

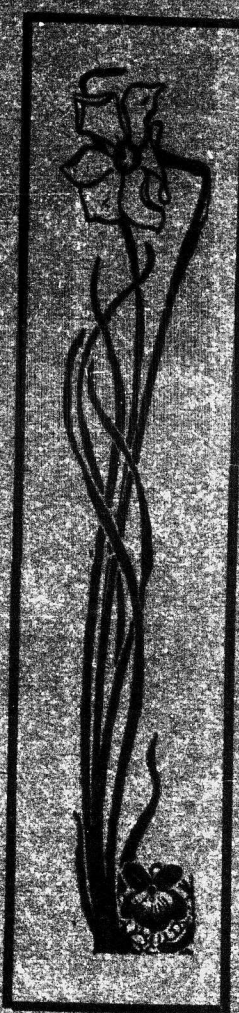
The August

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

1902

CONTENTS

- Something about Ancient Ships
Ten Days in a Dog Cart through the
Rocky Mountains
Traits of the Small Boy
Forest Lore Series—III
Nora Maloney
New York's Celestial Corner
On Castumpec Bay
Camping Out
Charcoal Pits
Editorial Notes, etc., etc.
Torough Tommy Hawke's Telescope
Culled from Exchanges



VOL. 4.

NO. 6

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THE
Prince Edward Island Magazine

✧ Contents of this Number ✧

FRONTISPIECE

SOMETHING ABOUT ANCIENT SHIPS	J. T. Clarkin	191
The Maritime aspirations of the Greeks.		
TEN DAYS IN A DOG CART THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS	E. M. P.	194
A driving tour by two ladies through the Rocky Mountains.		
TRAITS OF THE SMALL BOY	Topsy	199
The peculiarities of the small-boy delineated with wisdom and humour.		
FOREST LORE SERIES III	J. S. Clark, B. A.	202
Something about the coming of <i>Gleesap</i> .		
NORA MALONEY	W. W. Rogers	203
A poem.		
NEW YORK'S CELESTIAL GORNER	H. A. R.	204
A description of the Chinese who live in New York.		
OX CASCUMPEC BAY	H. R. L.	208
A poem.		
CAMPING OUT	D. B. R.	209
How a holiday party camped out at Appleton wharf.		
CHARCOAL PITS	Robert Jenkins	213
Something about an industry little practised in P. E. I.		
THROUGH TOMMY HAWKE'S TELESCOPE	T. Hawke	218

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The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

P. O. Box 71,

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

FINEST FURS

AT

FACTORY FIGURES



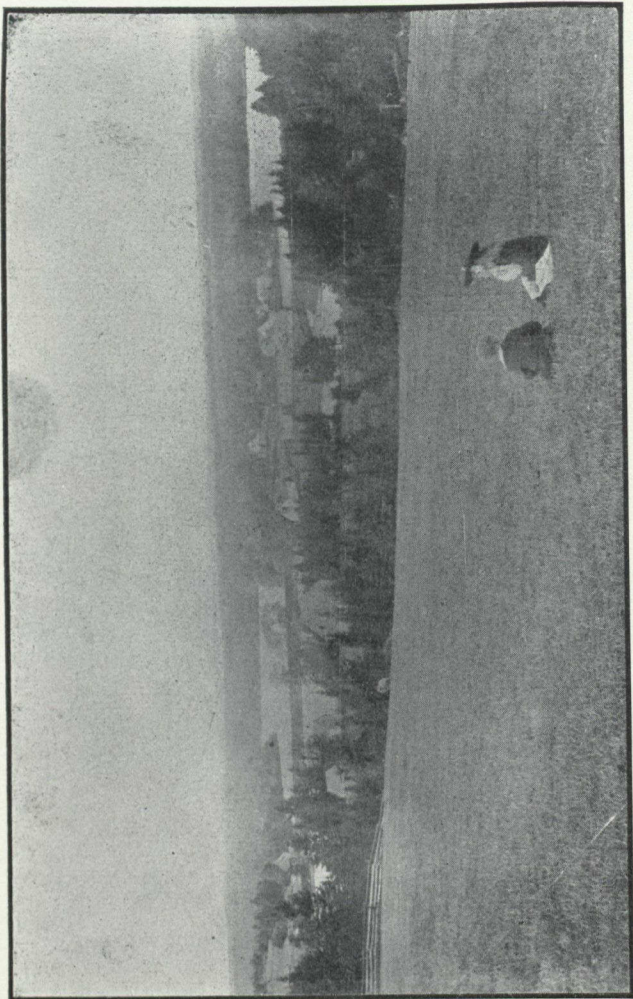
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MURRAY HARBOR, P. E. I. THROUGH WHICH THE NEW RAILWAY PASSES.

The
Prince Edward Island
Magazine

Vol. 4

August, 1902

No. 6

Something About Ancient Ships—Concluded.

THE Greeks up to 1200 B. C. were indifferent sailors and what sailing they did was in making piratical descents on the neighboring coasts. In 1226 a number of young Greeks under Jason set sail in the "Argo," from Ioclos in Thessaly for Colchis, in the eastern end of the Black Sea. As the Argonauts had to follow the shores this trip was perhaps 1200 miles. About thirty years later the whole confederate force of Greece engaged in a maritime enterprise of great proportions. Paris, son of the king of Troy, carried off Helen, wife of the king of Sparta and to avenge this affront a fleet of 1186 ships carrying about 100,000 men sailed from Greece. The smallest of these ships carried 50 men and the largest 120. They were slightly built and flat bottomed. Each ship had one mast on which a sail was raised but oars were mainly depended on as a means of propulsion.

The introduction of the trireme into Greece about 700 B. C. marked a great advance in naval construction. Amiocles of Corinth, built four such ships for the Samians and very soon most of the states of Greece adopted the idea.

Instead of the one tier of oars which propelled the old form of ship the triremē had three and was accordingly built much higher. After this first great step naval architecture made little advance before the Macedonian age. The trireme may have been a Grecian invention, but some authorities claim that it was borrowed from the Phœnicians. Though the Greeks looked upon their navy as being more important than their army, yet the great difficulty of procuring suitable timber prevented to some extent the building of ships. Athens had to import her timber from Thrace. This fact however, did not debar them from the sport of sea fighting. The first naval battle recorded in Grecian history occurred about 660 B. C. and was between the Corinthians and their own colonists in Corcyra. In later years the Greeks did not need to pick quarrels with their relatives, for the mighty Empire of Persia came down looking for trouble with all the fleets of Phœnicia at her command. How gloriously the Greeks behaved against mighty odds is well known.

Cretans, Lydians, Carians, Thracians, Milesians and other almost forgotten peoples had their days of Empire on the blue waters of the Mediterranean but the Carthaginians were the most worthy rivals of the Phœnicians. Carthage, child of Tyre, came of the old sea stock and we find in Ezechiel xxvii., 12. that the Carthaginians supplied Tyre with a multitude of riches; silver, iron, tin and lead. They were the first people who raised their warships from three to four tiers of oars and are supposed to be first to use figure-heads.

About 400 B. C. Carthage—in order to discover the location of the Cassiterides, which were such a source of wealth to their mother country, Phœnicia—fitted out two expeditions at the same time. Hanno with 60 ships bearing 30,000 people sailed south from the straits and founded seven towns along the west coast of Africa. This voyage

may have extended to the Gambia. Only a Greek abridgement concerning it exists and we may suspect the number of people given to be erroneous. Himileo in command of the other fleet sailed north, and on his return published an account of his discoveries. This narrative was extant in the fifth century as extracts were made from it by Avienus who states that in less than four months sailing Himileo arrived at the Ostrymides which were two days sail from the large Sacred Island of the Hibernians (Ireland) where they found a high spirited and commercial people who used boats covered with leather.

