

The May

# PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

1902



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VOL. 4

NO. 3

Subscription 50 Cents a Year

THE  
**Prince Edward Island Magazine**

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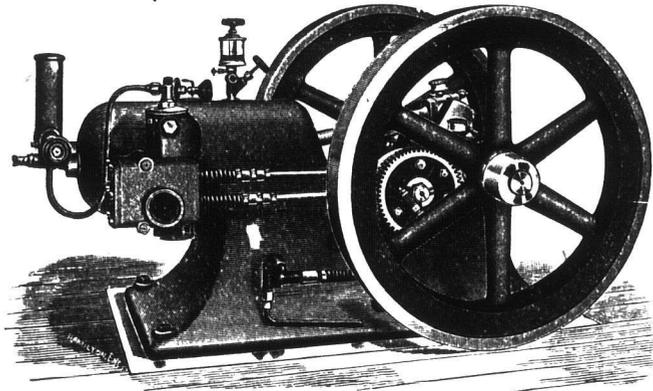


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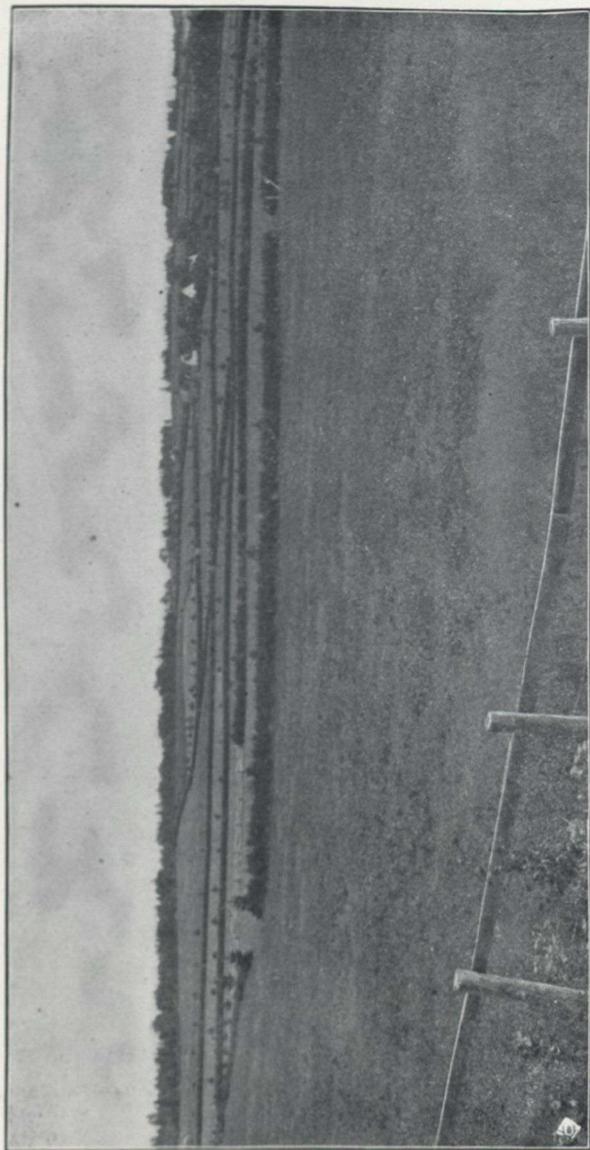
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“STOCKMAN'S FARM” NEAR NORTH WILTSHIRE, P. E. I.

The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

Vol. 4

May, 1902

No. 3

The City Home.

**T**HIS word—Home—usually the symbol of quiet restfulness and freedom from the worries of the outside world, seems to lack significance in a great city like New York. Here the word refers to a crevice in one of the great walls of brick and stone which compose the city, and is called a "flat" or "apartment" according to the amount of rent. Its chief recommendation is the superabundance of "cosy corners." The parlor is a nice large cosy corner where the sun peeps in upon rare intervals, says "hello and then goodbye," and as if afraid of crowding somebody, departs for more congenial climes. Now and then the lady of the house is startled by the ray of real sunshine filtering in through the maze of clotheslines and fire-escapes at the rear of the flat, but before she has had time to acquire that familiarity which is said to breed contempt, it has become a dream of the past.

The neighbors of the city family are the eight or ten families which live under the same roof. Their names are learned from the letter boxes in the entrance, and usually that is about the extent of the acquaintance; although incidentally a good idea of their general character, whims and wishes are gradually formed through the dumb waiter

shaft—that wireless telegraphic clearing house for butcher, baker, candlestick maker and bill collector. Any further details regarding dress, society aspiration, number in family etc., (and this is a secret acquired only by becoming a member of the bona-fide order of Cliff-dwellers) are secured from the weekly display upon those little toy-like clothes lines, where everything from a sealskin sacque to a pair of shoe strings is hung out to air. A new-comer finds it difficult at first to appreciate this condensed form of living, but gradually the peculiar miniature comforts suit themselves to ones wants and they wonder how they ever got along in any other condition of life. The ever ready hot water, steam heat, coal and ice, all supplied as if by Providence, (providing this Providence is not put too greatly to the test by the tenant neglecting to “see” the landlord promptly upon the first of each month) save many a step, and when it is considered that tradesmen of all sorts are willing to call for orders, bring supplies, and dance attendance to such an extent that one needs to leave their homes only when necessary to attend the theatre, or to view the Spring display of millinery down town, it can be seen that this cosy-corner form of living has its advantages.

H. A. R.

### The Maple

O H, it grew in stately beauty on the mountain and the  
 plain,  
 By the rolling waves of ocean and the inland water chain;  
 And the Red Man built his wigwam underneath its ample  
 shade,  
 And the deer grazed 'neath its foliage in the rocky forest  
 glade;  
 When LaSalle, the bold and dauntless, and Champlain the  
 brave and good,

Pierced the wilderness where never white man's foot before  
had stood.

When the lily flag of France was planted on Acadie's shore,  
Then the Maple grew and flourished by the settler's cabin  
door.

There were many deeds of worth and fame in New France  
bravely done;

Forests felled and forts erected, when her story was begun,  
And beside the blue St. Lawrence, in the virgin wood and  
glen,

From the dark-eyed Gallic mothers, sprang a stately race of  
men.

Then fierce war rolled o'er that new found land, and Frank  
and Saxon strove,

Each to gain the grand possession of the land which both  
now love;

But when peace returned, the people saw their country's  
destiny;

It was then they chose the Maple for their emblematic tree.

