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T B C  
Prince Edward Island  
MAGAZINE

VOL. I

JULY, 1899

NO. 5



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# The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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

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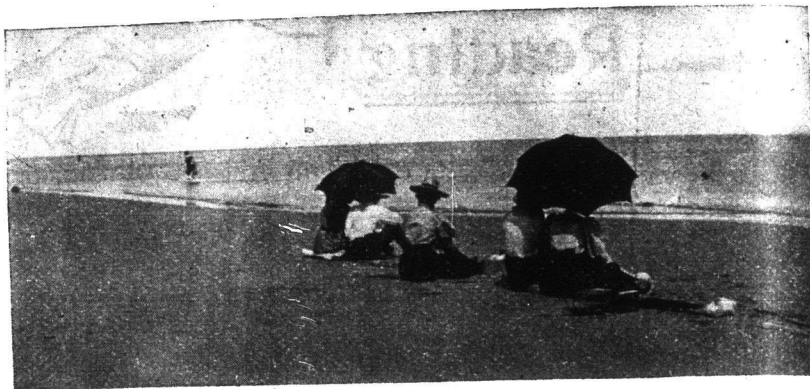
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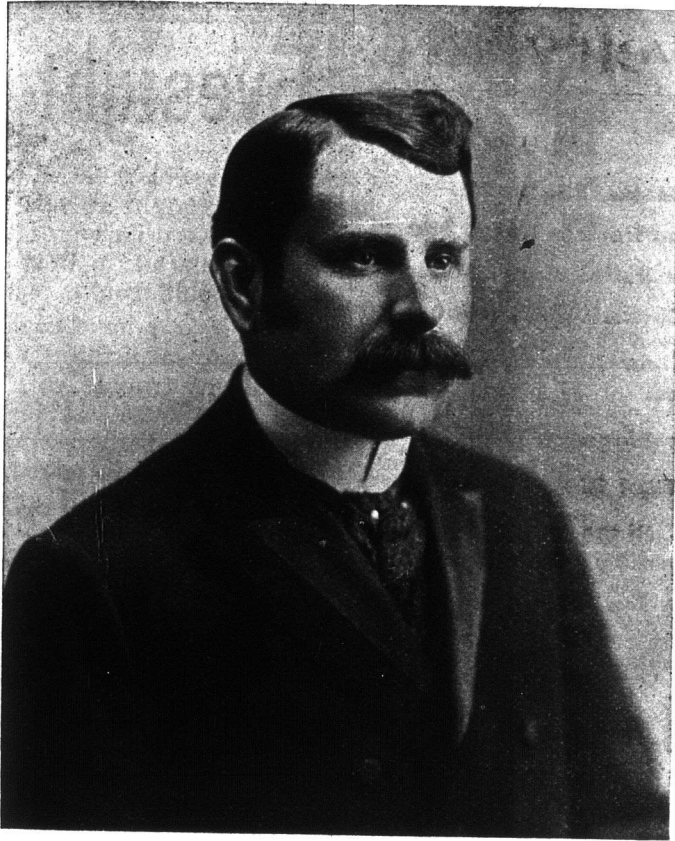
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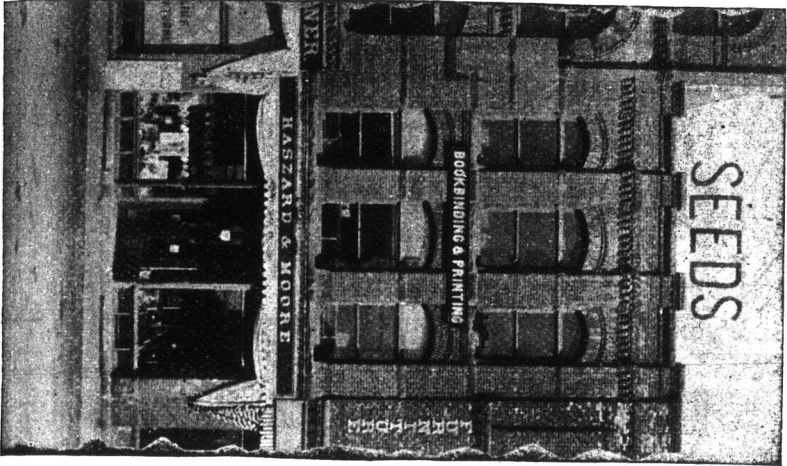


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"ABEGWEIT"—CRADLED ON THE WAVE.

- THE -  
Prince Edward Island Magazine

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Gadara.

BY THE LATE THOMAS A. LEPAGE.

By Gadara, an awful shape did dwell—  
By Gadara, and in the place of Death !  
Who durst pass there stole by with bated breath.  
No fear of wandering ghosts had wrought this spell  
On souls guilt-laden, but a horror fell  
As of some God gone mad, whose might untamed  
Mocked human chains, mocked human life, and shamed  
Bold sons of Heaven with craven shudder of hell.

By Gadara a solemn sight was seen.  
The shape sat there, a Man ; with dress of men  
Once more about him ; in his own right mind.  
And they who looked, and knew what he had been  
Stood mute and wondered ; then took heart again  
That One such rage, such sadness, could upbind.

The First Settlers of St. Eleanors.

THESE is one name which must always be associated with the first settlement of St. Eleanors, because it was he who first occupied that portion of the Island, having received the grant thereof as a reward for military service. The name to which I refer is that of the Hon. Harry Compton. The name of Compton has since been so intimately connected with the history of this district that any detail of personal history of this family

must be of interest to all who will think it worth their while to peruse this article.

Colonel Compton, by which name he is more particularly known, was born in the parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, England, and in the year 1799, married Charlotte Newman, aunt of the late well-known ecclesiastic scholar Cardinal John Henry Newman. Mrs. Compton's death was premature, leaving three children motherless before she had yet attained her 28th year. The elder son died also at an early age on board one of His Majesty's ships in which he was at the time acting in the capacity of assistant surgeon. In 1794, Harry Compton Esq., was appointed captain of a company in the Perth Highland Regiment of Fencibles, the document conferring the appointment is at present in the possession of the family at St. Eleanors. The Captain and his two brothers did good service for the crown during the Irish Rebellion of 1798, in which the two brothers mentioned sacrificed their lives.

In return for his gallant services Capt. Compton was awarded a grant of 20,000 acres of land in P. E. Island being parts of what are now known as Lots 17 and 19. This grant is dated 1804. The Captain remained in England after the rebellion until 1804, for the sake of educating his two remaining children.

Upon his arrival on the Island, he negotiated with one Capt. Townsend, who had the corresponding halves of each Lot, for the transfer of the other half of Lot 17, his brother officer receiving in return the half of Lot 19, of which Captain Compton was owner. Thus the Compton property became co-extensive with Lot 17. Before leaving England, Mr. Compton prepared all necessary fixtures for the finishing of a comfortable dwelling house viz: window frames, sashes, doors, cornice, wainscoting &c. The construction occupied the space of about two years, being completed in the year 1806. Captain Compton at this time received his promotion to the rank of Colonel. The house when completed was named the Pavilion. It stood on a beautiful site a short distance below where the present homesteads now stand, overlooking the waters of Richmond Bay, and within a few minutes walk of the shore. This old landmark so long a

prominent feature in the landscape was demolished about the year '44 and only traces of the cellar now mark its site. Settled along the shore of the bay from Raynor's Creek on to what is now known as Chinnick's or Ramsay's Creek a distance of about 8 miles were twenty-three families of French, of Acadian origin; the well known cognomens of Arsneau, Gallant, Poire, Bernard and Richard appear upon the time-worn lease with the number of their farms set opposite the names. Their little chapel first stood in the vicinity of Raynor's Creek. These were the first to take up lands in St. Eleanors, but when they later on purchased 10,000 acres for themselves in the neighboring district now known as the village of Miscouche, they took their chapel with them together with their other goods, and out of the material of which it was formed they built a residence for their devoted priest. This house still stands, not now however as the Glebe House but as the humble residence of a habitant.

