscle and through the sweat of the brow the husbandman had to accomplish his purposes. Long as were the summer days they were still too short to enable him to overtake the work so absolutely necessary in providing winter's sustenance for his family and domestic animals. Even if the top buggy had been in evidence, there was no place for the picnic or tea-party; for self preservation required the unremitting efforts of men, women and children to fight the wolf away from the door. It did not follow, however, that the people were deprived of suitable social enjoyment. After the crop was put in the ground, the men turned with all their might to clearing more land and the women to converting the wool into clothing for the family. Here came the settlers' opportunity for social enjoyment in the combined spinning and stumping frolic.

In the early summer morning, in response to the invitation of a neighbor, the men and women assemble, provided with hoes, axes and spinning wheels. The men, with lusty arms, force the great unwilling stumps to relinquish their hold on the soil, while the women, after ranging themselves and their wheels on the clean swept barn floor, proceed to convert the snowy rolls of wool into yarn good enough to make clothes for the Governor. Twenty or thirty fair spinners, plying together their jaunty, smooth-going wheels, seem to rise before me now as a vision of the days that are gone. I recall the faces of the spinners,

their hearty laughter and the airs they warbled, making their sweet voices blend with the gentle hum of their wheels. Old times have changed, old manners gone, and the unpoetic, matter of fact, woolen factory has usurped the throne of the companionable and venerable spinning wheel. The spinners too are going. It does not require the ken of a prophet to observe that soon few will be found in the land who will know how to spin. With the spinners will go the wheelwrights, and both making and using the wheel will be classed amongst the lost arts. In some households the spinning wheel may still remain as an heirloom, to finally pass, with other trumpery, to a neglected lumber room, where one day it may be scrutinized by people whose last guess may probably be that it formed part of some very absurd and antiquated bicycle.

At dinner time the spinners and stumpers take their seats around a bounteous table spread in the best room, or sometimes outside, under the shade of the trees and the hour is whiled away with pleasant conversation. The afternoon or evening repast is similarly enjoyed, and a good day's work being done, the friendly helpers bid their host good bye and wend their way to their several homes. The events of the day would be repeated on the morrow, and so on, until all the neighbors had their turns.

The period to which these remarks apply came to its close while I was still quite young, but I have a fair recollection of the state of the country and the customs and manners of the people. The glimpses into life which we get as children are really visions to us, and remain distinct on the tablets of memory; while the impressions received by later contact with the world pass quickly away. This may be the reason why it seems to me that there was more heart in the

ways of the old people than there is in the manners of their descendants.

It was amid scenes like these that the foundations were laid of the comparatively easy and comfortable state of society now prevailing in Prince Edward Island. The pioneers' work was undertaken and carried to completion amid danger, toil and privation. Yet, through the goodness of their hearts and the simplicity of their lives, they were enabled to extract sunbeams from the most unpromising skies, and strew their pilgrimage road through life with abundant evidence of the good things they enjoyed by the way.

D. FERGUSON.

A LIKENESS.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ
And thou shalt be saved."

Can I believe on him I have not known?
How can I know him that I never see?

Thou hearest one far off, by telephone;

Thou seest him whose picture's sent to thee.

So God has given to each a mystic key

That opens Heaven's gates to mortal sight.

Fools only say things hidden cannot be;

By FAITH we know all that we know aright:

Through nature's voice and visage shews a God of
might.

M. L. W. F.

THE CATS OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

WHILE reading an English newspaper a few days ago, the writer noticed a paragraph describing a cat show in London. At this exhibition the felines were represented by about 500 specimens of the bon ton—or, more appropriate, the bon tom—of the cat tribe. Medals, certificates, shields, pieces of gold plate, etc., were awarded as prizes; for the cat show was under very distinguished patronage, and the noblest ladies in the land brought tabbies there to purr.

Now, this brought to mind the neglected condition of the cats of Charlottetown—an army of redoubtable quadrupeds that we think of only to “darn,” especially when they are heard vocalizing in the stilly nights.

The writer confesses that the subject of cats has always interested her. There is something about a cat's expression that incites a belief in the transmigration of souls. Look a sleek, slim tabbie in the face, especially if she is a thief, and note the cunning look. She almost winks at you. Or observe a sly old Tom suddenly frustrated when almost in the act of committing some misdemeanor. He'll be as disappointed as a Tory at election time, but will try by his expression and the trim of his whiskers to convince you that what he was about to do was all O. K.

In Egypt, in the days gone by, when the people of that country were among the most intellectual, the cat was held in reverence during its life—or nine lives—and buried with great care and ceremony when it died. Is the recrudescence of cat worship in England a sign of intellectual growth? It is to be observed in parenthesis, that Liverpool, a sordidly commercial seaport, imports cat mummies—those that the Egyptians so carefully interred—by the ship

load, and they are sold for—what do you think?—fertilizer. The ghosts of these Egyptian cats are said to haunt the wheat fields and beet fields and potato patches of modern England, where their ashes have been dispersed, and sigh and mew complaints to Isis and Osiris, and the other million or so of Egyptian gods and goddesses. But what Liverpool does for the culture of the land has nothing to do with what London does for the culture of cats.

The cats of Charlottetown—on the authority of an expert—are no particular breed. They are, like the boy's dog that was "mostly dog," mostly cat; and the colors range through all shades. At the London show, pure tortoise shell, and orange and cream were the fashionable prize winners—with a run on blue cats. Most of our city cats wear fur resembling in color dull northern lights or crushed rainbow, and a large assortment are what is called maltese—a sort of drab color like a first coat of paint. Numbers of black cats abound, wearing white collars and cuffs which always appear to want washing. These last mentioned back fence acrobats are a cross from the celebrated Fort Augustus breed of cats, which a few years ago were a class apart from the common run of town prowlers—and in fact were the only particular cats that ever acquired prominence on this Island. Their principal points of value were their pure black color—sometimes as much as ten dollars was paid for a single specimen, especially if it was a kitten and near election time. These cats are very gritty, prodigious fighters and so prolific that they will soon overrun our town. On account of their color they are very hard to shoot in the dark, and so they escape many dangers incident to a cat's career. They are so tough that a boot-jack hardly disturbs their serenity. It is doubtful if a bagful of these cats would bring at the present day

anything like the price paid for a single specimen at the time when the breed first took hold of the popular fancy.

As this article has overrun the space allotted by the editor of the P. E. I. MAGAZINE, further remarks about the cats of Charlottetown must wait for a future occasion.

* * *

THE REIGN OF THE MARCH KING.

