

THE
Prince Edward Island
MAGAZINE

VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1900

NO. 7



P. E. ISLANDERS IN THE YUKON.

The man on the extreme right is G. A. Dixon, that next him Edward Lydiard. The man at the other end of the line is Ernest Joy. These three are P. E. Islanders, and their cabin is situated on Eldorado Creek.

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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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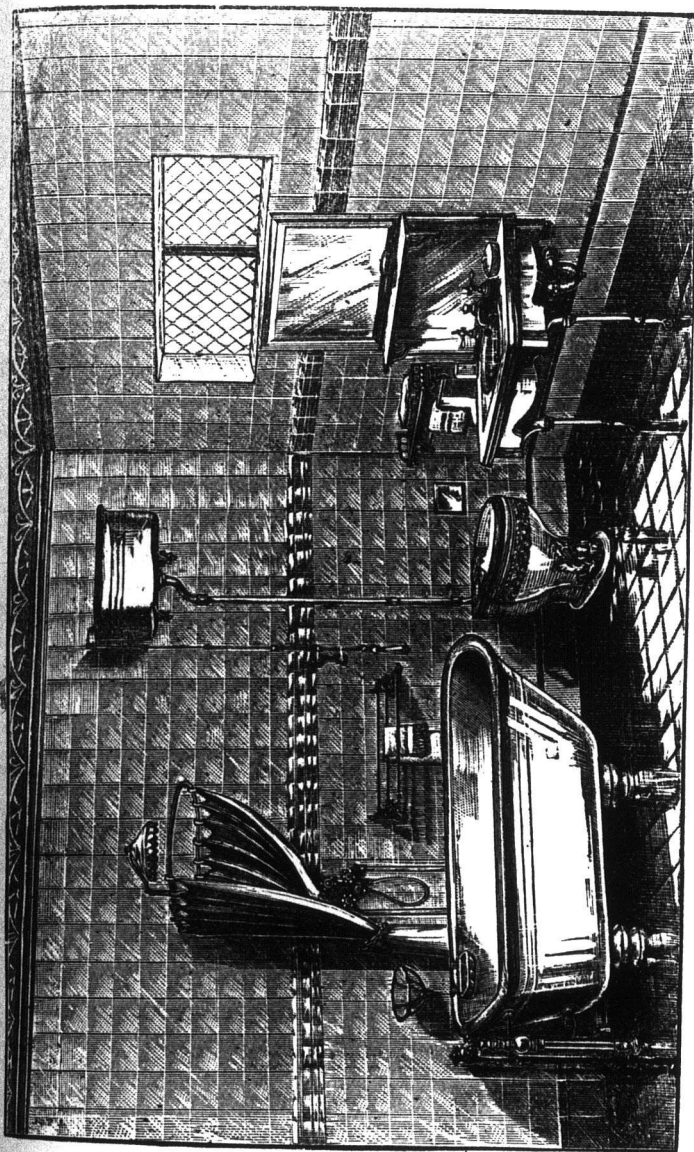
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P. E. ISLAND MICMAC SQUAW AND WIGWAM.

From photo by Mr. Harry Weeks.

- THE -

Prince Edward Island Magazine

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No. 7

Our Feathered Friends.—III.

BY JOHN MACSWAIN.

THE FLYCATCHERS.

THE flycatchers are plain birds. There is little or none of the brilliant coloring that we see among the warblers. They are mostly dark grayish birds with light breasts, almost all larger and heavier and without the slender and graceful conformation of the warblers. The description of Mr. Burroughs is both apt and applicable. He describes the flycatchers as "sharp-shouldered, big-headed, short-legged, of no particular color, of little elegance of flight or movement." The bill is broad, triangular and abruptly hooked and notched at the tip. There are long bristles at the rictus or inner angle of the gape. It is of such a form as to hold securely the flies which form the chief food of these birds.

Each family of birds has its own peculiarities or habits which, by the exercise of a little patience and study we can discover. In the flycatchers, their mode of securing their prey is the habit which is most apparent to us as distinguishing them from other birds. Before I had given much attention to the study of birds I often wondered what was denoted by a flycatcher's sudden fluttering flight from its perch into the air and its hasty return to the same position. But that is the way it obtains the flies on which it feeds. It remains motionless on its

perch until it sees a passing insect when it makes its sudden foray in pursuit, and the sharp click of its bill, which may be heard at a little distance, marks the final act in its attempt to capture its intended victim.

The Kingbird, the commonest of the flycatchers seen here, exhibits this trait more noticeably than the others as it generally frequents our fields, taking its position on a fence from which it makes its frequent forays in pursuit of passing insects. It is not quite so long as a robin but stouter. It is dark-colored above and white below. Its black tail is tipped with white and when the tail feathers are extended in flight the white appears as a crescent. The nest is built near the top of a lofty tree. It is said to be a quarrelsome bird, and no other bird, not even a crow or hawk is permitted to approach its domain. It attacks all intruders with great fury and persistence. But it is quarrelsome only in the defence of its home. On its first arrival and before nesting operations have begun it is inoffensive and no more disposed to attack or molest neighbours or visitors than other flycatchers. Each pair of birds takes possession of a certain territory or "limit" which they rule during the period of incubation and the rearing of the nestlings by permitting no intrusion, justly meriting the name of Kingbird. Another charge preferred against the Kingbird is that it sometimes takes as its prey the domestic bee. In palliation of this imputation the late Dr. Elliot Coués states that "it destroys a thousand noxious insects for every bee it eats."

The Phœbe, another of the flycatchers, is olive brown above with the head and tail darker, almost black, and the bill quite black. Below it is white or whitish often with a tint of yellow. It is not quite so large as the Kingbird. It frequents groves, particularly pine groves and is often found on fences as the Kingbird is. It is the first of the flycatchers to arrive. When looking for the song sparrow as the increasing warmth of Spring indicated the time of its probable arrival, I found on two successive years, a Phœbe, a solitary inhabitant of the woods, sitting demurely and silently on a branch of a lofty tree and making no forays into the air, for insects if there were any, were few. It was early spring and the air was still chill, and the

cold of the passing season had not relaxed sufficiently to permit them to emerge from their winter retreats. The note of this bird is a repetition at short intervals of phee-bee, and from this call it receives its name. When you hear this call you will make no mistake in assigning it to the Phœbe.