The first murder committed on the Island was in the year 1806, when one Xavier Gallant murdered his wife in a retired part of the well known Rose Hill Farm and near where the house now stands. The deed was ascribed to insanity. The body of the woman was found by a search party—one of whom was the writer's father—underneath a fallen tree to which they were attracted by the voice of the crazed husband who the while was walking back and forth upon the recumbent tree. As there was no jail nearer than Charlottetown he was taken there. He was not however brought to trial, but spent the rest of his life in prison. It is said his remains now lie under the present Malpeque Road leading to the City. There is a touching episode in connection with this crime. The victim had in her younger days won the love of a child, a little afflicted creature who by some means had lost the use of her limbs. In this strong, healthy girl the child had found her ideal of womanhood. Before and at the time of her death, this poor child was with her whom she worshipped, assisting as far as her feeble strength would admit in her household duties. And on this Sunday, when leaving her home, a last fond kiss was given her little friend in whose trusty care her two children were left. My readers already know these friends met no more in this world.

When the news of the fearful death of her friend reached the child she was inconsolable. For many weeks she wandered alone in the deep shades of the forest, taking but little nourishment and shunning all society. She had a sweet voice and was often heard singing in her loneliness. But little attention was paid to what she was singing until it was found to be a lament for her lost friend. At this time the little church stood on the Pavilion farm, and the child having made other friends attended the services.

The priest L'Abbe de Calonne knew the child's history, and between the services, as the congregation were seated on the banks of the spring which rose from a hill not far from where the church stood at this time, asked the child to sing her wonderful and weird song. Her answer was "I cannot to-day, this is Sunday",—the explanation of which is that probably the day was always too sad on account of its being that on which her friend met her awful fate. But after a little, relenting, her voice broke forth moving her rude audience to tears. The voice is forever silent; but the writer often visits that limpid spring whose sparkling waters glitter like gems in the sun, and with which the writer has been fondly familiar during a long life; and in imagination loves to picture the pious priest and his devoted people seated as of old and to hear in fancy that childish voice. The writer has already seen six generations of some of those present on that day.

In the year 1809 the Craswell family came to the Island and purchased 208 acres of land in what is now known as St. Eleanor's village. William Craswell resides with his family on part of this property, the Jones family on the other part.

Another farm of 258 acres was bought by the same family in 1814, in what is now known as North St Eleanor's, a mile distant, and is now partly occupied by Mr. John Albert Craswell and his two sisters, son and daughters of the late Hon. James Craswell. Part also is now in possession of two grandsons; Eugene, who is postmaster and general dealer at North St. Eleanor's Corner, and Collins, who resides on the adjoining farm.

Referring in conclusion, once more, to the old chapel, it

may be interesting to state as in a way corroborative of the truth of this history, that the writer, when a child, with his father, Major Thomas Compton, often dined with the priest at his residence, which was formerly the Chapel mentioned elsewhere in this article, and which was moved from Raynor's Creek upon the transfer of the property from Lot 19 to the vicinity of the Pavilion, where it remained until its last removal to Miscouche.

The old Colonel returned to England in the year 1810. Coming back shortly afterwards, he remained until 1814, when he emigrated to Brittany, France, with his daughter Lisle. My two elder brothers sailed to France some years later where they were educated by my grandfather. One of them, Alfred, subsequently returned to the Island, and settled on a fine property in St. Eleanor's. A child of the other brother who inherited another portion of the estate having died, the mother came to the Island and disposed of it,—its location being in the locality now known as Linkletter Road.

HUBERT G. COMPTON.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## “Where the Speckled Trout Doth Jump.”

“Nature in her sequestered haunts I'll court.”

**A**LTHOUGH such a tiny atom—among the larger divisions of our fair Dominion, this charming bit of earth — of old by Indian sage and warrior called “Abegweit”—is by no means unknown to a considerable and annually increasing number of pleasure seekers from the neighboring Republic. In various portions of our sea-girt Isle, have been, and are being built pleasant summer residences, for the occupation of those who have found out by frequent visits how delightful a summer spent in P. E. Island really is. For the benefit of those who have never had the good fortune to be enrolled among the visitors to our Isle, I will give a brief sketch of one or more of the many pleasant summer resorts within its bounds.

I have had the pleasure of visiting a goodly number of them ; but I may say, without hesitation, that for pleasure and sport the



one that had for me the most attraction was North Lake, beautifully situated in the eastern extremity of the Island, about sixty miles from Charlottetown, the capital. The nearest station is Souris, the eastern terminus of the P. E. I. R. But a drive either awheel or by carriage, through the pleasant farming sections and along the sea-shore, is infinitely superior to travelling in a close railway carriage.

The lake itself is decidedly picturesque, and must certainly appeal to all lovers of the beautiful in nature. The camera fiend would here find ample opportunity for the pursuit of his hobby ; while parties wishing to camp out during the summer will find along the upper reaches of the lake, situations admirably adapted to the purpose. But, besides being so bounteously endowed by nature in this respect, the lake has those qualifications which will appeal more forcibly to the heart of the sportsman ; for, as a fishing place it will satisfy the most eager angler. There is also very good shooting on or about the lake, at almost any season of the year. The trout in the lake are of the finest quality, coming as they do right from the salt water ; and although from two to three pounds is their limit, the angler will be well satisfied after a very short time both with the quality and quantity of his "kill." To those who have but a short time to devote to the sport, I would recommend the lake, as the fish are plentiful and at all times—like Barkis—"willin'." As I have already mentioned, few are caught weighing more than two pounds, but all are clean, gamey fish.

With any light bodied fly, such as the "Dusty Miller," or, better still, the old reliable "Silver Doctor," one may be pretty sure of a fine string of trout, if he will but take the trouble to row up the lake just about dusk, for that is the most favorable time to try for the "big fellows." For my part I can say that I never failed to secure a fair string by fishing them at dusk or even when it was dark.

There is an element of uncertainty about fishing at that time,—it is not as to whether you will catch any or not, for there is no doubt about that ; but it is whether they will be large or small. The big fellows sometimes take the fly with a mighty splash, and at other times the fly disappears as if drawn down by

some invisible power, noiselessly and without any disturbance of the water, so that the fisherman blissfully unconscious of this, somewhat carelessly perhaps, may start to make another cast, and then—his nerves tingling—he realizes by the shriek of his reel that he has struck “one of the aristocracy.” He need not say with the French plebeian of the novelist “*Aristo va*”, for he goes, and unless carefully and skillfully handled, he will keep on going ; and that too, with a portion of the angler’s tackle.

Another pleasing feature is the hearty hospitality of the people of the district, as if to render still more delightful a visit to this angler’s paradise.

This is only one of the many, and even in the immediate vicinity of North Lake, we find a number of other lakes and ponds, all of which will amply occupy either the angler or the gunner, and reward him most abundantly for his visit.