He comes with a clatter—a rush and a roar—
The wild wind shrieks, the storm-clouds lower;
And the poor old earth lifts her trembling hand
To check his speed o'er the frost-bound land:
But he laughs in scorn at her frowning face
As he starts anew on his maddened race.
O'er the fields and forests, through vale and hill
He rushes along at his own wild will
Till, his fury spent, on the frost-seared plain
He sinks him down 'neath the mighty strain.

The gentle breath of awakening Spring
Caresses the brow of the fallen king,
And whispers of rest for the panting heart
In joys that turmoil can ne'er impart:
He heeds her voice, and without a sigh
He woos repose where the violets lie,—
His tired head pillowed on earth's warm breast
The March king sleeps like a child at rest.

MAY CARROL.

INSULA FELIX.

O, its a snug little Island:

A right little, tight little Island.—Dibdin.

"I'm from the Island." This terse reply to the question "Where d'ye hail from?" is one that seldom fails to satisfy. You may hear it anywhere. Like the beat of England's drum it circles the earth. In spite of the undeniable fact that ours is not the only island in the sea, go where you will, in every land, civilized or savage, among all races black, white, red, yellow or parti-colored, Christian, Pagan, or Turk, these words following a hearty handshake, put you at ease as to the birthplace of their speaker.

Although so "well understood of the people," to the mere student of geography the answer would be—like Greek to a cow boy—badly in need of translation.

If a Briton his first thought is of the mother-land and cradle of his race:

"The triune kingdom of the brave.

The sea-girt Islands of the free—

The Empire of the land and wave,"

then of her giant offspring, whose swelling hearts answer equally to the strains of "Rule Britannia"—of Australia and New Zealand, Newfoundland and Vancouver, and of the smaller fry in the East and in the West Indies, the Channel, the Hebrides, Orkney and Shetland, Wight, Skye, Man, The Falkland, Ceylon, Malta, Bermuda, St. Helena, Ascension and the one hundred and one dots on the surface of the blue that even the ingenuity of the Postmaster General has failed to put on his small but significant travelling map of the world. Leaving these outposts of a "vaster empire than has been" his thoughts fly to the "Flowery Kingdom;" to Formosa, Madagascar, Sicily, The Isles

of Greece, Corsica, Cyprus, Sardinia, Crete, Elba, Madeira, The Azores and Canaries, and finally land him on the frosty shores of Greenland, Iceland, New Siberia and Novaia Zemlia; and if in imagination he could reach the pole itself, no doubt even there would be found a "dear little Island" big enough to carry the Union Jack.

The mere geographer might be puzzled in this wealth of Islands to select the right one without cross-questioning. But the man of the world knows at once that "the Island," when spoken of in this way, always means the "emerald gem of the western sea" that lies snugly in the arms of New Brunswick and Cape Breton, and whose northern crescent sweeps in the great bay of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Geologists tell us that it was not always an island, but that like Great Britain it once was part and parcel of the continent.

Let them have their way about that. The main point for us (especially in winter) is that we are now an island; and ever since we had a name to be known by, (and we have enjoyed several—Abegweit, Isle St. Jean, New Ireland, Isle de Prince Edouard) we have let that fact be known and not been ashamed of it.

The truth is we can't help it. Being an island we must remain such in spite of the promised tunnel. Our *dernier resort* is an earthquake.

Perhaps that is what shook us clear of Nova Scotia; and one day, working backwards, it may fill up the strait again. Or was it the gradual encroachment of the waves? And if the latter, and still in progress, where is it going to stop?

This reminds me of a problem set us by our good

professor of the P. W. C. in the days of "auld lang syne."

It was like this:—

Prince Edward Island, area 27,174 square miles, coast line (say) 600 miles. If the shores crumble away at the average rate of 30 inches per annum, what year, month, and day, will see the last bit of red sard-stone ground into powder?"

I must have been a tender-hearted boy, for that sum made me so sad I never could work it out. I used to stroll along the bank in front of Government House, and, as tree after tree of the little birch grove tumbled over the cliff, thought how much more woeful our fate than that of the old-world empire mourned for by Byron (or was it Macaulay).

His lament was:—

"Rome, Rome, thou art no more, as thou hast been."

while ours would be

"Abgeweit, thou art no more, thou art no more at all."

For our "home on the wave" would have become our home beneath the wave.

Even the Bushman from New Zealand, after making his famous soliloquy on the broken arch of London Bridge, flying across seas by the aero-motor rapid transit line of the twenty-ninth century, and finding not even a fragment of the Hillsborough Bridge to perch on (in fact no Hillsborough remaining but Hillsborough Bay) in order to examine the relics of our once flourishing civilization would have to make use of the submarine service.

This, though, was my thought "not now, but only when a boy." For, whether it was that the new Victoria Embankment cut off that melancholy object-

lesson, showing too plainly to the natives of Sleepy Hollow the ravages of old Neptune, or that I comforted myself with the probability that, if the exodus then in progress added to the deaths, continued to exceed the birth-rate, then, before the Island ceased to exist she would cease to be inhabited,—however it was—I got used to the idea before I lost my wisdom teeth, and now from a green old age contemplate with equanimity the inevitable catastrophe.

But, come it soon or come it late, the pleasant fact remains that "sink or swim, survive or perish," this little Island will have made such a splash in the stream of time as to signalize her existence to the furthest bounds of the earth. Her monument shall remain in the memory of the race; and the lives and deeds of her children at home and abroad, who have made, are making and will make their mark high up in every generation and in every clime, shall be an influence and an inspiration exerting itself for the good of humanity throughout all time.

For not without reason has she been called "The Training-School of North America." And, though the time may come when the atoms which flew together at her birth shall be worn again into dust and scattered to the four quarters of the earth, her fame shall be more wide-spread, more lasting, than her substance; and it may then be said of the Island as it was of one of her noblest sons:—

"Her work is done; but shall survive in brains
Which she first taught to think. The funeral pall
Covers not that, nor the cold tomb restrains;
But down the halls of time it goes and never wanes."

Even our Uncle Sam, now becoming an Islander on his own behalf, can never forget that "the Island" for him is still to the North. Though he may rely for his

sugar, 'baccy and spice on Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillipines, he will look to the old reliable spot for bone and sinew and brains, for his workmen and for his professors. Yes. He can depend on us. We are here to stay, at least as long as things terrestrial are of much importance to the present generation. And in spite of our dear uncle's antiquated ideas on trade and government we will always do the best we can for him.