The olive-sided flycatcher is a slightly larger bird, almost as large as a Kingbird. Above it is a slaty brown; the chin, throat and a line through the breast continued posteriorly, is white; other parts below are grayish. I have never been able to detect the olive of its sides. If it is really olive-sided, the olive must be rather obscure. It frequents the tops of lofty trees, pine, fir or spruce and utters at short intervals a note which suggests that of the domestic chicken. Another call is represented by the syllables O-whee-O but eh-phee-bee is the call generally heard. It is said that it selects its particular territory and defends it from intrusion as vigorously as the Kingbird. The wood pewee is more lowly in its habits, frequenting the lower branches of trees and very often leafless branches. It is a dark gray or slate above; an unvaried soiled white or light ash below. Its sad, feeble, and prolonged pe-ee will help to distinguish it. The three flycatchers, the phœbe, olive-sided and wood pewee bear a good deal of resemblance to one another. Unless you have a near view you will find some difficulty in distinguishing them by their colors. Contrasting them you will find that the Phœbe is the darkest bird, the bill, head and neck being quite dark or almost black; that the olive-sided and wood-pewee are of the same general color above, the former having the white middle line underneath from the throat back to the tail, the latter with the whole under surface a soiled white. It is not difficult to approach within a short distance of the phœbe or wood-pewee but you can rarely do so in regard to the olive-sided fly-catcher as it almost always chooses a lofty perch, the top or the topmost branch of a tall tree.

Two other flycatchers are occasionally seen here, Trail's flycatcher and the Least flycatcher. They resemble each other in color and size so closely that it is very hard to distinguish them. There are differences in color and size but these differences are not apparent at a little distance. This is evidently a

case in which a bird in the hand is literally worth two in the bush and for purposes of identification it is true in all cases. Traill's flycatcher is olive brown, while the other is olive gray. It is also a half inch longer than the Least flycatcher. Their calls afford one of the best means of identification. That of Traill's is ke—win'k ; of the least flycatcher it is che—bec.

One of the principal causes of loss to the cultivators of the soil is the destruction occasioned by insects. The increase in the number of these would be very great and their ravages would be in proportion if it were not for the check imposed by birds on their increase. The flycatchers and the wood warblers are the most active in the capture of insects, but there are few of the smaller birds which do not contribute to this end. Their protection should be a matter of primary importance in a community consisting largely of farmers. This is so well recognized in some countries that laws are enacted and societies organized with the special object of preserving the birds.

Roogan's Reverse.

AN early philosopher reduced to a sentence the axiom that the proper study of mankind is man. Later philosophers—for the most part men of tender years—change the sex and study woman. More interesting than either is the study of boy.

I know that I am not the first to say so.

Young Roogan is a particular friend of mine. I have known him many years. He is not a beautiful boy with blue eyes and a gentle smile. He is sometimes called "tough," is proud of the title, and is usually more or less dirty. On Sundays, when washed painfully clean, and "dressed up," he is decidedly uncomfortable. He feels a load of responsibility in his breast pocket where his proud mother deposits a handkerchief. The snowy whiteness of this "rag" as he calls it, fairly frightens him. He never uses it. On Monday mornings he recovers, and is carelessly and cheekily happy.

He owns a dog named Blots—short for Job Lots,—whose

origin, name, breed and peculiarities have been described before.

Roogan is no hypocrite or sneak. He is a sturdy youth, imbibing with his days of life the independent spirit of Canada. He is of the sort that we have reason to feel proud our country can produce; those whose brave deeds have made the name of our Dominion world-famous. And he grows in Charlottetown. He is worth study, even now, when he is changing from boy to youth.

One autumn afternoon Roogan was playing with Blots on one of the city squares—not the jail square, which is a disgrace and an abomination in the sight of man. His recreations are usually of a more exciting kind, but this mild form of enjoyment was occupying his attention at that particular time, when from across the square came a shout, uttered with all the scorn a boyish voice could impart:

“Yah, Clinker!”

This remark was accepted by Roogan as personal, without hesitation or discount. It came from a youth leaning idly over the fence, grinning defiantly. Roogan stood to attention and surveyed him. Blots wagged his tail, expecting developments that would result in a fight.

In order to make you acquainted with the condition of affairs, and the apparent offensiveness of the greeting, it is necessary to digress.

Roogan was at the time the captain of the Clinkers, a football team composed of youngsters who lived near the Gas House, hence the name—which was thought by juvenile humorists to be peculiarly appropriate. The official designation was more dignified but seldom used, except in challenges. The football season was at its height, and the youngsters of the town, inspired by the conquests of the Island Abegweits, were practising in every quarter of every ward.

It came to pass that the Clinkers received a challenge from the Middletown Club, usually called Dusties, from their custom of practising on one of the broad streets of the city. This was in the time of an easy-going set of city fathers, when the dust-covered street was an ideal practice ground. The advent of go-ahead men into the city council spoiled the privilege enjoyed

by the Dusties for so long. The street has been macadamized.

Up to the time of the receipt of the challenge the Clinkers had never known defeat. I should have missed the glorious struggle but for Chance which deals us pleasures and disappointments impartially. It happened that I was made acquainted with the fact of the challenge having been passed, and in due time saw such a game of football as I never expect to see equalled.

The preliminaries, (such as accepting the challenge on Roogan's individual responsibility, and the gathering together of his seasoned back, half-backs and forwards—it was before the new game with its wings had flown this way) having been dispatched, at four o'clock on the same day the kick off took place in Victoria Park.

There were not many spectators on the field. Not more than half a dozen "grown ups" were present to see the struggle. But nearly all the small boys of Charlottetown were there, talking freely of matters that are mysteries to those not skilled in the game, and betting recklessly fictitious sums ranging in value from fifty cents to a hundred dollars in favor of one or other of the teams. Blots of course was there, near the touch line, about midfield, seated on Roogan's coat, which it was his especial duty to guard.

From the first the Dusties forced the game. At half time they had not scored but had kept the play in the Clinkers' part of the ground. During the interval Roogan, seeing that he could not play with these adversaries as was his custom on former occasions, lowered his dignity so far as to consult with his back. Such an unusual proceeding on the part of their captain seriously disturbed the Clinkers, and they began to get "rattled," although they sucked slices of lemon with an unconcerned and professional air.

When the boys faced each other for the second half their hair was bristling and they had begun to exchange unflattering, personal remarks. The Dusty team kicked, after much tantalizing poisoning of the ball, and followed up with a scrimmage near the Clinkers' goal-line so quickly that the defenders were completely confused. Amid the signals, and howls and directions

that ensued the whistle of the referee was heard, and silence settled down on the Clinkers' half of the field like a wet blanket when the Dusties were given a free kick.

Luck had seemingly deserted the Clinkers to dwell with their opponents. That kick resulted in a goal, and all the fighting that the Clinkers were capable of failed to change the score. The game was closed with triumphant cheers by the Dusties for the Clinkers and by cheers of diminishing strength—the third very weak—by the Clinkers for the Dusties. The Dusties took the high road on the way back to town and the Clinkers took the low road. The latter did not talk as joyfully as when they went out, and Blots walked behind with his tail between his legs.

After that day the Clinkers had to struggle to maintain their pride. Their importance had departed.

Now we will return to the beginning of this tale. I could thoroughly understand the feelings of Roogan as he heard the greeting of his enemy on the other side of the square, more particularly because the other fellow was a Dusty, and but a week had elapsed since the great match.

The subsequent proceedings rapidly passed from the state of strained relations to a crisis. The other fellow was just as big as Roogan.

