

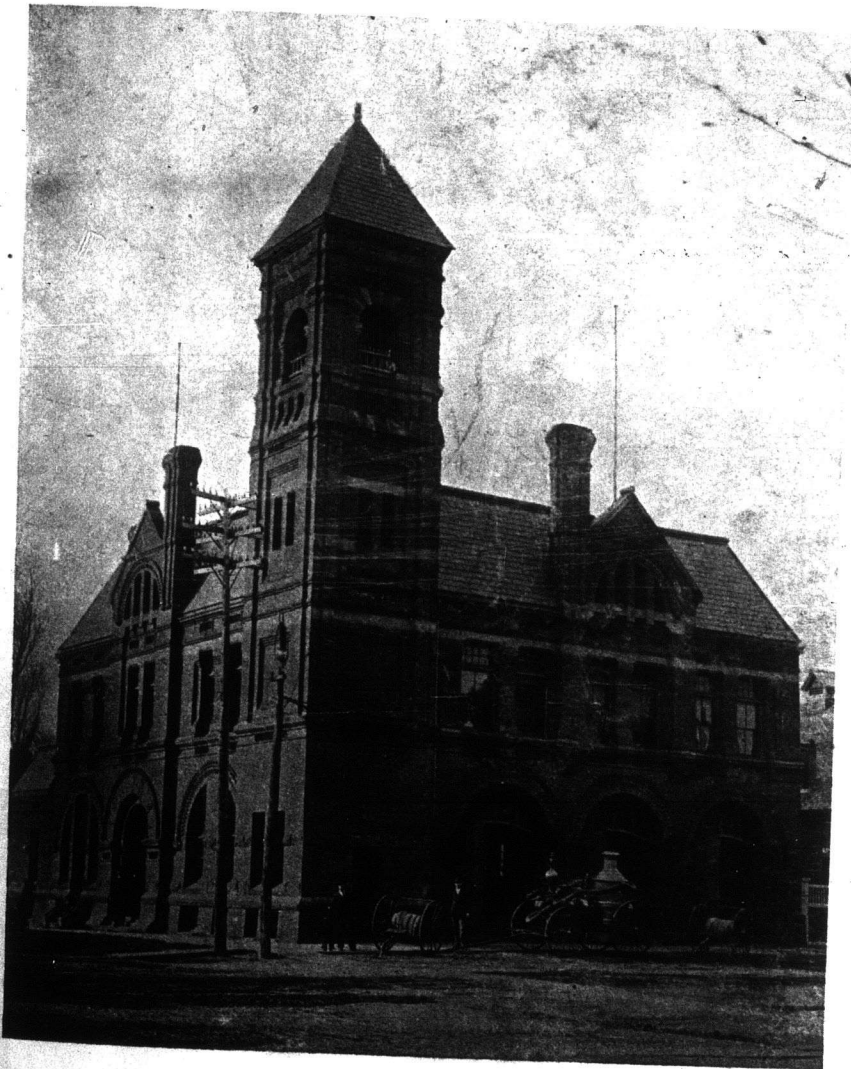
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Vol. I. \* No. 3.

MAY, 1899. \*

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# Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE



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# The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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**TO CONTRIBUTORS**—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long.

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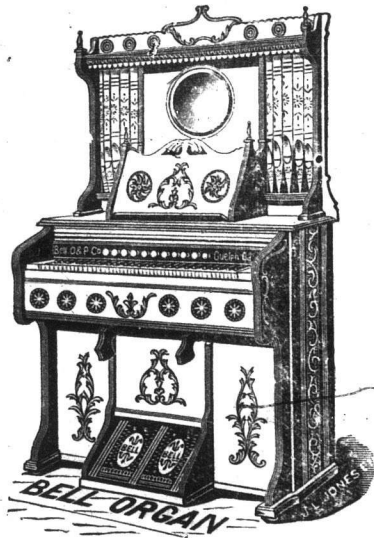
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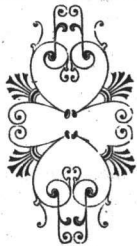
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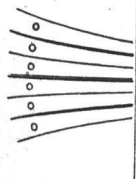
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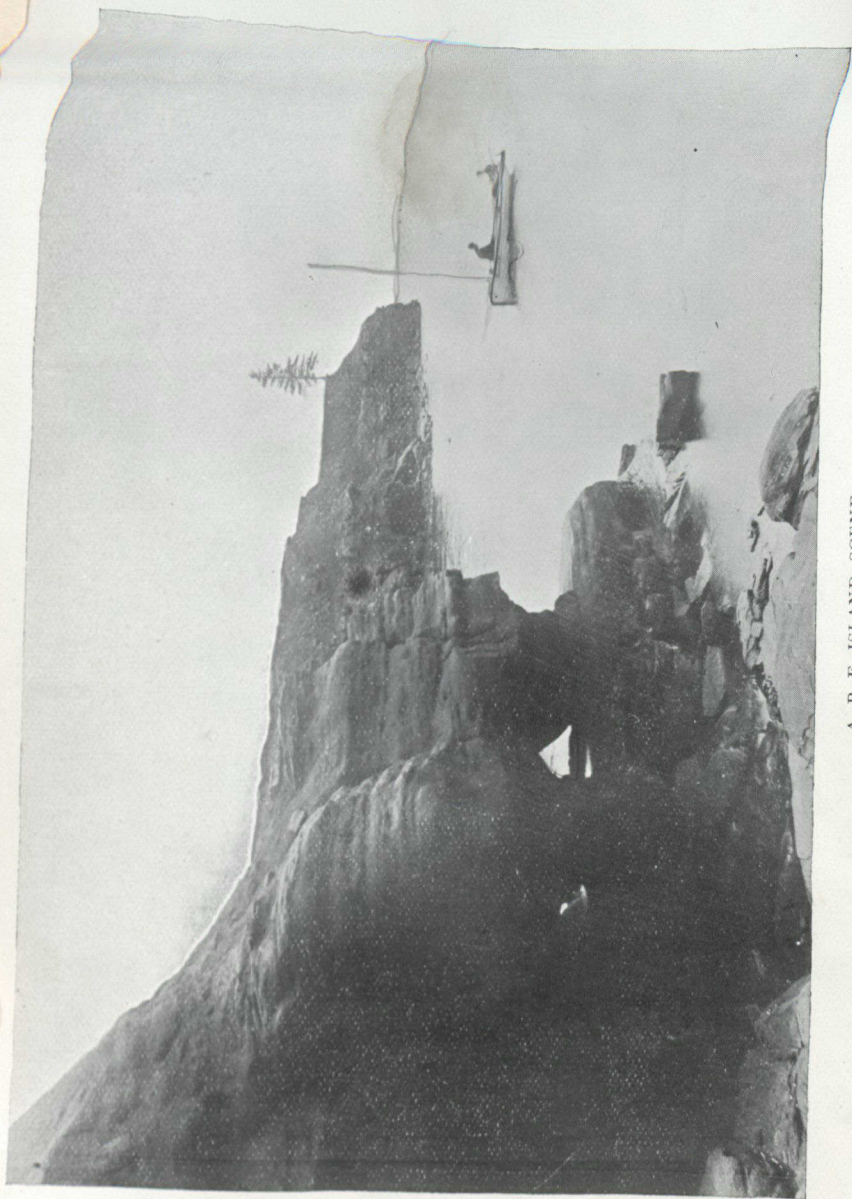
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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



A P. E. ISLAND SCENE

*From a Photograph by Mr. A. W. Mitchell.*

- THE -

# Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. I

MAY, 1899

No. 3

## Are Our City Councillors Hypnotized?

VERY few of our citizens are ever interested enough to attend any of the regular meetings of the City Council. Ask those who stay away, why they do not go and they will shrug their shoulders. Those who do go are, however, always deeply interested, though their comments and opinions as expressed afterwards are startling and original—pity it is that the councillors could not hear them.

But why the shrug of the shoulders? Briefly it is because the councillors are hypnotized. Nothing is being done—citizens have given them up, and consider them mere figure heads. They are nearly all big men and it must be confessed, from His Worship down, fairly good looking men. But figure heads do not make good aldermen for any city.

Who is the hypnotist?

It appears that a little over a year ago, when the present council was elected, economy was the cry of the party who were working; and before the rest of the citizens were aware of what happened the present men were elected. Even then there were hopes that the good work being at that time done about the city would be continued. Many of the old councillors were re-elected; Horne, Nicholson, Hooper, McCarron. But they all fell under the wizard's sway and were hypnotized.

Consequently work on the streets has been gradually lessened, the sidewalks have been neglected, no attempt has been made to increase the attractiveness of the city by planting trees

and work of that sort—and all for the sake of a little-souled economy, the climax of which is a reduction of one-eighth of one per cent. of the tax on personal property—a reduction that will not earn a solitary thank you, but will be received with contempt. At the same time the appropriation for streets has been considerably reduced—all with the consent of the hypnotized brotherhood.

Now, we are fighting for clean, well-kept streets, and we want good sidewalks also, as a first step towards reaching a new era in city management. As it is we are slipping back. We ask our citizens to give these matters attention.

What does this reduction of the taxes amount to? Many taxpayers will hardly know there is a reduction. What does the reduction of the street appropriation indicate? That we are to have bad streets, and that the laborers who were formerly employed will not be able to get a day's work. A magnificent achievement!

Wonderful, complex economy! It seems that Joe Steele, scavenger, at a magnificent salary of five dollars a month was discharged in order to reduce expenses. It appears that Joe's work consisted of taking up and burying the corpses of deceased canines and other animals. Joe had to be re-engaged to prevent the town going to the dogs.

Another bright idea which was misdirected at a great waste of money was the voting of \$350 to a travelling agent to have seven views of Charlottetown put into a book called "From Ocean to Ocean," that, probably, very few people will ever see. It is a good thing to see some attempt made to foster the tourist travel to the Island. It is deplorable to see good money thrown away like this.

Why is this sort of thing done? Candidly we do not know ourselves. These councillors are all able bodied men. But, inside the stately council hall they are transformed by a few Svengali passes into obedient creatures ready to agree to almost anything that is brought before them. Great was the power of Svengali!—he was also one of those who would as soon have dirty streets as clean ones. He would not do in any City Council.

For it really comes to this. Citizens must take notice sooner or later of the way civic affairs are being administered; must elect men not subject to hypnotic influence, or else see that they do not elect one possessing the mesmeric power.

There are other things that might be mentioned. The Park Roadway will be finished about the end of this century—or the next: a leather medal ought to be got ready for the man who will have delayed it so long. “Black Sam’s Bridge” also is being left alone—a standing disgrace to the city.

In the meantime we presume the economies will continue. His Worship and all the Councillors will be subject to the controlling will. But there is time before the next election to make ready the means of putting them all more soundly to sleep than ever Svengali put his subjects.

In conclusion,—another economy proposed is to tie up the watering carts. One of these is a combination affair which cost a lot of money. It may be put in the museum with the high-priced street roller, which is a good thing to use on the streets and for that reason is seldom used. After this is done the solemn curfew bell might be sold. The corporation of Summerside are advertising for a fire alarm. Charlottetown might then burn down; but we would have the money for the fire bell.



### Francis Bain.

“ Oh many are the poets that are sown  
 By nature, men endowed with highest gifts,  
 The vision and the faculty Divine,  
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.”

—Wordsworth.