Yes; and never since that stormy time the Maple ceased to be  
The proud symbol of a people, brave, intelligent and free:

It has held its place in council hall, on reeking battle plain,  
Safe amid the awful carnage that befell at Lundy's Lane;

Safe upon the heights of Queenston, and the cliffs of old  
Quebec,

Where its banner blew above the baffled southern foeman's  
wreck;

And the men who conquered at Batoche and faced the  
Fenian fire,

Proved that every son, who wore the red was worthy of his  
sire.

See St. George's royal cross, bedecked with forest leaves of  
green.

What a chaplet for her sylvan child to bring the "Ocean Queen;"  
See it float above Niagara's graves, where sleep the hero band  
Who with battle blood bedewed the soil of their beloved land;  
For the maple was their emblem, and the maple was their pride,  
And that wreath upon our banner binds to-day an empire wide.  
Let it ever be the sign of Freedom, Truth and Unity,  
Over every busy province, over every inland sea.  
Let the shout of banded millions rise and roll from sea to sea,  
As they hail the Queen of nature and the emblem of the free;  
Let its echoes reach the good and brave of every land on earth,  
And to them speak royal welcome to the dear land of their birth;  
We have wealth for honest effort, let them come and win it now,  
Let the busy hand of labor guide the ship and drive the plow;  
Steam and steel and electricity shall permeate our land,  
Binding each progressive province in a firm fraternal band.  
"Ho, together!" shouts Niagara in its wild majestic glee;  
"Ho, together!" clash the hoary bergs upon the polar sea;  
"Ho, together!" sing the foaming floods that down the Rockies pour;  
"Ho, together!" boom the breakers on the wild Newfoundland shore;  
"All together!" cry the people, and together shall it be,  
Race and creed shall bow before the shrine of glorious unity;  
Frank and Saxon, Celt and Redman each shall swell the chorus grand,  
And unite to make our Canada earth's best and proudest land.

Then shall come that glad and golden time, the triumph  
of the right,  
When earth's kings grown just and wise by grace, shall rule,  
by higher light;  
And when men shall seek the highest good by Nature's laws  
allowed,  
And cease to worship gold and fame and worship only God,  
For "behold the mountain of the Lord in latter days shall  
rise,"  
When the incense of the millions shall ascend unto the  
skies;  
When throughout the length and breadth of this and earth's  
remotest land,  
All shall worship at the temple of Omnipotent "I AM."

W. W. ROGERS.

---

### Country Merchants.

**T**HE time is opportune for country dealers to wake up to their own interests. They are a distinct and very necessary class of toilers and about the only one that has no organization. Lawyers, doctors, teachers, farmers, wholesale dealers, capitalists, labourers and mechanics of all kinds, and in fact, almost every class or occupation have their "unions" to look after their mutual interests. Retailers are the exception. Among them there is, more often, cut-throat opposition and jealousy. Why this should exist among them more than any other class of toilers is hard to understand.

Theirs is not a path strewn with roses. They have to contend with the flourishing advertisements of large city dealers who resort to the modern system of lying and jewing in order to make the public believe that they are almost giving the goods away for the asking. Prices are named for well-known articles away below their market

value to lure customers to their place of business. Goods are marked above their real value in order to make room to make a discount satisfactory to the "bargain hunters" who are not all dead and who, generally, consider goods a bargain or not according to the amount taken off the original price. It seems that people like to be humbugged.

They have also to contend with insane competition among themselves. Some unscrupulous fellow will "run amuck" to clear all competitors. He pays more for eggs than the other fellow and tells his customers that he has found a new market for them in Greenland. He also imports his sugar from Patagonia and his tea direct from *Mr. Shanghai* in *Hongkong*. In fact he is a wonderful fellow so long as he gives the low prices. The older business men who do business as it should be done, know full well, that there can be one ending to this, but don't care to let their trade go; and a war of prices is the result. In the end no one is the richer as many were tempted to buy something they did not require simply because it was so cheap.

The credit system as we have it is another matter with which they have to contend. Twelve months credit is almost unknown outside of this Province and travellers are surprised when they discover how business is carried on here. This pernicious system is largely a matter of habit and our people like to stick to old customs. It is not necessary with our modern farming methods and should be done away with. As matters are at present the dealer may be very thankful if he is paid even at the end of twelve months. We know of many cases where a customer left the old account unpaid, and started to buy as if all was squared off; and such a class of customers are sure to become very indignant if reminded that last year's is not paid. They will tell the dealer in plain terms that if he talks that way again that they will give their trade to

Messrs Cod & Co., who never asked them to pay up in that manner. They will give lots of good reasons why they did not do so. They had a "machine note" to meet and the oats did not "do much," etc., etc.

Again, in summer the country is flooded with Arab and Jew peddlers and hucksters of all kinds who gather up all they can of cash, wool, eggs, etc. In winter when money is scarce and the hen cackleth not, these itinerants are not seen and the dealer has to carry along these summer patrons of the huckster and wait patiently for his payment.

The foregoing are some of the difficulties. There are many more and when we consider the unsatisfactory manner in which business is done on the Island, it does not surprise us that statistics prove that only five in one hundred merchants are successful and earn a competence after a lifetime of toil. We trust that there is something better in store for them. In the past and up to the present the country dealer is but a "scavenger" for the wholesaler and manufacturer, gathering up all the fruit of the land, turning it into gold, in many cases at a loss, and turning the money over to them. Truly the country merchant who can make money under such circumstances is deserving of a Victoria Cross. Yet there is an impression in the country that all merchants are coining money at the expense of the farmer. Everyone says he is "rich" and it must therefore be true. The surprise comes at last, when he lays down his weary head for the last time, that he was poor and that perhaps "financial troubles" hastened the end. The sympathy that was denied him, when living, is now lavished on his memory. At the present time this idea that the "merchant" is getting rich at the expense of the farmer, shows itself in the move among some of the Institutes to purchase "wholesale" and even to start a "Farmers Store." Time may prove that the old adage, "Let the cobbler stick to his last" is quite true.

Bartering by which so much time is wasted, is the fault of the merchant. Goods are marked above their real value to have room to "come down" and many persons flatter themselves that they have secured a great bargain because they bought a coat for \$5.25 that was marked \$6.75. Now, \$5.25 was the legitimate value of the coat, otherwise the dealer wronged himself, which is the worst kind of robbery. Gentlemanly customers dislike bartering but are forced by this pernicious system to do so. What is the remedy? The one price system by which all are treated alike. This is the only honest system and people will soon learn to have faith in the merchant who has courage enough to adopt this system and stick to it. Ask the price you can afford to take and take no more—accept no less.