It has been said of P. E. Island that it has no history. Perhaps that would be something for which we should sing the Doxology—even from other points of view than that of the lazy school-boy.

At all events it is not true.

Firstly, we have the history of our people—of France, Scotland, Ireland and England—of which four countries, if one knows the story, he should have some hold on the history of the world. Then the annals of our Island home, our Abegweit, as revealed by the record of the rocks, the traditions of the red-skins, and as treasured in the memories of the living, and in the writings of past as well as present generations.

The public should get the benefit to a greater extent of this knowledge which is stored up in the minds and closets of some of those who have devoted their leisure to research, and who are so capable of casting the facts of our story into a pleasing form. Should those records share the fate of the Alexandrine library, or their compilers pass away without making them public, they will have neglected their duty to their country and to their fellow-men. In the meantime all honour to those who have given us what we have, both poetry and prose, both civil and military.

Prior to St. John's day, 1497, when John Cabot first set foot on, and in the name of Henry VII of Eng-

land, laid claim to our Island, and for some two hundred years after, we have no authentic chronicle.

But that is no obstacle to the imagination, which if let loose in the pages of "The Deerslayer," "Leather Stocking," or "The Last of The Mohicans," gives us a picture of primitive life in these parts entrancing enough. And if one says "That is not history," I reply it is good enough for us. If it isn't all true it ought to be. Certainly there is more matter of fact in it than in the fabulous legends of the early days of Greece and Rome, of King Arthur and the Kings of Ireland. We do not grudge them their Immortals, Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Moore; but we claim the same indulgence for our inimitable Fenimore Cooper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

P. E. ISLAND COINS.

LONG ago, in the days when I was young, no matter when that was, Charlottetown was one of the best places in the world in which to make a collection of coins. Everything in the shape of a coin, irrespective to which country it belonged, passed for some value, and the way that value seemed to be ascertained, was by size. For instance,—a silver coin about the size of an English shilling, passed, as did the shilling, for eighteen pence. Another, nearly or the same size as an English six pence, for nine pence, and so on—the same rule being applied to the copper coinage. Had anyone been far-seeing enough in those days to dilligently collect all the unusual coins that he or she could, a small fortune might be realized upon their sale at the present time, for many of them would be quite valuable, and even now, it is quite

worth while to examine carefully any old coppers that are sometimes to be found amongst the cents that we use everyday.



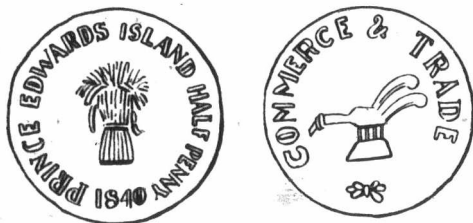
As an example,—a copper half penny, with a “ship” on one side, and “ships colonies and commerce” on the reverse. But look closely. If the flag flying at the stern of the ship shows the crosses of the Union Jack, your hopes will be doomed to disappointment, and your half penny worth only a cent or two. On the other hand, if the flag is perfectly plain, then you may obtain as much as \$20 to \$50, for it is



listed in the catalogues at that price. Then, too, the old P. E. Island half penny, with a sheaf of wheat on one side and a plow on the other, is worth from five to twenty-five dollars, according to the perfection of the coin.

The history of the last mentioned coin is worth knowing. At the time when they were coined it seems to have been no offence for anyone to provide him-

self with change, all that was needed being some sheets of copper and a suitable press. So a Mr. Milner, I have not got his Christian name, but he was a brother, I believe, of the late G. W. Milner of this city, obtained a press with dies for manufacturing the sheaf half pennies, as they are called, and had struck off about forty or fifty of them when a fire destroyed the press and the hopes of the amateur coiner, for history says nothing further with regard to him in that capacity. Hence the rarity of the coin, and collectors should not forget that it is the rarity and perfection of the coin that makes its value, not age only, though of course age and scarceness very often go together.



Another coin of interest, in that it possesses a local history of its own, is the "Ring Dollar." This is a Spanish silver dollar, out of which a round centre piece has been punched. In the old days of the history of this Island, when governor Smith held his autocratic sway, there was a great scarcity of small change and of coins of all kinds. There were no banks and bills of exchange, and bank drafts being unattainable, the merchants had to send cash for the goods purchased by them in Halifax and elsewhere. The consequence was the silver dollars were found to leave the Island almost as fast as they came into it. The happy thought occurred to Governor Smith that if a centre piece were punched from each dollar, then worth six shillings of our currency, the number of

coins represented by the Spanish silver dollars would be doubled, the ring after punching passing for five shillings, and the centre piece one shilling, and the coins being rendered unfit for circulation in any other country, must stay for use in the community. An order in council was all that was necessary to effect these desirable ends. I am not sure that the Governor troubled himself even to get this authority, for he was one that thought himself quite fit to govern the Island without help from council or parliament. At all events the dollars were duly punched. But there was dwelling in Charlottetown a canny Scotchman, Mr. Birnie by name, who discovered that Governor Smith had made his punch too large and that the centre pieces were worth more than one shilling. He carefully collected them and sent them to England to be sold for old silver. The story does not tell whether they were insured, but most likely not, for I do not suppose there were any insurance companies doing business in the Island in those days. This is certain, however. Mr. Birnie made a loss if they were uninsured,—for the ship that carried them was never heard of again, and the centre pieces punched from the Spanish dollars by order of Governor Smith lie at this moment somewhere under the waves of the broad Atlantic.

EDWARD BAYFIELD

A HINT TO CRITICS.

“Not every poem's good because it's ancient,
Nor may'st thou blame it just because it's new.
Fair critics test, and prove, and so pass judgment ;
Fools praise or blame as they hear others do.”

DUVAR AS A POET.

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR lived among us as a country gentleman, devoted to his books and to his farm. Earlier in his career he gave so much attention to the militia of Canada that he rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. During several years he was also an officer—an efficient officer—under the Fisheries Department of the Dominion Government; and he dabbled to some extent in archæology and current literature. But it is as a poet that his name will go down to posterity. It is not improbable that in the course of two or three hundred years, or more, the name of Duvar will be well known by the scholars of the day as that of one of the first among Canadian poets.

The poetical works of Duvar include "Enamorado," a drama; "Roberval," a drama; "The Emigration of The Fairies," "The Triumph of Constancy," a romaunt; "The Seven Lays of Lancelot," "Moira Encantada," "John a'Var, his Lais," fragment of a lyric; and others of minor importance, some of which have not yet been published.