As in the case of the football game there were few preliminaries.

“Will yer fight,” said Roogan.

“Don't care,” said the Dusty.

“Mind that there coat, d'ye hear,” said Roogan to Blots.

Blots sat down on the coat, wagging his tail, and with the joy of fighting in his eyes.

“What yer waiting for,”—this to the Dusty who was slower about getting his coat off, and had a calculating expression on his face. It seemed as if he were going to “eat crow,” but this remark of Roogan braced him.

He stepped forward and met a hard blow which caught him fair on the nose.

A delighted yelp from Blots, and a groan from the Dusty, who ran in and tackled Roogan, both of them falling to the ground.

Hostile demonstration on the part of Blots, who received a kick from his enraged master as soon as he and his antagonist got up.

This kick made Roogan feel better, and the other fellow got his breath back.

In the next round the Dusty again tackled Roogan, and his tactics brought both to the ground once more. In the tangle that ensued Blots assisted. The wildly-waving limbs of the combatants were too much for him. Entering into the spirit of the fray he made a prodigious bite at a leg that was convenient and held on with determination.

Now there is no doubt Blots thought he was doing the right thing. He always did think so and stick to it—more especially when he mistook, as was the case this time. For it was Roogan's leg that in his eagerness he had taken hold of and was clinging to so earnestly.

It required but a few seconds for Roogan and the other to comprehend the situation and separate; it took Blots a second longer, but when he did comprehend he let go very suddenly and retired to a safe distance. The ashamed and disconsolate look on his poor face was pitiful to see. The Dusty had had enough and his fortitude was only sufficient to carry him honorably off the field.

As for Roogan he was fearfully mad. He really had been badly bitten, for Blots had gone into the affair not as a weak ally but as one resolved to turn the tide of battle. Also he was a much heavier and healthier dog than on the occasion when Roogan *pere* had found him in the Railway yard and taken him home to Roogan.

And Roogan, realizing that in a time of stress Blots had proved a broken reed, sat down and wept.

This was too much for the poor, stupid, faithful dog. He sorrowfully came towards his young master and poked his muzzle up in Roogan's face. A mighty cuff was his only recognition, but he knew that he was forgiven, and only cuddled closer. I saw Roogan's arm steal round Blots while they mingled their grief. For the space of perhaps half a minute they remained thus; then an instantaneous change took place. Roogan sprang

whistling to his feet and called to Blots to follow. You would have thought he had just received joyful news of great importance.

I have not mentioned that on one side of the square was situated a Convent school, to which went many little girls. As my gaze wandered from Roogan to the Convent beyond I saw a row of girlish heads peeping above the fence.

The face of Roogan's divinity was amongst them.

The Ambitious Man.

BY JOHN MACLAREN

OF all animate nature man alone is the creature of self-interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the bustle and struggle of the world to seek for fame, for fortune, for place in the world's thought, and for dominion over his fellows. His glory is to raise great and magnificent edifices, and he finds a secret pleasure in seeing his own planting grow up and flourish. This is laudable, but the means employed are not always commendable.

The persevering, industrious, energetic youth, who through hardships and discouragement is pursuing a course of rectitude, whose eye is bent upwards, whose motto is "Excelsior," who, though the earth quake and the heavens gather blackness, is true to his course and himself and scorns to be false to others, will gain friends, and victory will be his. If his life's calling is a proper one, and his motives pure and unselfish, then he should think for it, plan for it, work for it, live for it. But he should learn to labor and to wait, for brains grow by use as well as hands. Eminent position is the result of hard, unwearied labor and is not secured at one dash. One does not dream himself into position nor attain to greatness by inspiration. One does not go to bed a beggar or a dunce and rise up a Rothschild or a Solomon.

Fame, like money, we should neither despise nor idolize. Honest fame gained by worth, merit and industry, deservedly

perpetuates the name of the great and good ; but no fame is enduring unless based on virtue and uprightness. Time but deepens the stain of fame won and tarnished by wild ambition. While we have no commendation for the ambitious, neither have we place for the young man who would pass through life without even a consciousness of where he is, what he is, what he is doing or whither he is going ; who gazes on the realities of life " in fond amusement lost ;" who has no plan, no purpose, no will by which his energies are directed ; who loiters about home, draws around town or lolls through the country, whose only trust or expectation is in a shuffle of luck in his favor, who does a little of this, a little of that, or a little of something else ; who fritters away time and life ; who craves a good he does not earn ; who looks upon life as a grand lottery, a magnificent game of chance in which fools and idlers have as fair a show as talent and labor ; whose reasoning is always wandering in the midst of uncertainty and never has anything to pursue ; in brief, one who has no stability of character. It requires strength and courage to swim against the stream, but any dead fish can float with it. Against such moral palsy every true man arms himself ; for the young man who floats listlessly down the stream in pursuit of something that is borne along by the current, will indeed find himself moved forward ; but if he fails to lay his hand to and apply the oar and increase his speed he will never get nearer the object of his pursuit ; for

" The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tell him what to do ;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

Therefore, let such at once " decide upon a noble purpose, then take it up bravely, bear it off joyfully, lay it down triumphantly." But this pursuit should carry with it the assent of the reason, the approval of an enlightened conscience, and the sober judgment of the intellect. It should embody " whatever is vehement in desire, inspiring in hope," and as Robert Hall expresses it, " with an ardor bordering on enthusiasm," or as a greater than Hall has said, " do it with all our might."

The world was spread out around man to be seized and con-

quered. Realms of infinite truth burst open before him, inviting him to tread their shining coasts, "along which Newton dropped his plummet and Herschel sailed—a Columbus of the skies." But if this study, transcendent in its elevating powers, does not find a response congenial in his soul, yet Nature offers him many other inviting fields. Why should he not accept the invitation and partake of the bounteous banquet? Yet he should beware lest he make the mistake so often made—failing to use integrity, and truth, and good sense in judging of what he is fit for. He should take, not what he wants, but what he deserves. He should not aspire after things that please his ambition, but after those things that are adapted to his capacity; for when brought into a sphere of his ambition for which he has not the requisite powers, he is likely to attempt to make up by fraud and appearance, what he lacks in reality.

It is not laudable ambition, ambition in its true form—for such there is—a resolution formed with a just sense of honor, a clear perception of duty, and a proper appreciation of the responsibilities incurred, that we decry; but that wild, unhallowed, unsanctified ambition that sets ruthlessly aside all the higher, the more refined, and the nobler feelings of our common humanity to secure the object upon which one's soul is set. It is against him who has not the requisite qualifications, either natural or acquired, for the position he seeks. It is against that thirst of cupidity which, as Cicero remarks, is never filled or satiated, and of which Sylvester says,—

"I see ambition never pleas'd,
I see some Tantals starv'd in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eas'd,
I see e'en Midas gape for more."