---

Life is not judged by years. I am but one  
 Thrilled by the touch of that magnetic soul,  
 And by the contact helped to see the sun,  
 Though mists of chilling ignorance around me roll.

The birds were his companions, and the flowers,  
 He overturned the rocks and dredged the sea,  
 He studied, and he toiled through weary hours,  
 Yet found delight in all because his soul was free.

Oh you, whose self-imposed depravity  
 Hides all but obligations from your view,—  
 Do burst your galling chains, and you will see  
 The beauties that are now perforce revealed to few.

God gave you power to do, and feel, and be,—  
 Drink if you will from nature's living stream :  
 Bain drank, and service became ecstasy.  
 He now drinks deeper draughts direct from the Supreme.

All honor to the name of Francis Bain,—  
 Well may it glisten on the scroll of fame.  
 No words of mine the reason need explain,  
 For all who knew the man still love that noble name.

He was a poet of the highest type,  
 For he loved nature with his soul and strength ;  
 Plucked in the bloom, ere yet his life was ripe.  
 O, what a grand bouquet our God will have at length.

## The Preachers and Teachers of the Old Days.

THE comparatively uneventful years of Prince Edward Island's early settlement will not figure largely on the pages of any history, but who will say that they were not pregnant with valuable preliminary work for the mental, moral and religious development of the people.

In the churches, as well as in many of the school houses, and often in private houses, clergymen and laymen of different denominations ministered to the people in spiritual things with general acceptance. The names of Bishop McEachern, Parson DesBrisay, Dr. McGregor, Dr. Tupper, Mr. McDonald and Wm. Metherall will ever be honored for the sacrifices they made and the faithful services they rendered. They belonged to a class of educated men whose services would have been appreciated in the centres of wealth and refinement.

"Men they were to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Other preachers of those days had little or no college training, but they had still better equipment for their peculiar work in a keen knowledge of the Bible and an ardent missionary spirit. Their theology might not have been up to the standard of a divinity hall, and certainly would not accord with the canons of modern criticism, but nobody can justly say the message they delivered was not in the whole good, and that its beneficial effects were not to be found in the virtuous lives which the people lived, and the strong grasp which they held of religious doctrine.

The people of those days were not content with what was called superficial preaching. They delighted to hear the preacher wrestle with such questions as "Effectual Calling," "Original Sin" and "Final Perseverance," and woe betide the new minister if he were found wanting in expounding these cardinal points of Christian doctrine. Encounters in argument between the lay champions of Calvinism and Arminianism were quite frequent, and faithful backers of both sides were not generally wanting. Whatever may be the judgment of the present



day on the merits of those bygone controversies, it cannot be denied that they furnished an excellent means of mental training. Articles and confessions of faith were analyzed and compared, and the ponderous works by great divines were ransacked for argument. The intellectual tussles over the decrees called for keener thought and more accurate statement than the modern debating club or the political meeting.

The old log school house was as primitive in its internal equipment and its daily management as in its outward appearance. The desk provision was often inadequate and always of a rough and inconvenient form. The benches or stools were without backs, and constructed without any regard to the size of the pupils. The torture of long sittings without support for back or feet, remains as an unpleasant memory of school life.

The evolution in school literature is an interesting study. The universal Spelling Book had its day. Its aim was almost as comprehensive as that of the founder of Cornell University "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study" said Ezra Cornell. The Universal Spelling Book, was a primer, speller, reader, and grammar combined, and the author explained in his preface that in the accomplishment of his work he had furnished material to counteract the machinations of "Popish Emissaries."

I did not encounter this formidable text-book in my school experience, but I remember when it was to be found on the old book-shelf. One of its reading lessons, "The Entertaining Story of Tommy and Harry," I read with much interest. Tommy was a good boy who obediently rocked the cradle for his mother and became a great and good man. Harry was disobedient, played truant, and robbed birds' nests. The end of Harry was disclosed by a hideous picture of a wild-beast in the act of devouring him on the coast of Africa where he had escaped from a wreck.

Lindley Murray, was the great Napoleon of English school literature up to the middle of the present century, and his empire was not successfully disputed when I made my first acquaintance with schools and school-masters. His English Spelling Book, interspersed with quaint reading lessons, was an excellent book, while his "Introduction to the English Reader," and the

"English Reader" itself were made up of the choicest selections from the English classics of the eighteenth century. There was a time in which the English Reader occupied a place in our literature only second to the Bible. The multiplication of books and newspapers in later generations relegates all school books to a lower place in the sphere of literary influence. It is to be feared, however; that few, if any of our modern school readers are as well fitted to assert a position for themselves as the "English Reader."

I cling to the belief that in some of the best of the old schools the elementary branches of education were taught with greater efficiency than in our better equipped schools of the present day. While the dire necessity of the situation often placed the most impudent pretenders in the seat of learning, and not infrequently the only men available as teachers were moral wrecks, yet among the old schoolmasters not a few were men of good attainments and excellent character, who were content to do "good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

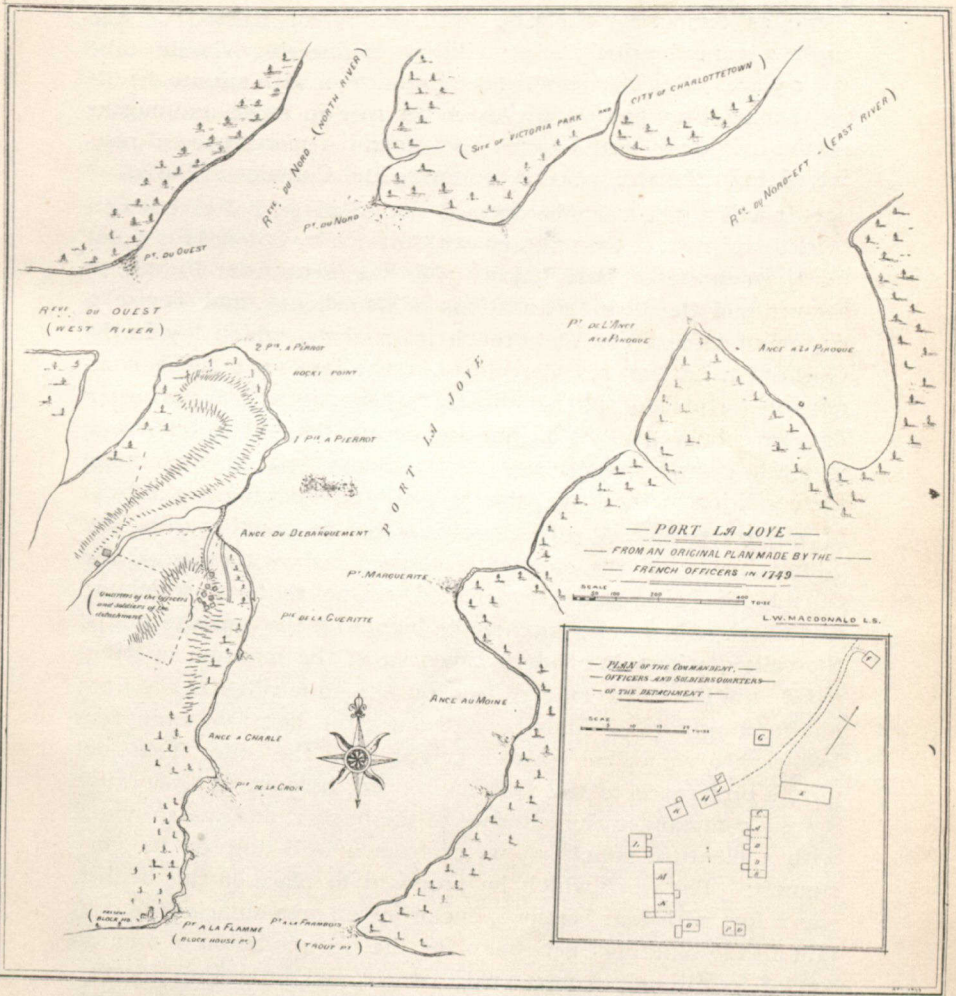
The schoolmaster of the old days, if he respected himself, stood higher with pupils and parents than the teacher of to-day. The great ordeal of passing the Board, successfully, gave the district schoolmaster much importance. When he went to Charlottetown he rubbed shoulders with Cundall, Kenny, and Arbuckle, the masters of the Central Academy. He could write a will, draft a petition to the House of Assembly, or hold up his end in argument with the minister on the doctrine of predestination. But it was only when he sent home word with the children to their parents requiring them to procure Lennie's Grammar, and Chalmer's Geography, and actually undertook to teach these new-fangled, and abstruse branches of education that the extent of his erudition began to dawn on the minds of the people of the district.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
How one small head could carry all he knew."

D. FERGUSON.

## Port Lajoie.

IT is necessary, that the reader while examining the annexed plan, should bear in mind that the buildings which he sees dotting the slope on the north side of the harbor, and explained in the lower corner of the plan, are not the first buildings that were erected on that same site. After the peace of Aix-La-Chapelle, when Louisbourg, much to the chagrin of the New Englanders, was restored to its former masters, the Island of St. John as a dependency shared in the triumph, as it had shared in the disaster of the Great Fortress. A few weeks, therefore, after the Isle Royale (Cape Breton) had been delivered back to the representatives of France, M. De Bonaventure, an officer who had distinguished himself in the defence of Louisbourg, sailed with his company of a hundred men for the Island of St. John, and, in accordance with his instructions established himself on the heights of Port Lajoie. It was the month of August (1749) and much of the summer's heat still lingered in the atmosphere, else had it fared uncomfortably with the garrison, in the more than half-ruined buildings which were to serve as barracks. The deeper traces of devastation and ruin with which the track of war is generally marked, could not perhaps be discovered on the Island, but the pursuits of peaceful industry had either been abandoned altogether, or were carried on fitfully and in fear. The slopes and heights around Port Lajoie, where, before the war, could be seen rich fields of every species of grain and garden root, were in 1749 fast sinking back into the wilderness state, from which they had been rescued. Some of the less resolute settlers had fled to Quebec or elsewhere, and left their homesteads to whatever fate the fortunes of war might bring. Others hovered between their hiding places in the thick woods and their dwellings, watching the approach of danger. The condition of things round Fort Lajoie when De Bonaventure assumed the government was certainly depressing. The settlers had to be protected from starvation, and a hundred soldiers had to be housed. In both undertakings the energetic Governor was successful. The buildings he erected are those shown upon the plan. They were built in haste to meet a pressing need, and to



PLAN of the buildings erected at Port Lajoie to serve as stores for provisions, etc., and quarters for the Commandant, Officers and soldiers of the detachment.

- A. Commandant's Apartments.
- B. Guard House.
- C. Commandant's Office.
- DD. Barracks.
- E. Flour Store.
- F. Quarters of Subalterns.
- G. Dry Goods Warehouse.
- H. Bake House.
- I. J. Stables.
- K. Smithy.
- L. Apartment of the Captain of the troop.
- M. Store for molasses.
- N. Room of the Storekeeper.
- O. Rooms of the Doctor and Chaplain.
- P. Vaulted Powder Magazine.
- Q. Prison.

serve as temporary shelters, until works constructed on the most advanced principles of military engineering should take their place. Such plans were actually drawn with minute details by Colonel Franquet—but they never rose in stone and mortar on the heights of Port Lajoie: they found a more peaceful resting place in the archives of the Marine and Colonies in Paris.