I shall not now attempt an elaborate analysis or criticism of these works. My present purpose is merely to point out a few of the many poetic beauties, contained, for the most part, in "The Emigration of The Fairies," and in "Roberval." These poems are particularly interesting to Canadians, because the scenes depicted are connected with the early history of our own country. "The Emigration of The Fairies" is, indeed, a fanciful and beautifully written description of the voyages of the pioneers of Prince Edward Island,—the conditions in the old land, the dangers of the passage of the ocean, and the landing with glad hearts upon our shores. In the storm at sea, and the

distress produced by it, we have our first quotation:—

"The red light died, and still the waves rushed by
In dire Cimmerian and Neptunian strife,
For dense there lay alike on wave and sky
Slab blackness one could slice up with a knife,
From out of which there boomed unceasingly
The awful turmoil of the angry sea.

Through the slow creeping hours of dark, the swish
Of the seas sweeping by was very eerie,
And when great flakes of foam, like gleaming fish,
Leaped up, the fairies, wet and faint and weary,
Gave up, and as each lurch their terror heightened,
They crouched together, mazed and sad and frightened.

It seemed as if it never would be day—
How many prayers were for the rising sun!
But when day broke 't was all one steely grey,
And of a glimpse of sunlight there was none,
For all was as if seen through spiders' web,
While like a race before them ran the ebb."

In the midst of all there was time for sage reflection, and the poet says:—

"Man's earliest years are taken up with trifles,
His middle time is slave to divers fashions,
And not till age, remorse, or what not, rifles,
His brain of prejudice and heart of passions,
At brightest shines his purer mental spark,
Then sudden, out the lamp! and all is dark."

But after all the terrors there appeared:—

"A long low line of beach, with crest of trees,
With openings of rich verdure, emerald hue,
And as the string o' the tide and landward breeze
Wafted them nearer, in a thankful mood
They blessed the land and beach of ruddy brown,
And off the shore lay bobbing up and down.

Now this fair land was Epaygooyat called,
An isle of golden grain and healthful clime,
With vast fish-teeming waters, ocean-walled,

The smallest Province of the Maritime.
Up on the beach the Fairies' Raft was cast,
And on Canadian land stuck hard and fast.

After their arrival the emigrants went to spy out
the land :—

At length they reached a log hut in a clearing,
The habitation of a pioneer,
And broke off when they were the house a-nearing,
That through the settler's window they might peer
To see the inside of the habitation,
And learn some traits and habits of the nation.

They saw a strong-built mother boiling porridge,
All in a chamber somewhat bare but neat
(The goodman with his gun had gone to forage,
While the goodwife kept home alive and neat),
And, helping her, six barefoot little Spartans,
All clad in homespun grey instead of tartans.

Then one of the most grizzled, shrewd, and wise
Old elfmen said: "Lads! look you here, and find out
The worth of health, strength, will and enterprise,
For in such life as this you will see lined out
The elements of a strong, healthy State—
This is a nation destinad to be great."

While there was much to excite their wonder and
admiration in Prince Edward Island :—

"They, above all things, missed the hawthorne hedges,
And cottages with ivy-trellised gables,
And rows of beehives resting on the ledges.
And neat gates leading to the fields and stables—
And grieved the unæsthetical pretenses
That farmers plead for building zigzag fences."

In the course of their search they at length came
upon a spot to their liking :—

It was, in truth, a quiet, shady place,
A nook apart from traffic's toil and moil;
Nor fair nor market, but unbroken face
Of lush green pastures on a fertile soil,

Well clothed with wealth of woods, by Nature's bounty,
And known as Hernewood all throughout the county;

For the blue herons there would build their nests
High up on the tall tops of withered pines,
And sit there with their bills upon their breasts,
Or on one leg erect would stand in lines,
Fishing along the inlet's marish sedges,
Like sculptured ibises on old Nile's edges.

These extracts are representative of much of Duvar's poetry—which is fanciful, yet true to nature. The picture of the good-wife in the pioneer's cottage will easily be recognized by many persons in Prince Edward Island who have passed the limit of three score years and ten.

In De Roberval we find poetry which compares favorably with that of authors who have won immortality. The subject is indeed admirably adapted to Duvar's genius. A great, new, unknown, mysterious country is the scene of the drama. The fancy of the poet has ample room in which to play. But first there is the

ADIEU TO FRANCE.

Adieu to France ! my latest glance
Falls on thy port and bay, Rochelle ;
The sun-rays on the surf-curls dance,
And spring time, like a pleasing spell,
Harmonious holds the land and sea.
How long, alas, I cannot tell,
Ere this scene will come back to me.

The hours fleet fast, and on the mast
Soon shall I hoist the parting sail ;
Soon will the outer bay be passed,
And on the sky-line eyes will fail
To see a streak that means the land.
On, then ! before the tides and gale,
Hope at the helm, and in God's hand.

What doom I meet, my heart will beat
For France, the debonnaire and gay
She ever will in memory's seat
Be present to my mind alway.
Hope whispers my return to you
Dear land ! but should fate say me nay,
And this should be my latest view.
Fair France, loved France, *my* France adieu !

The beauty of these lines is so very marked, that every lover of true poetry must be impressed by it. In tone and composition the poem is exquisite.

De Roberval is written for the most part in blank verse and is descriptive of scenes in the new land,

"A noble land, indeed, and well beseems.
We take it to our hearts and love it well."

Some of the features of the new land are described in verse which will not die. Here is a description of Niagara Falls, to the sublimity of which our poet has as nearly reached as any other who has essayed the task:—

This masterpiece of thine Almighty hand
Transcends the range of words. . . . O, soul of man,
What can'st thou do but wonder and adore.
An ocean poured into a giant chasm
With one majestic sweep of quiet force,
Embodiment of power ineffable,
Resistless beyond utmost stretch of thought,
Too grand to have its features analysed,
Too vast to pick and speculate on parts,
But in its whole so dread it numbs the mind,
And merges all sensations into awe.
Visible image of immensity,
This wall of falling waters to the eye
Itself a miracle, but when conjoined
With that incessant slumberous monotone
That causes heart and ear alike to throb.
Addressing ear and eye alike, it reads
The occult riddle, how in former times,

The very God came down and talked with men,
 What can the hearer do but reverent say
 This is the voice of God.