It is against the hollowness, and sham and fraud, and motives, and concealment that are begotten of such ambition. Who will practice these things? asks Cicero; and his answer is—"certainly not an open, not a single-minded, not an ingenuous, not a just, not a good man; but rather a wily, close, artful, deceitful, knavish, crafty, double-dealing, evasive fellow." Laudable ambition loves truth and candor and hates deceit; it thinks nothing should be done by stealth or stratagem; while wild

ambition cares not what it suffers, to what or to whom it stoops, provided it accomplishes its ends thereby; but a brave, a generous spirit admires, "desires, or courts nothing but what is virtuous and becoming," and succumbs to no man. Unmixed selfishness is the motive and end of all that the ambitious man does.

To be honest is the first step toward greatness, says the proverb. But honesty is not merely the first step toward greatness, it is greatness itself. Motive reveals character. "Can I do this?" is not what an honest man asks himself; but ought I to do this?" One who wishes to attain to true fame is not greedy of popular applause; for he is not forgetful that power which is acquired by ambition, by dishonest and dishonorable means, is held by a slender tenure, a mere rope of sand. Popularity is evanescent. Its hero often receives the applause of the multitude one day and its execrations the next. One may call to mind the case of the Greatest of our race, who to-day had palm-branches and garments strewn beneath His feet to do Him honor, and to-morrow was howled at by the same rabble and His death demanded.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Words Only.

BY JEREMIAH S. CLARK, B. A.

"Carve every word before you let it fall."—Shakespeare.

LET any one of us happen to have a thought about anything, and soon there is a sound or action which somehow represents the thought. No two of us are alike, and our thoughts differ vastly more than we, yet, we are told there is a fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind, and also gives us standards of expression and action. If we search among the standards thus given, we find ordered speech, or language, to be most prominent of all,—language to which one seldom gives a

thought, although it exists for no other purpose than to carry cumbrous thoughts from thinking mind to mind.

Is it not strange that if anyone should sometime happen to think, no matter what he thought, that thought must forever stay at home, or fade away and gradually die, if it were not for the timely use of common words ; unless indeed the thought were so elementary that it could be passed on by mere pantomime, the dumb-show of the beasts ! We must not forget that in common conversation and formal addresses our words are more or less emphasized by motions of the body, but there are times when the bare words stand alone to confuse or explain,—occasions like the present, when the thinking mind silently records its thoughts, either upon the wayside mud, or on the historical sands of time.

“ Language is the armoury of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of the past, and the weapons for its future conquests ;” so it is fitting that we be always on the alert, and gather new knowledge day by day about the proper use as well as the meaning and beauty of the words which we have continually upon our lips. We sometimes glory in the assertion that we speak English, when we should rather say : English with variations, for the variations are very evident and often discordant. These variations are for the most part mere crudities which a little care would easily remove. Many of the weapons in our armoury are ancient spears recast into pruning hooks, and now used for a Saturday night toilet operation. True they may be so used, in case of necessity, and the stubble appearance of the field of operation may even be passable, but to say that such words were weapons for future conquests, as well as trophies of the past would be surely approaching the ridiculous.

If English were spoken correctly, with all its wealth of expression, it must have a tendency to do away with the obnoxious use of slang-phrases and oaths ; and that is a goal worthy of every effort, for when the WORD records that for every idle expression man must give an account, it is not an arbitrary law, but an expression of universal necessity. A word once uttered can never be recalled, but goes on and on, like a ripple on the surface of the ocean ; as it goes it registers itself on every object with which it comes in contact ; so that whether we are finally

compelled to recapitulate our words or not, they will have registered themselves without our consent, either to our satisfaction or our shame on the eternal scroll of the Almighty.

Professor Henry Drummond has said : " You unlock a man's whole life if you watch what words he uses most. We have each a small set of words, which though we are scarce aware of it we always work with, and which really expresses all that we mean by life or have found out of it. For such words embalm the past for us. They have become ours by a natural selection throughout our career of all that is richest and deepest in our experience. So our vocabulary is our history and our favorite words are ourselves." How many of us are willing to have it stand recorded that our favourite words are ourselves.—and yet who dare lift a finger in contradiction of such a man as Drummond? We bow the head and blush in confusion.

Trench tells us that the discovery that words are living powers has been for many a young man like the acquiring of a new sense, or the introduction into a new world.

Any request or punishment that deals with an expression, rather than the thought which caused the expression is at best only remotely beneficial, because it attempts to harness the chicken rather than to deal with the egg. Prevention is better than cure ; and the youth or maiden who learns even a little of the fulness and richness of expression that has developed within our mother-tongue during the centuries, will find abundance of chaste expressions ready for use. We are all conscious of having blundered through thoughtlessness, many of our expressions are, for instance " awfully tame," because we use words without a thought of their true meaning. The most profane among us would pause if he tasted the vitriol on his tongue ; but he does not ; he is not conscious of his crime, and William Penn's method of a can of water poured up the sleeve for every oath, would to-day give rise to curses not loud but deep.

It is both rude and absurd to ask a young lady to kindly restrain her profanity or slang, for it is the motive rather than the deed that permanently records itself, and leaves or heals the open wound ; if unruly, discoloured thoughts are cherished, they give off discoloured fumes in the form of profanity and slang.

Of course we know that it is smart to be profane, and that cute people will continue to invent cute expressions for which they must have hearers, or else suffer continual torture. A shallow stream is continually breaking into rapids and eddys, not primarily because rapids and eddys are beautiful, but because there is continual turmoil and friction within the stream itself on account of rocks underneath. People camp out for a week beside the roar of the rapids, but still they like to live beside the steady flowing stream, for there the wheels of commerce turn.

Kirkclawn, 14th July, 1900.

How the Dog Saved Grandfather.

A TALE OF FYFE'S FERRY, NOW STANLEY BRIDGE.

BY A. E. M.

IN as few words as possible I give the following story, which I remember having heard and for the veracity of which I can vouch. At one time this Island was full of wild animals, the most common of which were bears.

Before bridges were built throughout the Island the rivers were crossed by ferries, and the ferry was generally named after the individual who ran it. The one which my story deals with is Fyfe's ferry, and was managed by a man called Fyfe. This man owned a little white dog that was so much attached to its master that it followed him wherever he went, and of which he was justly proud as it at one time saved his life.