We can scarcely conceive how long the Mediterranean was the theatre of commerce and of war for the world. We sing of the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze; and we sing as if that period embraced nearly all time or as if the duration of Britain's sea history eclipses that of every race the world has seen.

The two great Phœnician cities, Tyre and Sidon, are as dim lights shining out of antiquity. Tyre was an ancient and mighty city when Alexander besieged her; her founding was lost in the ages when Herodotus visited her; she was old when in 717 B. C. her fleet smashed the maritime aspirations of Salmanasar, King of Assyria, in the first sea fight of history, yet the Phœnicians sailed out of Sidon and carried on the commerce of the world for a thousand years before Tyre was founded.

Good boys and girls who read their bibles know of Solomon's ventures on the sea and how he prospered. What a wonderful field is opened to the imagination by his maritime affairs. In dealing with the Phœnician and Carthaginian we are limited to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic as far north and west as Ireland and as far south as 10° N. latitude, unless we divert ourselves with fantasies of the Lost Atlantis. In the case of Solomon's ships only the bounds of the earth can limit us. His port was on the Red

Sea and his fleet sailed south into the Indian Ocean to ports that moderns have not found. The commercial splendor of Israel was a meteor that passed over that land in the reign of Solomon. It is true that Josaphat endeavored to revive it but his league with Ochozias brought calamity, and his ships were broken in the harbor of Asiongabar: II Chron xx., 37.

JOHN T. CLARKIN



Ten Days in a Dog-cart Through the Rocky Mountains

I WAS sitting one afternoon in September on the verandah of our house at Colorado Springs, reading, or at least attempting to do so, but my eyes so frequently strayed from the pages of 'The Century' to the view, which was seemingly only a few minutes' walk from me, that I quite lost the thread of a most interesting story, and was obliged to turn back to the beginning to find "where I was at",—when I was interrupted by the sound of wheels on the gravel road, and the next instant a cheerful voice said:—"Well Mrs. Hill, I hope you have nothing very special to occupy you during the next week, because I want you to go with me in the dog-cart up Ute Pass and into Manitou Park." Now I had "done" the mountains pretty well since I first came to Colorado, that is, I had been everywhere that the Railroads could take me, up to Leadville over the South Park R. R., to Georgetown and Silver Plume by the celebrated Loop, to

Buffalo Park in Platte Canyon, besides ascending Pike's Peak by the cog-wheel railroad. But this was a new way for me to travel, in a dog-cart with Mrs. Gray, all alone by ourselves, and I had never been up Ute Pass further than the Rainbow Falls, which are about a mile above Manitou, so I joyfully replied that there was nothing special in view for the next ten days, and that I should be delighted to go, providing my husband was willing. I did not think he would object as he knew Mrs. Gray to be a capital whip and quite equal to any emergency, she being a Colorado Pioneer, having come out from England about twenty years previously. Mr. Hill and myself were also natives of the "Tight Little Island", but had only lived in Colorado about three years.

Mrs. Gray had all the plans laid for our trip; we were to take some provisions, but not to burden ourselves with any camping outfit, as she intended to always stay at some ranch each night, and it seemed as if a perfect colony of English people had settled up the Pass, for as she spoke of the different ranchmen, whose hospitality she intended to test, she always added after each name "He is another Englishman."

When Mr. Hill came home and heard of the plan he made no objection, so the next afternoon Mrs. Gray drove up in a dog-cart to our door; my small bundle of necessary garments was strapped to the dashboard; the provisions stowed away as carefully as possible so that they should not fall out in case of a possible upset; some straps and ropes put in, that any break in the harness might be repaired; and after many charges from Mr. Hill to be careful, and not to lose our way, we at length set out. Manitou and its scenery is so well known that I shall say nothing more of it, except that any description fails to give an adequate idea of its loveliness. It must be seen to be believed in, and the same may be said of the Garden of the Gods. No photo-

graph, however highly colored, can give a complete idea of its grandeur and wildness.

We now left Manitou behind us, and began to ascend the stupendous mountain gorge known as the "Pass." The road is so steep an incline that our good steed Charlie much preferred to walk except when he came to a small level spot. As we were in no hurry, only intending to go as far as Green Mountain Falls, twelve miles up the Pass, that afternoon, we let him choose his own pace, and gave ourselves up to enjoying the magnificent views on each side of us. The road winds along a ledge, seemingly cut out of the side of the mountains with a small river rushing along some hundred or more feet below us; the mountains towering up on either side of the stream as high as those next the road. Every now and then a lovely valley or canyon would branch off from the Pass, giving most charming views of rocks and trees, and occasionally streams of water rising high up in the mountains fell by leaps and by bounds down and down till they were lost in the dark abyss below. Then there would come in sight a small plateau, on which some adventurous and solitude-loving person had built himself a tiny cabin; after that would come a time of glorious sublimity, where the rocks nearly met over your head, and the roadway was so narrow that you trembled lest another traveller should appear coming around one of the sudden turns in the gorge, when it would seem that the only method by which either party could proceed on their journey would be for one to lie down and the other equipage to climb over him. However, we met with no adventures and but few travellers, and those fortunately at places wide enough to pass each other easily, and at six o'clock p. m. found ourselves in front of the hotel at Green Mountain Falls where supper was ready. After an appetizing meal, and seeing that Charlie's wants were attended to, we took a little ramble towards the Falls, which have given the

place its name. They are small in volume of water but in picturesqueness and beauty make up for this lack of power to remind one of Niagara. It soon became too dark to remain out doors, and as we intended to start early the next day we retired to our rooms.

The next morning we took our way towards Woodland Park, through a very pretty country, less wild and rocky than that we had seen the first day. The pass had widened out into a valley with fine trees standing about, and various ranchmen's houses in cosy corners, also a number of summer cottages and hotels scattered along the line of road. Finally we came to a turn in the road, and began to think it was time that our intended abode for the night should come in sight. It then transpired that Mrs. Gray had never seen the place in question, the ranch of Mr. Atherton, son of a leading London publisher. He had often invited Mrs. Gray to visit his bachelor abode, and it was in response to these repeated invitations that she was taking me with her; two staid and sober matrons, who were old enough to be his mother.

Mr. Atherton had given minute directions, and as Mrs. Gray was looking carefully for the signs he had described, she suddenly said :—" I am sure that is his gateway " and proceeded to turn Charlie's head toward it. She then alighted and went to inspect the house, a comfortable log one, with a fat, good-tempered looking dog keeping guard upon the doorstep. No one else appeared to be at home, but as the house door was unlocked and the dog made no resistance, she went in and soon returned saying she knew it was Mr. Atherton's house by the pictures and books. So we went in, put up Charlie and the dog-cart, got ourselves some lunch, for it was now past three o'clock and we had eaten nothing since our early breakfast. After that we did not know quite what to do, but finally provided ourselves with some books and cushions and seated ourselves under a

large pine tree, to while away the time till our host should appear.

Our books proved very interesting and we were deeply absorbed in them, when the sound of horses' feet aroused us and we saw two riders coming in at the gate, but they neither of them proved to be the one we were expecting: they were two neighbors, who lived only about thirty miles off, and had come to ask Mr. Atherton's assistance in hunting up some cattle, that had gone astray. They were much surprised to find two ladies and no one to introduce them; but on telling us their names, and finding that we like themselves were English, we at once felt mutually acquainted. It transpired that they expected to stay all night at the ranch and as our inspection of the premises had made us acquainted with the fact that its accommodations were limited, we began to wonder how we all were going to be provided for, but decided it was of no use to make any arrangement till our host should appear, which he soon did, and gave us all a hearty welcome. Mrs. Gray being as I have before stated, equal to any emergency, began to consult with Mr. Atherton as to getting supper, and the rest of the evening was spent in talking over the "land we had left behind us." And then we two ladies took possession of our host's apartment, while he and the two visitors made themselves comfortable on the floor of the dining room, saying that they were quite accustomed to sleeping on the ground with their saddles for pillows, when on frequent "round ups" for cattle.