No fitful leaping, no impetuous rush,
 But stern and slow in solemn majesty,
 With the dread calm of the inevitable
 And cold serenity of shunless fate ;
 That ever-falling wall could, effortless,
 Submerge a capital, sweep nations' fleets
 In splinters to unfathomable depths,
 Or whirl whole armies of the empires light
 Upon its face as floating thistle-down.
 The beauty and the terror of it! Thy sprays,
 In spiral smoke-wreaths, rise in shifting forms,
 More than the incense of a thousand fanes,
 Until they mingle viewless with the clouds,
 While, as reminder of the promise made—
 Water should not again destroy the world,
 Rainbow tiaras span the dreadful fall.
 And through them flash the flung-up water-drops,
 Making a rain of rainbows. Mystery
 That the Creator should this marvel make,
 And shut it in with dreadest solitude.

De Roberval was not written for the stage. Yet it contains scenes which may be enacted with fine effect; and it is possible that, when the public taste shall demand the interpretation of historic plays, this dramatic effort of Duvar may be brought out and rendered amid the applause of gathered thousands.

But my purpose is merely to set forth, in the first number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine, a few of the beauties of Duvar's poetry, and to show that our lately deceased friend has left "something so written to after times as they should not willingly let die."

W. L. COTTON.



A SIDE TALK WITH THE "SPORTS."

WHEN we find some who engage in sport as a pastime, act discourteously towards fellow competitors, we are often at a loss to understand their conduct. Only too frequently we see the golden rule, and every rule, for that matter, broken, and all for no apparent reason. Inquire into the why and wherefore of the rudeness and your surprise is intensified. And the cause? It is well nigh impossible to tell. Either an inherent desire to be disagreeable or a belief that it is smart to act so, prompts the bad form displayed.

The flippancy and nonchalance with which compliments of a doubtful character are exchanged can only be ascribed to a poverty of good manners, and a corresponding lack of those ennobling traits which belong always to a gentleman. It sometimes happens that in a sudden burst of anger, one is apt to utter an unkind or nasty word, which when in a quieter mood he would give worlds to recall. But words cannot be wholly recalled. The best we can do, is to express our regrets, and by a frank apology soften the pain, or remove the resentment our remarks occasioned.

The shortcoming of a hasty temper, can be excused; but there can be no excuse for him who in calm and collected moments, will commit an act not to be found in the calendar of fairness. Unfortunately, athletics has its unfair devotee—the incubus known as the dishonorable sport. He engages in pastime, not for the recreation it affords him, but that he may gratify a desire for notoriety and applause. His one set idea is to gain praise, and the presistency with which he rides his hobby is worthy of a better cause. The fellow is devoid of all sense of honor and fairplay, and his conduct tends only to bring sport into disre-

pute. When he should be a prop he is in reality a ruinous factor.

You know the chap when you see or hear him. His ear-marks are not to be mistaken. He can see no good in others, and is always, in an indirect way, ready to vaunt the praises of number one. He wins sometimes, but by methods as shady as his mouthings are vapid. Pit him against someone whom, even with the aid of his dark-lantern methods he knows he cannot down, and he either refrains from the contest, or entering it and losing, employs all manner of excuses to explain the cause of his defeat. He cannot take a whipping, and his wagging tongue unconsciously tells how bitter to him is defeat. Pity can be extended towards him who in an unguarded moment gives birth to a caustic remark, but for the dishonorable, dishonest athlete there can be nothing but a feeling of disgust.

The frequency with which offence is given both in word and deed is regrettable. If a wrong, real or imaginary, has been committed there are always in sport the proper officers before whom to lay your complaint. It is their duty to inflict the punishment, not yours. That is why they are there. You but render yourself amenable to criticism if by voice or otherwise you seek personal redress. Bad manners prompt the act to which you take objection and no amount of eloquence, or of the physical force argument, upon your part will make the offender see the error of his way. They are but wasted energy upon so benighted a being and you had therefore better save your powder.

Trickery and deception never yet succeeded and athletics has no place for him who employs them. Those who imagine that indulgence in sport licenses them to violate the decalogue or the rules of etiquette

are but addle-pates and boobys. Strive always to be a gentleman, in sport as well as clear of it, and remember that good looks and good clothes alone do not make you one. Concealed beneath both are the requisites which make the man. Show that you possess these essentials, keep them ever in evidence, and the world will respect you. Let not your position in life determine your conduct, because a gentleman is a gentleman whether he wear broadcloth or corduroy, whether he is catalogued among the four hundred or mingle with those of less lofty social aspirations.

There is no game perhaps which calls more so for perfect control of the temper and a freedom from what are known as rattles than the game of hockey. No matter how speedy a skater or good a stick handler a player may be if he lack these requirements his usefulness is reduced almost to a minimum. The same is also true of all games requiring the exercise of coolness and judgement in their pursuit, but more especially is it so of hockey. The reason is plain. The changes are so rapid that the necessity to think quickly and act promptly is of the utmost importance. One who, as the boys say, has lost his head, is unable to think and consequently has no particular line of defence or offence. An angry player is intent only upon inflicting punishment and lets the puck look after itself. A level-headed but less experienced player, attending strictly to business, can outwit and outplay them both every time. Besides the mistakes of angry or rattled members of a team destroy that confidence that each player has in the ability of the other, and tends towards erratic work upon the part of all. Rattles and wrath are therefore to be avoided by him who wishes to shine at our winter game.

JIMSO.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

“To all Courteous Readers ye Editor Wisheth
Increase of Vertuous Knowledge.”

IT may be assumed that the issue of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE will be a nine days wonder throughout the Province. I am not unaware that the community is small and the conditions not all favourable to the venture. But I know that there is intellectual activity here; and I remember that the Scotch Reviewers cultivated Literature, not unsuccessfully, on a little oatmeal. It is possible therefore, that this magazine may receive such practical appreciation as shall justify its publication, month after month, as the years go by.

* * *

THE visit of Professors Robertson and Macoun is the result of a demand for more light. Farmers in this Province feel the need for information upon many points in the system of agriculture that has lately been introduced. Much has been learned since the proposal to establish cheese and butter factories here was scoffed at as Utopian and impracticable. Those who deemed the idea of winter butter-making in Prince Edward Island ridiculous—“where the cows have to be stabled six months of the year,” are convinced by the logic of results that there is something in it; and now the people are seeking knowledge concerning the breeding and feeding and care of cattle, the growth of corn and roots, the manipulation of milk, etc., to the end that they may eventually vie with Denmark in the production of cheese and butter of the finest quality. This is the worthy ambition of the farmers of Prince Edward Island; and I am not without a well-grounded hope of living to see it gratified. Closely connected

with the fundamental industry of the dairy is the production of pork; and not far removed from the latter is the growth of fruit. In respect to all of these, Professors Robertson and Macoun have afforded the most valuable information available; and I confidently anticipate from a fuller development of the new system, better products and more satisfactory results than have yet been obtained.