The way it happened was thus: The ferryman was one day walking in the woods near his home when he was suddenly set upon by a large bear that was evidently very hungry and was out foraging. Mr. Fyfe managed to elude his pursuer for a short time, but the bear was not to be cheated of his prey without making a good fight. Finding himself pursued, and

likely to be put in a tight corner—in such a condition a man becomes desperate and brings all his wits to bear upon his situation—and being hard pressed, Fyfe decided to climb a tree which was the only refuge near. He lost no time in putting this plan into execution, but he had reckoned without his host. He must have forgotten that the bear was a good climber also and Bruin must have thought that he had his victim in the right place. Immediately he started up the tree in pursuit of the man. But here the bear had to reckon with an ally of Mr. Fyfe. He had only taken hold of Mr. Fyfe by the heel when he felt a stinging sensation at his own pedal extremities, so, taking part of the ferryman's heel with him, he suddenly descended to terra firma where he recognized in his antagonist the little white dog. The dog suddenly disappeared, but not out of sight of its master, whom it was bent upon saving from a horrible death. Accordingly, every time the bear attempted to climb the tree, the dog took hold of his heel, and finding the pain so severe from the bites Bruin had to come down again and again; until, finally, tired out he sat down to watch his victim whom he had treed. However the bear was not to enjoy the situation long, for the barking of the dog had aroused the fears of Fyfe's neighbors who thought something must be wrong, and started for the scene armed with rifles. Taking in the situation at a glance they quickly despatched Mr. Bruin. All danger being removed the man in the tree came down. No praise which he and his family could give the little dog was too great—and as younger generations gather around the knees of parents, they quietly and intently listen to the story "How the dog saved grandfather."

* * * * *

Fyfe's ferry mentioned above is now known as Stanley Bridge, and persons may traverse this region with safety and without fear of experiencing any such encounters as described above. The forests have fallen before the woodman's axe. Bruin has also disappeared.



A Journey from Port La Joie to St. Peters in 1751.

BY JOHN CAVEN.

Colonel Franquet was an Officer of Engineers, and had been sent from France to superintend the new fortifications of Louisbourg, and devise a system of defense for the French possessions which lay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Carrying out the latter portion of his commission he visited the Island of St. John in 1751, and furnished a report with plans of the military works necessary to place the French colonies on the lower St. Lawrence in comparative security against sudden attack. Franquet, if we may judge from his report, was an officer of keen observation and excellent judgment. 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. To turn to the fullest advantage the information contained in this record, I have thought it well to follow the traveller in his journey of work and observation, and set down the incidents and comments as they occur.

A fair wind had carried the vessel which bore Franquet from Louisbourg through the "Passage de Fronsac"—Canso—and round the lofty promontory of St. Louis, Cape George, but after passing Pictou Island, it shifted round to the northwest, and the thirty-first of July and first of August were spent in beating between the shores of Acadia and the Island. On the former he noticed the Harbour of Tatamagouche, which he was told lay only seven leagues from Port Lejoie. On the Island shores he passed Cap a L'Ours, and les Isles a Bois—(Cape Bear and Wood Islands) and Point Prim. On the third of August the wind was favourable and the vessel laid her course up what was then called the Great Bay of Port Lejoie. The hidden dangers caused by the reefs running out from St. Peter's and Governor's Island are mentioned, and pilots are cautioned not to drift from the channel.

At length they ran through the narrow entrance with Point a la Framboise on the right, and Point de la Flamme on the left, and along the northern shore past Point de la Croix, from which a huge cross rose high above the water, and onward still past Point de la Guerite, whence the watchful sentinel paused in his walk to note the passing craft, then under the graveyard, and on till opposite Point Marguerite, now Battery Point, on the southern shore, and the creek on the northern side formed by the small stream that runs to the sea through the valley of Warren Farm, when the vessel came to anchor. Franquet contemplated with delight the magnificent natural harbour that stretched out before him,—its waters surrounded with a rose-coloured beading, set in an ebony frame of dark forests, that covered the red shores and extended up along the courses of the three great estuaries. Only on the rounded heights and shelving slopes of Port Lejoie had the monopoly of the forest been invaded. The houses of the settlers could be seen scattered along the sides of the valley, while the more pretentious buildings of the Government crowned the summit, and rose on the seaward breast of the eminence that rises with a long gradual ascent from the landing creek towards the harbour's mouth. The romance of the scene was somewhat impaired by the discomforts to be encountered in landing. Only at high water could a boat approach the bridge that spanned the creek. At other times the boat's services had to be supplemented by wading along the flats in order to gain the shore.

For six days Franquet was busy at Port Lejoie, inspecting the public buildings, which he found constructed after a flimsy fashion, examining the condition of the royal stores, 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 earth-work yet stands—the other a height on the opposite side of the valley, where in modern times stood the mansion of Ringwood, and a third, an elevation on the same ridge as the first but further inland. Although the last two eminences had each a greater height, than the other, Franquet gave a preference to the first mentioned, because at close range it fully commanded the entrance to the harbour, and was provided with

a plentiful supply of water from a spring 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 necessary buildings for the accommodation 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 Isle Royale the same quality of stone as was used in the defences of Louisbourg.

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

It was now the ninth of August, and Franquet having accomplished the more important portion of his mission at Port Lejoie, hastened, while the pleasant months still lasted, to visit St. Peter's and other settlements of the Island.

Embarking in a flat-bottomed barge manned by six stout oarsmen, he directed his course up the North East River. He had not proceeded far, however, before he discovered that the strength of the current was setting a severe task to the rowers. The barge was accordingly taken in tow by a small schooner, and proceeded on her way up the stately river, Franquet taking dilligent note the while of the changing scenes that presented themselves to right and left. The unexplored forest was to be seen everywhere—a waving sea of verdure throwing itself from the distant uplands down to the river banks. There small openings were beginning to appear, with the log houses of the settler rising among the stumps of the recently felled trees, and strong though patchy harvests waving over the yet unlevelled and un-

fenced fields. Round L'anse aux morts, La petite Ascension, and La riviere des Blancs on the right bank, and L'anse aux Perogues—L'Isle aux foins and la Riviere de Brouillon on the left, and along the courses of little streamlets on both sides of the river, were seen the settlements of some newly arrived Acadians.* About two leagues up the river L'isle aux chevres—McNally's Island—was passed, and on either side extensive flats began to spread out, covered with a species of herbage, which though salt, and coarse, is yet, observes Franquet, tender and wholesome food for cattle.

The winding channel was at intervals marked with buoys, but even with these aids Franquet recommends to those who would sail up the North East River in a vessel of forty or fifty tons, to carry an experienced pilot. When opposite Bel-air, now Scotch Fort, the boat's head was turned towards the right bank. The tide was rapidly ebbing, and a dread of drifting on shallows, accompanied with the prospect of securing quarters for the night in the houses of the settlers that rose on the slope above the river, brought about this early halt in the journey. With much difficulty the land was reached, the barge having to pass through a deep trench which had been cut in the slimy mud. The house which they had seen on the upland belonged to a settler named *Sieur Gauthier*. He was an Acadian, as was also his nearest neighbour, *Sieur Bugeau*. Each occupied a farm of a hundred and sixty acres, and had been settled there for eighteen months. The thick woods which had originally covered their lands, had been partially destroyed by fire, and the labour of clearing thus rendered lighter. The travellers received a cordial welcome from these warm-hearted Acadians, and in the evening Franquet walked round *Gauthier's* fields, with a view to ascertain for himself the quality of the crops. He saw there fields bearing wheat, peas, oats, and many kinds of vegetables, with such promise of a plentiful yield, as he had not seen surpassed even in the most favoured districts of France; and these fields, as *Gauthier* told him, had been prepared for cropping only in the month of March.