But to the pleasure-seekers who are doubtful, I would say come and see, for seeing is believing. As one of our writers has said—

“We tender ye a welcome true  
Unto fair Abegweit.”

R. E. SMITH.

---

## A Story of Newfoundland.

I THINK it was some twenty-seven years ago that the event I am about to relate took place. It originated in the loss of two ships, owned by the late Honorable Daniel Brennan on the one part, and that of the underwriters at Lloyds, London, on the other ; the latter refusing to pay the sum covered, viz £27,000, sterling. Mr. Brennan entered an action against the underwriters for the recovery of his loss and Thos. Russell, Esq., of London, a brother to the famous reporter to the Times newspaper, was authorized by Lord Campbell, Chief Justice of England, to take evidence on the part of the defendants on the one side, and myself on that of the plaintiff.

The commission opened at Charlottetown, then proceeded to Arichat, from thence to Burene, Newfoundland. The commission consisted of the commissioners named, and of Robt.

Hyndman Esq., their Secretary. Mr. Brennan had secured for our reception the hospitality of the member for Burene in the House of Assembly of that colony, a Mr. Benning, an intelligent and amusing Irishman.

Leaving Arichat we arrived at Burene after a weeks tossing about on the Atlantic, having encountered the equinoxial gales that blew our little "Sea Gull" far away to the east. Approaching the coast of Newfoundland, in the vicinity of Burene, we were all struck by the appearance of its iron shore. The cliffs appeared to range hundreds of feet above the water without the appearance of a cove to shelter a weather beaten mariner. Our captain, a Newfoundlander, told tales of a fearful character of the people of a certain cove who lived by plundering ships decoyed on shore or driven there by the force of storms. Among others he told of the fate of the crew of a frigate who were all lost, excepting three or four—thrown on a shelf of the rock to be murdered by these wretches who were, he said, at times guilty of cannibalism. His stories made me shudder.

The wind was fair, and as we neared Burene we saw the French Islands to the westward and were aware, as well as our captain, that we were close on our desired port. He shifted his course a little and ran in directly for the land; I thought the fellow was mad, as he had been drinking hard during the gale, and I said to Mr. Brennan :

"I think, sir, this fellow intends to give us a watery grave, because we stopped his rum," but my friend, better acquainted with the coast, replied:

"There is no fear." So we dashed on.

In a short time we saw an opening, into which we sailed—one of the most extraordinary the mind of man can conceive. We sailed through this gut for a full mile. It appeared about a couple of hundred yards wide, the rock on each side hundreds of feet above our top-mast. Some extraordinary convulsion of nature must have caused this wonderful entrance to the Burene Harbor which we entered. It was, I assure my readers, quite as exciting as the delight an Englishman feels tramping up the mountains and pinnacles of the earth in Europe. Our surprise was multiplied as we entered the harbor. It is a perfect basin, I

should think three miles in diameter, with mountains around so steep that it requires an effort to climb them. They rise hundreds of yards above the water and it is well worth while to climb their summits for the beautiful scene which opens to the eye. In the centre of the Harbor you view an Island ; it covers over twenty acres and is owned by the collector of H. M. Customs, a gentlemanly, and of course a well-informed man, to whom the commission owed much for his real, genuine hospitality. We had more than once the pleasure of enjoying his company and his hospitality in his Island home.

It is remarkable that this Island is the only spot in Burene where cabbage and potatoes flourish.

Burene, we know, is in Placentia Bay, and is noted for its copper mines said to be the most profitable in the world.

The indication of the country is well worthy of the exploration of that class of the community bent on enriching themselves. The head of this bay, Placentia, possesses the richest copper mine in the world, and there is no doubt but coal, iron, and probably gold will be found in abundance in time to come under its barren appearance.

It seems strange to think how little is known of this wonderful Island—the oldest on this side of the Atlantic. But this can be easily accounted for when we think it has been devoted to the prosecution of the fisheries alone. The principals engaged in this industry held it to be to their advantage to repress every other industry. The fishermen are slaves ; and they have kept the people, and the world, I may add, in ignorance in order to hold the profit arising from their selfish policy.

The colony has heretofore been governed by agents, the representatives of the different firms ; gentlemanly, hospitable, and well informed men, who remit the profits of the trade to their employers in Great Britain, who live in luxury and ease, while the poor fishermen have just enough advanced in ship biscuit to keep them alive through the winter, for the coming fishing season.

Uncle Sam is beginning to learn of the deposits nature has

laid there, and if John Bull does not become aware of its value he may lose that dependancy.

Excuse me, reader, for strolling away from my story, which I trust may be more interesting in my next communication.

BENJAMIN DAVIES,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Silas Tertius Rand, D. D., L. L. D., D. C. L.

(MICMAC MISSIONARY.)

Stand thou a hero ! brave, strong, sweet-souled Rand,  
 Firm on thy high pedestal through all time,  
 Thy God, who cheered thee on, and held thy hand,  
 Preserves from dread oblivion thy memory sublime.

What, though no sculptured block adorned the spot  
 Where they had laid thy worn-out shroud away  
 Until a daughter's toil memorial brought !  
 Within a thousand strengthened hearts thy visage beams to-day.

Mild was thy manly spirit ! as a child  
 Among his playmates thou couldst laugh and sing :  
 Yet, through the greatest hardships on the wild,  
 Thou didst the cheering Gospel to the Micmac wigwam bring.

Peace when the gloaming settled, sweet release  
 From thy long day of labour ; for as He  
 Pleased not Himself, thyself thou didst not please,  
 Thou too wert poor and lowly, yet a prince of high degree.

Now, to thy memory, learned \**Sakumow*,  
 Prince in the realm of mind, few were thy peers !  
 Soon fades this wreath we bring as low we bow,—  
 But in the richer lives of men thy life lives through the years.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK

Kirklawne, 20th May '99.

\* *Sakumow* (Micmac for Prince, or Sage.) Perhaps many who read this do not know that Dr. Rand was a brilliant Greek and Hebrew scholar ; that he was familiar with French, Spanish, Italian and German ; that he reduced Micmac to writing, and prepared a Grammar and a Dictionary of the language, besides translating into Maliseet and Mohawk; and in his old age became so fond of Latin that he wrote and published a volume of eighty-four Latin hymns. It seems fitting that a tribute to the scholar and poet should appear about this time as Dr. Rand began his life-work in Charlotte-town almost fifty years ago, on November 12th, 1839.

### When We Began to Kick and How We Do It—III.

WHEN, in 1891, the Abegweit Football Club became a "has been" it left the fostering of the game in very capable hands. The youngsters, who a few years before, from the touch lines watched their big brothers execute punts and drops, had now outgrown the period when expediency suggested their playing apart from the "big uns." They were no longer the boys of yesterday. But even before they had wholly discarded the trappings and stature of youthfulness they had acquired proficiency and cleverness at the kicking art. Neither had the advantages of organization escaped their watchfulness. A full year before, the weighty influences of concerted action dawned upon them and a new football club was the outgrowth of the light that had come to them. They called themselves Crescents, and that he who ran might read they decked the left breast of their red and black barred jerseys with a half moon in white.

So when the Abegweits passed on and out the Crescents had passed their first milestone. They were ambitious; and now that the stamp of seniority was theirs alone they determined to show the stuff of which they were composed. True, there were a few of the defunct club's players upon the membership roll, but the major portion of the fighting stock consisted of the hopefuls. The presence of these old players, some of whom as an act of encouragement to the boys, had donned the red and black even while the blue and white of their own club yet graced the uprights, inspired confidence and imparted steadiness.

