

THE PRINCE EDWARD  

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ISLAND MAGAZINE

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October, 1901

VOLUME 3

NO. 8

# 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. The editor hopes that Prince Edward Islanders, at home and abroad, will look upon this Magazine as representative of their native Province; and will be sincerely grateful for any matter, suitable for these pages, that may be forwarded to him.

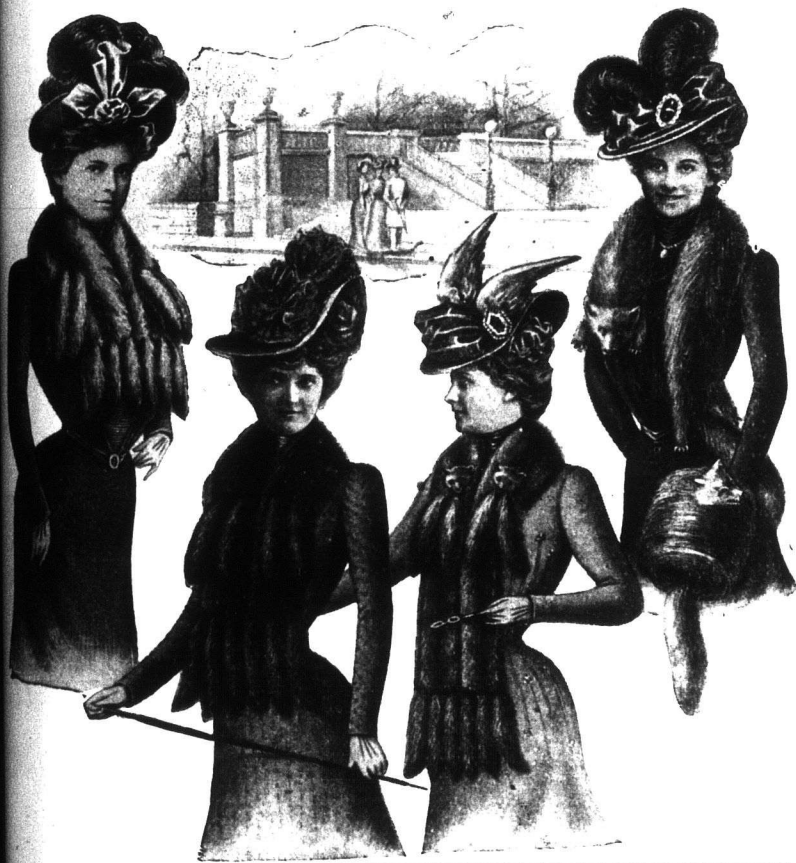
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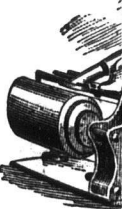
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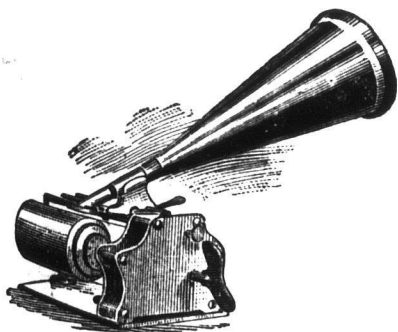
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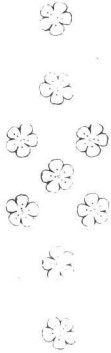
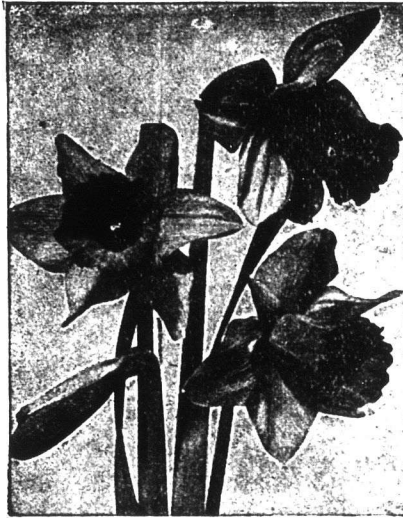
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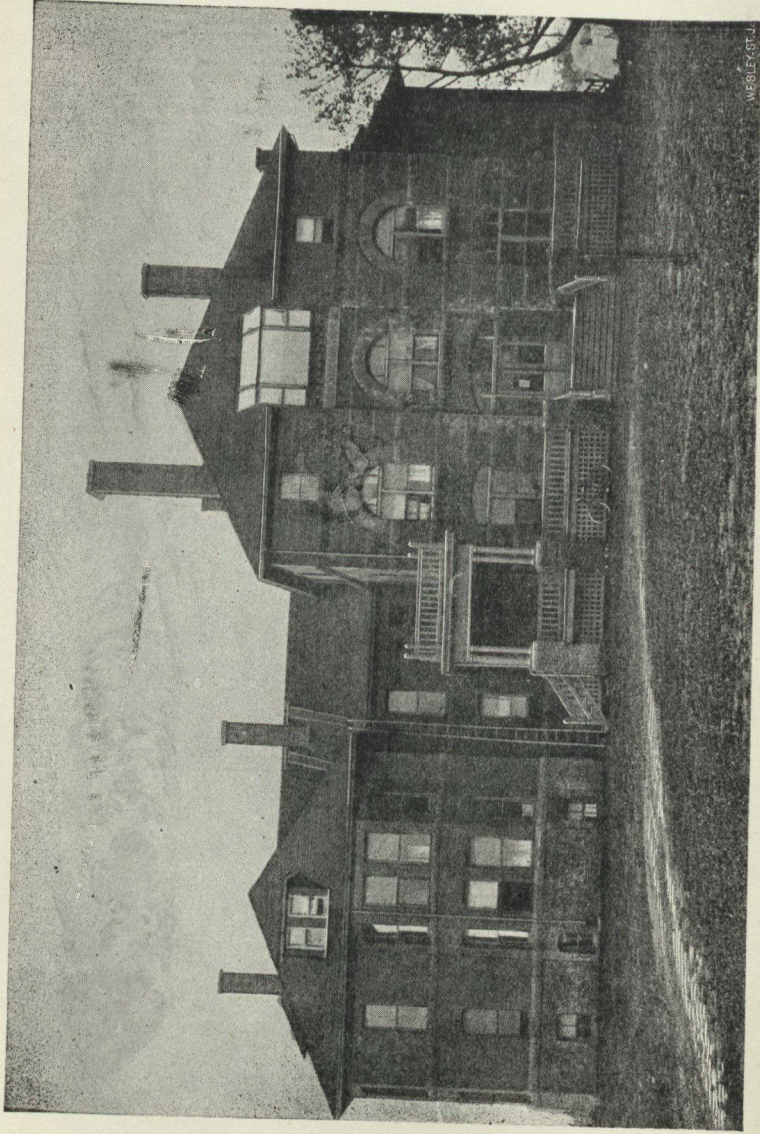
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THE  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
MAGAZINE

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VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 8

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Settlement at St. Peter's Harbor.

WE have already described\* the ordinary route by which communication was kept up between Port Le Joie and St. Peter's, the latter being looked upon as the commercial capital of the colony. Every visitor to that northern settlement was astonished at the signs of prosperity he witnessed, and at the bustle and activity that prevailed. But all bustle and stir have long since departed from the spot where stood the most flourishing of all the French Island settlements. The visitor at the present day still beholds the impetuous waters from the Gulf forcing their way through the huge ridges of sand that stretch out from either shore as if to forbid passage; he still sees the waters, after passing the barrier, rushing and spreading inland for miles, bordered with green fields, by many a wharf and snug farm steading; he still sees looking seaward, to right and left, far as his eye can carry, the grey wastes of sand—here gathered into ridgy dunes, there massed into huge mounds, made solid by the rank sand grass; but he will have to search among the ever-shifting sand to find even the slightest token that a large community had its home on that green slope above, and toiled on that treacherous sea. A rusty hinge or nail that crumbles into dust with the pressure of his fingers—fragments of glass and old-fashioned pottery rudely coloured,

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\*See Vol. II of this Magazine, p. 217.



the blackened earth with pieces of charcoal, where probably once stood a forge, and half-filled cellars over which once blazed the family log-fire, are all the memorials he meets with, of a community that has passed away, and whose place knows them no more.

When Francis Douville and Charles Charpentier in 1719, found their way to this stormy inlet, two considerations may have brought comfort to them in their solitude—the land was fertile and the sea swarmed with fish. Dense forests, however, occupied the land, and the harbor was unprotected from a fierce and easily-roused ocean. Here, the dunes take the place of rocks on bolder shores, and the gale that stirs the waters of the gulf, drives a tempest of sand before it on the shore—every year the narrow entrance is changed by the shifting sands.

Inland from the region of sand, along the shores of the bay, the land on either side assumes a bolder aspect, swelling back from the water in rounded ridges to east and west. On the south where the land first begins to rise from the shore level, half way up a very gradual slope, stood the houses of the fishermen. Two rows of cellars, each extending about a hundred yards, and separated by a wide street, still mark the spot. Other dwellings were scattered up and down athwart the declivity, while among the dunes and sand mounds the wind at times clears out some spacious foundations, where probably stores and warehouses may have stood. On the crest of the eminence, a few yards from where now stands the dwelling of Mr. Sinott, rose the church. Franquet says of it, that it was a large and solid building. On this same eminence, that observant engineer recommended the four-bastioned fort to be placed, which he had designed for the protection of the settlement. \*A few paces from the site of the church, a square plot of land carefully fenced in, is preserved by the reverential owner from all contact with the plough; for tradition says that there, in sacred burial, repose the bodies of many a toil-worn settler. A cluster of dark firs casts a sombre shade over the hallowed spot.

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\*Franquet's voyage.



The settlement was named after the Count of St. Pierre, the President of the ill-starred company that made the first attempt to establish a permanent colony on the Island. In 1719, the very year in which the new company settled on the Peninsula of Port Le Joie, two Normans, Francis Douville and Charles Charpentier, established themselves on the estuary. It is probable that Charpentier chose for his dwelling a site somewhere near the Morell, as we find that river bearing his name among the settlers in after years. In the year following, 1720, these pioneers were joined by nine additional settlers. Gabriel Roger and William DeBois, both from Normandy, and both labourers. Saintonge supplied five settlers, Mathurin Renaud, Jean Madre, Pierre Cosset, Noel Boulanger, and Francis Du-Rocher. Pierre Carica came from Bayonne, and Dominique Duclos, from Bearn, was medical practitioner in the young settlement. The most of these were fishermen, although agricultural pursuits were not forgotten. In 1721, only two additional settlers arrived—Augustus Genet from Brittany, and Peter Berton Montaury from Normandy—both were harbor-masters. In 1722, the settlement was increased by three: Etienne Poitevin, a labourer from Paris; Jean Baptiste LeBuffle, master of a shallop, from Normandy; and William Sellet, a Breton, also the owner of a shallop. In the succeeding year, Louis Potevin joined his brother; and Jean Bourg, from Acadia, and Jean de Breton, from Brittany, settled at the harbor. A son of LeBuffle was the only accession in 1724.

The disaster which laid the Company of St. Pierre in ruins, struck a fatal blow at the prosperity of every settlement. That Company by Royal Letters Patent possessed the Island, and was the only source of life and enterprise. When this became dried up, trade fell naturally into a condition of such languor, that it was incapable of attracting either the farmer or the fisherman. Even after DePensens had been ordered, in 1725, to take possession of the Island in the name of the crown of France, confidence was not sufficiently restored to encourage settlers to risk their all in a disputed succession, and it was not till 1728 that the



stream of immigration flowed with anything like vigor. In that year fourteen settlers were added to the census roll, making the total number of inhabitants one hundred and sixteen. The number of shallops owned by these was twelve, and of fishing schooners three. The product of the fishing was 3,564 quintals. Nearly all the inhabitants were fishermen—very few followed farming exclusively. There were two merchants, and two harbor masters, a cooper, a doctor and blacksmith among the settlers. The number of dwelling houses was twenty-three. But beyond this there would necessarily be many buildings such as are needed by fishermen for storing their fishing gear, and preparing their fish for market. As the number of dwelling houses does not represent the number of buildings in a settlement, so neither does the number of inhabitants as set down in the census give the exact population for the time. In every settlement there must have been more or less of a floating population of labourers, fishermen and sailors, seeking employment where they could find it, increasing and falling away in numbers according to the vicissitudes of trade. To account in some degree for this variable element in the census, we are directed by a note to the first returns, to reckon four men for each fishing schooner given in the returns, and five for each shallop. This in the case of St. Peter's harbor, would raise the actual population at the time the census was taken to one hundred and eighty-six souls.