The man who is continually advertising "bargains" is worth watching. There is no one doing business for fun. All business is done for a profit which must be sufficient to run it properly and systematically. Selling some goods at cost and charging a double profit on others is nonsense. The price-cutter and Jew get larger profits than the systematic dealer. They take all they can get and no two customers pay the same price. He who claims that he is selling seasonable and good stock at cost is either a rogue or a fool, unless he is really going out of the trade. We sometimes see an ad stating that Messrs So & So & Co., are offering overcoats worth \$10 for \$5. Such is not the truth and they know it. There is generally something the matter with these so-called bargains which the purchaser finds out too late. As a rule people get what they *pay for in business*; and what they *fight for in politics*. A bargain is generally "cheap" in every way. Good goods, like every other good thing, command the price.

The price of produce should be on a cash basis. Tom Jones owes a store bill of \$40, and to pay it he can get two cents per bushel more for his oats and potatoes than the

regular price. John Smith owes a similar bill and pays it in cash and naturally, and rightly too, expects a discount but does not get it. What is the effect of this false system of purchasing? —the credit business. Why, Jones instead of paying cash for his goods, salts down his money and opens an account so as to be able to sell his produce at a premium in the fall. Smith does the same thing for the same reason and yet the dealers complain about the credit business.

The merchant says that he can afford to pay Jones the extra price for his produce as he had a good profit on the goods. Ah, but what about Smith? Did he not pay the same price for his goods? No, gentlemen, the system is wrong, and you are to blame for it. The remedy is, that all business be done on a *cash basis*. Let goods be sold, payable at a certain time, payable in cash or its equivalent. Insist on being paid punctually when due. If produce is taken let it be at cash value. By this system you will soon increase your cash business because people will see that it pays to do so. Buying on credit may be a matter of necessity to some but after all it is largely a matter of habit and should be done away with.

On the other hand, many persons console themselves by saying that all big enterprises are run on credit, they assert that the Dominion of Canada is in debt, the P. E. I. Government, the nations of the world, as well as our cities, churches, colleges, etc., are all in debt. If it is such a bad thing they say, why do all these wise people do so? Reader, what think you? We sometimes think that if our great preachers and teachers, would advise their people to avoid going into debt, as sincerely as they do to avoid Hell, we would have a far more happy, contented and prosperous people. We submit that debt among our farming population is the greatest hindrance to progress and carries misery and discontent in its train. Farmers in debt are not free men. Out of debt they are independent and can be trusted

to rightly exercise their franchise. A community in debt is a good field for the operations of the boodler and "machine politician." Give me free and independent farmers in this country and I care not whether the Banks and the great Corporations are paying one or ten per cent dividend—the country will be great. A country is great or otherwise according to the prosperity of its farming population—the backbone thereof. Avoid going into debt.

Wholesalers are advocating more stringent "bankrupt" laws. They now all have the protection that they are entitled to in their own hands viz—shorter credits. They are not entitled to any more protection as against the retailer than the retailer has against the consumer. Let there be *shorter credits* all around and the evil now complained of will soon disappear.

In conclusion, we think a move should be made to have a better understanding on many of the matters above mentioned. The long credit system, the one price system, early closing, punctual payments, price cutting,—as well as pooling their efforts in the interests of all are some of the matters demanding attention.

JUNIUS

---

### Come Sleep,

COME, gentlest Sleep; the hour is hushed and holy,  
 Night and her stars their solemn courses keep;  
 In every breast but mine the heart beats slowly—  
 The gates are shut, the curtains drawn:  
 Come, Sleep!

Come, Sleep, and take my soul out of this dwelling  
 Whose guarded chambers yield to none but thee;  
 Time's troubled waves, in restless currents swelling,  
 Pause on the white brink of eternity.  
 Come, Sleep, oh, come, in drowsy silence stealing;

Soft as the snow falls, o'er my eyelids creep ;  
Bright heaven of dreams, bright source of strength and healing,  
Sweet gate of life, sweet type of death—  
Come, Sleep !

Dora Read Goodale in *Lippincott's*.

---

## A Story of Trouble.

**T**HERE is trouble in Mrs. Frown's select boarding house. The dove of peace has flapped its wings and flown away, while the gramophone on the parlor table, through the machinations of one of the lodgers, recites in organ tones, Mr. Poe's joyous little poem. "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore' "

It was not always thus. Once a happy family gathered round the dish of stewed prunes and watched without envy the division of the hash. Now the house is divided against itself, and its members, under the leadership of two of the boarders, indulge in angry recriminations, and behind each other's backs chop a few monograms with their little hatchets.

As of old a woman was the cause of the trouble. Miss Amanda Wilson is a maiden lady who coyly confesses to have seen thirty-three summers, while irreverent members of the household insinuate that for some seven or eight seasons she had lost her sight. Her chief hobby and one affection was the Missionary Aid Society of her particular church, of which organization she had been for some years the honored head. This society consisted of a body of ladies, who felt for the poor heathen and desired to see them properly clothed and educated. Had they seen the heathen any other way these ladies would have been highly mortified. To prevent such a calamity they each year worked industriously, and levied upon their male relatives

for sums sufficient to provide top-boots, and fine-tooth combs for the benighted residents of the South Sea Islands. After each year's ingathering the ladies would hold a jubilation meeting and elect officers. The society was conducted in a business-like manner, and the total expenses were never more than a few dollars in excess of the amount devoted to the purchase of comforts for the heathen. When the regular routine was finished, a few moments would be spent in quiet conversation about the affairs of the town. Next to the election of officers this was the tit-bit of the sessions.

Charles C. Randall very properly took the position of leader of the opposite party in Mrs. Frown's house. His daily walk and conversation were not pleasing in the eyes of Miss Amanda Wilson, and his remarks concerning the Missionary Aid Society were said to be totally uncalled for, and delivered in an improper spirit. His offer of worn-out scarlet neckties and three inch collars toward the general donation for the elevation of the heathen was indignantly refused. This, and various other acts, brought reproofs more or less mild from the president of the society. Unfortunately they were not received in the true spirit of humility, and Charles confided to a fellow-boarder his intention of putting the organization, temporarily at least, out of commission.

The time for the annual gathering drew nigh, and for a season the young men forbore from making any remarks of a disrespectful character. Miss Amanda spent hours in the preparation of her address. It was a special effort because of the fact that sisters from other churches had been invited to attend, and the unmarried pastor, with several of the prominent members of the church, intended to grace the occasion with their presence. So the document was polished till it fairly shone. It was completed a day ahead of time, and Randall offered to typewrite it for the

president. The offer was innocently accepted, and, touched by the young man's thoughtfulness and generosity, Miss Wilson fairly repented of the hard thoughts she had held concerning him.