The Crescents retained their individuality until the spring of 1895, when there came another parting of the ways, and the formation of a new club out of the timber of two. During their five years existence they proved themselves both able and clever exponents of the game. Their fifteen lined up against those of other clubs on five occasions and never met with defeat. St. Dunstan's College was twice vanquished and the men of Prince of Wales College shared the same fate on the single occasion of their meeting. The other two games were draws, St. Dunstan's

being the opposing team in one, and that of the Pictou, N. S. club in the other.

In the fall of '92 a lively aggregation of youngsters banded together and called themselves Junior Abegweits. A combination of splendid material with quickness in grasping and executing the finer points of play, placed them in two years at an altitude not usually deigned a club with the prefix of the



1 J. Duffy. 2 F. Handrahan. 3 F. C. McLean. 4 C. D. Weeks. 5 A. D. Macdonald.  
6 W. A. Edmonds. 7 G. C. Acorn. 8 R. P. Gaudet. 9 J. F. McQuillan. 10 H. V. McGregor.  
11 G. I. Foster. 12 S. A. McLeod, Pres. 13 J. A. Miller. 14 E. Trainor. 15 L. B. McMillan.  
16 A. E. Leigh.

### CRESCENTS, 1894.

juvenile to its name. They several times met and downed combinations improvised to give them an argument; but their first really serious effort appears to have been in a game with St. Dunstan's 2nd XV., on May 24th 1894, which ended in both teams breaking even. Recognition came as it was bound to and

a union of forces with those of the Crescents took place. To the minds of the fusionists the name selected by the fathers of Rugby for the first club organized in the Province was one to conjure by ; and lopping off the junior appellation of the younger club they called themselves Abegweits. Thus was an old and a familiar name resurrected and the Abegweit club of to-day brought into being.



1 W. Jones, f. 2 Art Gaudet, f. 3 F. McGonnell, f. 4 J. Murnaghan, f. 5 J. Donahoe, f.  
6 C. E. McQuillan, h.b. 7 W. McLeod, h.b. (Capt.) 8 J. Darke, f. 9 W. McKie, q. 10 T.  
B. Foley, f. 11 F. H. Blake, h.b. 12 H. Bethune, b. 13 L. B. McMillan, q. 14 D. A.  
McKinnon, f. 15 H. Ritchie, h.b.

#### ABEGWEITS, 1898.

As footballers, the present holders of the name give every promise of reaching the zenith enjoyed by its first owners. They may not do so with so much alacrity, but do it eventually they ought. The material is there and it requires but a proper working out to bring it to its true level. They have a good



record so far ; and their game with Dalhousie College XV. last November, proved them foemen worthy the attention of the *creme de la creme* of Maritime kickers. The fact that their sphere of usefulness in athletics has a wider range than football, makes their following the larger and their task of perpetuating sport in general the lighter.

The Club's record is as follows :—

1895—May—	Abegweits	vs.	Prince of Wales	- -	Draw, 0 to 0.	
	Oct.—	do	vs.	do.	- - - lost 7 to 8.	
1896—May—	do	vs.	do.	- -	won 14 to 1.	
	June—	do	vs.	St. Dunstan's	- - - lost 5 to 7.	
	Nov.—	do	vs.	do.	- - - won 11 to 3.	
1897—May—	do	vs.	Pictou	- - -	won 10 to 0.	
	Nov.—	do	vs.	Prince of Wales	- -	won 13 to 1.
1898—May—	do	vs.	New Glasgow	- -	draw 3 to 3.	
	Nov.—	do	vs.	Dalhousie College	- -	draw 0 to 0.

Our footballers have always been at a great disadvantage from lack of competition. Their trips abroad, and their bringing of outside teams to the home grounds, have ever been undertaken in the face of difficulty and personal sacrifice. It is all the more wonder then, despite these drawbacks, that so good a showing has been made. The absence of a scheme whereby they could more frequently try conclusions with other Maritime clubs greatly retards development in game and players. The Abegweits, mindful of the proficiency and skill competition brings in its wake, strive their best to break a lance with the leaders.

Our boys have demonstrated their ability at the game on more than the home fields. Within recent years several of them have figured upon Upper Province college teams and have contributed in no small degree to the honors and successes achieved by the clubs of which they were members. Gordon Alley, W. H. Sutherland and P. F. Duffy of McGill's '98 team hail from the Province down by the sea, and received their initiatory lessons upon the local tilting grounds, the two former at Prince of Wales and the latter at St. Dunstan's. Thomas Curran, now Rev. Dr. Curran of St. Dunstan's College, and Patrick Cullen, an erstwhile student of the same institution, wore the garnet and grey of Ottawa College in the early nineties

when its XV made the landing of the Canadian championship an almost annual roundup to the season's work.

Among Maritime footballers we have the distinction of being the only ones to have played the game under the Canadian Union's rules, deeming, and rightly so, that the rouge is worthy of merit, and that upon the making of tries and goals alone the result of a game should not hinge. It cannot be denied that the team which forces an opponent to make this play the greater number of times—neither tries nor goals being scored—shows a superiority deserving of recognition upon the score sheet. The Canadian rules governed all matches between the local clubs from the fall of '95 to the spring of '98. Then a return was made to the English Union's rules; and so long as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick footballers refuse to recognize the Canadian solons, Island Rugbeians must perforce fall in line with them.

A defence of the game as it is played in Canada, if it indeed at all requires one, need have no place in this writing. Abler pens than mine stand ready, whenever occasion demands, to sound its praises, and heads now silvered by the flight of years will be found to bob up serenely and proclaim its benefits. Like many another branch of athletics it has its shortcomings, but to chant its requiem they are insufficient. Its limb strengthening, mental developing and manly attributes are too highly prized by the youth of to-day to permit its passing away. So long as old Father Time continues to swing the pendulum to and fro, and a viril and hardy race demands a pastime in harmony with its physical makeup, just so long will the welkin ring with the shouts of the footballer. Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow. The Iron Duke knew whereof he spoke when he made the statement, and quite unconsciously he paid a tribute to football more eloquent and effective than chapters specially written to portray its virtues. Each individual man has a toiling, thoughtful task before him in the battles of life. Whether it be in the busy marts of trade or in the learned professions, it is all the same: there is a daily Waterloo to fight. Courage, self-reliance, energy, skill and a strong physique are among the weapons of our equipment for the fray, and I know of no surer way of acquiring them than by a judicious diet of athletics.

J. M. SULLIVAN.

## Belle Marie.

“WHO was Belle Marie?” I queried, I thought it might possibly be some Acadian maiden, probably the niece of the good cure who performed the religious functions for the people in those days. Then in her own words the Indian woman told the story which follows :—

La Belle Marie was an Indian maiden, the daughter of the best-loved chief in the tribe. She was so well-known and well beloved by her own people that they held her in a kind of worship, but when she became known to the French and was loved as well by them, her own people called her by the name the French had given her “Belle Marie,” and it soon became a cause for reproval if by chance she was designated anything else.

The love of the old chief for his daughter was one surpassing words; she was his idol and his best comrade, therefore her tastes and inclinations were much on the same line as his: and she accompanied him in the hunt, and could take as straight—nay, even a straighter aim at a plover or partridge, than could the hands which were gradually losing their cunning, and which were sometime not so steady as in the days of yore.