The next day they all departed in quest of the missing cows, and as it was Sunday we spent the day quietly, reading the psalms and lessons from our Prayer books, and walking about among the trees. The gentlemen returned at dark, without the errant kine however, and they decided that it was not worth while to look for them any further, as they would probably return of their own sweet will with all

their tails behind them, after the example of Bo-Peep's sheep. So next morning the visitors left, and as it was considered that Charlie deserved a rest after his labors in bringing us up the pass, Mr Atherton kindly loaned us one of his horses and Mrs Gray and myself set out to explore the neighborhood, and call on the various neighbors, living at distances varying from five to twenty-five miles. These good people, one and all, gave us a hearty welcome, and tho' some of them lived in very small houses, and did not possess much of this world's goods, their reception was not any less warm than that we received from the grand-daughter of an English earl, living with her husband in a house like an old baronial mansion, with lovely furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac, and standing in the midst of a park which reminded one of Balmoral, with its background of beautiful mountains.

E. M. P.

To be concluded

Traits of the Small Boy.

HE grows up on the street; it is his opportunity for seeing sights, hearing sounds, and becoming an adjunct of milk-wagons and ice-carts.

The tradition of bread and molasses he treats with contempt, and clamors for marmalade thickly spread.

He is of the earth earthy; mud and mire are his elements.

If you send him on an errand, he will go good-naturedly. If you pay him, don't be surprised if he looks for a higher fee next time.

He is precocious. He can ride a wheel before his feet

touch the pedals, and read the newspaper before he knows his letters.

If you rub his head the right way, pat him on the back, and give him all the plum preserve he can eat, he'll turn into a cherub; if you tell him he's a bother and you wish he'd go away, he'll look ugly and snarl.

You can depend on him keeping his feet still when his mouth is full, or he's listening to a bear story.

As a rule he is not studious, but if you tell him anything worth hearing, he'll listen.

It suits him to have his mental pabulum well seasoned and flavored. When temptingly prepared and ready to hand, the amount he actually appropriates is surprising.

He seems to thoroughly respect your opinion of him. Tell him he's the noisiest boy on the street, and he'll sustain his reputation bravely.

If he steals pie and you give him a spanking, he'll probably steal more pie, just to see how pie tastes without a spanking.

His instincts are well nigh infallible. You may feign a polite courtesy towards him, but if your feelings are not the most generous possible, he'll look defiant at you.

He learns to throw stones at birds, when he sees them in his mother's bonnet and his sister's Sunday hat.

If there's a good prospect of mercy being shown him, he won't tell a lie.

He illustrates perfectly nature's law of inertia. Once set in motion, there is need of a resisting force to reduce him to a state of rest.

He has a contempt for corporal punishment; his intuitions tell him it's out of date.

Like all amateur artists, he has a tendency to exaggerate—especially in word painting. The squash that grows in his

father's garden is always a size larger than any you can describe to him.

One of the first words he articulates is "more," with the spirit of an age of biscuit combines and chewing gum trusts.

His grasp is the boast of the evolutionists; they tell us it is second only to that of the orang-outang.

His appetite for sugar is inordinate and so persistent that science has been forced to sanction the craving.

The biggest thing about him is his heart, if you can find it, and know how to take its dimensions.

You needn't expect him to keep "in his place," unless he has a place, and has grown fairly familiar with it.

He makes it a matter of conscience to investigate the use of things, and practically test their utility.

He abounds in queries, his interrogation points being the chief cause of the compiling of encyclopedias.

He is quick to detect the fraudulent.

His perceptions are unerring.

In research he is deep and diligent.

His memory is mercilessly retentive.

His vivid imagination readily supplements an imperfect knowledge.

Nothing suits him so well as to be happy.

When he smiles there is a suggestion of the glories of dawn: when his brow darkens and his eyes grow moist, the air becomes portentous.

He is naturally honest. When he has to scramble up as best he can he doesn't evidence a "bringing up." Just as though a rose that grows wild could hang out more than five petals.

When he's good, he's the dearest thing on earth, when he's bad—he's truly shocking.

TOPSY.



Forest-Lore Series.

III — *When Glooscap Comes.*

THE lordly Glooscap, brother and friend, has gone far off to the land of the setting sun—to *Wasok*, the beautiful, the 'Acadie' of the blessed; there he makes his home, at least so says tradition, until all men shall learn to honor truth; then he can return, and his coming will be ushered in amidst wildest rejoicings; birds and beasts, the stately forest trees, and every delicate shrub, will gaily wave him a welcome; ah, but that will be a glorious millennium, when Glooscap comes.

The early French traders had bound him to carry him over the ocean, and show him in France as a trophy, as they had been doing with others; but Glooscap was more than a mortal, his strength put to shame that of Samson; he thwarted their treacherous purpose — and warned all his people against them, against all the thunder-club traders who brought here the deadly *booktarwik*, which quickens the brain for a moment to plunge it in ruinous stupor. The generous Glooscap was faithful, he chided and warned his weak brothers until they had fallen past rescue, and then in disgust he had left them. [Glooscap is their ancient religion.]

His dogs are still standing at Blomidon, transformed into rocks as he left them to sail out to sea on the ebb-tide, with his face looking into the sunset; his kettle lies there still inverted where he tossed it in keen indignation. The people mourn over his absence, the *kenap* has no more ambition, the *sakumow* sleeps in his wigwam; the great snowy owl cries 'koo-koo-skoo,' which re-echoes through all the dark archways, repeating: 'oh, I am so sorry.' Hear

the cry of the *woba kookoogwes*, you people who trespass upon him, who follow him into the forest, transforming its secret recesses, converting the dales into pastures and clothing the hill-sides with grain-fields. Speed the day of the coming of Glooscap, all you who are true of the Micmacs,—speed the day, every proud-hearted pale-face, be true to the noblest within you, and hold out a hand to your brothers. Do not ask “What is truth?” for you know it. Look up to the source of true manhood, and take up the duty beside you, 'tis the secret of manly achievement; and then, when the truth shall have conquered, great Glooscap of ancient tradition can come to the land of the Micmacs. Would that all our people were willing to hasten his coming and help him.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Nora Maloney.

'T WAS the wink of your eye that made me sigh,
To kiss you Nora Maloney.

Shure and my heart went pit-a-pat: shure I was talking
through my hat,

You wondered what I was staring at,
Darling Nora Maloney.

Chorus—

For I love you and you love me, and troth it's soon we'll
married be,

Darling Nora Maloney.

For you love me and I love you, and shure I know your
heart is true,

Darling Nora Maloney.

'Twas the curl of your hair that made me swear
To wed you Norah Maloney.

Ough, my heart was in dreadful pain, till you said "yes"
 so sweet and plain,
 Troth you're illigant as the "quane,"
 Darling Nora Maloney.

Chorus—

T'was your smiling so swate, that made me bate
 That blackguard Mickey Mahoney.
 Shure I battered the spalpeen's head till he was spacheless,
 "so he said,"
 Lying there on the ground for dead,
 All for Nora Maloney.

W. W. ROGERS.

New York's Celestial Corner

THIS is simply a short account of an evening spent among the inhabitants of the "pigtail district" It would be a very hard matter to write anything new about this pecky-pokey eyed combination of humanity, but we so thoroughly enjoyed the different attractions which the settlement offers, that even if none of my readers care anything about it some of them may some day desire to use some of the information as material for a story: anything will do for a story providing the right name is signed to it—so I will inflict it upon you.