*So far as I can make out, the places mentioned in the text correspond with what we now call—Spring Garden Creek—Wright's Creek and Marshfield Creek on the right bank of the river, and Stewart Cove, Fullerton's Marsh and Johnston's River on the left.

Both Gauthier and Bugeau spoke in terms of eulogy on the capabilities of the soil. It would yield, they said, in abundance everything that man needed for subsistence, and they hoped, as time went on, to find in the generous fertility of their new fields some recompense for the losses they had suffered in leaving Acadia.

The news of Franquet's arrival had spread among the settlements on both sides of the river, and when he rose on the following morning he found a number of these settlers waiting to consult him upon the site of a church which they had resolved to build. The difference of opinion was limited to one point—whether the church should stand on the north or the south bank of the river. Both sides had agreed to argue their case before Franquet, and abide by his decision. He was nothing loath to undertake the duties of umpire, but requested that all interested in the matter should be notified to meet at *Sieur Gauthier's*, where on his return from *St. Peter's*, he would hear the question debated and give his decision.

Before these matters could be arranged the tide had begun to ebb, and portions of the shallows were beginning to appear above water. The party at once embarked, with what haste the difficulties they had to encounter would allow. Having gained the offing they proceeded up stream, noticing on the left bank the River "*Au Moulin*"—*Mill Brook*, so called from a saw-mill which an enterprising settler had erected on it. Still farther on the *Pisquid* came into view, with its numerous dwellings on either bank. The well cleared lands under cultivation, and the fields of waving grain, woke the admiration of the travellers. They were told that the settlement was an old one, and that every farmer in it enjoyed an easy competency, possessing a sufficiency of farm stock, and reaping every year from his fields enough to satisfy all his wants. The view up the *Pisquid Valley* was one to charm the eye. On the shelving sides of the valley through which the river ran, stood the log houses of the settlers, dotting the landscape with a pleasing irregularity, and by every house was its spring of fresh water. Up the slopes behind the houses lay the cultivated fields, their crops beginning to assume the ripening tints of autumn, while along the summits of these slopes

waved spreading beeches and hardwood trees of various kinds. Over the entire picture fell the warm light of an August sun, and Franquet records the impression which this landscape made on him, by saying, that life in a spot so picturesque could not be otherwise than agreeable.

Less than a league above where now stands Mount Stewart, the barge came in front of a house built on the right bank and looking down on the river. Its situation had in a manner forced it to assume some of the duties of an inn, in those days of toilsome travel, being about midway on that route between Port Lajoie and St. Peter's. It was occupied by a widow named Gentil, whose hospitality was well known to the traveller. Here merchants and others were accustomed to halt for rest and refreshment. Immediately under the dwelling in a miniature estuary through which when the tide was low, in a bed worn in the slime, ran the limpid waters of a great spring which lay at some distance up in the woods, the barge was moored, and Sieur Franquet, before resuming his journey, found time to admire the luxuriant fields of grain that lay around the residence of Madame Gentil.

The portion of the journey which yet remained to be accomplished was of a most arduous character. From Madame Gentil's to St. Peter's Harbour, a road six or seven feet wide had been laid out. But it was a road without bridges, although it crossed swamps and streams. Beyond cutting down trees when the line lay through the forest, or removing stumps when the ravages of fire had destroyed the timber, man's labour had been studiously withheld from the work. The roadway itself owed nothing either to pick or spade, but bore unsoftened on its surface all the irregularities bestowed by wild nature. The old-fashioned choutte dragged along by two stout oxen, was the only conveyance that might venture on such a road. Two or three of these primitive vehicles were at the service of the travellers. They, however, seem to have used them only to cross the creeks and streams.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bedeque and its People.—IV.

BY H. H. HOOPER.

"It is the spot—I know it well,
Of which our old traditions tell."—Bryant.

WHEN Thomas Hooper and his two sons, Major and Thomas, settled on the farm, they built a log house on the site of the present shop. It was used as a dwelling until the summer of 1790 when the present house was built. They had a genuine "house-warm" when it was complete and the family moved into it, and it was also the scene of many of the celebrated "fulling bees." The old log house was burnt late in the fall of 1833.

Prior to the arrival of Thomas Hooper the former owner had lived in a house that stood on a hill a few rods from the shore, being near to a spring, which at that time was quite a distance from the shore, and a pleasant walk through the woods was necessary before reaching it, but the elements have washed away the bank so that to-day it is on the shore, and here, too, many a crank used his "mineral rod" and spade, delving for the celebrated Captain Kidd's hidden treasure, and like most cases, ended in failure.

Here on this hill overlooking the beautiful bay, where the salt sea breezes blow, surrounded by the dense and scarce unbroken forest, once stood the humble home of the hardy Acadian. No doubt it was the scene of many festivities, many happy and unrecorded events, save that stored in the vivid memory of childhood. Here the merry children played on the shore

"And built their castles of dissolving sand,
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprints daily washed away."

Undoubtedly it was also the scene of many a hard winter's struggle. It must have cost them, as it did the loyalists, many a pang at parting, and leaving behind the fruit of years of toil.

At the time of the arrival of Thomas Hooper all that remained was the blackened site. The evidence is still there,

though not so distinct as it was a hundred and fifteen years ago.

It seems as if the ashes of the past are the only visible token, as no hand was stretched forth at that time to save the events of interest to history from oblivion. The civic pride and patriotic sacrifices of the people of that time may well be recalled for encouragement and imitation of both present and future.

While the deportation of the eighteen thousand simple agricultural Acadians, the burning of their homes and crops before their eyes, and the separation of families may well be looked upon as one of the most greivous wrongs ever perpetrated in the new world; it may not have given the few settlers reason to abandon their homes, but like all such acts, tended to cement the race still firmer together.

In viewing the spot where once stood the happy home, we become interested in the past, and the carefully stored tales of childhood. The half-fanciful legends of long ago are recalled, and we stand in meditation and picture the past. Awaking from our day dream we realize how true are the beautiful lines of Kingsley :

" So fleet the works of men, back to their earth again,
Ancient and holy things fade as a dream."

Near the site have been found broken dishes, pieces of iron, and some thirty years ago a peculiar shaped axe, and later a French subsidiary coin of 1747. The French had cleared the land beyond the site of the present house, and had quite a large orchard a few rods in a northeasterly direction, south of a beautiful grove of white birch.

Major built his house, the homestead lately occupied by Artemas, in 1804. He, like his father, was also appointed a Justice of the Peace by Governor Patterson. Thomas junior built a few years later, in 1806, opposite his father. A striking similarity existed between the three.

Thomas Hooper died in 1820 aged eighty-two. Major married first Miss Patterson; second Catherine Urquirt. They had thirteen children as follows: Eliza, Martha, Charles, Major, Thomas, John, Artemas, Mary, Nancy, Sarah, Jane, Harriet and Elisha.