An officer in the French regiment took a great interest in Belle Marie from the first day he ever saw her. She was scarce more than a child then, but such an entirely different child to any he had ever known in his own country, that he saw rare material in her to develop, and he would talk to her for hours at a time, telling her stories of his home: of the world in which he had lived: and of the loved ones which he had left behind.

And at the same time that he taught her of the world outside her small sphere, and the varied attractions it held for those in it, she taught him the easiest lesson in the world to learn, and the hardest to forget: inasmuch as it is replete with pain and sorrow, at the same time as it brings the most happiness—the lesson of Love. He was aware of his passion long before she had any idea of the love with which she had inspired him; but he kept the knowledge of it to himself, afraid to tell the child lest he estrange her from him.

But after a time came a change in Belle Marie: her former manner had changed to a more demure, maidenly one, her eyes seemed softer and acquired a new light, and she came less frequently to hear the tales of the world so unknown and strange to her. He wondered at the change, and resolved to question her sometime as to why she came so rarely.

One day he found her sitting in a little nook on the shore, a small cave formed beneath two shelving rocks; the sky was clear, and of that intense blue characteristic of midsummer: the waters were rising and falling as the incoming tide washed them nearer to her every moment; but she was paying no attention to the heavens overhead, or the music the waters made as they slowly came to her, for she was sitting, leaning back against the rocky wall—her bare brown arms clasped above her head, her hair forming a striking background for both form and face—but her eyes were looking far out beyond the scene, and she neither dreamt for a moment of the picture she made, nor was conscious of the gaze bent upon her.

"Belle Marie," he said softly. She started at the sound of his voice, while a wave of color suffused the swarthy skin and told in an instant the tale he wished to know. He had taught her his own language, and she spoke it fairly well, that child of the forest to whom books were unknown; her sole lessons until she met him being learnt from the carols of the birds, the winds whistling through the trees, the perfume of the flowers, and the murmuring of the waters as they beat upon the shore.

"Mon Maitre" she replied, rising suddenly while the color left her cheeks, taking with it even the roses that were always there.

"Where have you been, ma Belle?" he asked.

"In the woods: on the river: with my people," was the disjointed reply, as she looked down at the sand beneath her feet.

"But you have not been to see me for long—I have missed you very much. Why did you stay?" He came nearer to her but she turned on him with the fury of a young tigress as she exclaimed:—

"You did not miss me. You—you—who talked to me just to pass the time away, because the women you have known,

were not near you. If they were, Belle Marie would have found another friend. She is only something to amuse yourself with and—and—" here she broke down utterly, and covering her face with her hands burst into a passion of tears.

"Belle Marie! ma Belle! What do you mean? Who has told you such a thing? Why my darling, I have wondered and wondered."

At the term of endearment she drew herself up haughtily and said. "Never call me that again. That word is only meant for those whom it suits—he tells me."

"I know whom you mean, Marie; the young brave who has been your lover from childhood, and you cannot see the reason he has done so? He knows I love you." She looked up at him. "Yes! ten thousand times better than he does! But he does not know that I had resolved never to tell you; you are but a child in years compared with me, and summer and winter are the direct opposites of each other." She was looking at him wonderingly, almost incredulously—but she answered slowly. "Love me? An Indian maiden? A forest girl? Why, your people would scorn you for it."

"My people are nothing to me now. Will you marry me, ma Belle? See! the tide is almost at your feet, come with me and give me your answer as we walk on."

With a bound she sprang up the rock and was standing at its summit almost before he realized she had heard him, and when he too reached the top, he could see her fleeing like a deer away across the open, but the days went on into weeks before he saw her again.

One morning he was sitting at his tent door basking in the September sunshine, thinking dreamily of "La Belle," when he heard a rustling among the trees, and a moment after she stood before him, looking straight into his eyes, her own containing a plain answer to the question he had asked her so long before. As if that question had been asked but a moment previous she said:—

"Yes! I will be your wife; if you are sure, perfectly sure that you love me, and me only." Not a word of explanation

regarding her flight or her absence ; not even an implied doubt that he might have thought differently during the intervening space of time, of the words spoken in a moment of non-consideration. No ! her faith in him was too firm for that ; his love might be strong but hers came from the pent up heart of an Indian girl, and her faith in the object of it was as strong as the love itself now that he had told her he loved her.

He was standing by her side before her words were ended ; he did not answer her, but put his arm around her, drew her to him, and kissed the lips that until then had never had a lover's kiss imprinted on them. She nestled close to him with that sense of perfect contentment and happiness that comes but seldom to any of us ; and the silence that is more eloquent than words followed, a silence broken only by the twittering of the birds as they sung among the branches.

When the old chief was told he demurred.

His child could not marry a white man. She had the blood of the noblest of his tribe in her veins ; she must marry a brave of her own race.

But as he had never refused his idol anything that in reason he could give her, so after a time he overcame his objections, and consented to the union taking place in a year's time. The one who congratulated La Belle the heartiest was the one of her own race who had always loved her, and who had hoped to wed her one day himself. But he seemed to relinquish the hope without a pang, and no one ever dreamed of the latent revengeful spirit of the "red man" that only needed fostering to make it the all-absorbing passion of his life. Autumn passed into winter, early winter in those days ; months of snow, hard frost and bitter cold ; but all went well between Belle Marie and her martial lover, until one day when the winter frosts were almost over—when the days were longer and the sun warmer, and melting snows were trickling down the little hills to show that spring would soon succeed winter, Belle Marie started to meet her lover.

Within about a mile from her home she saw the form of a man lying in the snow ; and she hastened on to render him assistance. She was no girl to shirk a duty ; but when she saw as

she raised him up that it was her lover, her heart sank, for it was an apparently lifeless form that she held in her arms. But she soon summoned assistance. She gave a call as well-known as her name, and ere long her kinsmen surrounded her and constructing a rough pallet of branches and twigs, bore the seemingly dead man to her camp.

But he was not dead ; a blow aimed with deadly intent had rendered him senseless, but after she had succeeded in bringing back feeling and warmth to him, for days and weeks his life hung in the balance, while she devoted herself entirely to him—watching him, nursing him, and listening intently for the smallest word that came from his lips. She scarcely ate or slept during that time, her devotion was unbounded and as great as her love ; and she would willingly have sacrificed her life to save his.

At last she was rewarded. One day he looked at her with recognition in the look, and put out his hand feebly for her to take it. She did so, and a natural, healing sleep ensuing ; she sat for hours with his hand in hers, lest in the moving she should disturb him. His convalescence soon followed, and their marriage was hastened.

The old chief seeing the devotion of his child to the man she loved, consented to their union as soon "as the flowers came." Not a word was spoken of the catastrophe which had so nearly ended the happiness of La Belle Marie. No one seemed to be able to account for it, and no one cared to be the first to broach the subject.

It was on a glorious day in July that the wedding took place. From early morning La Belle's friends had decorated altar and altar steps with the beauties of the woods ; ferns and flowers were on every side, and the tribe had all assembled to witness the marriage of their loved one. They had objected to the restrictions the sacred edifice would put upon their demonstration ; they would have preferred seeing Marie married under the open blue canopy which the heavens spread above her, and amid the trees, birds and flowers that she had been born, cradled and grown up among.