Starting at Pell Street, only a few yards from New York's once famous Bowery, we were right in the heart of China as completely as if we had entered the gates of Peking, and everything was as thoroughly Chinese as the odor of collars and cuffs from a Chinese laundry. The little shops full of such oddities as dragons, incense burners, back scratchers, ivory carved gods and a hundred odds and curios each bearing the name of the "artist" who worried

through long dirty Chinese months in their manufacture, and all waiting for the unsuspecting visitor to cough up good American coin for their release.

In the delicatessen, or grocery stores the specialty is a most peculiar sort of a flat-fish fowl, flat as a fritter and as dry as the Prohibition laws are supposed to be. We never for a moment doubted that they had been "cured" by the ancients, but all wondered how they must have looked before they were "cured." The Chinese say their people eat these things and live, but—well, just but.

Their vegetables are just as peculiar as everything else around them and appear to have come from the earth wrong end to. The Joss House—the nearest approach to a house of worship that the "Chink" has—is a store house for all the relics from Confucius down, and besides welcoming visitors who are desirous of obtaining incense sticks, fans, prayers, etc. at a dozen times their original cost, it is the resort for those stubtoed innocents who before entering upon any sort of an undertaking wish to consult the oracles to find out whether they will be successful or not. If the "prayers" they purchase do not promise success, they cease all negotiations and wait until the predictions are more favorable. As the Chinese will not even buy a dog unless the little red papers point out that it will be a good investment, and the Joss House keeper gets paid for each batch of fortunes or prophesies it is of course not probable that the first try will guarantee success. It is in the "restaurants" that the sight-seers get their money's worth. As one sits there and watches the crowds of apparently sane individuals gathered around those little round tables, he wonders at their sublime faith. There they are delving into a mysterious collation in front of them and if you ask what it is, they will say "chop suey." If you ask what chop-suey is, they will say "that's it" and that's all they know, except that "John" stands by and promptly collects the rent before

they have attempted to trifle with the affections of the de-coction. Next in prominence or popularity to chop-suey is what the bill of fare calls "Yotko-maen;" a sort of an endless chain variety of macaroni shavings, garnished with something that looks much nicer than it tastes. Here and there among the patrons are a few "regulars" who manipulate the chop sticks and appear as if they know, or imagine they know why they are there; but the majority simply run down the programme, point at something that reads like "茶 茶 茶 茶 茶" order it, drink tea which they would never tolerate at home, pay for it all and imagine they have had a big time. The Chinese waiter is politeness personified. He understands the slightest suggestion of an order, and indulges in a continuous performance of that smile so aptly described by the late lamented Bret Hart. He takes the full limit or any surplus in the way of financial remuneration with an intelligence almost human but the moment any rebate or reduction is suggested he immediately lapses into a comatose condition, from which nothing short of one hundred per cent on account will arouse him. As a rule the Chinatown business men are honest. They long ago decided that they were no match for the quick-witted, rapid-firing Americans, and while the Japs are ever alert for an opportunity to "do" the sharp-witted Westerner and usually succeed, the slower witted Chinese have settled down to steady, honest accumulation. As in everything else, they reverse the order of things and believe it is more blessed to *receive* than to *give*. They live this in every breath, and each and everyone of them is a veritable oriental Russell Sage—always receiving. The opium dives of Chinatown are another feature which visitors rather desire to investigate, but these are so deteriorated from the attractively decorated apartments of years ago into ordinary bare boarded cellars, that they are more repulsive than interesting. After his long

arduous labor the celestial seeks this "surcease of sorrow" as naturally as the white man seeks his ordinary rest. He crawls into the shelf-like cot and with restless eagerness reaches forth for the "elixir of life"—and of death. The surroundings cease to be dreary and oppressive, persecution and suffering are forgotten as he is lulled into a delightful dreamland by the richest melodies and most glorious visions. The sluggish nature of the Oriental may allow this condition of affairs to continue for years but the "Christian" or white man, who is tempted to such indulgence soon finds himself beyond his depth. The delightful sensations give way to horrible nightmares and soon he finds himself a victim to a habit a thousand times worse than that of alcohol. It is not long before the Chinese is smoking the little pellet by himself—the nature of the white man will not stand the pace.

One sees quite a number of rather attractive-looking American girls in this vicinity who it is hard to believe belong there, but from their familiarity with the "chop sticks" and general surroundings it is easily seen that they do. One of the "oldest inhabitants" of the section informed us that these once bright-looking young women were as much a part of New York's 'China' as were the Joss Houses and missions, and that it was only when the "black carriage," finally comes around to take them upon their last drive, that it is possible to separate them from the friends who have treated them with more consideration than they found they could ever expect to receive from those of a lighter color.

After visiting the "Ghetto," the Italian quarters, the Bohemians at their unique eating houses, and all the other celebrated sections of New York, one must acknowledge that Chinatown has them all at a discount. Even a few moments with a group of their cute little very doll-like children more than repays one for the trouble of the visit.

Each one appears to be made from a model of one of those five-cent Chinese dolls we have all seen, and no matter how long they have been in this country, or how they associate with Americans, they persist in observing the teachings of their forefathers in heart, and home life, if not always in public.

H. A. R.

On Cascumpec Bay.

THE evening sun was shining bright and clear,
 Casting a radiance o'er a scene most fair;
 The waters sparkled gaily far and near,
 And tranquil beauty lingered everywhere.

'Mid high-piled seaward I had made a seat.
 As o'er the water sped my "Flying Cloud;"
 But hark! what joyful sounds my hearing greet?
 'Tis human voices singing clear and loud.

From yonder craft, these strains of music float:
 A picnic party on their homeward way,
 Sated with pleasure. From their white-winged boat
 Their happy voices steal across the bay.

My native Isle! thy charms are dear to me;
 Nor from thy shore for beauty will I stray,
 "Gem of the Gulf," girt by the glittering sea,
 Thy loveliness inspires my rustic lay!

H. R. L.

Camping Out.

THE morning long-talked of, at least by some of the party, at last arrived. The wind was blowing strongly from the west which was the exact quarter from which it was required. All were early astir in their respective homes, completing the packing of their baggage, and "satisfying the inner man," perhaps the last time for completely doing so for a week as we were about to start on a seven or eight days camping tour.

About the time these details were arranged two of our party called around with an express wagon for the baggage, and we all soon assembled at the wharf. There were seven of us. Does not that number strike you rather oddly? It should for it is an odd number in more ways than one. Think of all you have heard about the number seven, but which we shall not attempt to write of here.

The wind had been growing stronger, and some of the older heads, who had come down to see us off, advised us strongly not to embark. But, after consulting a pilot, and several sea captains, and persuading some of our crew who had entertained ideas of a watery grave, that there was no cause for fear, we boarded our neat little craft, hoisted sail and away we went. The sail up East River was a delightful one. Running ahead of the wind, with the sea just rough enough to make it interesting, we made the trip in about an hour, which was very good time considering that our boat carried about sixteen hundred weight.

On our left we passed Falconwood Asylum, which presents a very picturesque view from the river, as well as a number of pretty farm residences. The scenery all along the banks is beautiful. In some places, the rich green

fields sloping gradually down to the waters edge; in others the high red sandstone banks capped with forest green and reflected in the blue waters below, made scenes strikingly grand; and were sufficient to cause one to exclaim: "How glorious is Nature." Red Point wharf, the scene of so many picnics was passed on our right and shortly afterwards we reached our destination—Appletree wharf. Some of us hoped to enjoy the fruits of the appletree in a pie during our stay; but the apples not being of an early species were rather green and our good chaperon forbade us tasting them, saying that "green apples are very apt to keep children awake at nights." But we must to work, for there was every appearance of rain.