The fishing season, in those days, was not supposed to begin before the first of June, and it closed with the last of September. The grounds extended from the harbor's mouth three leagues into the gulf. Codfish was the staple article of trade, which found a market, not in Europe, but in the West Indian Islands. The fishermen of St. Peter's, and indeed of every settlement on the Island, where fishing was carried on, laboured under a severe disadvantage in the prosecution of their calling. Once or twice only we have had to record the arrival in Island ports, of ships direct from France freighted with such supplies as fishermen need. The immediate consequence of this was, that the Island



fishermen had no alternative but to supply their wants from the merchants of Louisburg. These gentlemen realized to the full the value of the opportunities thus thrown in their way, and used them to good purpose. Fifty per cent. over the ordinary selling prices were the terms usually paid by the fishermen for the salt, biscuit and fishing equipments furnished by the Louisburg traders. These exorbitant charges, as may well be supposed, could seldom be met by the fishermen with ready money payments. Credit had to be obtained, and the transactions then took on the form of extortion. The fishermen came under obligations to sell their fish to their creditors and to no one else, and in order that the trader might in every respect have his own way in the transaction he dictated beforehand the price he would pay per quintal. An arrangement of this kind left to the fisherman slender hope of securing from his toil else than a crust of bread. For this miserable condition of affairs, there was a remedy, but its application involved an exertion, which could hardly be expected from a lethargic government such as then ruled France. Had vessels, laden with supplies to be sold to the fishermen at prices fixed by the crown, been annually despatched to the Island, the mercantile tyranny under which the inhabitants groaned would speedily have ceased. The traders then, instead of making their own conditions and forcing them on their customers would have been compelled to take their customers into their councils, when arranging the conditions of a bargain. This was the position into which DeRoma contemplated bringing the fishing trade of the Island. How his efforts miscarried, has already been shown\*.

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\*See Vol. I, p 377, and Vol. II, p 2.



## Our Feathered Friends, XI—Thrushes and Vireos.

### THRUSHES.

**B**ESIDES the Robin described in the first part of this series of papers on our birds, there are two others of the Thrush family which visit our Island during the summer, but they are rare visitors, and even these, on account of their secluded habits, are not often seen. They are the Hermit Thrush and Wilson's Thrush. The latter is sometimes known by other names such as the Veery or the Tawny Thrush. They are smaller than the Robin, scarcely exceeding seven inches in length. Both have the breast spotted with brown, and underneath from the breast they are white or almost white. They are then much alike in the markings of the under parts and the difference in the marking above is no greater. Wilson's is of a uniform color, tawny or reddish from crown to tip of tail, while the Hermit is more inclined to olive on the head and this color shades into reddish brown or rufus on rump and tail. On account of the similarity in their colors it is difficult to distinguish them without the aid of a field glass, as sufficiently near approach is not often attainable, and this difficulty is greater in the case of the Hermit-Thrush which is more retired than its relative, Wilson's Thrush. Besides we do not always get a view of the back of either of these Thrushes, though we may be near enough to see satisfactorily any part presented to view, for they are often perched far up on a branch near the top of a lofty tree. But a careful inspection will show that there are some differences in the markings underneath. Wilson's has the chin and throat almost of the same color as the back, and the spots on the breast are small; the Hermit has the brown spots large, and there are small, unmarked areas on the throat and breast. They frequent different or dissimilar localities. Wilson's is found in small groves and amongst widely scattered trees. The Hermit occupies the deepest recesses of a forest, generally a swamp or the vicinity of one. But



the greatest difference in these birds is in the quality of their songs, and by their songs they can be most easily and certainly identified.

I may be permitted to give a personal instance of the value of a bird's song in its identification, for I remember well my first acquaintance with the Hermit Thrush. Though I heard one sing many times, I did not fully realize the difference between its song and a Robin's. I imagined that the Thrush, which, for several days, I had heard singing its enchanting song, was a Robin; but one that could sing more sweetly than the Robin usually does. In endeavoring to approach near enough to get an effective view, so that I might ascertain whether this bird was really a Robin, it would fly from the tree on which it was perching and disappear in the woods beyond. At length, by a circuitous approach and by taking advantage of the intervening trees, after a few failures, I succeeded in gaining a position within a few feet of the tree from a branch near the summit of which this Hermit Thrush poured forth the liquid and enchanting notes of its evening song. Then I appreciated how aptly Burroughs translated into language the song of the Hermit Thrush, as contained in the following quotation from this writer :—

"I often hear him a long way off, sometimes over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and more perfect parts of the music reach me; and, through the general chorus of wrens and warblers, I detect his song, rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude, such as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. 'O spheral, spheral!' he seems to say, 'O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!' interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes."

Wilson's Thrush has not so fine a song as the Hermit, but it has one that is readily recognized and easily remembered. The same notes uttered four times in succession, with a distinct pause between, and followed by a firm trill, is the song commonly heard.

#### VIREOS.

The Vireos are smaller birds than the Thrushes, of the size and form of the Warblers. The bill of a Vireo is rather



stouter, notched and hooked at the tip. They are handsome birds, with glossy coats, the back more or less olive and the breast yellow or white. Sociable birds, they will approach within a few feet of you, will curiously peer at you for a moment, and will then, with apparent unconcern, resume their busy work of examining the branches of the trees for insects. They are more friendly and fearless than any other of our birds, not excepting even the Chickadees.

The most common of these birds is the Yellow-throated Vireo, a pair of which may be seen, in summer, in almost every grove. Its back is of the color common to our Vireos, and the wings are barred with white. It is bright yellow on the breast, from which it is abruptly white posteriorly.

The Red-eyed Vireo is occasionally seen. Its back is colored like the Yellow-throated Vireo's. There are two dark lines on each side of the head, the upper lines enclosing the crown, the lower ones passing through the eyes. Underneath it is white. These marks are sufficient for its identification. If you can see the red eyes, also, you may feel sure that your bird is the Red-eyed Vireo.

The White-eyed Vireo is also an occasional visitor. Its back and other upper parts are much like those of the other two Vireos, and the greater portion of the under parts is a bright yellow. The yellow is not restricted to throat and breast, as with the Yellow-throated Vireo, but is extended farther back.

#### SUMMARY OF DESCRIPTIONS.

##### *Thrushes.*

Dull-colored birds; 7 inches long; breast, spotted.  
 Wilson's: Above, uniform tawny; spots, small.  
 Hermit: Head, olive; reddish toward tail; spots, large.

##### *Vireos.*

Above, greenish olive; less than 6 inches long.  
 Red-eyed: Under parts, white or yellow.  
 Yellow-throated: Breast and throat, yellow; yellow of throat extending backward; white eyed.

JOHN MACSWAIN.



## Our School System—Conclusion.

BELIEVE that this abominable idea that holidays should be timed so that the poor children can be put to this kind of drudgery has had much to do with creating a distaste for farming, and that, in consequence of such distaste, many of our young people have gone to other lands, and to other occupations than that of farming, which they had been almost forced to regard as slavery. I have no doubt whatever that this holiday absurdity has been the cause of thousands of our young men and women, after they became their own masters and mistresses, shaking the dust of the farm from their shoes, to seek a livelihood away from a home where their childhood life had been one of drudgery. Many a parent on this Island, to-day, yearns for the presence of a son or a daughter, who would still be with them were it not for the disgust with farm life engendered in this way. If the children must be kept at home for this work, do not deceive them by calling the time so put in "holidays." Give them the hot weather for holidays, and see to it that they are not cheated out of enjoyment of these holidays. Give the children their two months' holidays in the hot weather, say July and August, and do not make them work too hard during these holidays. If possible, do not make them work at all. For myself I say that, trustees or no trustees, school-boards or no school-boards, no child of mine shall ever be kept in school during the dog-days.

In this connection, I read an excellent article in the Halifax Chronicle of 6th July, last, which, I think, will bear reproduction. Here it is in full:—

### A PLEA FOR MERCY.

"How can grown folk, with all their professed love of children, be so inconsiderate with reference to them and so unfair in their treatment of them as they often are? Probably it is due to thoughtlessness or to old-fashioned habits of thought.

"Whatever may be its cause, it is time for some one to say plainly, and in a loud voice, that we are laying unnecessary and grievous burdens in connection with their schooling upon the shoulders of our little ones, burdens which no one dreams of imposing on our adult scholars. Every College in the land has been closed for



weeks, and here are the common schools toiling on through the hottest weeks of summer and at a season when, of all others, the children long most for freedom. And the older ones of them have still another week of sweltering examinations, in over-crowded rooms, before them.

"If their health breaks down under the confinement, or cannot stand the strain of the long-continued work — they lose the whole year. But what matters a year — to a child? It is only a child. It would be a very grave offence to worse than rob a man of a year. But then he is a man. It is a very different thing, of course, with a child. The Colleges only work eight months in the year, and find that quite long enough. They, however, are for grown folk who know what is best for them, and who are not in the way of their parents when at home. And then, Colleges have never had longer terms than that. We used to keep our little ones in school ten hours a day and six days in the week. We have made wonderful concessions to them. Should we not endanger the Constitution were we to make more?

"We might at least try. We are convinced that no ordinary child will benefit from going, or should be asked or permitted to go to school more than eight months out of the year. To send it longer than that is to wantonly imprison it, to endanger its health, to greatly curtail its happiness and probably to lessen its future usefulness. There are things, which can only be learned at home and in freedom, quite as important to the child as those which it acquires in school.

"In the schools at present the work really begins and ends upon the same dates as in the Colleges. Practically nothing is done after the end of May or before the middle of September. We merely imprison the children from two to two and a half months longer than we do the students because, so far as we can see, they are children and cannot help themselves. The cruelty of confining children some six hours a day during weather such as this is simply atrocious.

"Given a regular attendance for even six months in the year, and we venture to assert that a good teacher will accomplish just as much, in the average rural section at least, as another equally good will achieve in ten. The consequence of too much school is that the pupils grow weary of it, and contract habits of laziness and indifference which go far to offset any value the quantity of mixed stuff poured into them under the name of 'education' might otherwise have."

I do not go in for the four months. That may be too long, but the error is on the right side. You cannot well apply the same rule to young college men that you may apply to children. The young man, if worth his salt, will not, during a four months' vacation, forget what he has learned. The young child may. It seems to me that the solution of the difficulty consists in the proper arranging of the school hours. If, however, the trustees and other inhabitants of a district insist upon the potatoe-turnip-time closing of schools, let them do so; but, for goodness sake, do not call those weeks "holidays," and do not let them usurp the place of the hot-weather holidays. Call them by their right names, days of wearisome toil.

The question of physical culture in the schools merits, I think, very careful consideration. It should have a very important place in the school work, and that place could readily be given it in the large amalgamated schools. I



may say, however, that an excellent paper on this subject was read by the Eaton Teachers' Institute. It ought to be published.

I have now come to the end of these papers. I have tried, in an imperfect way, to indicate directions in which the working of our School System might be improved, or, as put in my introductory paper last November:—

“It seems to me not impossible to so alter our School System, not so much in its general principles as in its details and by grafting new shoots into the main stem and cutting off some old ones, as to afford a much better general education to the country, to make that education more in accord with the general requirements of this Province and to somewhat, perhaps materially reduce its cost.