* * *

CONSIDERABLE loss to shippers in this Province has resulted from the recent long imprisonment of the S. S. Stanley in the ice. A steady and remunerative winter market has been found in the neighboring Provinces of the mainland for pork, beef, and mutton; while smelts and other products are sent to Boston and other points of consumption. But the occasional lapses of the Stanley prevent the supplies from going forward, and disturb the conditions. The need of a new and stronger winter steamer is thus impressed upon us. I sincerely hope that the Dominion Government will not fail to supply an additional and an improved vessel for service in the ice at the beginning of next year.

* * *

IN the course of the present winter the increasing number of carcasses of pork carried by the Stanley has been a subject of much remark. An astonished gentleman at Pictou recently asked one of the officers of the Stanley how it was possible that such a little place could produce such an enormous number of pigs. "Od, mon," replied the officer—he is Scotch—"the woods over there are full of them; and the people just shoot them down like rabbits."

* * *

THE bye-elections of the present winter in this Province have been followed by an unsatisfied demand for a recount in the case of the East Prince contest, and a crop of election petitions. Mr. William Campbell has come out of the *melee* unscathed; but Mr. Amadie Gallant has cause for complaint that the way of the political transgressor is hard. It is said that the cases of Messrs. Bell and Lefurgey have been "settled."

* * *

THESE election trials and the manner in which many of them are managed and disposed of, are indicative of something rotten and wrong. The truth is, I fear, that there are in many constituencies, between the honest men of both parties and apart from those who independently change sides according to their changing opinions and convictions, certain electors who are purchasable for a smaller or larger price;—and these decide the event of every election. To obtain the purchasable vote is, therefore, a matter of the first importance to every candidate. It follows that every candidate must be able to place at the disposal of his promoters a liberal supply of money, and that a man, however talented, or however well-fitted to represent the people in Parliament, has no chance of success in an election, and is practically shut out of the candidature unless he can, directly or indirectly, supply a large proportion of the money that is essential. It follows, also, that the majorities cast in elections are almost invariably small; for the result is not a frank expression of public opinion, but only the residuum of the purchasable vote. The consequence is dissatisfaction and bitterness on the part of the opposing partisans and the resort of the defeated candidate to the courts. Petitions are followed by counter-petitions; and finally there is a "saw-off," in

which the candidate of one party in one constituency is allowed a seat in consideration of a candidate of the other party obtaining a seat in another constituency. The whole proceeding is corrupt and corrupting,—contrary to the interests of the country and utterly opposed to the “righteousness which exalteth a nation.”

* * *

THE last act in the scene, the opposing lawyers being the actors, is, if possible, more disgraceful and scandalous than the first, in which the barter is between the candidates' agents and those who are open to bribes. It must be assumed that the man who petitions a court to have an election set aside or a candidate disqualified, and deposits a thousand dollars as a proof and guarantee of his intention to prosecute to the end, has or believes he has, good grounds for his action. If he has, or believes that he has such good grounds, and if he saws off or settles the matter, he condones that which is an offence against the community and a crime in the eye of the law. Men in possession of the electoral franchise are in possession of a trust, to be used by them for the benefit of the country; and if a candidate for election, or the agent of a candidate, perverts an elector's judgment and corrupts his action by means of a bribe, a crime is committed just as truly as if a man is bribed to be false to any other trust. Such a crime cannot be condoned with credit to the parties to the settlement.

* * *

WE are indebted to the Women's Council for an opportunity to discuss the right of women to participation in public business at the City School Board. Ever since it was discovered that it is not good for man to live alone, it has been known that men and women co-operating can do fuller and better

work in many directions than either men or women can do apart. Of course there are limits outside of which each must of necessity proceed without the assistance of the other. But within these limits, why should not men and women think and act together in respect to public matters as well as to private business? The question is certainly worthy of consideration; for all will admit that there are public wrongs, to the righting of which the intuitive perceptions and refined minds of women might be brought into action with good results. It has been objected that if women take any part in public affairs they must, of necessity, lose the respect and the high consideration which is accorded by men to women. I question this statement. We know that the women who show that they are possessed of talents in respect to literature or art, music or the drama, do not lose the esteem of the men with whom they co-operate, or of those who are spectators or critics of their works,—provided always that they are careful to keep their personal honour unstained. Patti is not disreputable because she sings in public; on the contrary she is honoured by all mankind. I have never heard a whisper in derogation of the character or position of any lady who has shown that she is in possession of talents enabling her to succeed in any sphere of action outside the family and the home, provided only that she has been circumspect in her behavior. Consequently I am not prepared to admit that women must of necessity lose caste if permitted to take part in the deliberations and influence the decisions of the School Board. But, it is urged, that women when in public assemblies, talk all together and set forth ridiculous reasons. This I deny *in toto*. The difficulty in all mixed assemblies at which I have been present, is to induce women to publicly express their opinions. But we all know that they can do so

—with effect—in their family circles, and in other scenes with which they are familiar. I am, therefore, not unreasonable when I conclude that they would soon learn to do so even before an assembly as august as the Charlottetown School Board.

* * *

ATTENTION has been directed by Dr. McLeod, of Charlottetown, to the importance of adopting means to reduce the ravages of consumption. That the adoption and use of the means will effect the result is certain. Action remains to be taken (1) by the public authorities, and (2) by those individuals and families who are unfortunately apt to take the disease or have been infected by it. Let us see to it that the measures deemed to be necessary shall be adopted forthwith.

* * *

FROM cutting bands at the side of a threshing machine for ten cents a day, to the Presidency of Cornell University and the Chairmanship of a great National Commission is a long step. How it was taken by Jacob Gouldrup Schurman has lately been told. The story reads like a fairy tale, yet it is plain and unvarnished truth in real life. Dr. Schurman seems to have the wit to take advantage of all favourable circumstances, and the ability to do well that which he has to do. So he has been selected out of the whole great American nation to point the way for the United States in the direction of Eastern expansion.

* * *

IT is apparently the policy of the United States Government to select college presidents and professors to perform the more delicate and difficult diplomatic

services of the country. This policy is, doubtless, the more advisable in the interests of the people of the States, because college professors are, of necessity, men of scholarship and culture, who have not learned the arts of the professional politician, or how to feather their own nests. But we fear that it will not tend to advancement of learning in the Great Republic.