Thomas married Elizabeth Cole. The family consisted of Mary, Annie, Isabella, Alexander, Margaret, John and Eliza. Elisha married Margaret Crosby. They had the following family: Matilda, Margaret, Sarah, William, Lemuel, Catherine, Jane.

Mary married Richard Robbins, Ann married Hugh Montgomery. Both had large families. Rachel never married.

It is strange how antipathy can take such a deep hold on a person that a father can ostracize and forget a child. Sarah, who was left behind in New Jersey, and married a "Whig" was forgotten, and no correspondence passed between the family and her. They did not even know where she lived, and we find as late as 1841 Elisha corresponding in order to find her, and was informed that she had died June 4th, 1828, leaving four sons and four daughters. Her descendants live in the same place in New Jersey.

The following letter will be of interest:

Charlottetown, Aug. 3rd, 1801.

Sir,—Application having been made to me for a license to marry Isaac Schurman and Mary Baker of Bedeque, and the messenger being in a hurry to return, and the Governor being engaged with Captain Fenwick just arrived from Halifax on publick business, it is impossible to procure a license in time, through the necessary forms I therefore take the liberty to inform you that I think you may venture to perform the ceremony and I will procure license when more convenient.

I am, sir,

Your Most Humble and
Obedient Servant,

Robert Gray.

Thomas Hooper, Esquire.

I have a commission issued by William Townshend appointing Elisha Hooper a Lieutenant in the South Battalion of Prince County Militia commanded by the Hon. Harry Compton. It is signed by Thos. Desbrisay, Secy., and J. F. Holland, Mil. Adj. General, and dated the 23rd day of January, 1813. Also one dated April 19th, 1858, signed by Charles Desbrisay, issued by the Governor appointing Elisha High Sheriff of Prince County, but owing to poor health he declined to accept the office, and two years later he died, aged seventy-eight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Tantramar Marsh.

(New York, N. Y., July 26, Thermometer 98 deg.)

AS I sit here beside an electric fan, nursing a large-sized schooner of iced lemonade and watching the thermometer reaching after new records, my thoughts wander back to an evening some years ago when I really was *cool*.

It was in December, and as I landed in the town of Sackville N. B., and wended my way toward the hotel, I decided that I had little to fear from heat-prostration. The worst of the warm weather had apparently passed.

My first impression of Sackville was that it was just an ordinary every-day village, of a few hundred of inhabitants, but before long I had greatly changed those ideas and in case any of my readers may have any such an opinion, I will just here enlighten them to the fact that if Sackville, N. B. were thoroughly built-up, it would make such cities as New York, Chicago and London feel very small indeed.

My debut into Sackville society was at a "Sidewalk Sociable," "over the marsh."

Sackville boasts of miles and miles of fine plank sidewalks, all paid for by the efforts of the young ladies; mostly as a result of an endless chain of necktie-apron-pink-tea sidewalk sociables, which everyone looks upon as a religious duty to attend.

We had a most enjoyable time from the moment of our arrival until the old-fashioned clock in the corner announced that it was time for respectable people to "make a move."

I had made such progress in becoming acquainted with the inhabitants, that when I was delegated to escort one of the brightest of the "sidewalk committee" to her home, I considered that my cup of happiness was full; but it was not, quite. It was, however, before I reached my hotel, and it is to this enjoyable trip to the young lady's place of residence, that I owe my exalted opinion of Sackville as a future metropolis.

We had meandered along in the happy enjoyment of each other's company for probably three or four miles before I awoke

to the fact that the Tantramar Marsh of Sackville, N. B., is no fit place for a young couple to promenade during the month of December. The wind blows all the time and each blast is cooler than the last. I was surprised that after the first few moments my ears had ceased to feel the cold, and although my "society" gloves seemed altogether inadequate to the occasion at the start out, my fingers were apparently becoming used to the atmosphere and now rather enjoyed it.

We passed mile after mile of meadowland; every now and again a house flitted by. I had rather lost my bearings and was wondering whether my fair companion was really in earnest about "going home," or if were merely enjoying a moonlight stroll, when all at once I was informed that "this is Middle Sackville"—"we live at Upper Sackville—just two miles further up the street."

I will pass over my efforts at finding my way back to the Temperance House that evening. At times I imagined that I was training for a North Pole expedition, while at other times I tried to express to myself my admiration for the man who laid out the town of Sackville, N. B. It was no mean man who did it, that's a certainty.

About two a.m. I met several of the boys from the hotel, who being better acquainted around town, had delegated themselves as escorts to those of the committee who lived nearer home, and after returning to the hotel, had started out to rescue me from the byeways and highways, etc.

Their greeting to me was a most peculiar one—not by any means what one could call a warm reception. They rubbed my ears, nose and hands in snow, packed me up in cotton wool and finally left me to sleep "sitting up."

For the next few days I could see my nose looming up before me as a warning monument against my ambitions toward Sackville society. They may talk about "the sidewalks of New York" but I will back the sidewalks of Sackville against any in the world—for length. I little thought then that the day or night would ever come when I should long for a cooling breeze again.

H. A. R.

The River Plate and the Argentine Republic.

BY JOSEPH READ.

CHAPTER I.

(CONTINUED.)

A LITTLE above San Pedro is the Obligado Pass. It was here that the Tyant Rosas put the boom across the river to stop the trade and force the different states to unite under his rule ; the English and French governments protested against the obstruction to the river traffic and Rosas, ignoring the protest, their ambassadors ordered the united English and French fleet to remove the barrier by force. An engagement lasting nine hours was the result before the boom was finally cut.

San Nicholas (240 miles above Buenos Ayres) is the next place of importance. It is a city of some 20,000 population and has a large trade ; a large meat freezing establishment is the first thing to catch the eye as we approach. Moored to the river bank in front of it is a magnificent ocean steamer into whose frigid hold the carcasses of frozen sheep may be seen to glide as if instinct with life, for a long steep chute connects the high "barranca" (bank) with the ship's hatch; down this the cargo slides in an almost steady stream by the force of gravity. Large flour mills are in operation as the back country is a fertile grain-growing region. The stream of the Parana is here undivided and its volume is immense—a three knot current even on the surface of a river thirteen fathoms deep and nearly a mile wide, will give the reader an idea of what I mean by immense.

A little higher up we come to the boundary of the State (or Province as it is called here) of Buenos Ayres, the Creek Medio separating it from the State of Santa Fe ; near by is the town of Constitucion, at one time proposed as the capital of the Confederation ; on this question of choosing a seat for the General Government much bad feeling was manifested, in fact it nearly caused a revolution. Santa Fe is the fourth in importance (at present) of the state forming the Argentine Republic, though in

the not distant future it will not unlikely rank second only to Buenos Ayres. From the river one can see the "estancias" as the vast farms are called; in herds of thousands and flocks of tens of thousands, the "estanciero" counts his stock; not by acres is the estate measured—not even by miles—but by square leagues.