It will not, I trust, be deemed out of place, if I give here a brief description of the military works drawn by Colonel Franquet for the defence of Port Lajoie. He was sent from France to superintend the new fortifications of Louisbourg, and devise a system of defence for the French possessions, which lay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Carrying out the latter part of his commission he visited the Island of St. John, in 1751, and for six days was busy at Port LaJoie inspecting the public buildings, which he found, constructed after a flimsy fashion, examining the condition of the Royal storehouses, and studying in the light of military science, the best position for the erection of a fort. Three sites lay in the engineer's choice, each of them good and capable of being strongly fortified. One that on which an earthwork still stands, another the height on the opposite side of the valley, where in modern times stood the mansion of Ringwood, and the third, an elevation on the same ridge as the first, but running further inland. Although the last two eminences had each a somewhat greater height than the other, Franquet gave a preference to the first mentioned, because at close range it fully commanded the entrance to the harbor, and was provided with a plentiful supply of water from a well dug on its very summit. The work which he proposed to place on this height, was a fort with four bastions, enclosing an area sufficient to contain all the buildings necessary for the accomodation of a garrison of four hundred men, with stores and provisions for two years.

The projected fort was planned in accordance with the newest principles of fortification. The bastions and curtains were to be of solid masonry, brick and stone. Excellent brick clay had been discovered at a short distance from the site where the fort was to be built, and if the Island sandstone was found to be too soft for such a work, it was proposed to

import from Cape Breton the same quality of stone as was used in the defences of Louisbourg.

To ensure still further the safety of the harbor, a square redoubt was to be erected on the Point a la Framboise (on the right hand entering the harbor,) and the Vidette Station on Point de la Flamme strengthened. The redoubt, so far as can be judged from the plan, was not intended as a temporary work, thrown up to be armed and manned only to meet an emergency, but designed to accomodate a permanent garrison, with which an enemy striving to enter the harbor would have to lay his account to reckon, at all times.

Franquet visited St. Peters, and Trois Rivieres (Georgetown) selecting sites, and draughting military works for the defense of both places. In the report which he sent to his government, he does not confine himself to the dry details of planning redoubts, and discussing the advantages of rival positions, but takes diligent note of the appearance of the country, its products and capabilities, the condition of the settlers and their prospects, and in this way bequeaths to us a valuable document, which throws much light on the history of the Island at that time.

I must now go back to the year 1720 to catch a glimpse of the first buildings which arose amid the stumps of the felled forest on Fort Lajoie. It is in the court of the Regent Duke of Orleans, that we meet with the man who made the first attempt to establish a permanent colony on the Island of St. John. He bore the title of Count St. Pierre, was first equerry to the Duchess of Orleans, and his memory yet lingers amongst us in the name borne by a bay on our northern shore, and an island at the entrance of our Charlottetown harbor. This nobleman, suffering perhaps from the fever for speculation created by John Law, which was then at its height in France and Britain, formed in 1719 a company, of which he became the President, and applied to the Crown for a grant of the Island of St. John, in order to plant a colony there and establish a permanent fishery. His request was granted, and without loss of time the company set about active preparations for carrying forward their enterprise. They must have worked with a marvellous energy, for on the

15th day of April 1820, three ships carrying three hundred emigrants, and the more necessary requirements for their settlement on an unpeopled Island, lay in the harbor of Rochefort ready for sea—their destination in the first instance being Louisbourg. A naval Lieutenant named Daniel Gotteville de Bellisle was appointed to command the expedition to its destination, and to act on its arrival there as Governor of the New Colony. Measured by modern experience the voyage of these three ships was prolonged, for it was not until the 23rd of August that the ship which carried the Governor arrived at Louisbourg. Here he learned that the other ships of his fleet had already proceeded on their way to the Island of St. John, having been provided with pilots by the Governor of Louisbourg to steer them to their destination.

During his short stay at Louisbourg, Gotteville succeeded in persuading the Governor of the Isle Royale, M. St. Ovide, to allow a Lieutenant of the navy named De la Ronde Denys to accompany him to the Island of St. John, and remain with him during the winter, in the capacity of second in command. At a sacrifice of other interests, the courteous St. Ovide acceded to Gotteville's request; and in securing De la Ronde Denys as his Lieutenant, the Governor of St. John became possessed of an officer whose experience in the method of planting young colonies in a wilderness was inferior to no French official in North America.

After the two ships from Louisbourg gained the waters of the Straits, the emigrants sailed in full view of the land they had adopted as their country. From the decks, they no doubt scrutinised the features of the shore along which they sailed, and compared the landscape of their native Poitou, Brittany or Normandy with the lowly red shores, washed by foamy breakers and the forest stretching inland, unbroken save by an estuary or some far-reaching gulf. Weathering Cape Bear and Point Prim, the ships stood up the Auce of Port Lajoie. Approaching the entrance of the harbor, their course lay between two small Islands at that time nameless save to the Micmac. Both were covered by a dense forest of pine and fir; while on the flats of the Island to the left were congregated flocks of water fowl of every variety. The ships passed through a narrow entrance, and

advancing somewhat into the spacious basin that opened out before them, cast anchor. The colonists had reached their destination. Their ships floated on an extensive sheet of water surrounded by a wilderness. To the south above high red banks rose a forest so dense and entangled, that the warmest sun of summer failed to dry the moisture at its roots. On the north the trees rose over each other in a gentle acclivity. On this side the shores were also steep, but they gradually lost their abruptness, till at a point where the waters of a woodland spring made their way to the sea, they sank to a level with the waters of the harbour. Beyond the narrow valley, the land again swelled up to a considerable elevation, covered to its summit with trees of every description.

When Gotteville's ship sailed into the harbour of Port Lajoie, the landing of the emigrants and stores was well in progress. The narrow strip of land at the mouth of the streamlet, probably then received the name of the "Landing Place", which it bore for many years after. But behind the toil of landing there lay another and a greater toil—that of providing shelter for the emigrants against the severities of an approaching winter, and tier on tier up the declivity of Port Lajoie still rose the timber which was to serve in building those shelters. It would be interesting to know all the details connected with the establishment of this little community on that historic height at the entrance to our harbour; if it had settled down into anything like comfort when cold gusts stripped the forests, and the cry of the wild geese was heard in the murky November sky: how it fared with them further on, when the currents of the three great rivers, and the ebb and flow of the tides were hidden below a solid pavement of ice, and when from the strong North east came the drifted storm heaping up glittering hills of snow, and fiercely invading every crevice of the hastily built log-house. To all, or nearly all the colonists, such experiences would be new but how they were borne no one has deemed it worth while to leave us a record.

The buildings erected on the slopes of Fort Lajoie would no doubt bear much of the same character as those built by Bonaventure. Log houses would be more frequently met with



among the structures of 1720 than among those of 1749, which were of posts and boards. Still, in despatches, are to be found frequent references to the neatness and solidity of the houses built by the company of St. Pierre. No place of strength, guarded, in those days, the busy community; but from an earthen breastwork built to command the harbor's entrance, frowned eight pieces of cannon which Gotteville had brought with him, and thirty soldiers of the marine did service as a standing army. A thin fringe of trees was left on the verge of the curving shore overhanging the sea towards Light House Point, above which could be seen a tall black cross. It marked the centre of the consecrated ground, where the toilers of this little community were laid to rest from their toils. No cross or stone now bears any record of those who rest under the shrunken mounds around which the forest has again asserted its sovereignty. That a church was built during St. Pierre's tenure of the Island is certain, but its site is involved in doubt. Father Breslay of the order of Sulpicians was the first curate of Port Lajoie. The church was dedicated to St. John the Evangelist.

When quarrels, mismanagement, and bankruptcy broke up the Company of St. Pierre, the Island reverted to the Crown. The time and weatherworn buildings were taken possession of by the civil and military servants of the government. Again and again were the structures repaired, patched and even propped up, but all to no purpose. At length, after being for a long time comfortless, they became in reality dangerous, and were succeeded by those described on the plan by Franquet.

The grass-covered earth-work which crowns the height, was built by a detachment of British soldiers sent to take possession of Port Lajoie after the last surrender of Louisbourg. My authority for this is a letter of the Abbe Girard, written from Brest to the Abbe of the Isle Dieu, dated 24th January, 1759. M. Girard was parish priest of St. Paul's, Point Prim, and with some three hundred of his parishioners was taken from Port Lajoie in the troop ship "William," bound for St. Malo. In the English Channel, about thirty leagues from land the ship sprung a-leak. Father Girard, the captain and four others escaped in a boat—the rest all perished. "I embarked," says the Abbe in

his letter, "on the 20th October, and set sail from Port Lajoie, where the English have built a small fort, and left 150 men in garrison."

Here I stop, intimately convinced that, in the judgment of many, I have spread my remarks over a surface out of all proportion to my theme. But the heights of Port Lajoie possess a wealth of the material which goes to make history. That material I have by no means exhausted, although I may have succeeded in exhausting the patience of my readers.

JOHN CAVEN.

## The First Spring Flower.

L'ENVOI.

Come with me for a ramble in May,—mid-May!

The warm spring rains have wakened slumbering plant life, and Nature is rising once more from her winter sleep. Her children, the plants, are donning their verdant robes; her choristers are carolling their earliest song. At our feet the glad earth lies vested in a gauzy garment of vaporous warmth; from above the strong sun pours down his brightening, life-giving rays, and the glad sea dances with its myriad, merry lights. Sportive wild fowls fly swiftly near the surface of the rivers, or rest for a space to feed in the shallow, mirrored waters of the flats. Everywhere the hum of life, the gladness of growth and of song. Slumber and stillness of drear winter are past. Nature, awakening, re-marshals her hosts. Old friends have come again to gladden the earth. Let us go on to welcome them!

\* \* \* \*

THE first plant to greet us from its bath of scarce melted snow, the familiar Mayflower, brings to our mind tender recollections of childhood, when, with companions we went to the woods to enjoy the first outing of the year, returning garlanded with the vines of the Twin-flower and the long, creeping stems of the evergreen Snowberry; our hands and baskets filled with spicy-scented Mayflowers and the feathery tufts of the trailing Club-mosses,—"Ground Spruce".

So, when the warm Spring sun had loosed the land from the icy bond of the winter's frost, and the "matchless, rose-lipped, honey-hearted Trailing Arbutus" opened its downy, pale pink flowers to breathe out their exquisite, subtle fragrance upon the balmy, New England air, the Puritan immigrants took heart once more, and, seeing in the blossoms an augury of brighter

days, called the plant after the ship which had brought them to the new land of promise. And so the Ground Laurel was christened the "Mayflower".

This is our first tender blossom of Spring. Let us examine it a little and improve our acquaintance! Its scientific name—*Epigaea repens*, aptly suggests its foremost characteristic: *epi*, upon; *ge*, the ground; *repens*, creeping. See how its woody stems, rooting at the joints, and the slender petioles, or stalks of the leaves, are closely beset with rusty brown hairs! Notice how leathery are its rounded, heart-shaped leaves, so well adapted to resist the destructive action of the moisture in which they are bathed! Do you not wonder why some of these leaves seem so rusty and withered while the frail blossoms are still so young? Nothing more natural, since the leaves were produced the season before, and so well performed their function of providing for the continuance of the plant that they went so far as to secure the formation of the flower buds before the winter snows fell and checked every process of growth. This is why we find small, closely packed flower buds on the Mayflower late in the autumn; this is why so early in spring a few days of warm sunny weather suffice to bring forth the blossom.