But out of deference to the man "not of their race," who had chosen his bride from their tribe, they contented themselves with making the church resemble as much as possible her native woods; and it was under a very bower of fragrant bloom and leafy branches that the final and eventful words were to be spoken which would irrevocably bind together the two until "death parted them."

The canoes of the Indians were lined along the shore, and they themselves were already beginning wedding festivities previous to the ceremony. But when Belle Marie stood at the altar, under the bower that loving hands had prepared—when she was joined by him who was so soon to link his life with hers, a low sobbing could be distinctly heard, which told how much her tribe would miss their darling.

But scarcely was the ceremony ended, and the two turned away from the altar, when with a cry that resounded far and near—a cry that pierced the hearts of all who heard it—and one that sent a thrill of terror to all; Marie threw herself before her husband, shielding him from view, but not before an arrow, surely sped with the aim that hatred and revenge could send it home, had found its resting place in her heart instead of his.

He caught her as she fell, clasped her close to him with a moan of agony, and in all a strong man's anguish, called her by every endearing name that love could bring to mind.

But she looked up at him with those eyes that had always contained such an unutterable love in their depths, and said slowly as the life-blood ebbed over altar-steps and floor—"I—saved—you. I saw—it—coming. My—own—love."

JESSIE HOGG.

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[The above story is founded on an Indian tale, the characters of which existed in the last century, when a French garrison held possession of Port La Joie (now Charlottetown.) The Indians at Rocky Point tell the story at the present day. The exact place on Warren Farm where the tragedy is said to have taken place is still pointed out.]



## Charlottetown in "The Olden Time."

**A** COMPARISON of the two pictures opposite page 190 will convey an idea of the change that has taken place in our principal square during the last sixty years. Earlier than 1840 the appearance of our Queen Square was even less prepossessing than it is shown in the sketch.

But, if possible, this article will deal with the appearance of Charlottetown at an even earlier period than 1840. Although the sources of information are not so easy to find now as they were some years ago, there are still some among us who remember what the town looked like early in the century, and from information supplied it is possible to recall the old people and their houses as they were in those days.

If one had visited Charlottetown so long ago he would probably have come by water—either in a sailing packet from the mainland or in one of the larger sailing vessels that plied between here and the "old country."

By the latter came many of our earliest settlers. Their first view of Charlottetown showed them the shore front broken by only one short wharf or jetty at the foot of Queen St., where now Queen's Wharf pushes its length out into the waters of the harbor.

Near the head of the old landing place were a number of buildings fairly close together. Partly up Queen St. also they were not very widely separated, but outside of that radius the houses and other buildings that dotted the town site were very few and far between.

Passengers disembarked, and cargo was landed from the larger vessels by means of lighters; vessels of light draught came in to the wharf to discharge.

Taking up the description of the old houses that at that time adorned the wide streets of Charlottetown it is perhaps best to begin with the Postoffice. This was a venerable looking old building, one story in height—and not much wider. It was built about 1780, and the first postmaster of Charlottetown was Mr. Benjamin Chappell. He was a personal

friend of John Wesley, and was, of course, a firm Methodist.

The mail in those days was not a very large affair. It has been stated that the letters, on arrival, were often carried to the post office in the worthy postmaster's tall hat, but that is probably a *lapsus memoriae*, common with the fiction makers who style themselves the oldest inhabitants.

The old postoffice was used until 1834 or thereabouts, when it was pulled down. It was the second house south on Water Street from the corner now occupied by Sidney Grey, Esq. In Mr. Chappell's time the corner was tenanted by the widow Smith. Mr. Chappell, on the 26th July, 1780, took possession and passed his first night in this memorable structure. The sketch from which this illustration is made was taken a day or two before it was pulled down.



East of the old postoffice there were but one or two little buildings before the river was reached; at high tide the water overflowed the land very nearly up as far as the postoffice.

The land on the south side of Water Street, opposite to the old post office, was vacant until between 1835-40, when Andrew

Duncan built upon that site his shipyard, launching therefrom in 1846 the first vessel, called the Robert Hutchinson. Duncan's shipyard occupied the space where now are situated McMillan's Coal Depot and Full's Mill.

On the corner where the Railway Round house now stands was the residence of Major Beet, which was built at an early day by Donald McKay, merchant, who was lost by shipwreck under very tragic circumstances, on St. Paul's Island, Nfld., in 1824.

The dwelling house, store, and afterwards foundry of Waters & Birnie (the foundry was under the management of Wm. Hobbs, brother of Mr. John Hobbs, a resident of Charlottetown) was situated on the land now occupied by W. S. Stewart, Esq. Q. C., and adjoining this on the westward was a property purchased and occupied afterwards by Mr. D. Reddin, father of the late Judge Reddin, who had a store on Queen Street and did a considerable shipping business on this site, where he built a wharf at the foot of his property which afterwards was joined with a wharf built on its eastern side by Andrew Duncan, and now is known as the Steam Navigation Wharf.

Crossing Great George Street we come to "Ings' Corner." This lot, fifty years ago, belonged to a Mr. Gainsford, who lived in the building now occupied by Mr. Kennedy. He had a bakery attached.

Next to Gainsford's was the old Longworth House, which is now no more, its place being taken by the present house in which the family of that name reside. Then came a house owned by Wm. Batt, the father of the present incumbent of that name.

Coming to the corner now owned by Mr. Morris, there was in the days we write about a house and store occupied by Mr. T. B. Tremain, who did a general business. He afterwards conducted the ferry between Charlottetown and Southport, adding to its facilities by providing a "team-boat," a fearfully and wonderfully made concern, operated by four horses walking around an upright windlass to which was attached a "bevel gear" that set the paddles in motion. There were clustered about these houses we have mentioned a number of



QUEEN SQUARE IN "YE OLDEN TIME."



outhouses and stables, etc., so that the ground appeared to be fairly well occupied, but as far as it has been possible to find out, those mentioned are the most important buildings existing at that time.

Opposite Tremaine's on the other side of Queen Street was Peake's corner. The first store built by Mr. Peake was the wooden structure now used as Nicholson's tobacco factory, which was moved from the corner to its present site to make room for the brick building that succeeded it.

The next building was the fine brick house erected by Mr. Peake as his dwelling, which still stands firm as ever. It was, in the days it was erected, one of the finest houses in Charlottetown.

Next to this was a building owned by a Mr. Coombs.

We now come to a familiar old landmark, the Rankin House. The first house put upon the corner was a dwelling house built by one Antoine, a Frenchman, who was a surveyor. It afterwards passed into the possession of Rhaito Webster, being afterwards held by Andrew Duncan and after that by W. W. Lord, who built a wharf and who did quite a large business there within the memory of many still living.

On the other side of Pownal Street, near where Foster's forge now stands there was an old windmill which "waved its long arms and ground the corn." Around it were a number of buildings of one kind and another. Hereabouts there was a well known boarding house kept by a Mrs. Whelan.

Now Mrs. Whelan had a goat that was something like Mary's little lamb, for he followed Mrs. Whelan everywhere she went—and went to a good many other places on his own account. He is said to have been very ugly—even for a goat. He had a prodigious appetite, tradition saith, and an assortment of bad habits and coarse manners that made him cordially hated by all the citizens of Charlottetown. It is stated that he one day, making his rounds, turned the corner of Queen Street and wandered into a store. He did not notice the cellar hatch which was large and "wide open." So he fell in. He landed amongst a collection of tinware, and made so much noise

and did so much damage, that the people then in the store decided to give the poor animal a lesson. They got him up, applied some turpentine to his back, and cruelly set fire to him. Well the goat got home very quickly. He flew along Water Street, indignant and burning brightly, and put himself out at the rain water barrel. He recovered and was around as usual in a few days, but never figured much in history afterwards.