As the tents were to be situated some two or three hundred yards from the wharf, we ran our boat as near to the shore as possible, took off our boots and stockings, (that is the male portion of the crew did, our ladies having disembarked at the wharf) and proceeded to carry the baggage ashore. Was it fun? Well rather, especially if you stepped on a sharp stone or shell when you were carrying the end of a two hundred pound trunk. However, after about forty like experiences, some worse, some better, the baggage was all piled on shore. But then a greater difficulty presented itself. The bank was about twenty feet high and consisted of a light sand that would not afford a footing. The trunks were at the bottom but they should be at the top. A bright idea however occurred to me. A rope was used to bind one of the trunks. This was quickly taken off, and while one of the party remained below to fasten on the articles, the others went above to hoist them up, the ladies bravely lending their able assistance.

The tents were soon erected, one of our number being quite an expert at this work, and everything was under cover before the descent of the watery elements. Then followed unpacking and the getting of dinner, which was

heartily relished by all. The afternoon was pretty well occupied with the unpacking of baggage and arranging of the tents, besides an occasional nap, which each one seemed to think they were entitled to. Callers began to come early and several were entertained that p. m. After a late tea we all sat down to talk it over and tell stories, and about eleven we prepared to spend our first night in "cushie" under canvas. This, with two or three exceptions was very pleasantly spent. It would be exceedingly tiresome to the reader to give each days proceedings in detail and it shall not be done, nothing further than enough to give an idea of how we spent our time. In the morning we would arise,—well, at different hours, varying from seven to nine. For breakfast we generally drank coffee which was prepared on a fire outside. Our milk we purchased from the farmers fresh every day; and from them we also got cultivated strawberries which were much relished.

When the tide was right for a bathe right merrily did all enjoy this much longed for pastime. Long walks were indulged in; sometimes on the seashore, sometimes through the green fields and shady woods. At times we would dig clams, which made delicious chowders; and when the tide was at its lowest we would search for that most delicious bivalve, the oyster. On several occasions we were successful in obtaining them and right well were they enjoyed. Then again we would attempt to deceive the "speckled beauties" with worms and false flies and although we did on one occasion capture a number, we were not what one would call very successful fishermen.

The afternoons and frequently the evenings were enjoyed by boat sailing, and many a delightful run we had over the briny depths. On such occasions all joined in singing some familiar song or hymn accompanied by the sweet music of the auto-harp which one of our number handled with considerable talent. And what is more beautiful than boat-sail-

ing on a moonlight night accompanied by sweet music? On one of our trips we visited McNally's Island. This Island is situated three or four miles further up the river than Appletree wharf, and is about two and a half acres in area. It is a favorite camping ground and contains Cornita cottage which is fitted up in excellent camping style.

One of our tents was situated only about five yards from the old French fort. There was the ditch and mound and one of the farmers informed us that he had picked up a number of bullets on the seashore just below the mound. We obtained our water from a spring not far distant, and real good water it was. While on the way to or from the spring or during our walks we would often stop to look for spruce gum which was quite plentiful. Perhaps in this particular we gave the laws of etiquette a pretty good shaking but—we were camping. Reading was also extensively engaged in, and a prodigious amount of eating and sleeping was done. Eat! yes, some of the number would eat until the chairs on which they sat would creak on account of the load they carried.

One law only was enacted: everybody was to be called by their front name, and our chaperon, "mother." Anyone violating this law, was required to purchase one quart of milk for the general use of the camp. Needless to say the law was frequently broken, so that we had abundance of milk. In the pleasant pastimes which have been mentioned and by many other ways which would take too much space to detail, the time passed all too quickly away. Day and night followed each other in such quick succession that scarcely did we take count of the time and we were all greatly surprised when Tuesday evening came, for we knew that we must return to the city on the morrow.

The next morning we were early astir. It was a beautiful morning and as the glorious rays of the rising sun fell aslant on the meadows still wet with dew, it caused them to

glitter as if millions of diamonds had been scattered broadcast on their surface. After the usual amount of packing up and hustling around, all was ready. The wind again favored us and we came down wing and wing, or as the Frenchman says "One sail one side, one sail one side." We reached the city about noon, everyone of the crowd looking fat, healthy and sunburned and all extolling the merits of a week's camping at Appletree wharf.

R. B. D.

Charcoal Pits

IN cultivating land on the upper Mt. Albion road one often turns up patches of blackened soil, round in shape, about twelve or fifteen feet across. To those not acquainted with the early history of the place these black spots would be somewhat of a mystery, but to the native-born it is well known that a charcoal pit has been burnt here perhaps fifty or sixty years before.

I noticed a pit burning last summer near the roadside on the farm of W. B. Hooper. This was so unusual a sight that it claimed the attention of the travelling public generally many of whom had never seen one before. The manner of building these pits is as follows: first, pieces of wood about the size and length of ordinary stove sticks are placed together somewhat after the fashion of a brick flue with ends overlapping, then pieces of hardwood two to six inches thick and about four feet long are placed on end with a slight incline at the top. Wood is heaped on until the desired size is attained, generally about ten feet on top and twelve or more at the bottom. Short pieces of wood are placed on top to give the pile an elevation in the centre.

Straw is placed over the wood and then clay to the depth of three or four inches. Some small holes are left about the bottom to be used in drawing the fire to the outside of the pit. The fire is started in the square opening in the centre. It usually takes about ten days to char the wood. When the pit is burned, which is known by its emitting no smoke and its shrinking to one third its original size, the charcoal is drawn out with an iron rake in ridges about the sides and allowed to cool off. A pit about the size described, containing four cords, would produce about one hundred bushels of charcoal.

In burning these pits care must be taken that the fire does not break through the clay; if this should happen during the night or when a close watch is not kept, one is liable to have the pit destroyed. My first experience resulted in this mishap. My brother and myself, two very small boys to engage in such an undertaking, decided to build a charcoal pit and after much labor and excitement it was ready for the torch. Everything progressed nicely for a time but an unfortunate delay one night in visiting the pit lost for us about all the net proceeds which we had so confidently reckoned on. This was the first and last time we tried charcoal burning on our own responsibility. I believe we did try another miniature pit, made of hemlock knots, but this failure of our first venture seemed to destroy the taste for much experimenting along that line of industry.

My next attempt was in partnership with a practised hand, after I had grown larger in experience and stature, and we succeeded in making a corner in charcoal. This fact I think is not generally known so I hope we are in no way responsible for the gigantic corners and combines of these latter days, in coal and other things.

It happened in this way. A gentleman from Rustico, Mr Horton, and myself were the only dealers in charcoal to my

knowledge at that time on the Island. The Rustico man's supply ran out, and as Mr Horton's and my own interests were one and the same we decided to strike for a higher price. Charcoal from the earliest time had sold at one shilling per bushel (16 cents) so we struck for twenty cents, a very moderate sum indeed. The buyers rebelled. Such a procedure was never known before in the charcoal market. But we stood firm and as they had to get the article somewhere, the price was paid, and twenty cents has been the ruling figure ever since. This charcoal was generally used for soldering and tempering purposes being much cleaner and nicer than ordinary coal, but coke began to take its place and the charcoal pit is now almost a thing of the past. Charcoal is still used however in limited supply by tinsmiths, and some hotels use it for firing purposes, as it gives pleasant heat and is free from odours of any kind.

I might mention here a little incident connected with our work. Mr Horton, the boss, had occasion to go to the city one day and left me as general manager. Under my care were two little boys about eight and ten years old respectively. Either one of them was able to act as my instructor for a six months course at least. After raking out the pit a sharp look out had to be kept for any live brands that might happen to be hid amongst the coal. I can in imagination hear one little fellow's voice yet as his experienced ear caught the sound of burning coal, shouting "I hear fire." Once however he failed to find it and was down in his knees on the coal heap shouting "I hear fire" when the first indication he had of its whereabouts was to find it located in his pantaloons. Gymnastic exercises suitable to such a discovery were indulged in.