See how the flower trusses nestle close to the ground under cover of the thick leaves which protect them against the occasional frosts! It must be insects which fertilize these flowers, for how could the wind waft the pollen from the almost buried blossoms to those upon neighboring plants? If the close student of botany will examine a number of these blooms he will find a structural arrangement of longer and shorter filaments and styles developed to secure the cross-fertilization so eagerly sought after by all highly organized plants now-a-days.

The Mayflower belongs to the family of Heaths, and has many comely relatives in this province,—the crimson-flowered Sheep Laurel, the rusty-leaved Labrador Tea, the showy Rhododendron, the sweet-scented Pyrolas, (commonly but erroneously called "wild lilies of the valley"), the curious, ghost-like Indian Pipe, the Blueberries, the Cranberries and the Huckleberry.

Some of these attract us by their showy blooms, some by their luscious and tempting fruit, but the sweet little Mayflower has a charm of its own,—the charm of association and exquisite fragrance.

LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

## When George IV. was King.

IN the rambling remarks which follow, the reader must not look for severe mental exercise. He—or she—must not expect a carefully weighed judgment on the domestic broils of the august monarch whose name appears at the head of this article, nor even a discussion of that potentate's (imaginary) warlike exploits, his wondrous skill in imposing on his contemporaries, or his taste in waistcoats, shoe-buckles and the like—"we attempt no such lofty themes"—moreover the fate of such an effusion would most likely be to add to the contents of the already overflowing waste basket, and later on to kindle the editorial fire.

There has, however, come into the writer's hands an old volume containing a few numbers of a newspaper published in Charlottetown in the early twenties, and some pickings from its pages may serve to pass away an idle moment, provided always that the readers of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE are sufficiently frivolous to have any idle moments at all.

The question of the mails is one of perennial interest to the people of this fair province, which interest reaches an acute stage, like the rheumatism, about the month of March. Complaints, long and frequent, assail the ears of those in authority, (and incidentally of those not in authority) when the mails are a day or two behind or when a few bags are left to soothe the beasts in the New Brunswick woods, or to gladden the hearts of the post office people at Tormentine.

But what would be the frenzy of denunciation if the news we got in our days were as stale as that which contented our forefathers. It is presumed that they were contented, for no complaints appear on this score in the publication referred to, although a short article may there be found entitled "Man a complaining Animal." Now for an example or two.

One of the numbers is dated July 22nd, 1820—mark that date. The latest news from Boston is dated June 30th, Kingston U. C., is not far behind with news of June 16th; Quebec is a bad third with May 23rd; while nothing has been heard from

London later than May 15th. The evolution of the war correspondent was evidently in its first stages, for, although fighting was going on in Spain, the good people of P. E. I. were fain to be content with fragments of news, obtained as it were accidentally by way of Gibraltar, from which place they were dispatched on the 27th of April.

Now for a couple of official dispatches which may be supposed to have come by express, so to speak.

The Duchess of York died on the 6th of August, and Governor Smith issued a proclamation enjoining a period of official mourning on October 20th. Two months and a half for the news to cross the Atlantic!

Here is another of the same kind. King George III died in the winter: to be precise, he died on the 28th of January, 1820. Three months later (three months, not three days) an imposing function was held at the Court House, Charlottetown, when Fade Goff Esq., Clerk of the Crown, being appointed Herald-at-arms for the occasion, read aloud in the presence of the governor and principal inhabitants of the town the proclamation of the accession of his successor George IV.

In other matters the contrast to the present state of affairs is hardly less striking. The courts in those days met only in Charlottetown, a condition of things which by the way caused a good deal of grumbling. That however was a matter of convenience—or inconvenience, it depended on the point of view. The most striking feature of the case to our eyes consists in some of the sentences pronounced. One man was tried for burning a store, he was convicted, and a few days later he was hanged. Another was tried for stealing—petty larceny—he was flogged, and that was only a part of his punishment. Other instances of the same kind are recorded.

Duelling apparently was not unknown. No instance is recorded in our present authority of a duel in Charlottetown although there is an account of one in Fredericton which resulted fatally. The practice however was already being attacked with a most potent weapon, to wit, ridicule, which it is safe to say had a great deal to do with its unlamented death. Great

wrath appears to have been excited among the young and fiery spirits by an advertisement signed Cornelius O'Trigger, in which that doughty warrior offered his help and countenance to all those who wished to avenge their wounded honour on the field of carnage. No instance is recorded of his offer having been accepted.

Speaking of advertisements brings up the recollection of another which appeared in the same periodical—a serious one this time. In it is announced "The Charlottetown Lottery" of which the drawing was soon to take place with prizes ranging from £10 10s to 6d. "No blanks."

One item of information is worthy of the attention of those who are interested in the history of temperance. It is quoted from a book on the manners and customs of the Russians. The writer who possibly availed himself of the privilege universally accorded to travellers in all ages, states that in a book of etiquette published for the regulation of society in that country appears this note:—"N. B. Ladies not to be drunk before ten o'clock."

Another piece of news seems to carry us back a great deal more than eighty years. An expedition is announced to be about to sail from the United States for the purpose of clearing the seas about the West Indies—particularly Cuba—of pirates.

Freebooters, duels, mouldy news and various other ills could not however entirely damp the spirits of our progenitors. Of this we find a proof in an advertisement which appears in nearly every number of our newspaper, and which makes us open our eyes to see if by any chance we are dreaming. No—there it is in the plainest of old English type, "Charlottetown Theatre" And it was not only small comedies and farces that they played. The company, whose names are not published, are on one occasion to appear in "Romeo and Juliet." Whether our modern amateurs are less competent or more modest must be left to wiser heads to determine (the writer hastens to explain that when he says "wiser heads" he means wiser than his own, not his readers'.) For the rest, the prices were 2s. 6d. a ticket, children half price, and the performances appear to have been given about once a fortnight in the season.

The Militia of that day was—on paper—much more numerous than that of to-day, unless indeed it was, as used to be said of the United States army, mostly officers. It consisted according to newly issued regulations, of ten battalions, each consisting of six to eight companies, besides a troop of cavalry and a battery of artillery. Its numbers may be partially accounted for by a case which we find recorded in the pages we have been exploring. One of the militiamen failed to turn out when a muster was ordered. For this he was fined 5s., and in default of payment, was sent to jail for five days, where in spite of an appeal to the courts, he had to remain in durance vile until he had served his time.

The quarry is by no means worked out, but as this article must stop somewhere, it may as well stop here, for fear that someone may rise up and challenge the truth of the good old Dutch proverb, "Too much is as good as a feast."

T. H. HUNT.

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### A Trip up Peace River.

[N describing my trip up Peace River, so many incidents and thoughts crowd into my mind, I find it hard to untangle them all and place them before you in something like order.

I will not write anything of the journey from Ottawa to Edmonton, N. W. T., as everybody knows that a railway journey is the same everywhere as far as that goes, so will confine myself to the trip proper, from Edmonton northwestward. After arriving at Edmonton our first duty was to buy a sufficient number of pack and saddle horses to convey our outfit and ourselves on our long journey. We were rather fortunate in securing twenty-three good horses,—five saddle and eighteen pack horses—then hiring packers to look after them and to pack our tents, provisions, etc., as packing is quite a profession, and a very interesting thing to look at, to the tenderfoot; but one gets over the interesting part very quickly. After all arrangements were completed, we got ready on July 8th last and pulled out of

town, with the good wishes of the people of Edmonton following us. If I undertook to describe each day's experience, I would fill many pages, so will condense my remarks considerably. We arrived at Lesser Slave Lake, 285 miles from Edmonton on July 25th and there rested our horses for eight days, as they were all sore from their pack saddles. Lesser Slave Lake is about seventy-five miles in length and from one to twenty miles wide, is very shallow except in the centre. The lake teems with white fish of superior quality and also pike, and enormous quantities are caught by the Indians in nets, the fish being their staple food.

We left the lake on the second stage of our journey for Peace River, the scene of our work for the next six months, the distance between the lake and river being eighty-six miles—and after an uneventful trip of three days reached the river on the afternoon of the 4th August. When I reached the banks of the Peace, which are about 1000 feet high, the scene which presented itself was delightful—the river threading its way through its deep valley to the Great Slave Lake, where it ends—to-be taken up by the mighty Mackenzie River and continued to the Arctic Ocean. The Peace River, where we crossed it, is about 1300 feet wide with a 4 knot current, so we were rather anxious regarding the welfare of our horses. Having camped over night on the south bank we began our preparations for crossing at day-break the following morning and performed the task in three hours, doing the work ourselves, instead of hiring the Indian who ferries Klondykers going north.

Now the third part of our journey began, to end at Hudson's Hope, a post of the Hudson's Bay Co., just below the great canon of the Peace, the distance being about 275 miles. After a pleasant journey we arrived at the Hope on August 23rd, our horses, after a journey of 665 miles, being in far better condition than they were when leaving Edmonton, speaking well for the nutritious grasses of Peace River Valley. Our mode of travel now was by boat from the west end of the canon to the confluence of the Parsnip and Finlay rivers about eighty miles. We therefore portaged what provisions, etc., were necessary for this last part of our trip to the west end of the canon, and obtaining a



boat left there by returning prospectors, proceeded up river. At Hudson's Hope, the east range of the Rocky Mountains begins, and the Peace is bounded on either side by them. The canon is caused by the river having cut its way through the mountains, and it presents a grand and wild sight. Our party were the first white men who have ever seen the whole canon; having explored it completely.

I will now continue up river and speak of the canon later. We arrived at the western end of our journey on September 8th, just two months from the time we left Edmondton, the event being commemorated by a wild-goose dinner, we having shot the geese the previous day. Our work now began, we having to explore the country 200 miles eastward along the Peace. The weather was simply delightful, and the views I obtained from the mountains daily repaid the labor of ascending them. We were very fortunate regarding our supply of game, getting all the black ducks and mountain trout we could eat—a pleasant change from bacon and beans. We also obtained some moose meat, which was delicious.

We arrived at the canon on October 8th, having worked the eighty miles successfully. Then our troubles commenced, for the weather began to break. The country was rough in the extreme, and having to use horses again, our progress was much slower. It is wonderful to see how a pack horse will walk on a path six to eight inches wide, on the side of a mountain with a depth of over a thousand feet below him and the same above, where one false step meant the loss of a horse and his pack. I felt very nervous at first riding along these precipices, but one can get used to almost anything in this kind of life. We found two bears' dens in the canon and were lucky enough to shoot five bears, which were in prime condition for eating, having just gone into their dens for the winter after a summers feeding on the numerous kinds of berries growing on the mountain sides and valleys. We hoped to reach Hudson's Hope Post in ten days from the 10th of October, but having got astray among the mountains we did not reach the Hope until November 18th, after as hard an experience as most men would wish for.

We had four months supplies within thirty miles, but could find no way out to them, and had to shoot and eat one of our pack horses to keep from starvation, having lived on pea soup for a week before. One of our men left camp and struck across over the mountains, reached the Hope and obtained flour, bacon, sugar, evaporated apples, etc., and with the help of two Klondikers tracked the supplies up the Canon full of running ice, as far as possible, and then started over the mountain for our camp, with the food on their backs. What a gorge of hot biscuits we had that night,—ten of us ate fifty pounds in one day—we had been twelve days without a bite of bread or biscuit. We then found a way out of our dilemma and cut a trail over the mountains to Hudson's Hope.