\* \* \* “Is it possible to devise means whereby our system of education may be so altered as to improve the education imparted in our schools? Can it be made to conform more nearly to the present requirements of the Province? Can its cost be lessened? These together form a complex question not easily answered. If a satisfactory reply can be made to the whole or even to any one of the three parts into which it divides itself, a long step will have been taken towards solving the most difficult problem which, in its local affairs, confronts this Province.”

If to some extent I have succeeded in pointing out how these ends or some of them can be attained, I will have accomplished what I had in view when I began these papers. The subject presents a wide field abounding with difficulties. I have but scratched its surface. So far as I know the ideas I have striven to bring before your readers have not yet been fully carried out anywhere, but the trend of educational thought in other provinces and other lands seems to me to be in the direction I have tried roughly to outline. There is no reason why P. E. Island should not take the lead and be the first at the goal. Should our educational affairs be placed in this premier position, it will be a matter in which we may well feel an honest pride.

“Pleasant it is when on the mighty deep, the winds



toss the waters, to behold from the land, another's great distress; but because it is pleasant to note from what evils thou thyself art free."

So wrote, near two thousand years ago, the great poet of the Epicurean Philosophy, and if our School System can be carried to the point I have sought to indicate, as, despite difficulties in the way, I feel that it can, we may well look with a pleased self-satisfaction, akin to the feeling expressed by the ancient Roman, on the struggles of others trying to solve their difficult problems, not because of rejoicing over the troubles of others, but because we ourselves have passed safely through them; and not with the idea that from a proud vantage ground we can look on and be satisfied with our position, but with the firm resolve that, having gained that vantage ground, we must use it, not in the rest-and-be-thankful, the selfish Epicurean sense, but as a stand from which further progress must be made.

I am well aware that much of what I have written will be looked upon as Utopian, as chimerical, but unless someone, to start with, takes the risk of being considered Utopian or chimerical, nothing will ever be done.

So far as P. E. Island is concerned, I believe that while the man, be his politics what they may, who takes this difficult but not impossible problem in hand and successfully solves it, may not be able to boast with the Augustian poet of old — "I have raised a monument more enduring than brass, more deeply based than the royal foundations of the pyramids," he yet can claim something equally praiseworthy, namely, that he has done well for this fair Island home of ours.

A. B. WARBURTON.

### Peequis, the Otchipwe.

STRAITS of the Spirit, Manito-aba,  
 Home of a happy people, bold and free,  
 Within thy borders lived a warrior-chief  
 Whose name and fame shall last through many years;  
 Peequis, the conqueror, whose word was law,  
 The able man, the wise man from the east,

Who, pushing westward, brought his people here,  
 And conquered all this land, and made a home  
 Beside the *Miskawagamiwi-sibi*, —  
 Red River, silty-water, *Winnipee*,  
 That ever northward, through old burying-grounds,  
 Flows with its load of silt, brought from afar  
 To build up deltas as the Nile has done.  
 No torrid heat dries out thy reedy ranks,  
 No dread Sahara lines thy wooded banks,  
 Be thou the mother of an Egypt here,  
 Queen of vast fertile plains, Canadian Nile!

Here Peeguis found a river full of fish,  
 Winding its wooded way through endless plains  
 Dark-dotted with brown droves of buffalo;  
 Where medicine, and fruit, and *pakinak*,  
 Flourished untended, and the fertile soil  
 Promised abundance of *mandaminak*,  
 If once the corn were buried in the mould,  
 Although forgotten until harvest time.  
 Here, in this myriad-speaking solitude  
 Great Peeguis made a realm, and here he reigned,  
 Descendant of the mighty Pontiac,  
 Whose name adorns that other strait Detroit;  
 Blood of a hundred heroes in his veins,  
 Himself a hero and a gentleman.

He always proved himself the white man's friend,  
 Friend of the *monias*, the ignorant man,  
 Who could not throw a spear nor bend a bow,  
 The bearded pale-face from *Wabanakim*,  
 A region thenceforth known as *Moniang*,  
 The land where men come from who do not know.  
 Peeguis had pity on the *Monias*,  
 And soon discovered they knew many things  
 Which all *Anishinabeg* well might know:  
 They found in books, *masinaiganan*,  
 So many things about the earth, *akki*,  
 And *ispeming*, the mighty vault above,  
 That Peeguis begged them to remain with him,  
 And teach the people all they did not know.  
 He gave the first who came Saint Boniface,  
 The place they chose on the Red River's banks,  
 Where from the west the dark Assiniboine, —  
*Assini-bwan*, the stony-stubborn tide, —  
 Blends with the larger flood its troubled stream.  
 Thus would the peoples blend in amity,



One people as one river, till at length,  
 Depositing the sediment of life,  
 They wander different ways into the sea  
 Down by the deltas of *Milwaukeee*.

Here, in the place called Peeguis after him,  
 An eager student from the distant east  
 Where Selkirk, Peeguis' bosom friend had lived  
 Before he came to Manito-aba,  
 From where the Micmac and the Malisect  
 Dwell in the highlands of *Megamagee*,  
 Has journeyed far that he may study here  
 The people and the language Peeguis loved;  
 To know the grandsons of the warrior-chief,  
 And be a brother to them in their home.

Chief William Henry Prince, the active man,  
 Son of *Miskogineau*, great Peeguis' son;  
 The most successful hunter in the band,  
 The boldest and most careful voyageur,  
 Who risked his life to spike Fort Garry's guns,  
 And did the deed at Middleton's command  
 One stormy night amid the sleet and rain  
 When war-clouds threatened to destroy his home.  
 On arm and side he bears two ugly scars  
 From rebel bullets when he fought with Riel,  
 And, ever foremost, broke within their lines,  
 Then rode his wounded steed until it fell  
 In service of his Country and his Queen.  
 He is a man whom rugged men admire,  
 Well chosen Chief for what he was and is,  
 Know him, and know that you have met a man.

See John approach, pride in each springing step,  
*Iandaweway*, echo that resounds,  
 Grandson of Peeguis, cousin of the Chief,  
 Stately and strong at eighty-one years old,  
 And loyal to his Country and his King;  
 We meet his brothers, *Neganwarwetum*,  
 Called Joseph now, but still the thunderstorm;  
 And David, foot-ball, *Wembewabenun*,  
 Who in the service of the H. B. C.  
 Had traded years among the stubborn *Bwan*,  
 Like them becoming a wild-hearted man;  
 Who served his church as catechist, and taught,  
 True to his name of *Wembewabenun*.  
 We talk about the old mythology:  
 Gods good and evil dwelling everywhere,

While over all, and hopelessly removed,  
*Kelche Manito*, (mighty spirit he),  
 Dwelt in the forests of *Mitewaukee*.  
 We talk of God who is *jawenjigay*:  
*Keshay Manito*, (gracious spirit he);  
 We read *Kelche Masinaigan*, then,  
 The Book of Books, the word of God to men;  
 And then we talk of words in common use,  
 Of *akki*, *gijik*, *tawin*, *ispeming*,  
*Tebihkut*, *oonagooshen*, *ishkooday*,  
*Wassakwenenjigun*, *neskijik*, too. —  
 Earth, sky, home, and the mighty void above,  
 Night, evening, fire, lamp, and eye to see.  
 We build lame phrases and weak sentences, —  
*Bo-shoo*, *neche*; *anin 'nekamegak?* —  
 Good day, my friend; pray tell me what's the news?  
*Kelche sanagad Otchipwemoian*, —  
 Most difficult is the Otchipwe tongue;  
 And then the curtain of the evening falls  
 Beside the *Miskwagamiwi-sibi*.

The old men say this river's name was changed  
 From Winnipeg to *Miskwagamiwi*,  
 Because its ample stream was red with blood  
 When, after fearful slaughter, victory  
 Perched on the banners of the warrior-chief  
 In that great battle where the sun went down,  
 And the wolves gathering gorged themselves with gore,  
 Thy murmuring waters speak of mystery;  
 Dark is thy bosom as thy child the Cree;  
 As Nubians to the Nile are they to thee,  
 Deep-flowing *Miskwagamiwi-sibi*.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

TREATY TIME, PEGUIS, MANITOBA, 1901.

## Robert Fergusson, — The Laureate of Edinburgh.

(Concluded)

AT the end of two years in the University his father died. The poet, however, went forward with his studies for two years more, when, the bursary having expired, he returned to Edinburgh. The intention of entering the ministry had been given up before this; probably Fergusson found that his temperament did not qualify him



for that staid and serious calling. At any rate he had not cultivated the exemplary qualities of conduct any more than he had the solid elements of learning. Without any settled plans of life, or immediate prospects of employment, he came now to the home which his father had left, ill provided. He turned for assistance to a well-to-do uncle, John Forbes, who lived near Aberdeen. For six months this relative suffered him to remain in his house; but did not advance his interests in any quarter. Then the uncle abruptly sent him about his business, for no other reason than that the poor young fellow's clothing had become too shabby for this gentleman's household. This act was many degrees shabbier than Fergusson's attire, and has been righteously execrated by those who have written the brief, but all too sad, life of this child of genius. It is easy to imagine his mortification and anger, as he sat down in an inn not far from the estate of his callous relative, and wrote to him a letter of manly indignation. Then he started on foot for Edinburgh. A message from his uncle overtook him and brought him a few shillings of the expenses of the road, which the youth had no alternative but to accept. Arrived at home, he was ill for a time, and on recovering solaced his wounded feelings by writing his verses on the "Decay of Friendship," and "Against Repining at Fortune." The closing stanzas of the former runs as follows:—

" To some lone corner of some distant shore,  
In dreary devious pilgrimage I'll fly,  
And wander pensive where deceit no more  
Shall trace my footsteps with a mortal eye.  
There solitary saunter over the beach.  
And to the murmuring surge my grief disclose:  
There shall my voice in plaintive wailings teach  
The hollow caverns to resound my woes."

After some time Fergusson found employment in the office of the Sheriff-clerk, a position which he held for the rest of his short life. His duties there were mainly as a copyist, and it may be readily understood that to a youth of his exuberant, humorous and fancy-free disposition, such monotonous and servile work was the very opposite of congenial. It is doubtful if his wayward mind could have



been content to concentrate itself upon any settled employment. As it was, his daily tasks were utterly foreign to his bent, and in consequence were often neglected; for whenever his muse was incited to sing by some pressing incident, with the ardor of the poet he gave her the reins, and let his dull task wait until the fancies of his brain had found an outlet in rhyme.

Throughout the period between his leaving college and his death, every week produced its quota of verses. Most of these poems were short and inspired by the life around him. Before he reached his twentieth year he was a constant contributor to Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, a popular and widely circulated miscellany. These contributions were sometimes paid for and sometimes not; but wherever they were read they touched a responsive chord in the heart of the Scot and the author gained a considerable reputation as the poetical successor of Allan Ramsay.

These two things, the rooted aversion for the duties of the office and the popularity which his poems brought him coupled with the great charms of his manners and conversation, were the determining factors in the course of life which brought about his ruin. In considering the follies into which he was led we need to remember what social life meant in the Scottish metropolis at that day. In fashionable society the practice of drinking was inseparable from good cheer and fellowship, and indeed was almost synonymous with hospitality itself. Business was commonly transacted under the presiding genius of the bottle. With the sanction of the fashionable the vice of intemperance pervaded all ranks of society and caused unutterable misery and ruin. Among its victims is numbered the poet Robert Fergusson. The popularity of his poems procured him a welcome at social and convivial gatherings, where he rubbed elbows with some of the first people of the city, always noted for its distinguished sons. His talents were of such an order, his wit so ready and sparkling, his comradeship so open and genial and his manners so generous and manly, that his presence gave a zest to company which were otherwise generally of the ordinary commonplace. A clever



talker, a good singer, a thorough boon companion was poor Robbie Fergusson, and well for him had his talents in this direction been less familiar with the ways and means of dissipation.