Only a trifling incident, but it relieved the monotony and created a hearty laugh, thus helping one to enjoy the less serious side of life; which after all, I think, is fully as enjoyable as any other condition, if one is not too hard to interest, and blessed with health and a cheerful disposition.

ROBT. JENKINS

Editorial Comment, Book Notices, Etc.

IN Prince Edward Island the military instinct has been greatly promoted of late years. The enthusiasm created by the South African War, and the patriotism aroused thereby has stimulated interest in matters military. The present military establishment in Prince Edward Island, which comprises District No. 12, will afford the matter for an article in next month's magazine, to be illustrated from photographs.

Following out the suggestions of Judge Warburton, made in his recent series of articles in this magazine on "Our School System," several schools throughout the Island have beautified their exterior surroundings by planting shade trees, and otherwise improving the appearance of the schools and ground. These schools present an agreeable contrast to many of the dingy buildings that occupy shabby plots of land on the roadside, and are pointed out with little pride to the visitors as "the school." In this connection we put forward a plea to all our readers to endeavor as far as they can to prevent injury being done to trees planted for ornamental and useful purposes—both in town and country there is much wanton and malicious destruction done to trees.

It has been suggested—and the suggestion seems a very good one in many ways—that all old Prince of Wales College men who can should plant a tree in the college grounds, which are now being graded and put in order. If this idea were carried out under good supervision, the grounds would in a few years appear beautiful, and be a memorial of those loyal sons of Prince of Wales College whose affection still clings to their *Alma Mater*.

Whose fault is it that the trout streams of Prince Edward Island are so depleted by netting that it is almost

impossible to obtain a fair catch of fish? This unsportsmanlike trick, to put it mildly, is one of the silliest and most selfish that can be indulged in, for, if carried to extremes, it means that in a very short time all the fish will be driven out of the streams in which such shameful work is carried on. We have it on the best of authority that this netting is more general than would be thought to be the case, and that proper steps are not taken to punish those who engage in it. There is a law to punish those who net trout, and those to whom is entrusted the enforcement of the law should see that guilty parties are punished. We have facts to hand to prove that, in a stream and pond not far from Charlottetown, trout were netted in such quantities that the fish in excess of what the poachers required were fed to pigs, and the circumstances of this particular case were, it appears, known to the official whose duty it is to punish the law breakers. An association of our anglers would appear to be a good way to arrive at some method of having the law enforced. It is evident that it is time something should be done.



An interesting and valuable text book, recently issued from the press of the Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, is entitled "How Canada is Governed." This is really a new edition of the work; which is thoroughly explained by the celebrated author, Sir John Bourinot, in his note to the present edition, wherein he says he has carefully revised the book from the beginning to the end; but as it is quite possible that, despite all his care in consulting the authorities, some errors of details may still exist, he will consider it a favor if his readers will point them out and give him an opportunity of making his treatise as authoritative as possible. At the same time he offers his thanks to the large number of persons—especially to those connected with education—who have shown so much encouragement to his humble effort to instruct Canadians in the working of the admirable system of government which they have the good fortune to enjoy.



From the W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, the well known publishers of school books, we have received a copy of

"McCormac's Problems in Arithmetic," compiled by our indefatigable school inspector for the eastern district of this Province. Mr. McCormac is to be commended for making the problems of an interesting nature for pupils, and we are glad to note that the book has been authorized for use in our public schools.



"A Speckled Bird" is the title of a new novel by Augusta Evans Wilson, that has just come to hand. The story is very much on the lines of those which have already made the author's reputation a world-wide one. The scene opens in "the South" amid all the surroundings which usually comprise the details of this writer's passionate love stories, and all the old charm and engrossing interest so familiar in her other tales will be experienced in reading this latest work of Augusta Evans Wilson.

❧ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❧

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

HAD we any "dog days" this year? I'm afraid not. The old idea about "dog days" was that they embraced a period of sultry weather in midsummer, when King Sol reigned supreme and the dogs went mad because of the heat. But I have not heard of one mad dog this summer. I have heard a great many dogs that have made me mad, especially at night time, when I tried to imagine where that poet must have been when he wrote about "the stilly night." But most of the time I thought about the dogs.



A great many men like dogs, and a great many women "love" them. I don't see much to love about a dog unless

he is useful. What's the good of an ornamental dog when you've just shot a wild duck and its corpse is floating about in the middle of a cold, cold pond a hundred yards from shore. Dear reader, did you ever think of the history of the dog?



When man was primitive he had not much sense—primitive man is not around this neighborhood just now and it is safe to make such a remark—and in his day he (the primitive man) used to steal his dinner from the dog. That is what I have read, or heard at a lecture, or acquired by some means or other, to wit: when man was running around in the early days of his evolution, with his horny hands and feet and maybe a short bit of a tail; dressed only in long hair and carrying an exaggerated golf club to preserve his life, he had for his companion when he went hunting for grub, a dog or a wolf-like animal from which the million or so breeds of dog—including the job lots—are descended. All the early, hairy men worked at the same job in those days—grubbing for food. Competition was keen and the man who had the biggest club and the strongest constitution was able to knock out all competitors. The dog was useful to the primitive man because the former had the speed and strength to supplement the cunning of the man. They were partners, the man being the boss, and dominating the dog by his superior power of mind. So when they went out to look for breakfast, or dinner, or five o'clock tea, they generally went together, and when the hunt was over the man took charge of all the game that his four-footed servant had procured. Then the dog—even so long ago as that—had to go away back and sit down, and wait for the scraps, just the same as most of them have to do to-day. But betimes I doubt not a domestic tragedy oft occurred in the cave dwelling of the partners, when the dog dined on the man.



The race of man improved as the centuries passed, and the breeds of dogs increased in number. Man grew in wisdom and comeliness, and dogs grew in variety and cussedness. And what a study in evolution the present status of the dog affords. Consider him from the tiny toy poodle

up to the massive St. Bernard. Think of the variety of character that runs through the species from the gentle pet spaniel who bites nothing but his meals to the illbred mongrel who bites your leg as you pass by. Reflect kind reader, reflect and you will understand that I might like dogs a little more if I had cork legs.



I have already said that, as ages passed, man grew in wisdom. But he has lost one gift. He does not appear to have the power of hypnotising the dogs like he used to in the days of old when he appropriated the canine's dinner, perhaps strengthening the hypnotism with some first aid from the beforementioned club and compelled his four-footed companion to obey his will. Today in Charlottetown the dog that pays his tax, can stay up after the curfew bell has rung, bark all night, steal chickens on his way home in the morning, and all the hypnotism of the nineteenth century, conveyed to that dog by means of bootjacks, stovelids, and crockery conductors of animal communication fail to impress the will of man upon the will of the canine.



But in harking back to the days when man wore a short tail and a club, and wandered about accompanied by a large appetite and a ditto dog, I feel that I am treating your readers as they are sometimes treated when the Bandsmen play in the gardens in Charlottetown. They will begin a selection advertised on the programme as Anne Rooney or Swanee River, and glide into an andante by Vinnicombe or Watts that lasts until the fellow who knows all about music says "that's not—," and then break into the tune. My only excuse is that the andante is often better than the rest of the selection.



Don't class me as a dog-hater—the dog is a popular institution—except with the women at house-cleaning time, and except with the cats at all times. But the dog has many friends and he is popularly supposed to be man's companion. It was proposed to increase the dog tax in Charlottetown this year. What a shame! We must have just as many dogs in Charlottetown as there are in Halifax

or Bosson or any other old place. So I say let the dogs flourish. Let them go up on market days to amuse the farmers by stealing sheepskins in the market square, let them lie around on the sidewalks and make our mothers, sisters—and sweethearts—step off the plank. Let them increase. Apply a Prohibition law to them and let them multiply; by the way Prohibition Law appears to work, I should say that would be as good a scheme as any other to promote the number of dogs.