A short time before the hour at which the meeting would open, the neatly type-written copy was handed to her. She was somewhat flustered by the near approach of the auspicious occasion, and her excitement was in no wise abated by the fact that she was wearing a new gown, which she believed would make the Vice-President green with envy. So she merely glanced at the typewritten sheets. Some well remembered sentences caught her eye and she smiled complacently. Armed with the document, and conscious of the becoming set of the new gown, the president started for the house of worship.

The room was fairly crowded when she arrived and the sister delegates occupied prominent positions in the centre seats. The opening services passed off with regularity and precision, and the members of the Missionary Aid Society smiled proudly in the direction of the visitors. Miss Wilson arose amidst a flutter of excitement, and the rustling of silk-lined skirts. The copy of the address, tied with a bow of blue ribbon, was unrolled, and while the lady president, after a gracious bow, adjusted her *pince-nez* an expectant hush swept over the audience. The janitor looked to see if it swept the carpet—but that is another story.

She read: "In presenting this, my annual report, I wish to acknowledge the many acts of kindness and the help which I have received from my sister officers in the discharge of many and somewhat difficult duties. I hope that in the coming year, if you see fit to re-elect me to this office, these duties will be less onerous, as the pastor is still unmarried."

The stewards of the church looked curiously toward

their minister, and he grinned foolishly, while a number of the sisters regarded their president with a stony stare. Heedless of these, and filled with conscious pride she continued, although the words did seem somewhat strange to her :

“The reports which have been presented by the other officers of the society show that this has been an extremely prosperous year for us. To Sister Smith, the treasurer, a large share of praise for our flourishing financial condition should be given. By her indefatigable work a surplus of fifteen dollars has been obtained.” Sister Smith, in the audience blushed with pride. “As the dear sister has lately purchased a new bonnet, it is not a difficult matter to discover where that surplus is.”

A gasp from Sister Smith, and combined gasps from the audience, and the feathers on the new head-gear fluttered down and tickled a visiting delegate on the back of the neck. She bowed over the front seat and smiled audibly, but nobody said anything and the president, slightly confused, went on :

“During the year our circle has been unbroken. The icy fingers of death have not touched any of our members. Out of thankfulness for this I now call on Sister Jones to repeat the statements she has made about the pastor.”

A positive shriek from Sister Jones, and the audible laughter of the visitors woke the president to the fact that there was something wrong. She sat down and wept, and the meeting broke up in more or less disorder. There was no election of officers, and the society has not yet been summoned to convene for the further consideration of business.

There is trouble in Mrs. Frown's select boarding house. The dove of peace has flapped its wings and flown away, while the gramophone on the parlor table, through the machinations of one of the lodgers, recites in brazen tones

Mr. Poe's joyous little poem : "Quoth the raven, 'Never-  
more.'"

P.

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### A Night of Horror—Concluded.

**I**T rolled up around me, a dense impenetrable curtain, hiding from my view everything ten yards from the wreck and imparting to the abandoned old hulk, and more particularly the deserted cabin, a ghostly, eerie look.

I sat down on one of the casks and tried to think what I had better do. Light a fire I could not for I had no matches and even if I did so the blaze could never have been seen through that thick fog. No ! I would have to trust entirely to the captain; he would surely send the boats to look for me. Then again it was hardly possible that he would do so for if the boats should succeed in finding me how was he to know they would be able to get back to the vessel again. No, that would not do either and after thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that I would have to spend the night on the wreck. The calm would, without the least doubt, last till morning when the ship and the wreck would be still occupying their present positions and the boats would be sent to fetch away the remainder of the wine. Making my mind up to this, and knowing that soon the night would be upon me, I set about exploring the cabin. It was, as the sailors had said quite empty ; with only a few old coats and other garments hanging up on pegs in the walls. A narrow table stood in the centre and to the left of the door was a little cooking stove. On the right was a ship's locker which was tightly fastened. At the end of the cabin right under the stern were the bunks, two each side, one above the other. In the upper ones were stored some biscuit and fruit and strings of strong-smelling

garlic. Putting some of the biscuit into my pocket and taking a cup in my hand, after another look around the cabin I went on deck only to find the fog thicker than ever. I opened one of the wine casks and had a large drink of the sweet liquor and so made a meal with the bread and fruit which I had taken from the cabin. My meal ended I considered how I had better pass the night, and finally I decided to sleep in one of the beds in the cabin. As it was very early, however, I stayed up on deck thinking, as people who are in strange positions will think of home and friends. I remember thinking what my mother was doing just at that time and whether or not my sweetheart was thinking of her absent lover, and then my thoughts went to the barque and my companions and the plans they were doubtless making for to-morrow. Then, whether it was the new wine or not, I felt myself getting drowsy. I got upon my feet and was surprised to find that my legs were unsteady. I reached the cabin though and felt for the bunks and pulled the bed-clothes off one of the lower ones. But as I took the clothes they felt clammy and communicated a feeling to me which set all my nerves tingling with excitement. I had touched something cold, fleshy, horrible. Almost afraid to guess the awful truth I stumbled to the cabin door and holding up my hand in the spectral light of the fog I perceived that it was covered with thick, sticky blood. Oh, horror! with a frightened motion I wiped the fearful stuff off my hand with one of the coats hanging on the wall and staggered on to the deck. There I resumed my old place upon the cask and endeavored to collect my scattered wits enough to enable me to think rationally. No, I could not think; this I knew: some fearful crime must have been committed here and I was doomed to spend the night in its dreadful presence. How my head ached and how I remember cursing the wine I had drunk. Then thinking that if I

drank it, it would make me forget what I had just passed through I seized the cup I had used before and took another deep draft of the smiling, treacherous fluid. But the smell, the horrible smell of my fingers. I got off the cask more unsteadily than ever and went to the side of the little vessel to wash my hands with the sea water. I found while doing this I could not take my eyes off the cabin door, and when I washed my hands I backed to my place on the cask my eyes all the time looking at the door nor was my will sufficient to take them away. It became simply unbearable. My mind worked madly with the most tortuous thoughts, till my head throbbled with excitement. Then I fell to the deck and tried to place the cask between my eyes and the cabin door. But it upset and rolled away from me the next time the swell raised the wreck. I remember then that I became suddenly calm and listened to the silence of the sea barely lapping the side of the little craft and trying to pierce the thick fog before me.