To see the way our horses would slide down the mountains with their packs on is really wonderful, a horse from the East would break its neck at once, but these tough little horses think nothing of it. After reaching Hudson's Hope, we rested our horses for a week, then started down the river on the ice, having made some sleds for the horses to take the outfit along.

Winter had now set in in earnest the thermometer having dropped some days as low as  $50^{\circ}$  below zero. We had now one hundred miles more work to finish along the river, so while the men conveyed our camps, etc. along each day, the engineer and staff continued the work of exploration.

We reached Fort Dunvegan two days before Christmas and there rested, as our horses were played out, and we had to shoot six of them on our journey so far. We left Dunvegan on December 26th, for Peace River Crossing, about sixty miles down river. This was the coldest part of our homeward journey the thermometer going as low as  $63^{\circ}$  below zero one day, and for a whole week the glass averaged about  $50^{\circ}$ . Cold living in a tent. I stood the cold far better than I ever hoped to and did not get nipped at all. This snap ended on January 2nd, 1899, and from then until we reached Edmonton, the weather was delightful, the thermometer averaging about  $25^{\circ}$  below zero.

After leaving the Peace River, we again took our old trail of last summer to Lesser Slave Lake, reaching it in two and a

half days, then we travelled on the ice down the Lake to Lesser Slave River, and down that river to Athabaska Landing, a Hudson Bay Post which is ninety six miles north of Edmonton, arriving there on January 18th. Leaving there on the 19th, we reached Edmonton again at 7 30 a. m. on the 21st, having travelled all night, glad to reach civilization again after six months constant roughing it. After paying off our men etc., we left for Ottawa, reaching there on February. 1st.

F. DEC. DAVIES.

### The Colossal Liar's Story.

"I HAD a funny experience to-day," remarked the Colossal Liar, as he made room for his feet near the cheerful camp-fire. The Story Teller pitched an armful of wood upon the blaze, while the Major said, staring straight up into the clear sky, "Looks as though it might blow pretty soon."

"Yes, sir, the most funny experience I ever had; I went over to the little pond (which, be it known, lay about a quarter of a mile behind our camp, in the woods), thinking that I might possibly get a few trout in there. I don't like this bass fishing, anyway; it's too dum lazy, paddling around in a boat all day, only making a cast now and then. You know where the little point juts out about two rods on the south side?" Nobody said a word. "Well, I thought I would stand out on that point, where I would have good, clear casting into the best water; if there were any trout in there, I wanted them.

"I sat down at the edge of the woods, rigged my tackle, and then stepped out on the point. There is a strip of tall grass on the beach, and looking over it I saw one of these 'ere long-legged cranes; he seemed to be asleep, and before I thought, I swung my rod and made a lashing cast that carried the line whirling around his legs. He gave a wild screech of surprise, like a woman who has been caught bathing, and started to fly. Then I realized what a scrape I was in. He took that line out faster than it ever reeled off before, and the first thing I knew he was at the end of his rope, and I was hanging on to that rod

for dear life ; it sprung and bent like a blade of grass, and for one blessed instant I thought the good old friend was a goner. Then old long-legs seemed to lose heart, for he fell with a splash into the water. Say ! You never saw such an exhibition of ground and lofty swimming in your day and generation. He sputtered, and spluttered, and splashed around there, with sometimes his head out of water, and sometimes his heels, for a full ten minutes, and would have drowned, I guess, if I had not hauled him ashore, hand over hand.

"He lay still on the sand for a second or two, and I began to consider what on earth to do with him. All at once he started off on a dead run along the beach, like a greyhound. Say ! I laughed to see him go it ; he put me in mind of Old Redoubtable, there, the day he ran afoul of the hornets' nest. The old idiot had somehow got the line tangled around his legs and wings, so that he could not fly again ; but the way he made three-toed tracks in the sand was a caution ; and all the time he was yelling and squalling to frighten the devil. Of course, that fun could not last long ; pretty soon the line caught around something solid and snapped, and away that fool bird ran faster than ever, and yelling like a scared dog ; he's going yet, I know, and he won't stop tonight, either. Ha ! ha ! ha !" and the Colossal Liar threw back his head and made the woods ring with peal on peal of laughter, in which we all came in strong on the chorus.

"So of course you did not get any trout?" said the Story Teller.

"Get any trout? Say ! It was all I could do to get home ; I had to stop every rod and laugh an hour over that performance." Ha ! ha ! ha !"

Then the Inveterate Fisherman joined the circle ; he had just come in. "Say, old man," said he to the Liar, "I took your rod today ; my tip needs splicing ; but I knew you were off with your gun, and wouldn't use it. Hope you don't mind, especially as I brought home a few nice ones."

The Colossal Liar straightened up with a jerk ; then, seeing some warlike preparations on the part of the Major, he suddenly had business away from the vicinity.

"Cussed Ananias," remarked the latter, wrathfully, as he threw the club which he had seized upon the fire; "making me laugh till my sides are sore over a fool lie that did not come near enough to the truth to impose on an idiot."

And out on the water a loon yelled in the moonrise,  
Ha ! ha ! ha ! —D. F. H. in "Forest and Stream."

## When We Began to Kick, and How We Do It.

### A SKETCH OF FOOTBALL IN THE PROVINCE.

FOOTBALL has been a safety-valve for the surplus energies of many of Prince Edward Island's sons for nearly half a century. Just what individual, school or club stands sponsor for its introduction the writer is unable to say. Even the memory of that usually referred to, but by no means reliable, authority in matters of an unrecorded nature—the oldest inhabitant—fails to accurately recall the name of the sturdy one who first set us akicking. Doubtless the game had its beginning in one of our schools or colleges, where the enthusiasm of some youthful student effervesced to such a degree upon reading "Tom Brown's Schooldays," that he resolved upon emulating the deeds of Old Brooke and Crab Jones.

When it is stated that football had its devotees for the period mentioned it is not to be inferred that during all these years contests were governed by the Football Association, or the Rugby Union code of laws, or that the object upon which the players directed the best efforts of their pedal extremities was similar to the pigskin of the present day. Oh no! in ye olden time "the good old days," the veterans style it, a certain portion of the interior machinery of a porker, or a canvas-made, straw-stuffed object, with no particular claim upon rotundity, and called a "cod," were much more in evidence than the bounding sphere. Then too, the right to appeal to an official to penalize the team offending against off-side laws, or to send to the lines the player who felt like testing the thickness of the cuticle

covering the shins, was unknown. For the last mentioned offence the only recourse in the way of satisfaction was to possess one's soul in patience, and, when the offender least expected reprisals, to administer as strong a dose in kind. In employing this method of retaliation though, no little mental

Stewart. Leigh. Moore. Cameron. D. J. Macdonald. McNeill. Gordon.



Whear. P. Macdonald. G. E. Robinson. Weeks. Æ. A. Macdonald.  
Kennedy. D. H. Robinson. Shaw.

### THE FIRST RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM IN THE PROVINCE—ABEGWEITS, 1886.

splicing was necessary: the size of the offender, his ability in a game of fisticuffs and the probable issue of the second concussion had, as the politicians say, to receive serious consideration.

The method of play which obtained in the early days was something akin to that of the Association game of to-day. That

shin-barking bore an important part in the contests of the time is palpable from what old timers relate. It then best conduced to one's comfort, though not to easy motion, to wear what is known as the sea-boot, or the nearest approach thereto. It was also worth remembering that the larger the leg of the boot the greater could be the quantity of straw pressed within to serve as a buffer. Such primitive shin guards served their purpose well, and so it was that the team which could procure the largest boots, kick the hardest and land most frequently upon the vulnerable part of their opponents shins, usually came out on top. Perchance it was some such amenities as these which made the footballer *persona non grata* during the reign of King James I and led to the promulgation of his dictum:—"From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises as the football, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof." There was then no Tom Hughes or Conan Doyle to portray the beauties of the game and make the blood of old Rugbeians tingle by the spirited passages to be found in the former's school-day tales, and in the latter's romance "The Firm of Girdlestone."

But chaos gave way to order and brute strength to science when in the autumn of 1884, Rugby made its obeisance. Henceforward all matches were conducted under its well-defined rules. Among those to whom belongs the honor of its introduction were A. Ernest Ings, George E. and D. Hooper Robinson, Albert H. McNeill, Æneas A. Macdonald, W. A. Weeks Jr, Kenneth J. Martin, Daniel J. Macdonald and Charles Kennedy. With some others they organized the Abegweit Football Club. The name was chosen on account of its meaning, "Abegweit" being the Micmac for "island" and meaning literally "anchored on the billow" or "asleep on the wave." The club at once went into training, but not until the spring of 1886, did its members feel justified in testing the metal of which they were made. The Pictou N. S., team were their first opponents, the match being played at that town on 24th May, 1886. Luckily, perhaps, for the future of football in the Province the Abegweits' first venture was baptized in victory, their bluenose foemen being worsted by a try to nothing. During the next five years

we find Abegweit warriors engaging the crack teams of Nova Scotia. Thirteen times did the club send forth its fifteen braves to meet the doughty kickers from across the strait, and thirteen times did these self-same braves return unconquered. It remained for home-made brawn and muscle to administer the only defeat the Abegweits ever received. The story of these encounters can best be told by appending the following summary of the matches played :—

1886, May 24, at Pictou, N. S.—Abegweits vs. Pictou. Won by a try to nothing.

1886, Nov. 18, at Pictou, N. S.—Abegweits vs. Wanderers. Draw, 0 to 0.

1886, Nov. 19, at Pictou, N. S.—Abegweits vs. Dalhousie College. Draw, 0 to 0.

1886, Nov. 20, at Pictou, N. S.—Abegweits vs. Pictou. Won by 1 goal and 2 trys to nothing.

1887, May 24, at Pictou, N. S.—Abegweits vs. Pictou. Won by 1 try to nothing.

1887, Nov. 17, at Ch'town.—Abegweits vs. Dalhousie College. Draw, 0 to 0.

1888, May 24, at Ch'town.—Abegweits vs. Pictou. Draw, 1 try to 1 try.

1888, Nov. 3, at Ch'town.—Abegweits vs. St. Dunstan's College. Lost, 0 to 2 trys.

1889, May 24, at Pictou—Abegweits vs. Pictou. Won by 3 goals to 0.

1890, May 24, at New Glasgow, N. S.—Abegweits vs. New Glasgow. Won by 1 goal and a try to a try.

1890, Nov. 4, at Ch'town.—Abegweits vs. Duke of Wellington Regimental team. Draw, 0 to 0.

1890, Nov. 6, at Halifax, N. S.—Abegweits vs. Wanderers. Won by a goal to 0.

1890, Nov. 7, at Halifax, N. S.—Abegweits vs. Dalhousie College. Draw, 0 to 0.

1891, May 24, at Ch'town.—Abegweits vs. New Glasgow. Won by 1 goal and 2 trys to 0.



Eighteen hundred and ninety-one saw the last of the Abegweits. One by one the old guard either gave up the game or removed from the Province. The junior clubs which had grown up under the aegis of the parent organization, were by this time

Dr. J. A. Johnstone. Whear. Moore. Leigh. H. T. Macdonald, J. J. Macdonald. R. H. Macdonald



McNeill. D. H. Robinson. Ings. G. E. Robinson. Sullivan. Matheson.  
Rundle. Dr. H. D. Johnson.