A breed of dog not yet introduced to this province is the "Boston Hot Dog," about which I will proceed to inform my readers. Boston has long been associated with culture and beans, but a chum of mine, who is a distinguished Islander abroad when he is in Boston, told me, when he was home this summer, that the hot dog has usurped the bean-pot in the hub of culture. The hot dog, he told me, is sold on the street corners and the specimen he first bought was purchased from a hot dog fancier doing business in a metamorphosed street-car. My friend had been requested by a companion to procure a "hot dog" from this particular man. Being fresh from P. E. I., he delivered his message literally and was handed a hot dog wrapped up snugly and warm in a paper bag. He mounted his bicycle to return with the hot dog. On the way the string came off the parcel and on arriving at his journey's end my friend noted that fact, and perceived that the hot dog had shrunk in size. He however delivered the package to the party who had ordered it, and the latter, having opened it, exclaimed "why! where's the dog?" My friend explained that he feared that the dog must have jumped out and escaped while he was busy dodging his bicycle through the vehicles on the way home. "Do you think he would run far? Could I catch him if I went back," he anxiously asked the Boston man. Then the Boston man laughed loud and long, and showed him what remained of the hot dog--two large slices of thick bread smeared with mustard. "That's the outside of the hot dog" he explained to the other, "the inside is a sausage." My friend had about enough of hot dog sausage to do him for the rest of his stay in Boston.



I notice that a few farmers are writing letters to the newspapers complaining about wild mustard, and I also notice that many good farmers are not writing letters but are pulling the wild mustard up by the roots. The wild mustard is a very objectionable weed and, true to its name, is bound to cause a "hot time" on the farm, but writing letters will not make things any cooler. The man with the hoe beats the man with the pen every time when the mustard's in the corn.



In my last glimpse through the telescope I noted, and confided to my readers that summer was here at last; the same old short-lived summer that lasts long enough to make us wish it lasted longer. Among the many forms of enjoyment that appeals to the imagination of young men is that of going camping. Quite a number of parties camped out this year—in the deep woods where the mosquitoes sang them awake at night; on the North Shore, where the wild music of the sea created the rapture that Byron wrote about—by the riverside where the sea trout are caught on their way up the rivers and in various other places more or less adapted to the purpose. It's very pleasant camping out. I prefer camping in my own little bed, myself, unless you can do the thing up in style. My mind retains a memory of an experience of my early years, when with several other Robinson Crusoes, Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns we lived near to Dame Nature's breast. On our first night we were christened with several heavy showers, which playfully entered beneath our tent,—we had pitched it in a low place—and made us feel damp. In the morning we found that a wandering cow had put her foot down upon our tea kettle which had been left beside the fire. The tea kettle had to be excused from further duty and we cooked our tea in a salmon can, which was not so bad after a few trials. When we went fishing I always got lots of bites,—from mosquitoes; and when at night I fell asleep amid the singing of the bullfrogs down by the spring, I used to dream of home, sweet home. But I was younger then, I suppose, seeing that it all happened some years ago.



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Undoes the work that she has done,
And out of every lobster brood
Slays ninety-nine and keeps but one.

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Her skillful and remedial sway—
And when I speak of "Art" I mean
The Fish Commission, U. S. A.

It takes the tender lobsterlet,
And gives him food and kind advice,
Changes his boots if they are wet,
Brushes his hair and makes him nice.

And lo, this baby of the sea
In gratitude begins to thrive ;
Where one per cent it used to be,
Fifty, all fat, remain alive.

O noble work, heroic, grand,
That saves in scientific ways
Those little lisping lobsters, and
Keeps them for me and mayonnaise.

The Great Cork Forests of Spain

THE cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square miles, producing the finest cork in the world.

These forests exist in groups and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. Although the cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth and possessing some excellent qualities, its consistency is less rigid and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation which the cork of Catalonia does.

In Spain and Portugal, where the cork tree, or *Quercus suber*, is indigenous it attains to a height varying from 35 to 60 feet and the trunk to a diameter of 30 to 36 inches. This species of the ever-oak is often heavily compared with wide-spreading branches clothed with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy



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underneath and the leaves slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May it produces a flower of yellowish color, succeeded by acorns. Over 30,000 square miles in Portugal are devoted to the cultivation of cork trees, though the tree actually abounds in every part of the country.

The methods in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are virtually the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling it receives during the operation, which takes place when it has attained the fifteenth year of its growth. After the first stripping the tree is left in this juvenescent state to regenerate, subsequently strippings being effected at intervals of not less than three years, and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upward of 150 years.—*The Boston Herald.*

Silas Singer's Vapor-Bath

SILAS SINGER was an enthusiast in all that he undertook, and an enthusiast is always in a hurry to secure results. The day the vapor-bath was delivered he returned home early and found that it had been deposited in his study.

"Well," he remarked to himself, "this is as good a place as any. This is my den, and I will not be disturbed here."

Being a fairly resourceful man, and having a book of instructions, it did not take him long to get the vapor-bath cabinet in working order. But he was cautious. Before either disrobing or starting the blaze that was to create the vapor he experimented "to see" as he expressed it, "what kind of a fit it was." Seating himself on the chair within, he closed it round him like a dry goods box, his head alone sticking out through a hole in the top.

Then he lighted up, disrobed, fastened himself in the cabinet and waited. It was

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

rather slower in setting about the work to be done than he had anticipated, but the sensations were pleasurable, and he only regretted that he had not been thoughtful enough to lay a paper on the top of the cabinet so that he could pass the time by reading.

"This thing is bound to make a man perspire one way or another," he muttered; "if the steam doesn't do it the anxiety will. My head, which is outside is perspiring worse than the rest of me that's inside."

Then a fly settled on the tip of his nose. He shook it off, and it settled on his forehead. He shook it off again, and it went back to his nose, after which it tried to locate on one ear.

"I'd give a million dollars," he exclaimed, "for just one swat at that fly."

But the fly was forgotten when he heard a step in the hall.

"Great Scott! I wonder if I locked that door?" he muttered anxiously.

The answer came immediately, for the door slowly opened and a strange man looked in. He hastily dodged back when he saw the room was occupied, but almost instantly looked in again and surveyed with some curiosity what was visible of the astonished occupant. The latter's first impulse was to jump up, but he realized his utter helplessness, and also the danger of any sudden move with a blaze immediately beneath him.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"What are you doing here?"

"Me" answered the stranger, slowly entering. "O, my name's Bill or Tom or Reddy or 'most any old thing, an' I come in 'cause somebody left the front door open."

"A sneak-thief!", ejaculated Silas.

"Don't you git to callin' no names," retorted the stranger, "'cause a man what calls names has got to back it up, an' you ain't in no shape to back up nothin'. I could paste you one easy."

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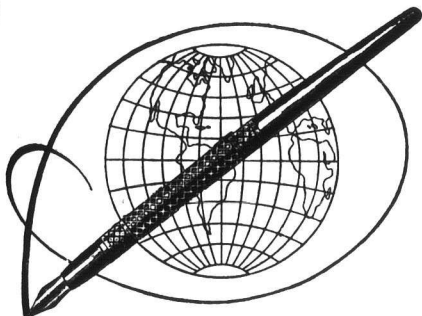
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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

The perspiration was coming faster than Silas desired. The mental strain of trying to decide what he could do was of great assistance to the vapor in producing results.—*Elliott Flower in the Aug. Lippincott.*



The Larger Prayer

AT first I prayed for Light;
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, I win
The heavens' serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith;
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I Pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

EDNAH DEAN CHENEY.