Thus I remained for some time gradually growing calmer, when with a terrible fear I heard a struggle in the cabin. A short shout, then a cry as of an old man begging for mercy followed by a noise approaching the deck. Then with my eyes almost starting out of my head with terror, I saw coming out of the cabin two villianous looking Spaniards carrying between them the body of an old man not yet dead but with the blood streaming from a great wound in his side. The murderers for such they evidently were seemed not to observe me. They were undersized men, and cowardly looking; but with such a diabolical expression of villiany stamped upon their faces as to make one shudder to see. They brought the body amid-ships and threw it over-board. It sank; this I could see for the sides of the boat were very low and where the body went down the water closed round in a hungry way. The two men watched in silence for a few seconds, it came up head first, the

face turned towards them in exactly the place where it went down, then sank again. The men still stood watching silently, and again after a few seconds the body appeared and sank as before. After this one of the men went back to the cabin while the other remained looking over the side. What was my amazement to see the body reappear and disappear as before. That the watcher was startled was plain to me for he gave a nervous shudder, muttered something in Spanish, and with a scared look hurried into the cabin after his companion. Shortly both emerged, the one who had first gone in carrying in his hand a bag which seemed to contain money and went to where they stood before. Again after the lapse of a few seconds the body reappeared this time with his hand pointing straight toward them. With a yell the wretches fell on their knees crying out to each other that they were cursed. He that held the bag in his hand threw it into the sea where the body had again disappeared and they then waited trembling in every limb for the body to reappear. This as before occurred in exactly the same manner, and the now almost frantic wretches yelled in their terror and made the most piteous appeals to heaven to save them from their fate. I looked on fascinated, unable to stir hand or foot or to move my tongue and with every hair of my head as stiff as wire, when the body instead of sinking as it had done each time before, came higher out of the water till it seemed to walk over the surface to the side of the boat and then came aboard. The yelling wretches fled before the apparition, fled not into the cabin, but to the furthest part of the deck and there the figure with its eyes burning into them, steadily followed. At the stern of the vessel they faced him and still he came close to them, with an unearthly light playing about his body. The miserable men unable to stand before him backed to the edge of the deck and sank into the sea. No need to look for their

reappearance they surely died of fright before they had time to drown. Then the figure looked over the deck up to the bow and saw me. With a yell he threw his hand up above his head and muttering fearfully came toward me. I tried with all my power to break the spell that was upon me but could not. As he approached he seemed to change into a fiend then into a roaring lion, till at last he was upon me. With a hoarse yell I struck at him and woke to find Carlo, the Newfoundland dog belonging to the barque howling with the pain of the blow I had given him. Over the side of the wreck the crews of the boats were climbing and coming towards me. Noticing the perspiration and trembling I was in they ascribed it all to the empty cask which stood significantly a few feet away from me. In silence I watched them put the casks aboard their boats and hurried to take my place before any one else and when some of them looked at me and wondered at my strange appearance, the captain, who was in command of the boats, said with a laugh: "Tut, tut, it's a wonder he lives at all after drinking a whole cask of new wine." And to this day I am unable to tell whether or not the captain was right.

J. A. M.

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### A Remarkable Book.

**D**URING the sanguinary struggle which arose between Charles I of England and his disobedient parliament, in the year 1648, a remarkable volume made its appearance in English literary circles. It bore the curious title of "Eikon Basilike, or the Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings," and professed to have been written by the unhappy king himself. Its mournful and pathetic appeals to popular sympathy made a deep

impression upon the public mind, and the book became the topic of conversation and discussion in many homes.

It will be remembered that Charles, after sustaining repeated and humiliating defeats at the hands of the parliamentary forces, fled to Scotland for protection. But his hopes of aid from this source were bitterly disappointed. In exchange for a base pecuniary consideration the captive king was returned to his angry subjects; and for about one year he was imprisoned in Carisbrook Castle, on the Isle of Wight; after which he was summarily impeached, condemned and executed in London.

Near the close of his confinement at Carisbrook the *Eikon Basilike* was published. The two Greek words forming the title signify Royal Shadow, and this designation was intended to appeal strongly to public sentiment, by awakening in the hearts of his subjects a feeling of commiseration for the unfortunate royal personage who was pining away in grief in the dungeons of a prison, bereft of power and dignity, and presenting the appearance of a mere phantom or shadow of kingly prerogative.

That the book was written by the "martyr King," as Charles was called by his friends, was not at first doubted by any of its readers. The use of the first personal pronoun throughout the work could not without fraud be made by any other person; and the language and handwriting of the original manuscript seemed to confirm the general view. The work gave an outline of the king's life, the public wrongs he had endured, and the unjust opposition he had encountered during his chequered reign. It complained of the unfairness of his enemies, the injustice of his imprisonment, and the cruelty of his treatment while in confinement.

Much sympathy was awakened even among the enemies of the fallen monarch as a result of this unique publication. Guizot remarks that it is to this book Charles is principally

indebted for the name of Royal Martyr. "In any case," adds Chambers' Encyclopedia, "it was the real expression and true portraiture of his position, character and mind, as they had been formed by misfortune; it is remarkable for elevation of thought which is at once natural and strained; a constant mingling of blind royal pride and sincere Christian humility; heart-impulses struggling against habits of obstinate self-consciousness; true piety in the midst of misguided conduct; invincible though somewhat inert devotion to his faith, his honor and his rank; and as all these sentiments are expressed in monotonous language, which, though often emphatic, is always grave, tranquil and even unctuous, with serenity and sadness, it is not surprising that such a book should have profoundly affected all royalist hearts, and easily persuaded them that it was the king himself who addressed them." And Macaulay adds: "In truth the Eikon was to many a fervent royalist a supplementary revelation. One of them indeed had gone so far as to propose that lessons taken out of this inestimable volume should be read in the churches."

But in the year 1692 the cunning deception was fully exposed. An honest old clergyman named Walker wrote a treatise making plain the true authorship of the phantom book. John Gauden, a chaplain of the imprisoned king, was the real author. Walker was curate of this divine; and the treatise which conscience had constrained his honest soul to publish "convinced all sensible and dispassionate readers," says Macaulay, "that Gaudens and not Charles was the author of Eikon Basilike." Of this there can be no reasonable doubt. "We have letters from Gauden and his family," says Henry Hallam in his Constitutional History of England, "asserting it as his own in most express terms, and making it the ground for a claim of reward. We know that the king's sons were both convinced that it was not their father's composition, and

that Clarendon was satisfied of the same."

From the time of this exposure the book began to lose its popular interest, until it became almost forgotten. It is now practically out of print, rare copies being found only in old libraries and in special collections of curious books. It was the writer's privilege during his visit to London, to spend a day in the British Museum, and to devote a few hours to the magnificent library connected with that institution. The first book he called for was Eikon Basili-like, and your readers may judge of the peculiar pleasure and curiosity with which he viewed the quaint old book and glanced over its faded pages. It seemed indeed like a phantom of a past age, the spook of a wayward king whose merits and demerits we often discussed in our old-time Island debating societies. It is a memento of the sad events of British History during the period of the Revolution; but it is also a reminder of the unblushing attempts of fraud to impose upon popular credulity, and of the complete exposure which usually follows all such ignoble methods.