### ABEGWEITS, 1890.

worthy of the name of seniors, and likewise jealous of their own existence. Gradually they won the allegiance of Abegweit players yet willing to follow the game, until almost a whole team was enlisted. The remnant which remained felt unequal to the task of further piloting the blue and white to victory, and as a result the pioneer Rugby club of the Province ceased to exist as a factor in the football world.

The players of the club, with the exception of seven, were all initiated into the mysteries of the game upon the local grid-iron. These seven were, Ings, who learned the game at Cheltenham College, England; Geo. E. Robinson, McNeill, Martin and Stewart, who played for Dalhousie College; and Dr. H. D. Johnson and Weeks, who mastered passes and tackles as quarterback and half-back respectively, at old McGill. Cameron, of the team of '86, afterwards in '89 and '90 lent his strength to push Queen's University fifteen to victory on many an occasion. He was considered one of the best forwards then at the game in the Upper Provinces. Gordon and Kennedy, also of the same team, afterwards played respectively for Dalhousie and the Wanderers.

So phenomenal was the success of the club that to the casual observer it may appear as if luck were a constituent element of its makeup—a sort of sixteenth man on match days. To those however who argued it out with its players no such thought will come. Good, clean, scientific football always marked their play and mere knack or trickery contributed nothing to their victories. With a back division, strong alike in aggressiveness and defence, and the peer individually of the best then at the game in Canada, it was by no means an easy trick for antagonists to score the points that tell. With Ings, the two Robinsons and Percy Macdonald behind the forwards, he was indeed a strong and nimble one who would pierce the quartette and cross the chalk line in their rear. The "Dukes" paid tribute to Abegweit worth when they asserted that the quality of football given them that chill November day in '90 was the best they had seen since leaving England. And they were no weaklings or novices at the kicking art. Nor was this all. When presenting its bouquets after lengthy descriptions of the Abegweit-Wanderers, and Abegweit-Dalhousie matches of '90 the Halifax Recorder said:—"Football enthusiasts who failed to witness yesterday's game between the Abegweits and the Dalhousie College Club, missed the most interesting game ever played in this city. Such excitement has not been seen at a football game here before. Charlottetown should be proud of its team. The visitors are as gentlemanly a lot of players as ever played the

game. They have a splendid set of forwards and good backs. They put up a grand game against Dalhousie—the third in four days, the off day being devoted to travelling.”

Already I have exceeded the space at my disposal. In a succeeding number I shall tell of the clubs which followed the Abegweits, and of the tussles in which the rival college clubs engaged in their endeavors to uphold the honor of Alma Mater.

J. M. SULLIVAN.

### Canada, Dieu et Mon Droit.

O Canada the fairest, Canada the dearest ;  
Canada the home of the free.  
The land of peace and plenty,  
A glorious happy country,  
Growing 'neath the shady maple tree.

Chorus : Dieu et mon Droit  
Hurrah boys ! Hurrah !  
We'll rally round the maple,  
Victoria's loyal people.  
Dieu et mon Droit  
Hurrah boys ! Hurrah !

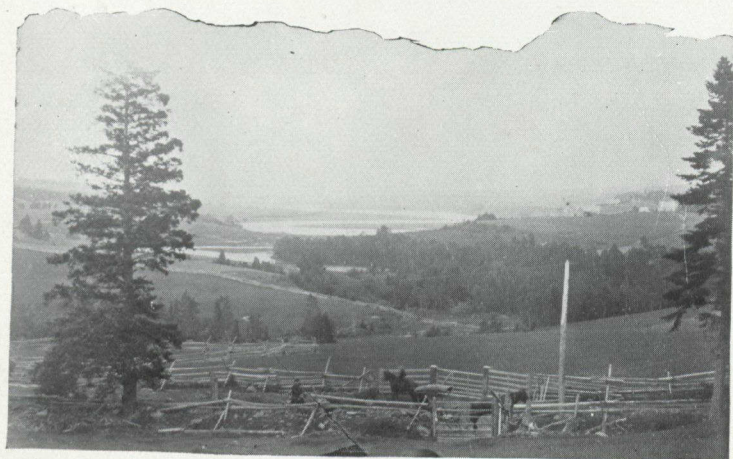
O Canada the daughter, England the Mother ;  
Canadians, a blend of nations three—  
Uniting rose and lily,  
In their spotless grace and beauty,  
With leaf of the shady maple tree.

Chorus : Dieu et mon Droit  
Hurrah boys ! Hurrah !  
We'll rally round the maple, |  
To Queen a loyal people.  
Dieu et mon Droit  
Hurrah boys ! Hurrah !

O Canada praise Him, in all your councils raise Him,  
Father, Son and Spirit, One in Three.  
A joyous nation singing  
The sweeter pœans of Heaven,  
Ringing as the anthem of the free.

Chorus : Dieu et mon Droit  
Hurrah boys ! Hurrah !  
We'll rally round the maple,  
To God a praising people.  
Dieu et mon Droit  
Hurrah boys ! Hurrah !

—F. J. NASH.



FARM SCENES AT WEST RIVER

## West River One Hundred Years Ago.

IN giving a few incidents of early life in this locality, I wish to confine my remarks chiefly to the peninsula of land situated in Lot 65, and bounded on one side by West River and on the other by Hillsborough Bay.

About 1800 it is said the whole of this Lot was sold for the quit rents for the munificent sum of thirty-nine pounds, but my informant is not sure whether it was British sterling or Island currency. It has also been said that the sale took place at Charlottetown before the advertised time, so that some of the would-be purchasers were too late; however, it was bought by General Fanning and Mr. Cambridge, one half each.

This Lot has more than ordinary interest attached to it from being the landing place of the British at the time of the capitulation of the Island (then called St. John's) by the French. They landed from a man-of-war at Canoe Cove, on the farm now occupied by F. McRae, and cut a road through the woods, about the centre of the peninsula, until they reached Fort Amherst on Warren Farm. One of the camping grounds on the trip is a place on Mr. John Smith's farm, close to South shore Road, in a hollow just below Mr. Newson's gate, and the writer remembers seeing old bottles, crockeryware, and other odd relics of their stay at this place. This was before the surrounding land was cleared of the forest, and the small clearance for the camping ground clearly defined the spot, in addition to the above reminders. Their delay here no doubt was to recuperate after their tedious work of clearing the roads and hauling their arms, ammunition and stores, the better to enable them to face the formidable foe they expected soon to encounter. It appears that in this expectation they were agreeably disappointed, for the invading forces were allowed to take peaceable possession of the fort without even firing a shot. This road which the troops used can still be located in places, especially at the crossing of Ferguson's Creek, where the remains of the old bridge built by the soldiers may still be seen. It was the only road in that locality for many years, and Ferguson, the grand-father of the present

generation of that name, informed his family that he performed statute labor on it.

Another place of early note is Holland's Cove, which is part of the farm of that name, near the blockhouse, now owned by Mr. T. A. McLean, of Charlottetown. It was formerly owned by Capt. Holland, who was sent here by the British Government in 1760, shortly after the Island was taken from the French, to survey it and subdivide it into counties and townships.

In times gone by Holland's Cove was said to be the resort of pirates, and part of Capt. Kidd's treasures at least was said to be buried there; however this may be, many stories of gold hunting, kidnapping and other fairy tales have been repeated by the older inhabitants of that locality.

General Fanning came to the Island after the American Revolution in 1786 and settled on Warren Farm. With him also came Sergeant Mutch, who lived with him for several years afterwards. He was the forefather of the several families who bear his name, most of whom live at East River, Lot 48. Another man, named Ladner, also came to the Island with him, and settled at Nine Mile Creek, who afterwards built mills known by his name, but they have long since gone to decay. Many of his descendants are still living there and elsewhere.

Another of the early pioneers was Surveyor Fox, who as far as I can learn, was the only land surveyor on the Island at that time (after Surveyor General Holland). His name has gone down to posterity, owing partly to the many "line fence lawsuits" which unhappily occupy the attention of our courts of justice. He settled on the farm now occupied by John Holmes, about a mile from Rocky Point and many of his descendants are still living. He was said to be rather witty, and on one occasion after a meal "thanked God that the spotted ox had fed ten men and one Fox."

Ferguson married Fox's daughter and lived on the adjoining farm now occupied by Jas. McMillan. Many of his descendants reside in that vicinity and elsewhere.

In order to give a little idea of what the early settlers had to contend with, his wife (then an old lady) informed the father of the writer some sixty years ago that she had seen six bears at

one time playing on a sand bar at Ferguson's Creek. Many of the pioneers who settled in this locality were American Loyalists, who, rather than sacrifice their British allegiance, left the States after the American Revolution to seek homes on British soil and face the dangers and hardships consequent to settlement in the forest among the Indians and wild beasts, who at that time held undisputed possession of nearly all the Province. Another class came from the heather-clad hills of Scotland to seek a home in this far-off, then wilderness, land for the noble purpose of being their own landlords and to provide their families with better opportunities than they could hope for in the old land.

Among the latter, who arrived in 1806, was the McNell family of three brothers, Alexander, Dougald, and Charles; the latter father of our late respected fellow townsman, A. McNeill, Esq., just deceased. They all took farms at New Dominion, which are still occupied by some of their descendants. Another early pioneer was McDougald, who, over 100 years ago, settled on the farm three miles from Rocky Point, now occupied by his grandson, Malchias McIsaac (now an old man). There was also about this period one McKee, who lived on the farm now occupied by Andrew Dickieson at New Dominion. He had two sons, who lived at Rocky Point, but died many years ago; one of whom, Montague, was the father of Wm. McKie, carriage builder of Charlottetown. McKie the elder lived in the days when we could boast of our coast defences, and it is said that while coming from town in a boat with an artilleryman (who was one of a company stationed at the Blockhouse) the boat upset and both were drowned. There also came to the Island about this time Neil Campbell who had been an old "man o' war" sailor, and fought under Admiral Nelson at the Battle of the Nile. He settled at Nine Mile Creek, on a farm leased from Mrs. Fanning, and was said to be sometimes rather dull of hearing, especially when the rent was due. On one occasion his landlady asked Neil for the rent, and, perhaps not prepared for that particular question, he replied; "that was a very hot day in Egypt, Ma'am". She repeated the question and received a somewhat similar reply. However, the landlady thought she

would change the subject as it was getting rather monotonous, and she said in a low tone ; " Will you have a glass of brandy, Neil ? " when the response immediately came ; " if its handy ma'am " .

In about the year 1818, Wm. White came from England and shortly afterwards settled on the farm formerly owned by Surveyor Fox previously named. He was a draughtsman and shipbuilder, and said to be the only draughtsman on the Island at that time. He built several vessels for Ewen Cameron, at Clyde River and later on for himself on his own farm, and afterwards many more at North Point and Charlottetown. His sons also followed the same business, and built a number of vessels in Charlottetown and elsewhere. There are only two now living—William, formely of Charlottetown, but now of Montague, and Thomas, who resides in New York.

Another early pioneer was a man named Seeley; he lived on the farm at present occupied by R. Webster. He began to build a vessel for Rhaito Webster, late of this city ; but before she was completed a forest fire started and she was destroyed by it. She was being built on Webster's Creek and was the first vessel built at West River. On the opposite side of the creek and within a gunshot of the former spot, the last vessel on that river was also built, the brig " Atlanta " . This was in 1868. She was built by E. McMillan, the latter being now one of the oldest inhabitants in that vicinity, having settled there sixty two years ago, before there was a ferry of any kind at Rocky Point. It was only about that time that roads were opened and made passable for vehicles. The first ferry from Rocky Point to town was run by Capt. Hubbard, about sixty years ago, when there was no wharf at that place, nor for many years afterwards. He lived about a mile from there for some years, and afterwards removed to Alberton with his family. After this the Indians were ferrymen for some years, and several others in succession down to the present time when the steamer Elfin plys regularly to that point.