* * *

WHILE Dr. Schurman was on the way to the Philippines to perform his peaceful mission, the "stern arbiter" effectively settled some knotty questions by the slaughter of several thousands of the natives. The position of the parties is now at all events more clearly defined and understood. United States sailors and soldiers were welcomed by the Filipinos as sympathetic friends, anxious to aid in casting off the fetters of Spain. It is now known that they are enemies to be dealt with, and that if the Filipinos are to enjoy the blessings of freedom and self-government, they must first bow to the will of their proud conqueror and pay all damages. General Otis seems to have quietly made the fullest and most careful preparations to receive an attack from the natives,—and, then, provoked an attack. However this may be, the Filipinos have learned to their cost that the claim upon their islands, which the United States have obtained from Spain is to be made good.

* * *

THAT the United States will eventually do the Filipinos good is beyond question. It cannot be supposed that the natives will seriously try to throw off the Republican yoke. Perhaps they may endeavor to buy it off; but the chances are that they will not be able to find enough money. A majority of the people

of the United States, believe. apparently, that they have a mission to civilize the Filipinos, as well as the Cubans and Porto Ricans; and they cannot be bought off for a trifle, or in anyway deterred from their high purpose—even though the small minority of anti-missionaries in the States continue to denounce a policy of “expansion.” Uncle Sam is by nature and habit, and in all circumstances, a hard bargainer.

* * *

THIS fact must be borne in upon the minds of the Canadian Commissioners appointed to settle certain questions involving disputes, and not unlikely to engender hostility between the United States and Canada. After six months of dining and dickering, it is still impossible to come to a conclusion of the matter. Yet the conditions were all favourable. The Anglo-Saxon race was all the while in a delightful state of fraternization and anticipation. Our Liberals pose as the special friends of the States; for they were the heroes of Commercial Union and Unrestricted Reciprocity; leading on—as Edward Blake remarked—to Annexation; and it was believed that they would have no difficulty whatever in arranging terms for the settlement of the questions at issue between the two nations. But the Commissioners on behalf of the States have proved unyielding. As in the days of Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson and Mr. Foster, they must have very much the best of the bargain or they will not close the contract. It is now evident that Sir John Macdonald had come to a right judgment concerning them, and that his last administration treated them in the right way.

* * *

A PART from the negotiations at Washington, the relations of the British Empire and the United States have grown more and more friendly. The British people are evidently well pleased that the great American nation has been constrained to take up "the white man's burden" and assist in carrying the blessings of Western civilization to the people of the East.

THE EDITOR.

THE BAR BY ALBERTON.

While faint at eve, through sylvan ways
 The city's gathered murmurs die,
 And, voiceful of historic days,
 Her towers oppose the pallid sky:
 A fainter strain, entrancing more,
 In memory's mystic world floats on,
 The echoes of the surges roar
 About the bar by Alberton.

Oh far away! Oh far away!
 Though tones from old Cathedral bells
 Steal sweetly forth, give me to stray
 Where the dark wave resounding swells
 Against the fir trees solemn gloom.
 To see day's level fires grow wan
 And hear the billow's sullen boom
 About the bar by Alberton.

Recalling faded days of yore,
 When wide the unbroken forest lay
 Primeval to the northern shore,
 And the lone Indian on his way
 Heard the deep voice his sires had known:
 Or, when his evening camp fire shone,

Caught the Atlantic's ceaseless moan
About the bar by Alberton.

When nearing home the reapers go,
And Hesper's dewy light is born ;
Or Autum's moonbeams soft and slow
Draw dials round the sheaves of corn,
Southward o'er inner tracts and far
Mysterious murmurs wander on—
The sound of waves that waste the bar,
The sandy bar by Alberton.

Spent in the windy voids of night,
No western gale that murmur brings.
So pleasures die and dreams of light
In clouds decay: the spirit sings
Its sad refrain by life's dull shoal,
In many a golden summer gone,
In echoes of the surges roar
About the bar by Alberton.

ROBERT HARRIS.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

IN one of our bookstores not many days ago I heard a young woman complain: "I can get nothing worth reading. Is there nothing new at all."

Now, it all depended, in this case, upon what the young lady considered worth reading.

I am quite sure that "The Open Question," by C. E. Raimond (Elizabeth Robins), will fill the cup of the complainant's content. It certainly is new, and clever to an extraordinary degree in its treatment of a subject that Caine and Hardy fail to relieve of its sombreness as this newcomer in literature has managed to

do. It is a passionate love story, brightened with many touches of delightful humor. It is published by Harper Brothers, New York, who have also put out, or are about to put out, another good book: "Social Life in the British Army," by a British officer, which I recommend to all who are interested in the army. This book first appeared as a series of articles in Harpers Monthly, which reminds me, by-the-by, that nearly all the good stories first see the light of day through the magazines.

But as it is, so must it be. We certainly should not quarrel with the magazines—at least this month; for they are—most of them—full of good things. In the Pall Mall Magazine, our fellow-countryman C. G. D. Roberts, sometime English Professor at King's University, Windsor, N. S., has a poem, "Kinsmen Strong," dealing with a subject he loves. Take the last lines:—

"This shout you hear
So near and clear
Is the marching cheer
Of the lords of the world.
Stout heart by heart
We work our part
That light may broaden
And law command.
This is our place
By right of race
By God's good grace
And the strength of our hand;
The strength of our hand
On every land
Till the master-work
Of the world be done;
For the slave's release
For the bond of Peace
That wars may cease
From under the sun.

Harpers' Monthly, Scribners, McClures and the Century are all worth looking into. The latter is the only one that still continues to give the late war much of its space. The emancipation of the other magazines from the war articles is something for which we should all unite to rejoice.

A splendid lot of books are being issued by the Doubleday & McClure Co., at reasonable prices, but I regret that space and time prevents me, this month, giving them extended notice.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

The coming in of Lent has of course put a stop to most of the social events of importance during the month. Although gaieties on a large scale have not been many—there has been a lot of quiet and pleasant entertaining—and the young element has met on many enjoyable occasions. In the past month up to the coming of Lent there were many little dances and teas and card parties.

As matters of this nature are always interesting, we will strive after this to keep a careful record of all that are of sufficient interest—and the writer will be grateful for any assistance in this line, from hostesses or others who would like to have their social ventures correctly reported.

A five o'clock tea was given at Farringford on the 3rd of February, by Mrs. Vail, wife of the United States Consul; and Mrs. Rogers had an afternoon At Home at Fairholme, on the 10th. Both were very pleasant and enjoyable events.