Especially at tavern parties, in clubs, particularly in one known as the Cape Club, where conviviality and orgies of debauchery reigned supreme, Fergusson was wont to pass his evenings, where his ready wit and song made the life of the company. He was ready for any kind of merriment, as the following anecdote, related by one Mr. Sommers, who knew him will show :—

"Such were his vocal powers, and attachment to Scots songs, that in the course of his frolics, he laid wager with some of his associates that if they would furnish him with a certain number of printed ballads (no matter what kind), he would undertake to dispose of them as a street singer, in the course of two hours. The bet was laid; and next evening, being in the month of November, a large number of ballads was procured for him. He wrapped himself in a shabby great coat, put on an old Scotch wig, and in this disguised form, commenced his adventure at the Weigh House, head of West Row. On his going down the Lawnmarket and High Street, he had the address to collect great multitudes around him, while he amused them with a variety of Scotch songs, by no means such as he had ballads for, and gained the wager by disposing of the whole collection. He waited on his companions by eight o'clock that evening, and spent with them in mirthful glee, the produce of his street adventure."

The melancholy history of this poet's later years can be summed up in a few statements. His delicate constitution was unable to endure the continued excesses to which he subjected himself. His health gave away and his mind lost its brightness. Then remorse seized upon him, only to be followed by renewed debauchery and scenes of riot. At length, such was his physical condition that a form of religious or superstitious mania fell upon him, and for a time his reason was clouded. When this passed off, and health was returning, he permitted himself to be lured back to his old vice, and his fate was soon sealed. Returning home one night from a drunken revel, he fell from the staircase and received a contusion on the head. Insanity followed, and his friends conveyed him, by a stratagem, to the mad-house. When he discovered where he was, and realized the gravity of the situation, it is related that he "raised a hideous shout, which being returned by the wretched inhabitants of every cell, echoed along the vaulted roofs, and produced in the minds of his companions sentiments of



unspeakable horrors." Here in Bedlam, he was visited by his mother, sister and a few friends; but in this, his hour of misery and ruin, all of those boon comrades who had lately fondled him over the wine cup, completely abandoned him. In a few days his mental condition was so much improved that hopes were held of his recovery. But in a few days more it was suddenly announced that he had passed away. He died on the 16th October, 1774, having completed his twenty-fourth year, and had been confined in Bedlam for two months.

He had long been haunted by a foreboding that his life would end in the gloom of insanity; but it is gratifying to know that before the end, the cloud had left his mind free. He no longer imagined himself a king wearing a crown of straw, but lay composed and calm in his cell, occasionally singing with great pathos a favorite song "The Birks of Invermay." No better indictment of the falsity of convivial friendship can be uttered than to say that not one of his tavern friends came to his succor and consolation in the last hour. He expired by night in the solitude of his cell. Yet there is an oasis of friendship in this desert of his life. One Mr. Burnett, who had made a fortune in the West Indies, remembered Fergusson, and desired to give him a friendly lift. The letter inviting the poet to go out to the Indies, and containing £100 to pay his passage, arrived, alas, a few days after the unfortunate passed away. Still it is the one signal example of disinterested friendship in the poet's history. From this brief chronicle it must not be supposed that Fergusson was a willing votary of vice. He had the poet's ardent and susceptible temperament, and his mind was keenly alive to the unpleasant circumstances of poverty and uncongenial occupation in which he was placed. It is not strange that one so sensitive, so highly-strung, and withal so sociable by nature, should have sought relief from his cares in the agreeable companionship of friends who probably drank more, but suffered less ill results from it than did Fergusson. He was a true poet, and his character exhibits many of the most interesting and attractive qualities. Considered as a man—a young man—we cannot



help cherishing his memory with affection and pity; considered as a poet, we feel in reading his hurried and nearly always unpremeditated verses, that the true poet speaks through them and awakens in us a response to that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

No critic of poetry would be so harsh as to apply strictly to these effusions the rules of poetic art. For whatever inaccuracies or lack of taste they exhibit, the author's youth, and the circumstances in which he wrote them are sufficient excuses. As evidence that the gold of genius is threaded through them, the reader will need nothing perhaps but the keen relish which he will derive from some of these poems, which were recognized as poetry of more than ordinary merit in their day; indeed we began by suggesting how intimately they affected the life and work of Burns, and they are still read with pleasure by those few spirits who cherish particularly the heirlooms of the Scottish muse.

"Is Allen risen frae the dead,  
Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,  
And by the Muses was decreed  
To grace the thistle?  
Na! Fergusson's come in his stead  
To blaw the whistle.

"In troth, my callant, I'm sae fain  
To read your sonsy, canty strain,  
You write sae easy style and plain,  
And words sae bonny,  
Nae southern coun dare you disdain,  
Or cry Fy on ye!

"Whae'er has at Auld Reikie been  
And king's birthday's exploits has seen,  
Maun own that ye hae gi'en a keen  
And true description;  
Nor say ye've at Parnassus been  
To form a fiction.

"Sae soft and sweet your verses gingle,  
An' your auld words sae meetly mingle  
'Twill gae baith married fock and single'  
To roose your lays;  
When we forgether around the ingle,  
We'll chant your praise.

"Whan I again Auld Reikie see,  
An' can forgether lad with thee

Then we wi' meikle mirth and glee  
 Shall tak a gill,  
 And o' your caller oysters we  
 Shall eat our fill.

"I ne'er appeared before in print  
 But for your sake would fain be in't,  
 E'en that I might my wishes hint  
 That you'd write mair,  
 For sure your head-piece is a mint  
 Whare art's nae rare."

We have now to consider the poems. The first collection was published in 1773, and has been frequently reprinted. An edition was issued at Glasgow in 1800, which contained a memoir by Dr. Irving, author of "Lives of the Scottish Poets." A London edition, of date 1807, contains a life by Peterkin. Another appeared at Edinburgh in 1851. Since then there has been no reprint of the poems, so far as the writer knows. Perhaps the most attractive edition is the Alnwick, in two thin volumes, illustrated by numerous engravings on wood by Bewick, and containing a memoir of the author and his likeness, which shows him to have been a youth of prepossessing appearance, if not handsome.

To present a selection from the poems will perhaps afford the reader more satisfaction than anything that can be said about them. But a few words by way of introduction. The Scotch have always had a liking for natural descriptions, and it was James Thomson, a Scotchman, who, in his poems on the Seasons, 1726-1730, sounded the first note of the new nature poetry, that came at the heels of the artificial and dull Popian period. Under this impulse poetry revived in North Britain, and about 1765 the poets of the Lowlands began to sing in musical ballad-measures, of the homely affairs of every day life, domestic joys, and the tender emotions of the heart. In some of this poetry, the conventional language of the previous school of poets survived and gave it a false note, but when Fergusson appeared he did away with this defect by writing his poems in the local dialect of the people. He tried his hand, too, at eclogues, Shenstonian ballads, and odes like those of Collins, and burlesque heroics in the English couplets. But while some of these are clever enough, "his genius is revealed by his



Scots poems, and particularly by those lyrics in the Burns stanza—*Caller Oysters, Daft Days, Caller Water, Tron Kirk Bell*; and in *Hallow Fair, Gowdspink and Auld Reikie*, he comes nearer to Burns than any other Scottish poet of earlier or later times." As a Scottish poet he takes rank with Ramsay, Ross, Burns and Macneill. His poems were very popular in their day and gave pleasure to people of all ranks and classes. Most of all were they welcomed a country firesides; but Fergusson was the poet of Edinburgh; he might be called the laureate of Edinburgh, as Chambers has called him, who characterizes his chief merits as "a happy talent in portraying local manners, a keen perception of the ludicrous, a vein of original humor, and his language copious and expressive. Yet he had not the invention or picturesque fancy of Allan Ramsay, nor the energy or passion of Burns; his mind was a warm, light soil, that threw up early its light products, sown by chance, or little exertion but it had no strength or tenacity to nurture any great or valuable production." As an offset to this latter criticism, we should remember the youth of the poet, his poverty and his uncongenial occupation at the dull duties of the desk in the Commissioner's office. That under such conditions his genius should have blossomed at all speaks for its virility; as one of his kindly critics has said, "his poems are promises rather than performances—and promises not fulfilled because his genius was obscured, clouded and extinguished e'er it reached meridian splendour." Almost any one of his Scotch pieces displays his peculiar qualities—keen observation, humorous description, lively conception, delicate fancy and deep love of nature.

Perhaps the best of Fergusson's poems is "The Farmer's Ingle," which he originated, and which gave Burns the idea of his "Cotter's Saturday Night." It tells of pleasant, homely fireside scenes: a winter evening; the cattle are housed in the byre, the day's work is done, and the gude man comes to his warm peat fire, and a heartsome supper, not without "nappy liquor," buttered bannocks and kail. Supper over, they indulge in "couthy cracks" of weather, kirk and market. The children listen to "auld-

world'' tales of warlocks and ghosts, told by the gudame, as she plies her industrious spindle. The gudeman stretches out his tired limbs, and his dogs wag their tails, enjoying the comfort of the house. Then he instructs his lads about the morrow's work—the threshing and the grinding. Then they betake themselves to sleep and the fire burns low. The last stanza runs :—

“ Feace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,  
Whose cares fills a' our wants frae year to year ;  
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glybe,  
And banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear !  
May Scotia's summer aye look gay and green ;  
Her yellow har'sts frae scowery blasts decreed ;  
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien.  
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed :  
And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours succeed.”

“His Braid Cloth” is a piece of humorous and sarcastic description of town life. To wear broad cloth, to be spick and span in appearance, is the surest road to success, and the best title to consideration :—

“ On Sabbath-days the barber spark,  
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,  
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,  
Gangs trigly, faith !  
Or to the meadows of the park,  
In gude braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,  
That they to shave your haffits bare,  
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,  
Wad be right laith,  
When pacing wi' a gawsy air  
In gude braid claith.”

Broad cloth, he says, makes many kail-worms butterflies, and gets many a doctor his degrees :—

“ For thof ye had as wise a snout on  
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,  
Your judgment fouk wad hae a doubt on,  
I'll take my aith,  
Till they could see you with a suit on  
O' gude braid cloth.”

To the “Thron-Kirk Bell” is a fine bit of fun. The most of it deserves to be given :—

“ Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing,  
As e'er was framed to gow or ring !  
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,  
They ken themsel' ;



But weel wat I, they couldna' bring  
Waur sounds frae hell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin't;  
Like scauldin wife's there is nae guidin't:  
Whan I'm about ony business eident,  
It's sair to to thole;  
To deave me, then, ye tak a pride in't  
Wi' senseless knoll.

Oh! were I Provost of' the town,  
I swear by a' the powers aboon,  
I'd bring ye wi' a resse down:  
Nor should you think—  
Sae sair I'd crack and clour your crown—  
Bgain to clink.

For, whan I've toomed the meikle cap,  
And fain would fa' owre in a nap,  
Troth, I could dose a sounds a tap,  
Were't it nae for thee,  
That gies the tither weary chap  
To waken me."

In Cauler Water the poet sets forth the superior merits of Adam's ale—cold water—and takes occasion to compliment the fair sex of the city: what makes them so fair? he asks. Why it is the "cauler burn," St. Anthon's Spring, no less, no less, that gives them such graces, eyes bright as bright as dew drops and complexions clear as the crystal spring. The metre is the same as that of the foregoing poem. Auld Reikie gives a graphic account of life in Edinburgh, with its Castlehill, Arthur's Seat and bonny pastures. Here is a sample of it:—

"While dondering cits delight to stray  
To Castle-hill or public way  
Where they nae othee purpose mean,  
Than that fool cause of being seen,  
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,  
Whar bonny pasfures meet the view,  
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,  
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's muse.  
If Fancy there would join the thrang,  
The desert rocks and hills amang,  
To echoes we should lilt and play,  
And gie to mirth the live-lang day."

But although he wrote many poems of city life, Fergusson's heart was in the country. When the dog-day heats begin he longs to lie at length under cool shady trees, where the water plays down the valleys, and to spend the

time among the herds and with the country folk, far from the din of the town, where, tied to a hateful sluggard trade, he is deprived of the beauty of nature. He was truly Fancy's child, and loved the "flowery velvet bed" of summer, the gushing springs, and the song of the lark. How hard was his fate.