Three hundred miles of river travel puts us in front of a great city—a city which has before it a great future. Rosario is young but she has done wonders in her short life. In the thirty-six years prior to 1890, she multiplied her commerce by eight, and her population by eighteen; with 80,000 inhabitants her per capita trade, judged by the tons of shipping entered, was five times greater than London, more than twice that of New York even, and equalled only by Liverpool. While this last-mentioned city has spent more than any other community in the world in making facilities for commerce, Rosario has had to spend practically nothing; the river bank in front of the city is some sixty feet high above the river, and steep too, the great ocean leviathans—some of them 6000 tons burthen—moor alongside and there discharge and receive cargo. As the voyager looks up and down the river the red-bottomed iron merchantmen seem to line the bank for miles—the "thin red line" broken here and there by a Canadian or Yankee barque with an occasional Norwegian or Dago wooden sailer. Rosario is perhaps unique in many ways, certainly in the combination of circumstances favourable to a great commerce; situated in the heart of a prairie of great extent and exhaustless fertility, with an ocean and river trade that is simply immense, with railroads running north, south and west, and with natural facilities for handling produce nowhere else so real. In some cases the farm produce often glides into the hold of the ship which conveys it to the foreign consumer from the very field on which it grew. No wharfs being needed, the ship simply drops anchor, puts the helm so as to sheer the vessel towards the bank to which she is moored by means of lines run to chains secured in the stiff clay wall. On the "Barranca" two posts are fixed, say three feet apart, to these wire ropes are attached and run to the ship hatches

to which they are made fast after being hauled "taut." Sections of chute are slid down these ropes one after another until a continuous curvi-form inclined plane with raised edges connects the terrace with the hold ; down this chute of their own weight, stream the bags of wheat, corn, flax-seed and pea-nuts ; the bales of wool, sheep-skins and hay ; the cases of canned butter and preserved meat, or what may offer.

San Lorenzo, twenty miles higher up, ships many cargoes of grain and quebracho to Europe. Here San Martin, the real liberator of South America fought a Spanish naval contingent with a handful of cavalry, defeating the fleet and showing his countrymen who should lead them.

Fifty miles further up we reach the apex of the Delta of the Parana. Here General Urquiza (the Argentine leader, who with the help of Brazil finally overthrew the tyrant Rosas) used to swim his army across the river with 20,000 horses. Forty miles further we arrive at a point called on old maps Baxada (Landing Place). Like the old "Landing-Place" of St. John's Island it has changed its name, is now known as Parana, and was once the capital of Argentina ; the population is 12,000, possibly less, for since the great advance of Rosario it is fast losing its importance. On the opposite side of the river, but seven miles distant, (several woody islands intervening) can be seen the spires and smoke-stacks of the city of Santa Fe, the State Capital, population in 1890 some 15,000, which showed a decrease for the decade, caused, as in the case of Parana, by Rosario's increase. That Island readers may get some idea of the navigability of the river to this place, I will state that the barque "Joe Read," 1000 tons burthen, sailed up the river to Santa Fe without the aid of a tug boat in 1881, and there loaded a full cargo of manu (peanuts) for Marseilles, France. Think of it! we were in the heart of the continent, six hundred miles from the open sea. Among the islands are to be seen the *corpu* or *nutria* (South America Beaver) swimming past the ship quite frequently, so also the *carpincha*, a kind of river hog, while on the islands tigers and alligators are alarmingly numerous.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Reminiscent.

BY JOHN MOLLISON.

OCASIONALLY we hear of a kind of play upon words that creates a smile. What I refer to are words the exact sounds of which occur in an altogether different language, and with an altogether different accent, which when associated together in the mind, are more or less ridiculous. Let me give two examples which happened on our own dear Isle.

Alexander Millar came to this colony about the year 1850, and settled in that part of North Bedeque known as "The Creek." In the spring of 1861 he and the family moved to the westward, having bought during the previous year a farm in Bideford, Lot 12, where his second youngest son, Peter Millar, now resides, he being one of the well-to-do farmers of that neighborhood.

Mr. Millar was for the first years of his life in this country a threshing-machine manufacturer, and of course his business called him away from home frequently. This had the effect of bringing him in more contact with his fellows, and, as a consequence, the effect was not only to broaden his mind but to anglicise his Scottish dialect to a great extent. But with Mrs. Millar it was different. She was a faithful energetic helpmeet and so was kept at home almost altogether by the exigencies of her home work. For this reason her broad Doric tongue was scarcely ever modified from the time she left her lowland Scottish home near Edinburgh for "the wilds of America," as this country was then looked upon by the peasantry of Europe. Such words, therefore, as "fikey," "nicht," (with the German guttural) "dinnie fash yersel," and many others, constantly dropped from her lips.

In the exigencies of the life they found themselves in—a comparatively new farm to stump and to drain—outside help was required, even though they had a family of four boys (the girls being the first, in order of time, and married). This necessitated outside help in the kitchen as well.

On one occasion Mrs. Millar hired a big soney girl from Grand River, a settlement some few miles to the south, with a

sparse population almost wholly from the Highlands of Scotland. Mrs. Millar's servant girl was one of that worthy race, so much so that she could talk but little but her native Gælic. Now it happens that the word "coo" in that language means dog. But in the lowland Scottish tongue it has an altogether different significance. The girl had come to the farm-house through the course of the day, and toward evening Mrs. Millar said to her in her bustling way :

"Gan awa' an' milk the coo."

The girl had had a difficult task all the afternoon in understanding just what her mistress was saying to her, for while she might have made some speed with common English, the broad sounds from "beyond the Tweed" were too much for her brain. But this order put a climax to it all. To milk the "coo"—the dog—what could the old woman mean. It was beyond her, but some of the other members of the family were near and one hit upon saying the word "cow" in plain English and the poor confused girl understood and was relieved.

On another time a similar occurrence took place. It was with a Mr. Robert Ellis (of thorough English parentage) now of O'Leary, and (since there are two gentlemen of the same name there) known as "little Robert." It was winter time and Mr. Ellis with some others were hauling loads in sleighs, passed Mr. Millar's homestead ; the winter road, as is frequent, going through the field a short distance away, in place of the ordinary cart road.

Mr. Ellis for some reason stopped the teams and came over to the house. Mrs. Millar, who by the way, was quite inquisitive, began enquiring all about who were with him. After Mr. Ellis had told her that Tom Soanso and Dick Someonelse were there, he was horrified to hear her ask : "Is there ony mair?"

"Mair" was the spelling in Mrs. Millar's mind, and of course she was asking was there any more people with him, but the spelling—the sound being the same—in Mr. Ellis' thought was "mare?" What could she mean by asking such an almost indelicate question as "Was there any mare?" And indeed he had to make an evasive answer since he could not understand the question at all. It was not until years afterward that he learned the meaning of Mrs. Millar's perfectly natural question.

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