W. H. WARREN.

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### Charlottetown Past and Present.

**B**EFORE bringing those ramblings of memory to a conclusion there are a few other things I would like to mention, some of which are connected with the old-time pleasures of my last article. No doubt as a people we have every reason to be proud of our Public Park which for splendid situation and natural beauty can hardly be surpassed in any country. Yet it is not the first park that Charlottetown people possessed; for in years gone by we had what was called Spring Park, which, although the private property at that time of the late Colonel J. H.

Gray, he allowed the citizens to enjoy. It was situated a little way out of town on the Malpeque Road and extended from about where Douglass Street now is as far out as the cross road leading from the upper to the lower Malpeque Road. It was very thickly covered with a growth of spruce and other trees, and had a beautiful spring of cold, pure water from which it derived the name of Spring Park. It was very shady and cool in summer time, and was the favourite resort for public teas and picnics. One I especially remember was the Sons of Temperance Tea, which was the finest of the season and was largely attended. This society was quite an influential one at that time and made a fine show when they paraded out to the grounds on the day of their tea. What has become of them now? We scarcely ever hear of them; but with the lapse of time and march of progress I suppose they are superseded by such societies as the W. C. T. U. and I must say I do not think Charlottetown much improved thereby, judging from appearances, notwithstanding our Scott Act and Prohibition.

Another favourite resort at that time was Kensington, where the exhibition grounds are at present. This was a beautiful spot also, having trees and groves all over it and being situated on the banks of the river made it very pleasant. The Sunday School teas were mostly held here, prominent among which was that of the Methodist Church, and it was certainly a very pretty sight to see those children marching to the ground with their banners and flags gaily flying. Sometimes the children would start into song and thus make a pleasing accompaniment to the tramp of their little feet. A large tent would be erected in the woods, in which the tables would be set with all the delicacies of the season. The children's tea of course came first and then a grand tea was provided for the visitors, who willingly paid for the privilege of partaking. All kinds of amusements were provided, and lots of "speechifying"

and singing galore. At the close of the day the children would reform and march back to town and disband at their Sunday school. This was the only way of arranging affairs of this kind at that time as there were no railroads or steamboats like we have in these later days, and some how I think they enjoyed themselves just as well and without any danger or accidents, but I suppose present day young people would think it very slow. There was one thing which I must mention, and that was the assembling of all the school children in the church the Sunday evening before the day of the tea party—the singing being altogether conducted by themselves. I must say it was a pretty sight and the singing very sweet.

In the Winter time our pleasures mostly consisted of lectures, concerts, bazaars, and "tea-fights." These were usually held in what was then known as the Temperance Hall, a building erected by the Sons of Temperance, and for many years the principal place for holding all kinds of entertainments. This building is now known as Kindergarten Hall. Many a pleasant time I have enjoyed in it. One that I especially remember took place in the winter of 1863. It was a grand tea, given by the Volunteer Companies; I think it was, without exception, the most brilliant gathering of the kind that I ever attended, and the setting out of the tables was unusually fine. The affair was under the management of the *elite* of the town, who brought their own silverware and china; which, with the gaily decorated cakes and the flowers that decked the tables, made a very uncommon and attractive display. The Hall was profusely trimmed with military emblems and flags, which with the illuminations made a gorgeous scene. After the tables were cleared away a very jolly concert was given, and was enjoyed by a crowded house.

When the sleighing was good, our streets were very lively as there was a good deal of driving done, and there

were many fine turnouts, those of the military officers who were stationed here at the time being particularly stylish. Dances and other parties were frequently given by the citizens and at Government House, where, in those days, such things were the rule and not the exception. Society was much more conservative, and there was very little mixing of the different classes; those who had the *entree* to Government House were people of high standing, either through family or position.

This leads one to say something about military affairs of early days, as they had pretty much the ruling of social functions. The barracks were situated near the present jail square, and embraced all that land known as the Esplanade and extended as far back as the street which runs by the Charlottetown Hospital from Water Street to Sydney Street. The officers' quarters were along the west side and the soldiers' quarters on the east, leaving a large square in the centre. At the south side of this square, and over-looking the river, were ranged the forts and cannon. Here also was placed the signal station, a tall, double-masted pole with cross-yards in the centre. This was to notify the townspeople what kind of a ship was coming into the harbour. Different coloured flags were used for signals, thus: for a barque a blue flag; a brig a red one; a schooner a white; and a steamship half red and white. On the yard arms there were large black balls to notify what point the vessels came from, that is from the east or west. It was very convenient for business people as they nearly all owned a ship of some sort and they were warned in this way of their approach.

But I have digressed from the military. Well, they made the town very lively and circulated a great deal of money as they were mostly wealthy men and were generous in spending, and kept up good "style."

As far as my memory serves me we had three detachments from different regiments stationed in Charlottetown

—there were both red and blue coats, and one detachment was of Highlanders, who wore the national kilts. The soldiers were for the same purpose as our present-day police. In cases of disturbances of any kind, their services could be requisitioned and as there was a much larger number than our police, order was very quickly restored. In case of fires they rendered splendid services—working like British soldiers always do, in times when grit and muscle are needed. They were a great protection to property and pilfering or robbery were almost unknown. They were a set of fine, jolly fellows—both officers and men and helped to make our little town lively and prosperous, because they spent a great deal of money in it. The officers kept up good style—and butlers, coachmen and grooms were as common then as they are uncommon in the present day. Of course these gentlemen were to the manner born and considered such attendance as necessary to that high position which they held in society.

We had also in those days the militia among our own people, comprising all men over twenty and under sixty, who assembled once a year, generally in the month of June, on the market square and were drilled and marched about—if I remember aright—under the command of a certain Mr. Paul Mabey whose stentorian voice could be heard a long distance as he gave the words of command. This day was called muster day. We had also a good company of cavalry who with their gaily caparisoned horses and cocked hats with waving plumes added greatly to the show as they galloped up and down our streets. Muster was Day quite a gala day and fun and merriment abounded. I remember three gentlemen who took a very active part in the cavalry they were the Hon. Benjamin Davies, the late Peter McGowan and John Gates, Esq. I think it was somewhere in the fifties that the regular volunteer corps were organized and comprised several different companies.