What Fergusson might have done had his lot been happier, is useless to conjecture; but what he had left behind him had an important place in the development of Scottish poetry. It is said that Burns was encouraged to take up seriously the writing of native poetry, by reading Fergusson's volume of 1773. And he did not forget to acknowledge the debt he owed. In a volume of Fergusson's poems which he presented to a young lady in 1787, Burns wrote these lines which refer to Robert Fergusson:—

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,  
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure;  
Oh thou, my elder brether in misfortune,  
By far my elder brother in the muses,  
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate;  
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,  
Yet has so kneen a relish of its pleasures?

H. V. ROSS, PH. D.

Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.

### New York—the Sleepless City.

SITTING here, in the heart of the Hurly-Burly of Hurly-Burlies, a deep longing comes over me for a taste of real quiet. Just a one long, deep breath of relief from this never-ending hubbub—a breath of the quiet enjoyed at will by the people of the Gulf's little Garden, and which cannot be had here, where money can get almost everything, for love or money.

One would imagine that even in an immense city like this, there might be just a momentary pause in the awful rush; but morning, noon and night it is ever present. Every hour of the day the variety changes, but it never for



a moment ceases. Throughout the hours of business the rasping of the elevated trains, the clanging and banging of the surface cars, and the Niagara-like roar of human voices,—punctuated here and there by the unintelligible cries of the newsboy setting to a music of his own peculiar manufacture the enormous scare-heads of the latest "Extra,"—all help to make New York an inferno of noises.

Early in the morning, long before the farmer of Prince Edward Island has taken his first peep at the weather, at an hour when quiet might be expected on a small scale, at least, long lines of heavy milk wagons are rattling through the streets, towards the numerous ferries, for the tons of milk which the city's millions will require before another night comes around. Then the newspaper delivery caravan takes its place upon the stage. Express wagons, truck wagons, and every sort of conveyance, from the old-time buggies to the most modern "autos," are rushed into service in the effort to "get there first" with the morning paper.

This pandemonium is kept up until well towards five o'clock, when the heavy, lumbering, brewery wagons, with their magnificent horses, stream forth for their early morning loads—for the "loads" which will later in the day be carried by thousands of the citizens of the city. Before the last of these has left upon its rounds the early express transfer wagons line up; moving-vans, bakers' wagons and a thousand other noise-making devices start in to do their part, and right well they do it—until the regular daily traffic of "L" trains at three-minute headway, surface cars at no headway at all, and a million wage earners, with their little tales of woe and happiness arrive upon the scene and get properly into action.

On Sunday, when—under the influence of good music, and a touching sermon,—one is carried beyond all this babel, and bows the head in devotion, the rattle and creaking of elevated trains and electric cars, rushing along with their loads of pleasure seekers, creeps in and reminds one that there is no such thing as Sunday in a great city.

The very prayers of the minister are interrupted by the slang of the street car gong.

There may be more money in New York than there is in P. E. Island, but their is positively no suchthing as *rest* here.

New York,

H. A. ROBERTS.

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## Varia.

### Our Educational System

IN this number of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, Judge Warburton brings to a conclusion his series of articles on Our School System, which we began to publish last November. That Judge Warburton has treated his subject exhaustively and well has been everywhere admitted; and that he is particularly well-fitted for the task of dealing with the matter of directing the needed hand of reform on what has become a time-honored, but none the less worn-out institution, will be as readily granted.

When the first of Judge Warburton's papers were being published, interest in our educational system seemed very languid indeed, those most concerned appearing to be most careless and uninquisitive about the matter. But there is every evidence that the time and trouble bestowed by Judge Warburton in the preparation of these papers has not been without a resulting reward, and the many commendatory letters addressed to the editor of this Magazine indicate that a gratifying share of attention, on the part of those whom it is most desirable to arouse, has been given to the suggestions made and the information furnished by the learned Judge. We doubt if any other name would have carried the same weight if attached to this series of articles now completed, for the Judge's experience as a member and a leader of the local government, previous to his elevation to his present position, furnished him with the opportunities that, coupled with his well known interest in education, enable him to speak with authority. Besides Mr. Warburton's natural qualifications for the work, he has gone to considerable trouble to procure data and references—the work being, for him, only a labor of love—for which the editor of this Magazine is deeply indebted.

To further air the question of improving our School System seems to be necessary. We have several letters and communications bearing on the subject, and we would be glad of any further letters that readers may feel inclined to write, — but, for the present, we must state that, most emphatically, it appears to be the desire of those who have



written to the Magazine, as well of those with whom the editor has come into personal contact, that the present range of studies in the elementary schools should be simplified, and that our children should receive a "good plain English education without any frills," as one correspondent puts it. There is much to be said for and against this. Probably some writers may take it up *pro* and *con*, in which case the pages of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE will be at their service.



#### Letter from Mr. Cecil T. Bagnall.

Writing from Turner's Falls, Mr. Cecil T. Bagnall, who, we are glad to learn, is prospering in that Massachusetts city, says:—

"THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE has a great charm for me, telling the old stories (in a new way) that are almost forgotten. I think all Islanders would be in love with such a publication. So many times do I think of the old home and of its loveliness, in which to spend the last years of a busy life. But, perhaps, with the passing of the old blood and sentiment, the wanderer might find little to warm his heart and stimulate the imagination. It was different in the old time. How many times have I heard wandering and successful Provincialists say: 'save me from the chilliness of a return home after the well-remembered ones are gone.'

I was never back long enough to see what others describe. But I understand the sentiment. A man may go back to Vermont or New Hampshire, after an absence of fifty years, and his return causes delight to all who knew him or knew him not; but the Provincialist finds his old home, of such long-time desertion, worse than a graveyard. I speak of all the provinces, and of all classes of people, as they relate their feelings and sentiments. I do not know, personally. But the memory of the old home is always pleasant.

If no one else tells your readers anything about the old *Progress Magazine* (regarding which a query was published some months ago) I might, and of Tom Kirwan, who published it. Some may remember when Tom came to town, at his mother's hand, and got work as an apprentice in Whalen's office, before the poor Irish boy had learned his letters. As Tom is one of the best-known workers among writers so many times do I think of him would be in order. If old Tom Burris\* is alive, much could be learned of Tom Kirwan, Bill Burris and other brainy people who went to the States, and of their return, as in Tom's case.

Sincerely,

CECIL T. BAGNALL."

\* [We regret to say that Mr. Thomas Burris has joined the silent majority. —ED.]



Among other articles to be published in forthcoming issues of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, will be a description of the first French settlers at Port La Joie, by Professor Caven; an account, from Mr. L. W. Watson, of the Sand-dunes of the North Shore; and a story of the casting away of the brig "Actien," near St. Margaret's, King's Co., some sixty years ago, the circumstances of which gave occasion for a sensational trial, involving a number of innocent men. We are also promised something supplementary to the two articles

about Capt. Roderick McDonald, of Glenaladale; and we hope to be favored before long with some interesting facts and incidents about the early history of Charlottetown.

❧

#### Reviews.

In *The Criterion* for this month is begun what promises to be a curiously interesting story, by Vance Thompson, which is fully up to the style that has attracted so many of this writer's admirers. *The Criterion* continues as clever as ever, not only in its fiction and poetry, but in its critiques on music, art and literature, and the drama. There is, perhaps, a disposition on the part of the book reviewers to air their own conceits and coin extravagant phrases, both of which destroy the value of criticism, where we look for a candid opinion, and we have no sympathy with that Pro-Boer and mawkish fiction-monger, George Moore, on whom *The Criterion* wastes four pages of its valuable space in a fulsome panegyric. By the way, it has been a pleasure to notice, from time to time, in *The Criterion's* pages, poems by Miss L. M. Montgomery, of Cavendish, one of which is appended:—

#### THE GULLS.

Soft is the sky in the mist-kirtled east,  
 Light is abroad on the sea,  
 All of the heaven with silver is fleeced,  
 Holding the sunrise in fee.  
 Lo! with a flash and uplifting of wings  
 Down where the long ripples break,  
 Cometh a bevy of glad-hearted things —  
 'Tis morn, for the gulls are awake.

Slumberous calm on the ocean and shore  
 Comes with the turn of the tide;  
 Never a strong-sweeping pinion may soar  
 Where the tame fishing-boats ride!  
 Far and beyond in blue deserts of sea  
 Where the wild winds are at play,  
 There may the spirits of sea-birds be free —  
 'Tis noon, for the gulls are away.

Over the rim of the sunset is blown  
 Sea-dusk of purple and gold;  
 Speed now the wanderers back to their own,  
 Wings the most tireless must fold.  
 Homeward together at twilight they flock,  
 Sated with joys of the deep,  
 Drowsily huddled on headland and rock —  
 'Tis night, for the gulls are asleep.

❧

#### A Hallowe'en Magazine.

Superstition Trail, a powerful tale of the West, by Owen Wister, and illustrated by Remington, is the opening story in the Hallowe'en Number (October 26) of *The Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia. Other attractive features are the new episode in the *The Love Affairs* of Patricia and a striking poem by Holman F. Day. Mr. Day's ballad *The Night of the White Review*, tells a weird tale current among Gloucester fishermen. It has all the swing and movement of Mr. Kipling's *Dipsy Chanteys*, and a strength and originality all its own.



## In a Conversational Way.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!  
It wad frae many a blunder free us  
And foolish notion."—BURNS.



"There are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pain,  
But when Youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again."

the excellent and brainy men they have sent to Ottawa.

It is a mistaken idea some people have that only lawyers are fit for such honors. There are others who can argue well, and who are most convincing. All things, however, being equal, a lawyer has a good start over the average citizen, in politics.

\* \* \*

Writing of lawyers reminds me of a story I cut out of a paper some time ago. I give it to you. It's worth reading:—

A witty judge in Topeka, Kansas, the other day was delivering an address on law and lawyers. He illustrated the law as follows:

"If I were to give you an orange I would simply say: 'I give you this orange.' But should the transaction be entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing he would adopt this form: 'I hereby give, grant and convey to you all my interest, right, title and advantage of, and in said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits, and all right and advantage thereon, with full power, to bite, suck or

THERE are one hundred and forty-five John McDonalds in King's County, P.E.I. These are all over the age of twenty-one. I would love to meet this large family,— say at a picnic or tea—and have them lined up for general inspection.

Seems to me if I were one of these John McDonalds I'd do my best to be known from the others; wouldn't you?

I wonder if any of these will ever go up to Ottawa and become Premier of Our Great Dominion some day. Who knows but that there will be a Sir John McDonald spring from the ranks of this large and interesting family.

Stranger things than this have happened, and the Maritime Provinces are noted for

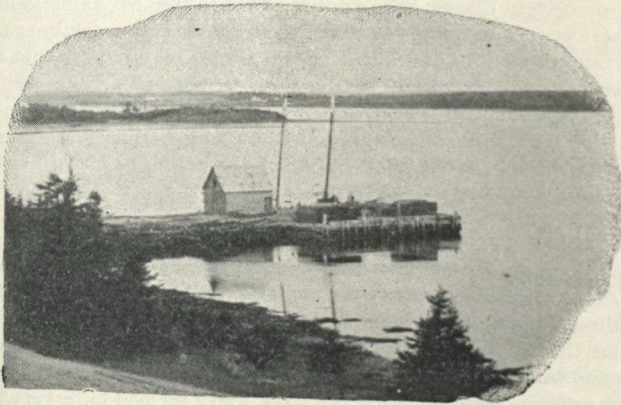


otherwise eat the same, or give away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits, anything hereinbefore or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

If there is any moral to this story, it would appear to me to be, to take the orange or anything else offered you without asking questions.

\* \* \*

I was down in Montague recently. Have you ever taken in that view on the bridge looking up the river? If not, take a Kodak with you, press the button some fine day and take home with you a pretty



ON THE MONTAGUE RIVER

scene to cheer you up over the bare spots in winter. Of course I was at Montague for business and called to see the merchants.