Mrs. C. Coulson Gardiner entertained a number of her friends very agreeably at a five o'clock tea at Bryn Mor, on the 11th.

Other pleasures were a snow shoe tramp and dance at Mrs. Richardson's and a juveniles' dance at Fairholm given by Mrs. Rogers in honor of Miss Macleod.

The splendid roads during February were the means of providing much enjoyment in the way of driving. I have been told of some celebrated adventures which befel one or two amorous couples who went driving behind frisky horses to which the gallant drivers were not paying all their attention. But I refrain from publishing details. "All the world loves a lover."

A very jolly excursion was made by a party of our belles and beaux to Harrington Hall recently. The journey was made by sleighs, three fine, roomy, warm boxes—tight boxes I heard they were when all the passengers were aboard. Arrived at the Hall the party gave a concert and as a result of their efforts they were enabled through Miss D. Macpherson, who acted as the organist of the party, to present to the P. E. Island Hospital a very acceptable sum, to help establish a children's ward—a most praiseworthy act.

Harrington Hall is becoming as favorite a resort as the Wright homestead on the St. Peter's Road. At the latter place several gay affairs came off during the winter,—the house is very well adapted for a dance. It is rather a pity that there is not in town a proper room for hire for social purposes. On the other hand many of my young friends assure me that the drive out into the country on a moonlight night is half the pleasure of the event.

The adventurous spirit of our Island boys is well known. There are at present no less than seven in the

crew of the U. S. Hospital ship Relief, now on the way to Manilla, namely Arthur Flynn, T. Flynn, Jas. D Mason, jr., J. Flynn, B. McQuillan, Wm. Davis, and John Rooney. The three last mentioned have only recently been enrolled; the others have been longer in the service and occupy good positions. I hope to receive interesting news from the ship each month.

A jolly dance was given by a party of our bachelors in the B. I. S. Hall, a week or two ago, to which they invited their friends. A large number promptly responded and spent a delightful evening. The C.M.B.A. also had a social just before Lent came in and all who was present on this occasion enjoyed to the full the pleasure provided for them.

Among other events that took place was a firemen's dinner at the Hotel Davies when our firemen sat down to a well spread board and in the pleasant reunion of old and young members of the force fought all their fires over again. I don't know whether or not the firemen drank their toasts in firewater, but I am very sure that the I. O. G. T's. who had a grand pow-wow and supper a week or two ago indulged in nothing stronger than Adam's ale. But notwithstanding, Good Templars had a glorious evening's entertainment, one that couldn't by any possibility be described as a "dry time." So let all these societies flourish and grow apace. I regret that I have missed several items, in this line for the past month, but hope to be able to notice, hereafter, everything of importance that transpires.

The rink—well for one thing it has been a certain thing to depend on almost ever since it opened for the season. The weather has favored it; the ice has been good almost all the time. Hockey matches to no end have been played and "youth and beauty" has

resorted to it to find pleasure and relief. A carnival was held last month and was the means of bringing out the usual collection of motley characters, redeemed from tiresomeness by several really good and original features, the best of which were awarded the prizes. But something should be given—leather medals—to the pallid darkies, paleface Indians, imitation Irishmen, hobos, Klondykers, and other curiosities that turn up each carnival and haunt us like ghosts.

A terrible story is told me by a friend of mine in the 82nd Battalion. He tells me that a principal member of the battalion band was attacked and rendered hors de combat by an unknown enemy. No one suspected the crime till one band practice night when the victim was called upon for duty and uttered only a dismal shriek and then collapsed. In other words the head was cut off the big drum and the decapitated instrument now lies silent and alone while the indignant members of the battalion are looking for the blood of the perpetrator of the deed.

To go to another branch of the Militia, the entertainments given by the Engineers a short time ago were very creditable achievements. They put on the stage an entertainment full of the true military flavor, and proyed that the "Saps," "Mound-Builders," "Grave Diggers" as they are variously termed are the most accomplished troops in the service. Haven't you read "Sappers" by Kipling?

At the Prince of Wales College the women's rights question has exercised the Principal and the students in a small degree. It seems that the boys have been conducting a Mock Trial, and the proceedings became so interesting that they thought the young ladies would like to be spectators of their efforts in the forensic line. Very thoughtful of the boys, wasn't it.

But the doctor, to whom they applied for permission, gave judgement against them, and now, I believe the boys are awfully disappointed and—the girls also.

At last the new Prince of Wales College is actually in the way of being begun, and the old building will pass away. It will be long remembered—for many men have passed through it to enter upon successful careers, and the modest building that once meant Alma Mater to them they will not soon forget.

At St. Dunstan's College builders' materials are being laid down in preparation for the new wing that is to be added to the college building. It is a very pleasant prospect we have in anticipation, in regard to our seats of learning. The boys of St. Dunstan's are the pluckiest boys when sport is concerned that I have ever seen. Although facing fearful odds in some of their hockey matches this winter, their willingness to face the music makes them worthy of admiration. The American students celebrated Washington's birthday in style on the 22nd, and visited Consul Vail, by whom they were very warmly entertained.

The apprehension with which the news of the loss of the s.s. Labrador was heard in Charlottetown when the first telegram was received by *The Examiner*, and thence made public, was fortunately changed to relief as later messages arrived, telling of the safety of the ship's passengers, among whom were Messrs. L. E. Prowse, W. W. Stanley, J. A. McLaren, C. E. Leigh, Jr., W. A. Huestis, and S. A. McLeod, all merchants of Charlottetown on their way to the London market to purchase stock for their firms. The Skerry Vore rock on which the steamer was wrecked is one of the most dangerous spots in all the British Islands. It is almost miraculous that they escaped at all—that they did escape is a matter for heartfelt gratitude and thanksgiving.

Birthday Stones

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FEBRUARY, - - - AMYTHYST

MARCH, - HYACINTH OR JACINTH

APRIL, - - - - DIAMOND

MAY, - - - - - EMERALD

JUNE, - - - - - PEARL

JULY, - - - - - RUBY

AUGUST, - - - MOONSTONE

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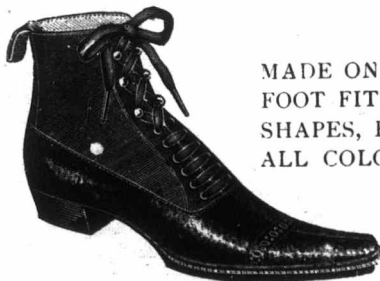
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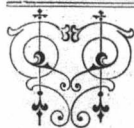
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