South Shore was settled about eighty years ago. One of the first to locate there was Laurence Murphy, the grandfather of the present generation, who by their thrift and industry have



some of the finest homesteads to be seen on the Island. Both this, and the West River settlements, have advanced with the age in which we live and in some instances are far ahead of their neighbors; which is conclusive evidence that the settlers had proper training and were the descendants of good stock.

Few of the present generation know anything, except by hearsay, of what the early settlers had to contend with. Among other discouragements they had to face the forest, fell the mighty beech, birch or other trees that abounded so plentifully, burn them up, and plant their scanty crop with the hoe between the stumps. Their fare was simple; they had no roads to travel on, but had to follow around the shores and wade the creeks; or, if they wanted to cross the river to town or elsewhere it was in a log canoe. If they wanted to take any cattle over they had to swim them. The bears and wildcats also were very numerous and dangerous, and many people lost their lives by them.

R. McMILLAN.

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### Wild Flowers of Spring.

PROBABLY before what I write has been imprinted on the page of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, many will have gone to the forest glades to gather the Mayflower as it unfolds its bloom in sheltered nooks and dells. Winter has hardly withdrawn its mantle of white, and advancing spring dispelled its chilling influence, before this beauty of our woodlands springs forth, exhibiting its delicately tinted blossoms. The Mayflower loves the shade and grows most abundantly beneath the spreading branches of the spruce and fir. The low and extended branches of these trees, shelter the plant from strong winds and preserve a slow evaporation from the soil underneath. Thus are maintained the cool and moist conditions of the air which favor the growth of the Mayflower.

From the following lines of Whittier, we would almost infer

that the conditions under which it grows here and in New England are not the same :

Sad Mayflower! watched by winter stars  
And nursed by winter gales,  
With petals of the sleeted spars  
And leaves of frozen sails.

It blooms much earlier in New England than it does here, the winters being less severe. Its stiff, leathery, evergreen leaves are formed during the previous autumn and endure through the winter, "watched by winter stars and nursed by winter gales." Here it usually precedes by a few days only many other spring flowers and introduces the summer, for the transition from winter to summer is short, if change of temperature, not seasonal change is considered. "Joyous Mayflower," we well might say, as it heralds the coming summer, the season of joy to the lover of flowers.

*Epigaea repens*, the name in botanical science given to this plant, signifies creeping on the earth. The name rightly indicates its habit. It is known by three different names in English: the one already mentioned, ground laurel, and trailing arbutus. We can understand why the two last names have been given to it, from this trailing habit, associated with some resemblance to the laurel and arbutus. But whence comes the name Mayflower? Is it from its presumed appearance in May? In a record of the flowering of this plant for six consecutive years, for one year only is its first flowering assigned to the month of May. The name which it bears amongst us has not apparently been given to it on account of its time of blooming. It has been said that it received this name from the Plymouth Pilgrims who, after their first winter in America, which was to them a severe one, were apprised of the coming of Spring by the blooming of this flower. In their gladness they christened it in remembrance of the ship the "Mayflower" which bore them across the Atlantic. Another plant, the Hawthorn, from its connection with the old May-day games, was known to them as the Mayflower. The stem of the Mayflower is covered with rusty hairs which take root as it lies prostrate on the ground and give rise to new plants. This mode of reproduction, in addition

to the more general one by seeds, would soon make the Mayflower an abundant plant in our woodlands if left undisturbed. It is too often plucked up, flower, stem and root, by the hands of many admirers, who thus thoughtlessly contribute to the extermination of a plant which is the favorite of all, old and young, for its fragrance and beauty. Lovers of the Mayflower, spare the Mayflower, for if its haunts are as eagerly sought, and the plant as heedlessly uprooted in other parts as in the neighbourhood of Charlottetown, the years are not many hence when it will be completely extirpated.

Another plant of the same order, or family, the Heath family, blooms not long after the Mayflower. It is the Leather-Leaf. Botanists call it *Cassandra calyculata*. It is a shrub as large as a gooseberry or currant bush, with a small white flower, very much like the flower of the blueberry. It grows in bogs and marshy places. It is not however common, particularly in the neighborhood of Charlottetown.

In similar situations may be seen the *Rhodora* (*Rhodora Canadensis*) with its conspicuous, brilliant, purple flowers. It is commoner than the Leather-Leaf, and blooms about the same time.

Here are three plants, the three just described, which belong to the same family, the Heaths, all early bloomers.

The Heather (*Calluna vulgaris*) which excites the enthusiastic admiration of the Scot—is another member of this numerous and widespread family. As it has been found in New England, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, it is not altogether improbable that it may occur here also. Some years ago, a friend informed me that he had seen it growing in Charlottetown under window cultivation, and was told that the plants he saw, had been found somewhere along the West River. I have never, however, been able to obtain such information as would verify or disprove this statement.

The violets also are early blooming flowers and are found in all parts of the Island. All that we see here are stemless or acaulescent, bearing heart-shaped, long-petioled, radical leaves. Until last year, two only were known to grow here, the sweet

white violet (*Viola blanda*) and the common blue violet (*V. cucullata*.) A third and a new species (*V. Watsoni*) which I suppose may be translated Watson's violet, was found during the past summer blooming in the vicinity of Suffolk. When submitted to a specialist in this department of Botany he determined it to be a new species, new to science is the phrase used on such an occasion, and gave it the specific name mentioned above, after the finder. The flower is white and resembles the bland violet.

Violets generally grow in shady situations, but it is not uncommon to find them blooming in the open field. The quality denoted by the poet's lines

"The violet tells her tale  
To the odor-scented gale,"

will scarcely apply to our violets, the white one only being slightly odorous. The garden pansies are derivatives from three species, none of which grow here, and of which the Heartsease (*V. Tricolor*) is the principal.

The Marsh Marigold (*Caltha palustris*), the "Winking Mary-bud" of Shakespeare, grows in marshy meadows and beside water. It has a hollow and furrowed stem, bears cordate leaves and a flower with a golden yellow calyx. It is used in some places as a potherb under the name of Cowslips, but it belongs to the same family as the Buttercup. Primrose is another name sometimes erroneously applied to it.

The golden bloom of the Dandelion (*Taraxicum dens leonis*) flecks meadow, pasture and roadside in spring and early summer.

Dear common flower that growest beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.

It belongs to the Sunflower or Aster family and is the first of that family we see in flower, for, with few exceptions, they bloom when summer is well advanced. The leaves of the Dandelion grow from the short stem at the surface of the ground, and the head of flowers or florets is borne on a slender hollow scape. The seeds, of which a single head is said to produce one hundred and thirty-five, bear plumes by which they are supported in the air, exhibiting a good instance of one form

of plant locomotion. The seed, — the embryonic stage or babyhood of the plant is ordinarily its locomotive stage.

Many other wild flowers, which embellish field and forest in spring, might be mentioned, but space-limit will not permit even the enumeration of their names.

"The welcome flowers are blossoming  
 In joyous troops revealed;  
 They lift their dewy buds and bells  
 In garden, mead, and field  
 They lurk in every sunless path  
 Where forest children tread,  
 They dot like stars the sacred turf  
 Which lies above the dead.  
 From the green marge of lake and stream,  
 Fresh vale and mountain sod,  
 They look in gentle glory forth,  
 The pure sweet flowers of God."

JOHN MCSWAIN.

In Mr. McSwain's paper, "Wild Flowers of Spring," the locality in which Mr. Watson found the Violet new to science should read "Winter River" instead of "Suffolk."

## Notes and Queries, Correspondence, Reviews.

### Old P. E. Island Coins.

An old friend, Mr. J. T. Rowe, writes us from Ship Harbor, N. S., the following regarding old P. E. Island Coins:—

There was one I was particularly familiar with. That was "Speed the Plough and Success to the Fisheries," inasmuch as I over deluged the city of St. John's Nfld., with 800 lbs weight of them, so much so, that the press handled me pretty roughly about them and forced the then Government to issue a copper coinage of their own. In 1860, the first batch I took out with me to that place was on my way out to Charlottetown to settle up my affairs on the Island, 400 lbs. weight of which I exchanged for silver and gold in three days. These tokens were struck off by Ralph Eaton & Co., Birmingham, G. B., who coined them at 90 to the lb of copper, the usual number being 80, which was detected, and the only apology I could make, was, that they were more portable and convenient for the breeches pocket, and infinitely superior to their then miscellaneous rubbish, such as brass buttons, flattened, and even iron, shaped round, without any figure-heads or hieroglyphics upon them, and others from every nation under the sun. Another reason I urged, was that they were governed, as in other trade matters, by supply and demand. The other 400 lbs. I sent out in 1859 by the Lever Line through Ireland (then in existence) and by steamer from Galway to St. John's, getting there just in nick o' time, and were disposed of by my agents, Clift, Wood & Co., and it is needless to say, if they had not checked me in time, I might have flooded the country, may be with a ton of them. You see, I had supplied them with about 72,000—equal to 30.2 coppers per capita—the population

then being about 20,000, so it was no wonder the Government of the time "smelled the rat." The cost of them to me was 1s 9d, sterling, per lb., and the 90, equal to 3s 9d per pound, land currency. That was rather too good a thing to throw over one's shoulder. Eh? Not likely for Joseph in those days.

### The Plague of Mice.

"I have seen the Prince Edward Island Magazine of April, 1899, in which you wish some information about the plague of mice in P. E. Island. In 1814, the last year of the mice, a great part of the grain was destroyed. Those who dug ditches around their grainfields protected them from the mice. Mr. W. W. Lord who lived at Tryon at that time at his father's, told me that they only saved a small field of barley that year. Mr. Alex. Anderson, surveyor, told me he remembered in 1814 he saw a field of wheat of sixteen bushels sowing. When near ripe it was attacked by an army of mice, and not a vestige left standing of the whole field. The field was owned by Mr. McFarlane of Bedeque. A Mr. John Baker, (Grandpa Baker) late of Summerside told me that the mice were very thick in the fields in 1814. He was living at Wilmot Creek, above the bridge on the south side, with his father and mother, and he went down to the river with his sister one morning in summer. The mice were drowned and lay dead on the shore like a roll of sea-weed. There were only a few left on land alive.

I have kept a diary for many years commencing in 1832, so I can refer to some things that happened long ago.

I find that flour was sold in 1837 for \$15 and \$16 a barrel and was scarce at that. One man got a few barrels brought home by some schooner after night and employed men to stump the land at 6 lbs. flour for a day's work. He would sell none of it for cash or credit. Wheat sold by me in 1854 at \$2 a bushel and flower at \$12 a barrel."—W. B. Tuplin.

### The Mice, De Roberval, and Holland Cove.

"Bise" writes the Magazine from Boston:—"Myths and Legends Beyond our Borders", published in 1898, by the Lippincott Company, mentions the plague of mice in Prince Edward Island in the seventeenth century, and states there was one in Pictou in 1815.

In the story of de Roberval: Marguerite, her lover, and the nurse are put ashore off the Isle of Demons (Quipon, near the Newfoundland coast.) The lover and the nurse die, but Marguerite is rescued the third winter, and taken back to France, where her kin welcome her.