Out of Doors

In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

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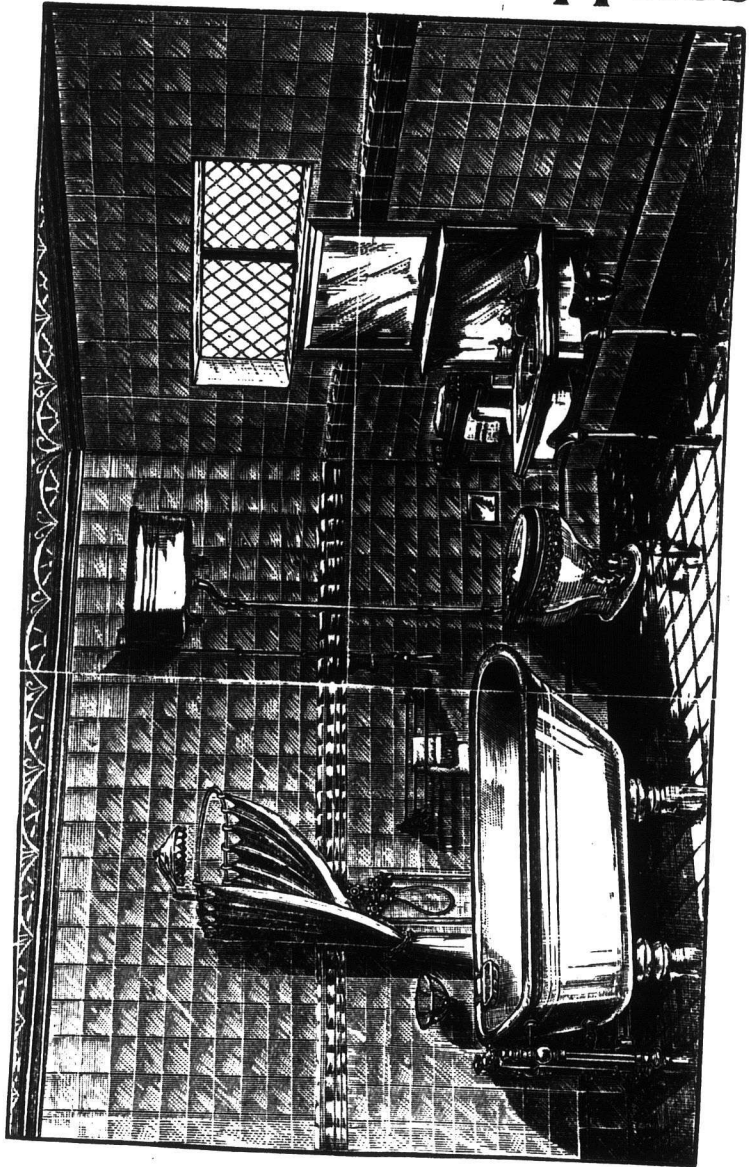
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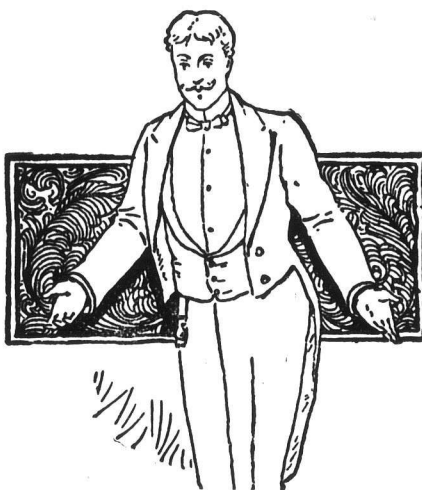
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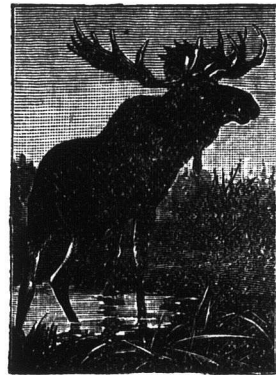
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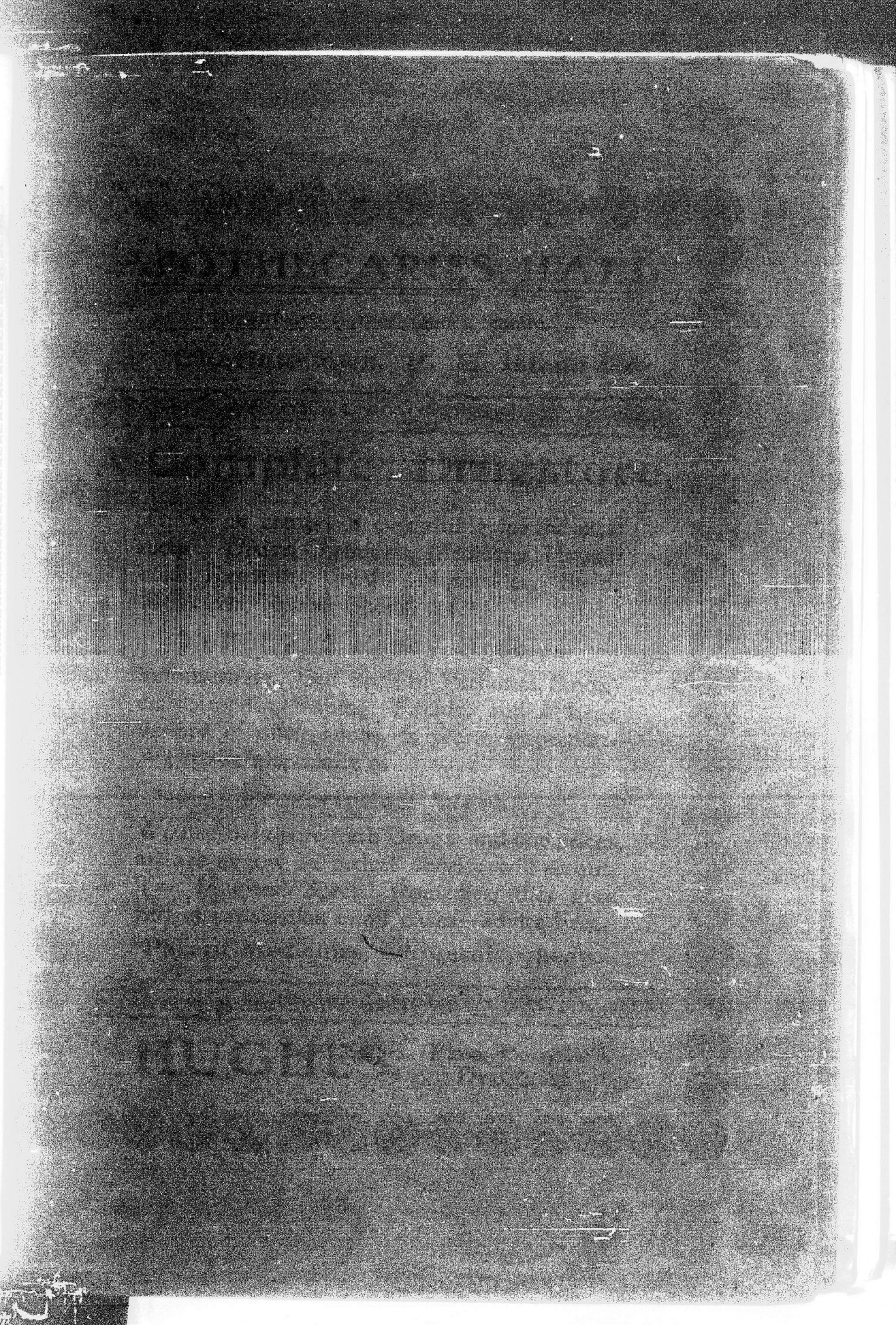
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