Next to Mrs. Whelan's was a house occupied by—McLean, and then the barrack fence blocked all progress further west.

*(To be Continued)*

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## Lot Twenty—From Forest To Farm—II.

**Y**OU have seen Lot 20 clothed in primeval attire. You have learned who was the first owner and who possessed it about the time of settlement; you have the names of the twelve families that were settled on it at the close of the last century; and you remember how it was promised in the last paper, briefly to sketch in this one, the settlements of Park Corner, Sea View, Long River, Eel Creek and Irishtown into which this part of Lot 20 is divided.

It is not difficult to see why the first settlers chose the land bordering on the rivers and on the Gulf shore. The water furnished means of communication with other parts of the Island, and the outside world; fish were abundant and could be easily exchanged for the supplies that the settlers most needed. The interior, on the other hand, was an unbroken forest, the only means of transit being as yet footpaths; even if roads had been opened up the means of conveyance were not possessed by the settlers; and if all these difficulties had been removed there would still remain the greater danger of being attacked by wild beasts.

These, and other considerations, determined the first settlers to choose land fronting on the water. Our sketch shall not include all Park Corner, since that settlement extends into Lot 21.

As far and as accurately as can be learned from the data at hand, the first settlers in the different settlements, the year of the first settlers' arrival, and the present occupants of their property are as follows :

*First Settler* *Present Occupant*

PARK CORNER—1778.

Daniel Delaney.	Albert Steward
James Dunn.	John McLeod.
John Cousins.	John S. Cousins.
John Crowley.	Daniel McKay.

SEA VIEW—1780.

James Brander.	Hon. William Campbell.
John Poor.	Hugh Campbell.
Jas. and Ben Warren.	do. do.
Wm. Donald.	Wm. A. Donald.
Mrs. Lily Riely.	do. do.
Robert Heathfield.	Wm. Graham.
Patrick Duggan.	Joseph Duggan.
John Barefoot	Wm. Ramsay.

LONG RIVER—1790 (?)

John Marks.	James Reid.
David Johnson.	Daniel Johnson.
John Bryanton, Sr.	James Bernard.
do. do. Jr.	John Johnson.
George Bryanton.	Paynter.
John Doughart.	John McLeod
John and Lawrence Murphy.	D. Cameron.
Joseph Davidson.	R. FitzSimmons.
D. Smith.	

EEL CREEK—1812 (?)

R. Paynter.	Wm. Profit.
John Cain.	Jas. B. Millman.
John Millman }	
Jas. Cousins. (400 acres.)	{ John A. Millman, Geo. Profit,
	Archibald Brander, Ed. Paynter,
	John B. Millman.

IRISHTOWN—1816

John Moore.	Geo. McLeod.
John Burke.	Andrew McLeod.
Matthew Grady.	James Mann, Sr.
John Somers.	R. Ready.
James Sinnot.	do. do.
Michael Ready.	Patrick Ready.
James Poor.	John Campbell.

These were the men who, leaving all that was near and dear in the land of their birth, and braving the perils of a long and

dangerous passage, came to their home of adoption and laid the foundation of settlements that now form one of the most flourishing parts of the province. With buoyant hope, and indomitable courage, they set bravely to work; felled the giants of the forest; erected rude dwellings; cleared the land and converted what they found a virgin forest into a "land of milk and honey." The first houses were built of logs, the roof being covered with boards placed lengthwise and shingled with sods. The boards were all sawed with the whip-saw. The interior was almost as rude as the exterior; and the means of heating and cooking was the fireplace. But in spite of all these inconveniences, more genuine happiness was enjoyed in these rude huts, than the one of the twentieth century with all its improvements now affords. So say the old people.

Farming implements were also of the rudest kind, made chiefly of wood; and the means of draft was oxen. When the footpaths were widened into roads, the inventive resources of the settlers were drawn upon to produce some means of conveyance. The first vehicle consisted of a box with a pole or shafts and mounted on an axle with a pair of wheels. The wheels were made of plank nailed crosswise and were made fast to the wooden axle which turned with the wheels. The axle was kept in place by wooden pins that were driven through the sills of the box on either side of the axles. The make-up was called a go-devil. It remained for Joseph Duggan, elsewhere mentioned, to make the first cart that had iron standards and iron crossbars. He also possesses the hubs of a pair of wheels that were made in Scotland in 1775. They cost when landed here £10; and they are still in active service. Carriage builders, see them!

Sleighs were first made with plank runners and crossbars of same material. But Moses Graham made an improvement on this that brought visitors all the way from Malpeque and New London to see the wonderful sleigh. It was a sleigh whose runners were fashioned from the trunk of a tree, thus having a "natural turn."

Ploughs, harrows, and rakes of wood were, with a spade and some other tools, the means by which the crops were put in. The scythe and reaping-hook cut the crops, while the flail did



the threshing. This was replaced later on by the awkward and cumbrous "round-about" mill. The grain was first ground in querns, and subsequently in a mill that was erected on Lot 21 by a man named McNeill. As sufficient waterpower could be easily obtained on Lot 20, the people quickly saw the advantage of having their own mills. Hence, John Cousins built the first mill on the site where the Cousins' mills now stand. David Johnson soon followed with another mill at Long River. Flour and bran were all ground up together. In passing it may be remarked that few old settlers are held in such loving remembrance as is David Johnson. In 1837 when flour was so scarce and commanded so high a price he had a quantity on hand. Many flocked to him and offered the highest price in ready money, but he refused them all saying that those who had the money could procure flour elsewhere, while he would sell only to those who could not then pay for it. And the price charged these creditors was less than the cash price elsewhere. How many such men have we to-day?

J. A. READY, B. A.

*(To be continued.)*

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## In Cool Grove.

THE lover of nature sees beauty everywhere. The most common-place sod is be-jeweled with treasures. Even the marsh, repelling the ordinary wayfarer, irresistibly allures the plant-loving botanist. The richest gold-fields offer no stronger inducement to the insatiable money-hunter, than do the banks of a stream or the moist river-bed to the ardent naturalist. Not only the possibility of rare discovery, nor yet the gratification of likely generous collection; there's an entrancing delight in the sight of the plants, a pleasurable refreshment in reviewing their beauties, and all the enjoyment of meeting again and holding converse with friends of the olden time.

When kindly spring has lifted the mantle,—the purest white

mantle of winter's snows, and has warmed the chill earth just awakening to vigor, and decked the moist sward with the tiny white Violets; when summer exulting in the full flood of sunshine, covers all the wide land with myriad blooms; when chill autumn evenings give warning of winter and we call the time "the fall of the year;" while day follows day, and months weave the seasons, there is feast for the eye, delight for the student, contribution to herbarium on every side.