There were first the Artillery, Prince of Wales Volunteers, the Irish and the Dundas Rifles. On such days as the Queen's Birthday, there would be a regular turnout and military manœuvres would be gone through on the old Barracks Square and sometimes on Rochfort Square. On such days our town would be very lively and did not wear the deserted appearance it does now on those days. I am of the opinion that our people of that time were more contented and took a greater interest in simple home pleasures than is the case at present. The volunteers were of considerable importance or at least they thought so, and each company would try to outrival the other in giving the best balls and making the finest turnout, and when we consider that they had to provide their own clothes and received no pay whatever, I think it must be owned that they were a self-sacrificing lot of men. The artillery wore uniforms the same as at present, the Prince of Wales Volunteers wore a grey cloth uniform with red facings and small shako with cock's feather. The Irish Company wore a black uniform with green facings.

Somewhere in the year 1866 or 67 there was an uprising of the tenantry of the Island which caused some anxiety. Application was made to the authorities to send a detachment of soldiers to Charlottetown; and a company from the Fifteenth Regiment arrived and for the accomodation of those the country was put to the expense of erecting a new barracks at Brighton. Some of these buildings still stand and are used as a poor-house, and part were burned shortly after the soldiers left the Island. The officers and men of this company were a very jolly lot of fellows and once more our town became lively. Society brightened up considerably and balls, picnics and other amusements became the order of the day, and as Government House was presided over by the highly esteemed Governor Dundas and his charming partner Mrs Dundas who entertained a good deal, Charlotte-

town had a fairly gay time of it. This company only remained here a year or so, and were replaced by one from the 4th Regiment, King's Own; also a fine lot of men who spent their money freely and made themselves generally much liked by all classes. It was during their stay here that the greatest fire our town ever had took place and those men worked splendidly in saving property and doing all in their power to save the city. All trouble having by this time subsided among the tenants, the soldiers were shortly after removed and we settled down to the old order of slowness which has continued more or less to the present. And now as I feel sure the readers of this Magazine must be quite tired of those old time recollections which have been altogether written from memory I will bring them to an end, and as I write Finis they will, I expect, gladly join in saying Amen.

J. E. W.

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❖ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❖

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

**H**OLD up that Telescope! Let me see where I was last month. Oh yes, that'll do, thank you. Sitting up against a moss embellished fence at Southport. After brushing the said moss off each other's backs our party divided, the Keppoch quota continuing straight down the road, or up the road, I forget which it is, while we proceeded to exercise ourselves by jumping over the numerous fences dotting the crooked panorama which is supposed to be the short cut to the mayflower field. I cannot understand how the fellow who seemed to act as leader of our party ever got the wild idea into the

machinery of his thought-works that that was a short cut. It was long enough before we got there. The only short cut which I noticed (and perhaps it's hardly worth mentioning) was a rather dizzy-looking one, which took up a rear guard position on the nether portion of a certain pair of pantaloons. This cut had the appearance of having been made by a twenty-five cent fret saw in the hands of a thirteen year old boy with the palsy and a new Waterbury watch. Thus once more we are given an instance of the truth of the saying that appearances are often deceiving, for the cut was merely there as the result of a slight miscalculation on the part of the wearer of the said pantaloons, who figured it out that he could vault a certain barbed wire fence, but afterwards discovered that his theories in that respect were somewhat erroneous.



At last we reached the haven where we would be. Would be yet if some people had their way. And then we found that it wasn't the mayflower field proper, but only a sort of side issue or introduction or something like that, which seemed to be placed there just to mislead people. We wandered over this wild waste of old sticks and scrub for over a quarter of an hour in a fruitless search for the fruitless flowers, but found them not. We then held a short conference at which it was pretty well decided that the real mayflower field must be situated in all that tract piece or parcel of land situate, lying or being directly to the east of us, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: bounded on the west by an old dilapidated short longer-fence and commencing at a pile of old stakes and ending anywhere you like. We accordingly made for this old fence and tumbled over it as easily as we could, so as to do the least injury possible to our garments. We wandered aimlessly over that field for quite a while, and had about decided that the mayflowers must have asked to be excused for that afternoon, and quietly retired, when one of our party with bated breath came up and announced that he had actually found a mayflower. It was hard to believe it at first, but on being shown the spot and told the circumstances we were convinced. The mayflower had been found hiding under a cluster of leaves, with its head hanging down, showing almost human intelligence in its efforts not to be seen. We soon found that quite a number of the other mayflowers were onto this dodge, and we started in for slaughter. I was filled with compassion at first to see these poor harmless flowers lying around with necks broken and crushed countenances. But since that

I have viewed many more harrowing scenes or at least I have read about them and don't mind them a bit.



The next thing is to mention where our camera fiend looms up. In rambling through nature's flower garden we happened to fall in with some jolly young persons of the feminine persuasion, which is a roundabout way of saying—girls. Now, it is always much nicer to fall in with girls than to fall out with them, so we decided to approach their laager with caution. Only one man of our party knew the damsels and he was "told off" by the camera fiend to meander up to them and remark on what a lovely day it was if it didn't rain, and what a beautiful spot to have a picture of, and any other old stereotyped remarks that might suggest themselves, while the camera fiend would bring up the rear and endeavor to get in some work. It was surprising how well the plan worked. The camera fiend "snapped" his man as he was in the act of telling the girls what a lovely place it would be for a photograph, and then the fiend came up and became acquainted, closely followed by the champion mayflower picker, who had a bunch in each hand to say nothing of another on his neck, which he tenderly spoke of as his "boil," and which seemed to keep him in an awful "stew" most of the time.



Well, the trip wasn't such a failure, after all. The camera fiend was highly pleased with the "results" of the expedition. I know that the details of the last part of this little history would probably be of more interest than what has already been told, but I find that I have fooled away so much time telling the first part that I have no time to tell the rest; and, besides, I made a promise to keep quiet about it, anyway. The journey back to the hamlet of Southport takes less time to describe than it does to walk it, but nevertheless I cannot undertake to tell about it now. If I were to tell of every fence we climbed over or crawled under, every birch tree that a certain indi-

vidual used to "tap" with his pocket-knife to get "some sap" or every time that he stopped to try and extract spruce chewing-gum from the trunk of a rock maple—why, I'd have a job ahead of me. At last the beautiful river loomed up like an elephant before us, and we could hear the soft sobbing of the ferryboat as she crawled out of her barnacled kennel on the Southport side. The scene was beautiful indeed, and filled our hearts with rapture; insomuch that notwithstanding the cold wind which playfully sprang up just then the hot tears of joy could hardly resist the temptatiou to come forth and play chase with each other over my broad scope of countenance. Fortunately I had strength of will enough to hold them back. We met only one of the natives on our return, but did not have time to have an interview with him. He seemed to be a very interesting specimen, too; the chief feature about him being a fine set of tusks, which hung in a rich cluster outside his mouth when he smiled. Some of them were regular, others irregular and some defective—like a study in verbs.