I often think that trying to secure orders is not unlike paying one's attentions to a young lady. In both cases, one must not broach the subject uppermost in one's mind too soon lest it spoil one's chances. We talk about the weather, the crop prospects, the horse trot, fire brigade turnout, the latest fashions, etc., etc. The last subject gives the opening, which you must gradually slide into, and as disinterestedly as possible (as if it had just dawned on you, when really you had driven six miles to say it) sing your little song to suit the circumstances.

After the usual friendly chat (with a customer) I proceeded to talk business. My friend was opening a barrel of conversation lozenges, and, being a man of few words, handed me one off the top. I read the silent message carefully; it nearly took away my breath. I will not keep you in suspense, my friend. Here's what I read on that particular lozenge:—

"YOU ARE CRAZY."

I suppose there were 20,000 lozenges in that barrel. Doesn't it



seem queer that that merchant should chance upon that one for me? I asked him if he thought I was that way, and he laughed loudly, but would not answer. However, he said: "We will try again," and he dived into the barrel for another which read:—

"NOT EXACTLY"

This is the reward some people get for being original, or in any way showing their individuality. But never mind this: always be yourself.

\* \* \*

I love the men and women who have fads; who are cranks (if you will) on certain things; who are not afraid to step out alone; who are not mere echoes of some one else. It needs courage sometimes to act up to our convictions and ideas. Some people may remark that there is a screw loose somewhere, but be loyal to yourself. There are millions of people in this world; but, reader, please remember, you and I are different from anyone else. Don't forget this Pan-American thought, which I saw painted on one of the buildings:—

"*The Weakest among us has a gift.*"

\* \* \*

While upon the subject of conversation lozenges, I would say a flood of recollections comes over me, as I think of my boyhood days. One church tea-meeting stands out among the rest, with some of the lozenges thrown in. I must have had given me a telling one, for I went home and told mother I was in love. I was given some good advice, but my appetite was poor for a few days, and I seemed to be very fond of composing poetry. Mother was right, however, about my getting over the circumstance. Don't you think more of us would be happier if, in our youth, we had told mother more about our lives? The love of a mother is never exhausted; it never changes; it never tires. A father may turn his back on a child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives; wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute; in the face of the world's condemnation a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent. Still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture; the merry laugh; the joyful shout of childhood; the opening promise of his youth; and she can never think of him as unworthy. One seldom goes wrong in listening to a mother's counsel.

\* \* \*

We had happy hours in our childhood, and we have them to-day as well. We used to go to all kinds of churches then. We attended most faithfully picnics, bazaars and Band of Hope meetings, and were undenominational in our pleasures as well as devotions. Allow me to remark here, that the people of Prince Edward Island are to be con-



congratulated on the happy manner in which all denominations pull together. I have attended Catholic entertainments at which half, at least, of those taking part in the programme were Protestants, and vice-versa I have been to teas, concerts, bazaars, etc., where all gave a helping hand. I have seen Protestant ministers conversing pleasantly with Catholic clergymen on various occasions, — a sight very seldom seen in other provinces. Surely, there is charity of spirit in all this.

\* \* \*

But I must come back to those lozenges. I bought a pound of them the other day, just for fun. Perhaps they will come into fashion again; like everthing else they have improved in flavor, and some of the questions and answers that can be made out of a pound of them are wonderful. Try it. Let me give you a dozen of them, and you may want to buy some for yourselves.

QUESTION, — Gentleman.

I shall be loving, kind and true.  
Her highest ideal — her photo.  
Take back the heart you gave.  
Your only merit is your dress.  
My heart is breaking for you.  
To live right, we must mate right.  
Say that you love me once.  
Will you be mine for ever?  
May I claim you as my bride, dear?  
Play diamonds and win hearts.  
How very little you prize me!

ANSWER, — Lady.

What romantic ideas you have.  
Nothing in your cranium — all outside.  
Don't tantalize me in that way.  
Empty vessels make most noise.  
The woods are full of such as you.  
Bless your little heart. How sweet!  
I think I love you just a wee bit.  
My soul cannot resist your charms.  
I cannot leave my mama.  
My face is my fortune, sir.  
There are wheels in your head.

Hamilton & Son, Pictou, make a lot of the conversation lozenges that come to the Island. If I were wording some of these, I would inscribe some like this:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Charlottetown make Public Baths.                      | Doctors frequently agree to disagree.   |
| More benches for Square and Park.                     | No light matter: Full lighting. Charges heavy.                                |
| Take off Commercial Travellers' Tax.                  | Liberal-minded men: Haszard and Farquharson.                                  |
| Give Prohibition a fair trial.                        | Is war justifiable? No.   |
| Run Stanley, Summerside to Tormentine, winter months. | Summerside: Secure Waterworks and Drainage.                                   |
| Run Minto, Georgetown to Pictou, mid-winter.          | Souris: Adopt Incandescent Light Plant.                                       |
| Reduce Telegrams: 25c ten words, for off Island.      | Beautiful for situation: Souris, P. E. I. Advertise for Tourists.             |
| Another Long Distance Telephone Wire. Island Service. | P. E. I. Build fine summer hotel.   |
| What about forming Debating Club?                     | Some one write up attractions, P. E. I. Encourage Y. M. C. A. It's all right. |



CH'TOWN TO TORONTO: "Send your Football Team down here. Not as 'sleepy' as you imagine."



LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE. "Hello Halifax, St. John and Montreal"



"Hello, Central! When will that buzz be off?"



"Hello, Electric Light! What's the matter now?"



"QUEEN'S" CONVENTION: Which gentleman will the people dominate?"



I wonder what the answers will be to these suggestions as time goes on.

There must be a power of these sweets used in making love clear between some people, judging from the barrels that are emptied from time to time.

\* \* \*

Before I spin this article out too long I would mention just a few of the very pleasant people I have met during my many visits, and residence, in the Garden Island of the Gulf.

I call to mind some that have impressed me most in the particular of their individuality.

The Hon. D. Gordon, of Georgetown, Leader of the Opposition in Local Politics, in his 80th year, is a gentleman of strong individuality. The other day, in conversation, we were remarking how short life seemed to be to enjoy the many intellectual pleasures and pursuits on every side. Our genial friend put his hand on my shoulder and quoted the following :—

"Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,  
Unhedged, lies open in life's common field."

There is much encouragement for each of us in these beautiful words. And, as we continued upon the same line, Mr. Gordon again quoted from memory :—

"He that hath treasures of his own  
May quit a cottage or a throne :  
May leave the world to dwell alone  
Within his spacious mind."

Beautiful words are they not?

\* \* \*

J. E. B. McCready, editor of the *Guardian*, is a strong man, to my manner of thinking. Did you read his article, July 19th last, in his paper, entitled "The Airship." There is a good deal of scope for imagination here, and our friend was equal to the occasion.

"Some morn we may wake from our slumber,  
And find, in this wonderful age,  
That the automobile's a back number  
And that flying machines are the rage."

Mr. McCready's remarks last May, regarding the Rose Valley tragedy, were expressed with much charity and fine feeling. As I travel a good deal in this province, I know many who refer to his editorials with pleasure. We want to hear often from Mr. McCready. His pen is mightier than the sword.

\* \* \*

Mr. R. T. Holman, of Summerside, is the right man in the right place. I would call him the father of Summerside's commercial life. All around him, in all kinds of successful businesses, are those who learned their business in Mr. Holman's employ. One cannot meet him or chat with him without noticing his strong individuality.

In every branch of his very large departmental business Mr. Hol-

man has everything at his finger ends, and is master of every detail. How he can do all this, and yet make time to talk with many who call at the office is a mystery to me.

Speaking on Prohibition recently, Mr. Holman remarked: "*These acts will result in less drinking but more drunkards.*" What is your opinion, reader? Think it out.

Mr. Holman's letter to the Montreal Star last winter on Island mail and passenger service was interesting reading to western people. I venture to remark here, that, with the assistance of Hon. R. C. McLeod and Mr. R. T. Holman, Summerside will have a winter service to the mainland this winter.

\* \* \*

Mr. John McLean, Souris, everybody knows, and knows with pleasure. Seldom will one find a man who has so many admirers in all ranks, irrespective of party. "It's Mr. McLean himself I'm voting for, it's not the party," one often hears. He is a sure winner at the polls. And he says the right thing, too, in the right place, and the right time, when he addresses the public. It is not necessary for me to tell those who know him that he is witty, and ready with a joke for everything that presents itself. For example, last October, when Mr. La Tour was stumping in favor of the present government in power, the following incident happened: Mr. La Tour met Mr. McLean and they had a friendly chat together. Mr. La Tour asked a pass by the steamer going to the Magdalen Islands, and was granted the same in Mr. McLean's usual kind way. Mr. La Tour remarked: "Why, you are a mighty kind Conservative, to give an opposition man a pass like this." To this, Mr. McLean replied: "Not at all; I want to get you out of here, and the sooner the steamer comes the better for us."

\* \* \*

In conversation with the head of the firm of Messrs Carvell Bros., I asked this gentleman if he really knew how highly he stood in the estimation of all business men of the Island. I do not now remember his reply, but I venture to remark that it was given in becoming modesty. One is pleased to notice this quiet, but strong, personality at the head of the Charlottetown Board of Trade; and I hope some day — not so much for party, but for the man — we will see him in our local parliament.

"Modesty's the charm  
That coldest hearts can quickest warm;  
Which all our best affection gains,  
And, giving ever, still retains."

\* \* \*

Hon. Benj. Rogers, of Alberton, is a man of very strong characteristics. I imagine the temperance cause has a strong advocate in our mutual friend. Mr. Rogers is a man who enjoys a good joke and



I fancy I hear him saying, laughing meanwhile: "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

\* \* \*

If I had the opportunity of coining a phrase to suit Mr. L. W. Watson, Charlottetown, I would like to word it thus, and hand it to him:—

"Near to Nature's heart"

Honestly, I envy Mr. Watson's knowledge of plants and flowers. Who doesn't love flowers? Their sweet little faces turn up to you for recognition. Their presence brings happiness, and in sorrow their fragrance and beauty bring comfort and solace.

"God made the flowers to beautify  
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;  
And he is happiest who hath power  
To gather wisdom from a flower,  
To pleasant gratitude."

Mr. Watson's article on "Murder," written lately for THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, was greatly enjoyed by a number of people. Let us hear from him again.

\* \* \*

You will notice I have not mentioned any ladies. The fact is, I must be careful. However, I will, without mentioning any name, give you a description of an Island-born lady whom every Islander should be proud of. Now, see if you can guess who this lady is: As stately as a queen, in carriage; as bright as the morning star; always ready with a retort, in wit or wisdom; kind and full of sympathy for any in trouble. Shall I call her "The Commercial Travellers' friend"? Many a kind welcome this lady has given a Commercial Traveller at our Hotel Davies.

With a great deal of pleasure I live over the pleasant chats we had together last winter, at the table and otherwise. I venture to say that Sir Louis Davies has had no warmer admirer among all his supporters. She, to my mind, has the strongest individuality of any lady I have had the pleasure of meeting on P. E. Island. I almost imagine I hear her familiar voice quoting Robert Burns' words:—

"Aye free aff-han' your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom crony;  
But still keep something to yoursel'  
Ye scarcely tell to ony:  
Conceal yoursel' as weel 's ye can,  
Frae critical dissection;  
But keek through every other man  
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection."

\* \* \*

To my manner of thinking, Miss G., Clifton House, Summerside, is a lady of unquestionable brightness and repartee. When travelling

I frequently carry photos of my family in my grip-sack. My little girl has many admirers, and I have one picture in a nice photo frame which I show occasionally. Of course the majority say when seeing the photo, "Is'nt she sweet?" "What a dear little innocent face,— Just like her father's!" etc., etc. Imagine my surprise, in showing this to Miss G., to hear her remark, after a careful inspection, "My! Is'nt it a very beautiful photo frame?"