There is a story called "The Shadow of Holland Cove." This relates that the first white settler, Captain Holland, a surveyor, came there in 1764, with a half-breed wife, who was drowned by going out on unsafe ice to look for her husband. The legend ends with this; "If you disbelieve in spirits and have a faith that you will die in your bed, you may care to watch at Holland Cove on the night of the 14th July, at the hour when the tide is high"

### Developing The Tourist Travel.

It has remained for a private individual to do what either our civic or Local Government authorities should feel bound to do with regard to stimulating tourist travel. Mr. A. S. Johnson, of the firm of Johnson & Johnson, has arranged to open an information bureau at the down town store of the firm, where information on all necessary matters will be given visitors to this Province. Hotel and boarding house keepers and all others interested should at once co-operate as this move is certainly to their advantage. We will have more to say about this next month.

### **"Mr. Dooley in Peace and War."**

Our older readers, whose memories go back to the early days of the Civil War, well may recall the delicious humor as well as the sound common sense of the Orpheus C. Kerr (office seeker) papers. The late war between the United States and Spain has furnished occasion for a book of the same class, which, in its wider range of subjects, and in some, at least, of its inimitable gems, easily surpasses its predecessors. We refer to "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War." Mr. Dooley is a Chicago Irishman who runs a small saloon and who is blessed with two sympathizing friends to whom he imparts his views. He is a typical Irishman in the fullest sense of that term, and his observations are characterized by all the keen insight, the shrewd sense and ready wit of his country. His remarks upon the New Women, and the way in which his friend Mr. Dunahue dealt with a specimen of that genius must be read to be appreciated. His description of the expert evidence given in a murder trial is at once side-splitting, and at the same time a very fair comment upon what has become almost an absurdity in the judicial system. We have only room for one extract which deals with the superiority of the Anglo Saxon over the Frenchman, which is particularly timely in the present state of relations between England and France :

"The difference in furrin politics is the difference between a second rate safe blower and a first class bunco steerer. The French buy a ton iv dinnymite, spind five years in dhrillin' a hole through a steel dure, blow up the safe, lose a leg or an arrum, and git away wid the li'bilities iv the firm. The English dhress up for a Methodist pracher, stick a piece iv lead pipe in the tails iv their coat in case iv imargincy an' git all the money there is in the line. In the front dure comes the Englishman wid a coon king on ayther arrum that's just loaned 'im their kingdoms on a prom'ssory note and discovers the Frinchman emargin' from the rooms iv the safe." "What arre ye doin' here?" sez the Englishman. "Robbin' the naygurs," sez the Frenchman, bein' thoughtful as well as polite. "Wicked man," sez the Englishman. "What arre ye doin'," sez the Frenchman. "Improvin' the morals iv the inhabitants," sez the Englishman. "These pore benighted savidges, he sez, 'll not be lift to yer odjious morals an' yer hootchy kootchy school iv thought," he sez—"but," sez he, "undher the beneficent rule iv a wise an' thrue gove'nmint," he sez, "'ll be thruly prepared fur hivin whin their time comes to go," sez he, "which I thrust will not be long. So I'll thank ye to be off," sez he, "or I'll take the thick end iv the sling shot to ye," he sez.

The Frenchman is a brave man and he'd stay an' have it out on the flure, but some wan calls out, "Abase the Chinnymen," an' off he goes on another track. An' whin he gits to the Chinnymen he finds the English 've abased thim already. An' so he dances from wan part of the wurruld to another, like a riochous an happy flee, an' divvule the bit of progress he makes, on'y thrubble fur others an' a merry lite fur himself."

We strongly advise our readers to enjoy the book for themselves. It is full of wit and of real philosophy, with at times a vein of dramatic power and a touch of real pathos.

Mr. Dooley is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. It may be had at Carters' Bookstore.

\* \* \*

### **"The Honorable Peter Stirling."**

Though it can hardly be classed among new books, we make no apology for calling attention to "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford. A story whose scenes are laid among the Democratic Ward politics of New York City, with its bosses and caucuses, would at first sight seem to promise little to

the average reader. But there is a bright side even to such a picture as that, and the career of an honest man amid such surroundings is skillfully drawn.

There are few finer figures among our recent novels than that of Stirling, with his strong common sense which prevents him from wasting his strength in struggling for impossible ideals, side by side with the indomitable perseverance, which mounts step by step to his desired goal. There are gems scattered here and there through the book and useful lessons may be gathered from its perusal. Let us quote a specimen or two :

"It is not a mere combination of words, printing ink, and white paper, which makes a law. It is the popular sentiment back of it which enforces it, and unless a law is the wish of the majority of the people who are to be governed by it, it is either a dead letter, or must be enforced by elaborate police systems, supported oftentimes by great armies. Even then it does not succeed if the people choose to resist."

"The reformer is usually a man who has other occupations (than politics) and has usually met with only partial success in them. By that I mean that the really successful merchant, or banker, or professional man, cannot take time to work in politics, and so only the less successful try. Each reformer, too, is sure that he himself is right, and as his bread and butter is not in the issue, he quarrels to his heart's content with his associates, so that they rarely can unite all their forces. The average reformer endorses thoroughly the theory 'that every man is as good as another and a little better,' and he himself always is the better man. Being successful the papers call me a boss. If the voters did not agree with they would call me a reformer."

Comparing the so-called upper and lower classes of society, Stirling says : "I crossed on one of the big Atlantic liners lately with five hundred other saloon passengers. They were naturally people of intelligence, and presumably of easy circumstances. Yet at least half of these people were plotting to rob our government of money by contriving plans to avoid paying duties. To do this all of them had to break the laws and in most cases had, in addition, to lie deliberately. Many of them were planning to accomplish this theft by the bribery of the custom house inspectors, thus not merely making thieves of themselves, but bribing other men to do wrong. In this city I can show you blocks where twenty people live and sleep in a single room year after year—where there is not room to bring the people who live in the block within the ground on which they dwell. But I cannot find you in the poorest and vilest parts of the city any block where the percentage of liars and thieves and bribe givers is as large as it was among the first-class passengers in that floating palace."

"I have learned that humanity is not reformed with a club, and that if most people gave the energy they spend in reforming the world, or their friends, to reforming themselves, there would be no need of reformers."

We do not suppose that Mr. Stirling's views on the saloon question will find favor in Charlottetown, but his plan at least shows that he had grasped the truth that scaffolding is necessary for the erection of a building, and that all great reforms must proceed slowly, by stages, if they are to be really permanent. For the benefit of our lady readers, we may say that a deeply interesting love story runs through the book, and we are really afraid to criticise the way in which a strong nature like Stirling's is dominated by the little blind tyrant.

The character of Peter Stirling is said to have been suggested by the life of Grover Cleveland. It is certain that several incidents in the political career of the ex-president bear a striking resemblance to the experiences of Stirling, while the love stories of the two men, in the main feature at all events, are not dissimilar. Our readers, too, may perhaps remember that the one attempt made to smirch Mr. Cleveland's moral character was exactly the same as the attack made upon Stirling.

The book is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.



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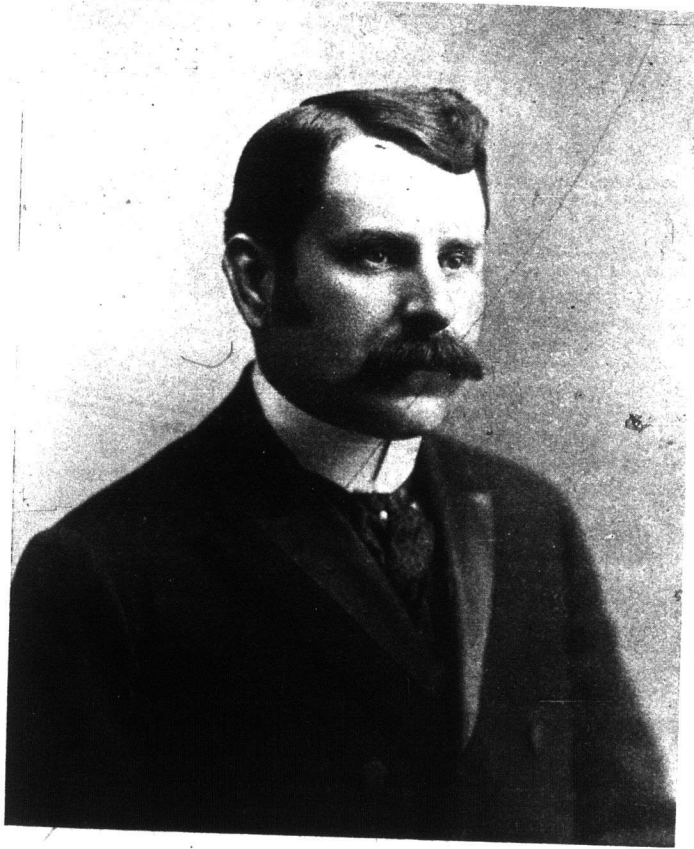


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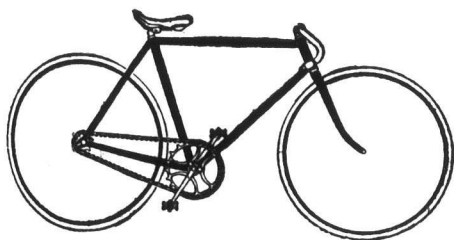
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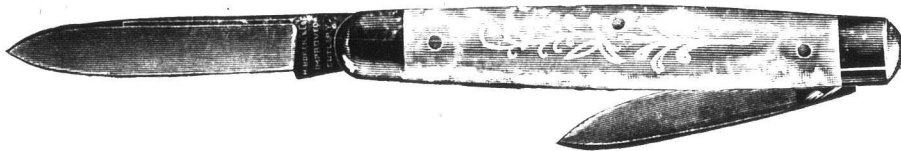
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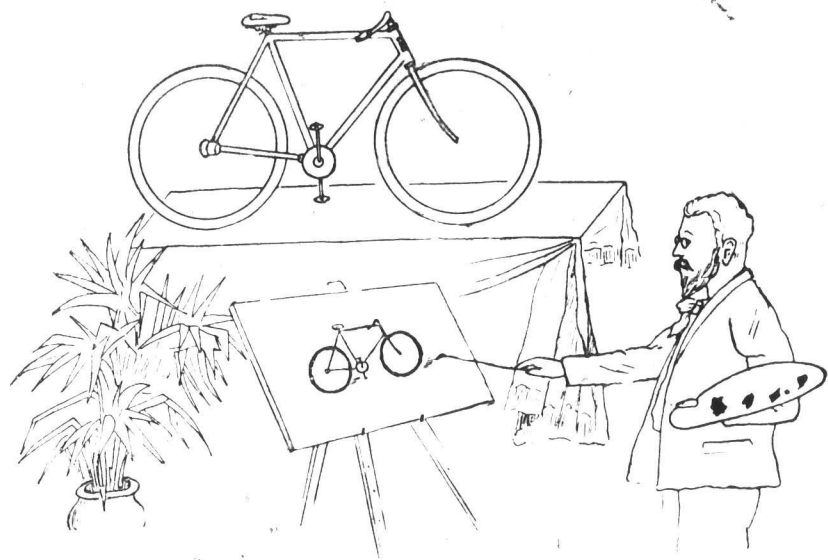
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