But our trip is over, and there's nothing left to tell, as I remarked several times before, I think. The camera fiend has distributed the photos and is hungrily waiting for a chance to get some more. It does a person a lot of good—a trip like this and makes them realize what a fine country we live in and all we have to be thankful for. Sometimes I get in a reverie and often wish I was a naturalist so I could drink in the full significance of such things, and then on the other hand material thoughts will spring in and I will think to myself that I would rather be a machinist, as there is more money in the trade. But what is money—bah! A philosopher don't need the filthy lucre at all. Oh wouldn't that jar you? What? Why the Southport bumping up against the ferry wharf. *Au revoir!*

Oh, dinna forget! Oh, dinna forget!

Imagine your'e picking the mayflowers yet!

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### Love.

"Climb up the Body's stair, my Soul,  
Look out at window, . . . who is there?"

"I see no Body anywhere,  
I but behold—another Soul!"

—FULLERTON L. WALDO, *in the June Lippincott.*

## Literary Notes.

“**A**LIX JOHN” which is the pen name of Alice Jones, a daughter of the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia is the latest Canadian writer to bring to notice. Her novel *The Night-hawk*, published by the Copp Clark, Co., Ltd, of Toronto, is a romantic tale of the days of the Civil War. Its chief character is a lady who acted as a Southern agent or spy, during the struggle between the North and the South, and the incidents that are woven together in her experience make a stirring tale. A great deal of the story is acted in Halifax, where amid the seeming innocence of a neutral people it is to be feared a good deal of active work on behalf of the South was attempted. The author has shown ability to construct an interesting story, nor does her gift lie in the one direction only, for the domestic tragedy that precedes the real life-work of the heroine is as cleverly delineated as the romantic details filling the warlike recital that forms the main part of the book.

*Morang's Annual Register of Canadian Affairs*, which is being issued by the publishing house of George N. Morang & Company, Limited, Toronto, is a compendium of Canadian events, discussion in Parliament and the press, and statistics for the year 1901. Its editor is Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, F. S. S., F. R. H. S., the well known author of works relating to Canada and the Empire. There are a number of articles dealing with such subjects as Agriculture, the Mines, the Forests, the Fisheries, Canadian Manufacturing Industries, Canada and the Crown (treating of the death of the Queen and kindred events), Canada and the War, the Royal Tour, Transportation Interests, Education Affairs, Finances of the Country, etc. The book contains 500 pages, is printed on the best paper, and is sold for \$3.00, with a special half-morocco edition at \$4.00. It is said to contain a vast amount of information under other headings than those given—each of which, by the way, has a large number of subdivisions. The Toronto Globe of April 26th in reviewing the proof sheets of the work declared it to be “of execeptional value, without a rival in its special field, and for which a very general demand has long existed. Comprehensiveness in range and thoroughness in detail are its distinctive qualities.” Of the editor it was stated that he was “well equipped for the work in parts and scholarship and training.”

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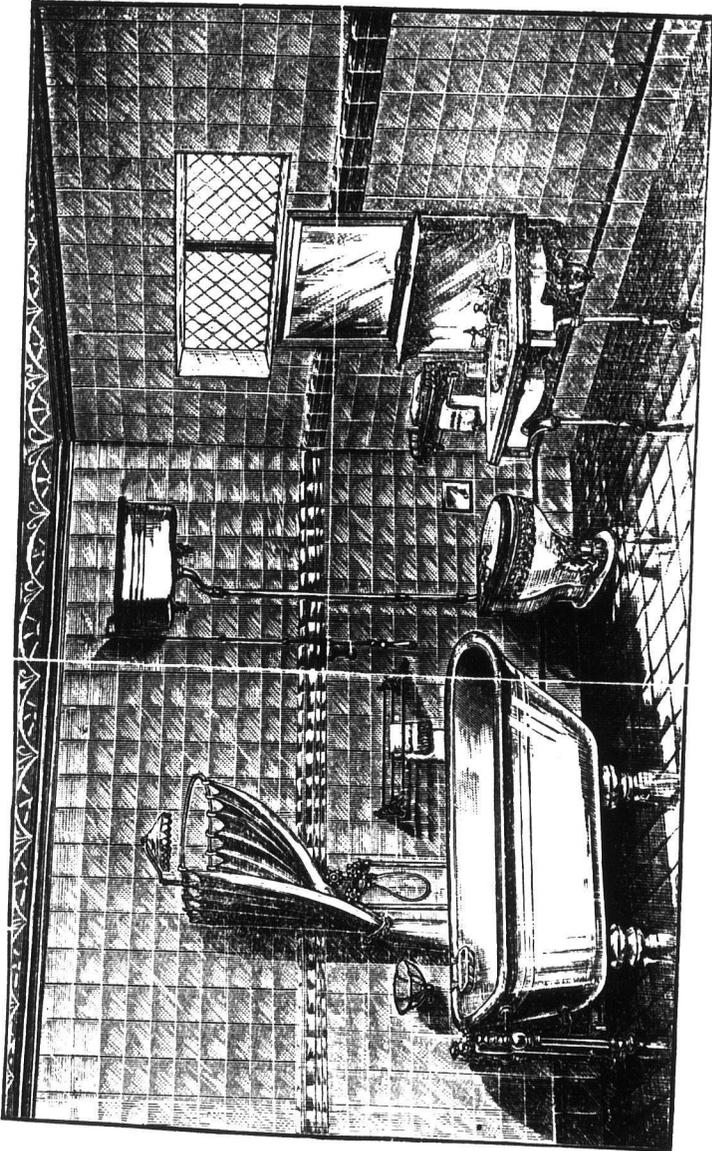
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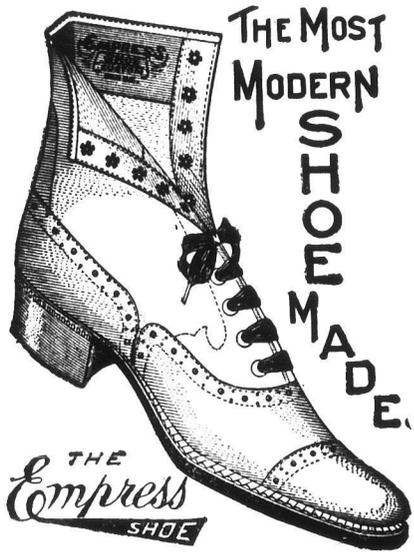
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