That happened months ago, but I am smiling yet at that original remark.

Still another from the same source :

One day after a long absence, I made another visit to Summerside. After shaking hands, this lady asked me to "sit down and tell all I knew," remarking it would not take long. Some reader, right here, may agree with her, and decide that the merchant down there in Montague was doing me a kindness in breaking the truth so quietly in handing me that lozenge.

\* \* \*

Not being a society man, I miss a good many bright men and women of Prince Edward Island, I have heard through others of their bright sayings frequently, and may remark :—

"That pleasure is of all  
Most beautiful and kind,  
That fades not straight, but leaves  
A living joy behind."

\* \* \*

Taking for granted that the conversation lozenge manufacturers will meet, and arrange to follow out my suggestions, I make bold to advise them to give us a few reminders to read something like this :—

Let us scatter sunshine,  
Life is short.  
Present the flowers now,  
Don't wait for coffin lids.  
Never trouble Trouble till Trouble troubles you.  
Then scatter seeds of kindness.  
All's well that ends well.  
Failure does not necessarily mean defeat.  
Water will find its level.  
Every cloud has a silver lining.  
A man 's a man, for a' that.  
Ever so humble, no place like home.  
There are others.  
Duty done is the soul's fireside.  
Greatest of all gifts: Charity.  
Good prevention against moths: Give garments away.  
Be encouraged — nothing happens by chance.

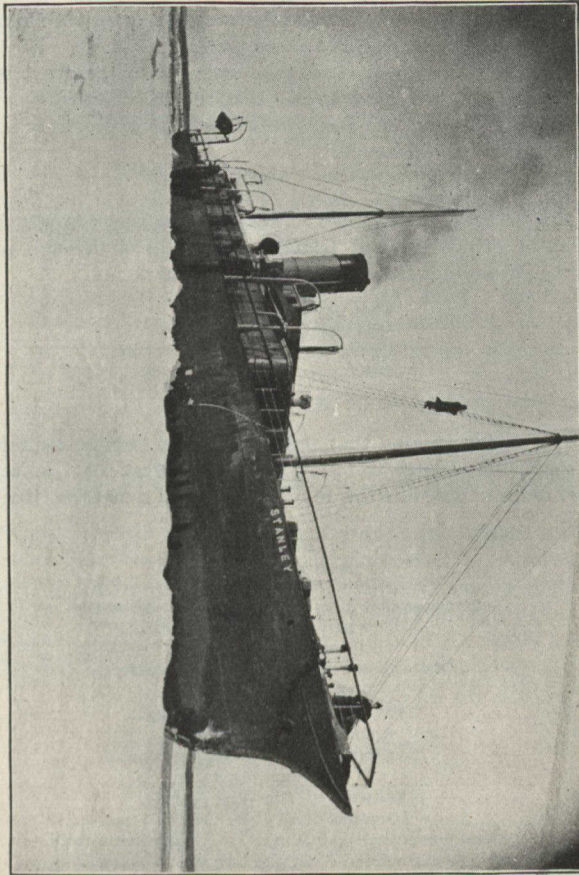
There are so many possibilities for the usefulness of the conversation lozenge that I cannot do the matter justice in this article. I have started the reader thinking along these lines, and if you have



any new ideas kindly send them along to the factory and they will put them in mint, — *peppermint*.

Just one more suggestion and I am done.

Taking for granted that a Debating Club will be started this winter, the conversation lozenge might help wonderfully. For example, a committee might be formed to arrange the subjects, have them sent to the manufacturing confectioner and placed in lozenge form. As the people entered the hall, a pleasant usher would hand them a lozenge with subject of debate printed thereon, for instance; "Is marriage



CAPTAIN FINLAYSON LOOKING FOR A LEAD — NOT ON THE  
SUMMERSIDE-TORMENTINE ROUTE.  
FROM A PHOTO BY MR. LOUSON

a failure?" School children, elderly maids and bachelors, are the best informed upon this subject, at least some of them think so. The

married people doubtless will say nothing, but put the lozenge aforesaid under their tongue.

Still another subject that would be of great interest to Island people would be in something of this form:—

“Did the much-regretted death of President McKinley happen owing to the Bullets, the Bulletins or the Doctors?”

Doctors McCready, Taylor, Conroy and others on one side and Doctors McNeil, Murphy, Mr. Whiston and many others might take part on other side of debate.

The conversation lozenges might be especially ordered for the occasion. This debate would make a hit. Secure Opera House and also Market Hall for overflow meetings, charge 25 cents each (no passes) and proceeds to go to P. E. Island Hospital. The Island Railway will doubtless give reduced rates for the occasion, and the decision arrived at will, no doubt, be accepted by all.

But enough has been suggested to set the hundred and twenty thousand people of Prince Edward Island thinking. Good-bye, old Conversation Lozenge. We hope soon to welcome you into a more up-to-date form of usefulness. Again, Farewell,

WILL S. LOUSON.



THE DEBATING CLUB.  
“Is Marriage a failure?”

## Minks and Otters.

WE know from more than one subscriber to THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE that many of our readers read with interest and sympathy, engendered by remembrances of their own younger days, the articles that have been written for these pages by our esteemed contributor, Mr. Robert Jenkins on “Our Fur-bearing animals.” One correspondent says it is a well-known habit of the female mink to carry her young as a cat carries her kittens from place to place, and he adds, “the carrying propensities of the mink were best illustrated to me one day a good many years ago when I was a youngster fishing trout. I had caught a fine lot of fish and had left them by the side of the stream while I waded out to fish. Imagine my dismay on coming to the shore after a few minutes to find my basket almost emptied and a mink scurrying away—evidently thwarted in the attempt to get just “one more.” The following remarks of an old trapper in *Forest and Stream* may be of interest to those of our readers who have read Mr. Jenkins’ articles:

“Minks live mostly upon fish; and the fact that they are very fond of trout goes to show that they are somewhat epicurean in their tastes. Trout are peculiar, in that they deposit their spawn in the



instead of in the spring, going for that purpose to the head waters of the smaller streams and brooks. This habit the minks are well aware of, and they follow the trout, killing and eating as they go. Minks are voracious creatures, often catching at one time more fish than they can possibly eat; these they place in little heaps by the side of the stream for future consumption, and the trapper who chances upon one of these improvised storehouses knows that its owner will surely return. Then, if his trap is properly placed, and cunningly concealed, the trapper will be richer by one mink pelt in the morning.

"The female mink is not particular about her nest, or breeding place, and the young are generally born in a hole beneath the bank of a stream, or in a crevice of a trap-rock ledge. Almost as soon as they are able to walk the little fellows leave the nest and take upon themselves the responsibilities of life, catching their own fish and looking out for their natural enemies, of which man is most to be feared.

\* \* \* \*

"I shall never forget the experience I had in catching my first otter, of which I have taken only four in all my years of trapping. I was making a little prospecting tour along the banks of the Farmington River, one winter day, when I came across a narrow path in the snow, leading from the top of the bank to the river. The track was hard and smooth, and looked as if it had been made by a boy with a barrel stave or sled, such as I have often used in my boyhood days. A closer examination revealed the fact that the creature or creatures, that used the slide, returned to the top of the bank by a different route; the tracks in the snow were those of some animal I was not acquainted with, and very much mystified I reported my find to a fellow-trapper, a man older than myself, who had had experience in Northern waters. He informed me that the tracks I had discovered were those of an otter, and that the path in the snow was an otter slide, it being the custom of that animal to amuse himself by sliding headforemost down the embankment into the water, repeating the performance indefinitely if undisturbed. My trapper friend lent me some traps which were made to catch large game, and instructed me how to set them, but my best efforts were unsuccessful, and in a few days I returned the traps, having come to the conclusion that the otter had departed, it being well known that they have migratory habits. In a few days, however, I discovered fresh tracks in the snow near the slide, and determined to make one more attempt to capture the prize. Going to the nearest town, I procured a strong, double spring trap, with a chain twelve or fifteen feet attached. Choosing the spot where the otter emerged from the water, in returning to the top of the bank, I set the trap in such a way as I hoped would catch him by the hind leg as he came out; then carefully concealed the trap with dead leaves and bits of driftwood. I fastened the chain to a stout sapling near by, and departed for home with high hopes. Next morning I was early on hand, but found everything undisturbed. Three times in succession I visited the trap, only to be disappointed, but on the fourth morning, as I approached the spot, I saw that a great commotion had taken place, and my heart beat fast with anticipation. Every bush and sapling within a certain radius had been cut down by the powerful teeth of some animal, and the water near the bank was filled with twigs and branches. Laying hold of the chain I found that the trap was held by some heavy body, and clearing away the rubbish, I discovered a splendid male otter fast in the powerful jaws of the trap, and drowned beneath the bushes he had felled upon himself in his rage and agony.



*North Pole, 1901.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN

*I am leaving North Pole on my long trip. I hope to get to the Island in December. I have a full line of latest novelties in Toys and lovely Xmas Presents.*

*These are only for good boys and girls. I hope you will have no bad marks when I come, against your name*

*And Children, will you try and get the Government to take off that \$20.00 Tax on Travellers, and the \$100.00 Tax on Travellers who come to live on the Island. It's too bad, for it not only hurts trade all round but is driving us away from the Island*

*Now Children I am counting on you helping me in this \$20.00 matter, and I will slip in during the night time and try and get clear.*

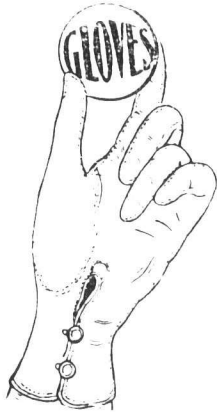
*Write all letters to Headquarters, North Pole, and mention what you wish me to bring to you.*

*Hang up the biggest stocking you can get Xmas Eve. Good bye for now,*

*Your Dear Old Friend,*

*SANTA CLAUS.*





# A New Glove



GLOVE made  
of Gazelle skin  
with the fur  
left on, and  
dressed on the

wrong side

They are much superior to  
the ordinary fur lined glove,  
no lining to rip, not bulky,  
very warm and neat, just  
what the ladies have been  
looking for

This glove sells in Montreal  
at \$3.00 a pair

They sent us 5 dozen to in-  
troduce at

## \$1.50

Every pair fully guaranteed  
Every size from 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> to 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

## Sentner McLeod & Co.

Charlottetown's Busiest Store



## Style a Mile

You can almost see the style there is in a well-made suit of clothes a mile away. You may have the goods and the linings and trimmings, but unless your tailor-made clothes have that

## Style in Them

they might better be ready-made and save you the extra money you paid for them. When we build a suit we build it for style and wear combined.

# J. T. McKenzie,

The Tailor,  
CHARLOTTETOWN.





# Hickey & Nicholsn

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND



Manufacturers of  
American and Canadian

# Tobaccos



Try our fine cut plug used  
by all the leading  
people of Canada

ALSO

Black Twist 12,  
Bright Twist,  
Black Twist 8,  
Diamond Twist  
Ruby Chewing,  
Pearl Smoking.

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

"Confessional."

Lord God, whom we besought so late,  
Thou wouldst not suffer us forget  
Thy Name and our weak human state,  
Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

To-day, no pomp of empire fills  
The wintry land; amazed and awed  
We watch Thy slowly grinding mills  
Mete out to us our just reward.

To-day, by foemen score beset,  
Dismayed, we draw our destined lot,  
We prayed to Thee, "Lest we forget,"  
And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vain glorious words  
And sorry self-sufficiency,  
We boasted, girding on our swords,  
As those who lay their armour by.

Humbly we call upon Thy name,  
Ere sounds once more the grim  
assault.

We do confess, O Lord, with shame,  
Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern disdain  
Of idle brag and empty boast,  
So shall we stand erect again  
And face unmoved the hostile host.

It is estimated that the cost of food stores on the Antarctic supply ship "Discovery" amounted to \$25,000. The supplies included 6,000 pounds of soup; 7,000 pounds of fish of all sorts; 16,000 pounds of roast, boiled and corned beef and mutton; 42,000 pounds of other meats; 4,500 pounds of ham and bacon; 11,500 pounds of vegetables, and 9,000 pounds of concentrated foods; 6,000 bottles and 4,000 pounds of dried fruits; 6,000 pounds of cheese; 42,000 pounds of flour, and 30,000 pounds of biscuit. "There are also luxuries," says the New York Sun, "such as real turtle soup, Devonshire cream, 10,000 bottles of champagne and spirits and wine, and 1,800 pounds of tobacco."—*Scientific American*.

MEN'S differences make four newspapers in a one-newspaper town. *Saturday Evening Post*



and all other  
in the market  
A volume  
amine them

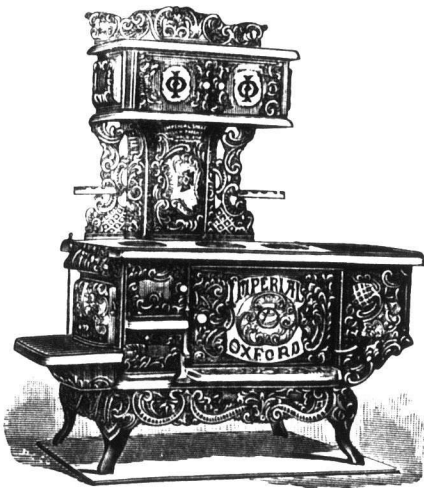
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WRITING  
CHARL...

Phonograph  
tute in the  
No entrance  
sponsible p

CHARL...



## Don't Try to Keep House

with that old worn-out behind-the-times cook stove. It wastes fuel and causes much trouble, annoyance and extra dirt.

Buy an

## "IMPERIAL OXFORD" RANGE

with ventilated oven, oven slide, oven thermometer, patented draw-out duplex grate,

and all other improvements that make it the most up-to-date range in the market.

A written guarantee given with every range. Call and examine them at

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Here, a business education is not made a side-issue but a specialty.

All Commercial subjects are taught by a large staff of competent teachers. Graduates from our Shorthand Department receive their diplomas from the

Phonographic Institute of Cincinnati, the largest Shorthand Institute in the world. Students (male or female) may enter at any time. No entrance examinations required. Graduates are assisted to responsible positions. Write for information to

## CHARLOTTETOWN BUSINESS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

L. B. MILLER, Principal



# A Good Cook

provided with

**Good Groceries**

will make

**Good Meals**

We sell the Groceries with insured satisfaction to the one that cooks, and the one that eats.

Have you tried us ?

**Webster**

**&**

**MacKay**

'Phone 199

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd Target Practice at Aldershot.

An improved system for the purpose of developing practical musketry training has been adopted by the English military authorities at Aldershot. By means of ingenious targets electrically actuated, as near an approach as possible to actual warfare was obtained. The troops participating in the trials of the new apparatus were distributed upon one range of hills. On crests opposite, rattles of musketry were observed, and along the skyline heads appeared and disappeared at regular intervals representing an enemy taking aim and firing. This afforded the target for the soldiers, and discharges of musketry greeted the heads of the pseudo-enemy whenever they appeared. The attacking party then cautiously advanced toward the defended crests. Through the valley extended a railway which the enemy was zealously guarding. As the advancing foe reached the railway an armored train appeared and was subjected to a heavy fusillade. In its rear followed a cavalry patrol bent upon blowing up the line, and they were also subjected to a heavy rifle fire, completely riddling them, though they effected their object in the destruction of the line as the electrical explosion of a dynamite charge testified. The signal cabin to the right of the railway, which contained several men, was then riddled, and a farmhouse which concealed a large number of the enemy was then also bombarded. Heads appeared at every window and a soldier presently ran out of the door with a gun. The soldiers continued their advance until arrested by a heavy fire from artillery concealed in a dense clump of trees. The effect of discharging shells was most cunningly contrived by the explosion of bombs near the dummy guns. The scheme was carried out by means of electric wires laid beneath the turf, and controlled by an engineer, who followed the movements of the troops by means of an arrangement of mirrors suspended over his head, in a butt. When the manoeuvres had been satisfactorily carried out the targets were carefully examined, and it was discovered that the firing of the soldiers had been particularly accurate, many of the targets being completely riddled.—*Sc. American.*

# Canadian Pacific

FALL EXCURSIONS TO

# Montreal

GOING

OCT. 10, 11, 12

RETURN TO

OCT. 28th, 1901

GOING

OCT. 21, 22, 23

RETURN TO

NOV. 6th, 1901

Round  
trip  
from  
Charlottetown

**\$13.30**

Ask for tickets via

**CANADIAN PACIFIC SHORT LINE**

General change of time, Oct. 13, 1901

See nearest Ticket Agent for particulars or write

**A. J. HEATH,**

D. P. A., C. P. R.,

St. John, N. B.



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**FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.**  
 346 Broadway, New York. &

**CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd**

**The Modern Christian's Prayer.**

O Lord, I come to Thee in prayer once more;  
 But pardon that I do not kneel before  
 Thy gracious presence—for my knees are sore  
 With too much walking. In my chair instead  
 I'll sit at ease, and humbly bow my head.

I've labored in Thy vineyard, Thou dost know,  
 I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show;  
 I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,  
 Their contributions to our church put down;  
 I've baked a pot of beans for Wednesday's spree—  
 An "old time supper" it's going be;  
 I've dressed three dolls for our annual fair,  
 And made a cake which we will raffle there.

Now, with Thy boundless wisdom so sublime,  
 Thou knowest that these duties all take time.

I have no time to fight my spirit's foes;  
 I have no time to mend my husband's clothes.

My children roam the streets from morn till night,

I have no time to teach them to do right.

But Thou, O Lord, considering my cares,

Wilt count them righteousness, and heed my prayers.

Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show,

And put it in the hearts of all to go.  
 Induce all visitors to patronize

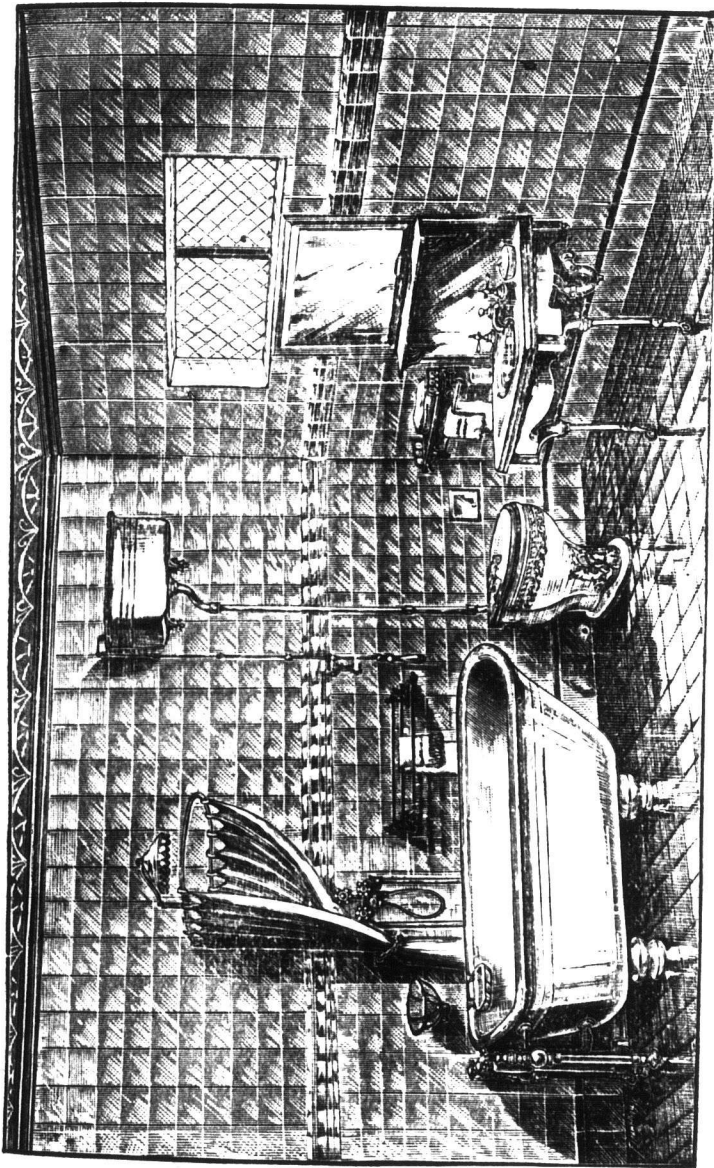
The men who in our programs advertise,

Because I've chased those merchants till they hid.

When'er they saw me coming—yes, they did.

Increase the contributions to our fair,  
 And bless the people who assemble there.

# Bath Room Supplies



**T. A. MacLEAN**



**THE  
HIGHLAND  
RANGE**

Is unexcelled as a coal saver and a thoroughgoing baker, it is also a good looking range

Call and see it at our store and read the testimonials as to its superiority

**It gives  
Pleasure  
to the  
Housewife**

**FENNELL**

**&**

**CHANDLER**

**CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd**

Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,  
The flower table and the cake that's sent.  
May our whist club be to thy service blest;  
The dancing party gayer than the rest.  
And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings—then  
We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen!

—*Caroline A. Walker in Life.*



**Sir Thomas Lipton.**

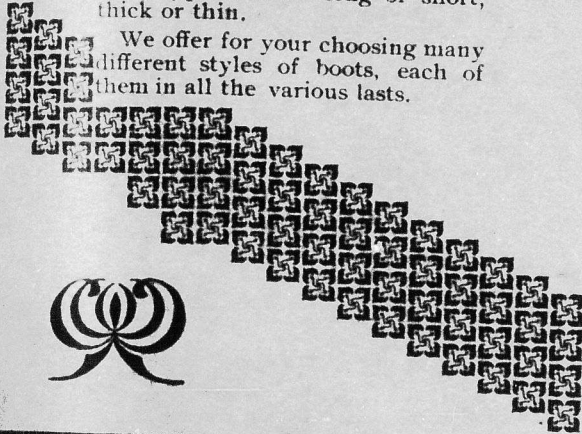
About forty years ago a ragged little boy named Tommy used to sit on the piers at Glasgow and watch the boats skimming over the waters. He was neglecting the messenger service for which he was paid sixty cents a week; but he could not help that, for the yachts fascinated him.

One day he said, "When I grow up to be a rich man, I'll have a yacht of my own, the finest and fastest that was ever built." Suddenly Tommy disappeared, and a letter post-marked New York told the old folks that he had run away to America to make his fortune. Prosperity proved somewhat coy, but the young emigrant managed to save enough to pay his way home to Glasgow. That boy to-day declares that his first trip to America made him.

His father had managed to amass a fortune of \$400, and this whole amount was advanced to start the young man in business in a little provision shop. This was the humble beginning of Sir Thomas Lipton's four hundred and fifty stores in all parts of the world. He is the largest individual landowner in Ceylon, where he cultivates tea, coffee and cocoa; in Dublin, he makes ginger ale; in London, among a hundred other lines, he is a contractor for the British army and navy; he has warehouses in Colombo and Calcutta; in Chicago, his packing house kills 3,000 hogs a day; he sells tea in New York, makes candy in London, and runs a restaurant that cost \$500,000, where 12,000 are fed daily at a half-penny a head.

In beauty nothing in footwear approaches "Queen Quality" shoes. They are designed on artistic graceful lines and exquisitely modeled, with the handsomest and most fashionable leathers and the most skilful fashioning. Every point just right with the character of a high-class shoe. They are made in special shapes to give comfort and a graceful, stylish appearance to every type of foot—long or short, thick or thin.

We offer for your choosing many different styles of boots, each of them in all the various lasts.



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The Famous Shoe for Women

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Per Pair

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Of all  
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Printed by A. Irwin at the office of  
**THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE**  
Richmond St. West, Charlottetown.