Some people revel most in the open country-side where Golden-rods wave their orange plumes, and blue and white Asters be-star the field-borders. Others like best to frequent the wet swamp with its tangle of Grasses and Sedges and succulent plants delighting in moisture. Some love to praise the charms of the brookside, fringed with the white-flowered spikes of the Snake-head,<sup>1</sup> and the light graceful sprays of the Balsam<sup>2</sup> dangling its golden jewels by the water's edge. Others delight in the flats near the seashore where the prickly Saltwort<sup>3</sup> roots, and and Silver-weed<sup>4</sup> spreads its finely-cut, pinnate leaves with their backing of silver, and above, on the banks, where the Kingfisher nests, the pale yellow Evening Primrose<sup>5</sup> mingles its blossoms with those of the Ox-eye Daisy,<sup>6</sup> and of its sister, the May-weed<sup>7</sup> with its finely dissected leaves.

But a far more delectable retreat than any of these is the cool grateful shade of the shadowy woodland, where the sun enters but shyly to brighten and nourish, while the verdure may languish in the open beyond. Here are the pearly-pink bells of the Pyrolas ("wild lillies" we call them, though in reality Heaths,) and the one-flowered Pyrola,<sup>8</sup> that exquisitely scented, firm, waxen flower. Here the Clintonia spreads out its three smooth leaves,—handsome, spotless, myrtle-hued beauties,—and later replaces its yellow-green lily-cups with berries challenging the blue of the heavens. Here, too, the "Wake Robin"—the shy, Painted Trillium,—opens its three tender dark-pencilled petals, resting in strong relief against the back ground of its

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1. *Chelone glabra*. 2. *Impatiens fulva*. 3. *Salsola Kali*. 4. *Potentilla anserina*.  
 5. *Oenothera biennis*. 6. *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*. 7. *Anthemis cotula*.  
 8. *Moneses uniflora*.

whorl of three leaves. Near-by the tenderest flower of the woodland—the delicate white, purple-veined, lonely-flowered Wood-Sorrel. Here, too, are orchids, but of these we'll speak later. And here we may find the strange, ghastly Indian Pipe,<sup>9</sup> that harmless, uncanny, single-flowered Heath, leafless and colorless, too lazy to don a green working suit, preferring to steal its sustenance ready-made from the soil. See how it hangs its head as though utterly ashamed of itself, a sickly blush sometimes suffusing its pallid flesh! Still it is a beautiful thing, waxy and dignified, but useless to try to make a companion of, for it darkens and withers at your very touch.

Time fails to tell of all the delights that attract and arrest us at every step. Above us the cool waving canopy of foliage, around us the stately columns of tree-trunks, mosses and leaves thick-strewn pave the pathway, fair forms of flowers enriching the carpet. Thus nature patterns her spacious cathedral with pillars and arches, groined roof and rich carving: the soft, balmy breezes breathe exquisite music and waft towards heaven the flowers' devotion—a subtile, sweet incense, grateful, refreshing.

<sup>9</sup> *Monotropa uniflora.*

LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

### Charlottetown's Attractions for Visitors.

THE summer visitors to the Maritime Provinces are each year finding their way in increasing numbers to Charlottetown, but what are we doing to encourage tourists who have means and leisure to spend with us?

Whilst it is true that we have many natural attractions, such as beautiful scenery, pretty drives through a well-tilled and prosperous country, salt-water bathing, fishing and shooting, and a people, who, for kind hospitality cannot be surpassed in any country, together with a climate during the summer months which is health-giving and invigorating to a degree; yet, Charlottetown seems to rest content that all is being done

that can be done to increase the tourist travel a hundred fold.

Our city glories in an excellent system of water-works, and by the end of the present year the sewerage system now under construction will have been completed.

The streets are fairly well lighted by electricity and more attention is being paid each year to keeping them tidy and clean. In this matter however, there is still room for improvement, and citizens, more especially shop-keepers and Post-office visitors could help the good work along by preventing as far as possible the free distribution about the streets of loose paper, which is as unnecessary as it is unsightly.

The city is well supplied with handsome Church edifices, Public Schools, Music Hall, splendid Dry-goods, Hardware, Grocery, Book and Stationery, Drug, Furniture and Barber shops, Livery Stables, and in fact nearly everything that tourists could desire can be had at moderate prices.

The medical profession is also well represented by men who rank high in the practice of surgery and medicine. Two well equipped and excellently managed hospitals take good care of the sick and suffering, while one old dilapidated jail provides shelter for the erring ones. But as tourists are not supposed to take any interest in the latter institution, no further apology for its condition is necessary.

Charlottetown is reached by the steamship Princess which leaves Pictou, N. S., on arrival of the morning train, due here about 5.30 P. M. Also by the steamship Northumberland, which leaves Point Duchene, N. B., on arrival of the I. C. R. and C. P. R. late trains, arriving at Summerside about 8.35 P. M., thence by railway for a distance of 49 miles, due to arrive here at 10.50 P. M. The steamship service is well managed, having careful and courteous commanding officers and crew.

The steamship Halifax also makes regular weekly trips, leaving Boston every Tuesday at noon; arriving at Charlottetown on Thursday about 6 o'clock P. M. It is intended to place on the Boston and P. E. Island route, during the months of July and August, the queen of the Plant line fleet, "La Grand Duchesse,"

to leave Boston on Saturday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., due to arrive here on Monday evening.

The Board of Trade has lately taken up the question of an improved railway service between Painsec Junction and Point Duchene N. B., and Stellarton and Pictou N. S. As things exist at present, passengers holding first-class tickets can travel from Montreal or Boston in parlor cars until they reach Painsec or Stellarton, after which they are transferred to cars that would not, in any other part of Canada, be considered better than second or third class. But why this disparagement should longer be endured I am at a loss to understand; and it is to be hoped now that the attention of the Minister of Railways has been called to it, that the grievance complained of will at once be removed. Considerable improvement along the same lines must soon take place on the P. E. Island line if we are to keep up with the times.

The need of a first-class modern hotel is each year being more strongly felt, and any efforts put forth to encourage tourists to visit our shores must fail until we are in a position to offer the advantages to be found in other and less attractive summer resorts. While it is true that in Charlottetown as well as at other points in Prince Edward Island, there are several well-conducted and home-like hotels, still, during the season that travel is greatest the accomodation is altogether too limited and unsuited to present requirements.

Already, a considerable amount of money has been offered by outside capitailsts towards the construction of a modern hotel, but as yet our monied men at home do not seem to realize that increased hotel accomodation means a large increase in the number of tourists which certainly would result in larger profits to steamship owners, more business for shop-keepers and tradesmen, and a greater demand for all that the farmers, dairymen and fishermen can supply.

HORACE HASZARD.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

MUTUAL PRINCIPLE.

# The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

OF NEW YORK

IS in its nineteenth year of uninterrupted prosperity. PURE LIFE INSURANCE has been its shibboleth. This is the only thing it has to offer to the public. No deceptive "estimates" of "future results," or "future dividends." Dividends are paid *in advance*; thus being guaranteed in the cost of Insurance each year, the rates being, on an average, 40 per cent. below old system companies.

**ONE HALF THE FACE OF THE POLICY PAID  
IN CASE OF TOTAL DISABILITY.**

Insurance in force,	- - - - -	\$270,000,000
Death Claims paid since organization,	- - - - -	37,000,000
Surplus to Policyholders, nearly,	- - - - -	3,500,000
Deposit with Dominion Government,	- - - - -	250,000

**AGENTS WANTED**

Apply to—

**ALFRED MANLEY, Manager**

Provinces Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.  
Metropole Building, Halifax, N. S.



## LIFE...

In the hot and dusty days of July how pleasant it is "to take life easy," and enjoy a good holiday.

Now is the time to consider:—Have I provided for the comfort and security of my loved ones by taking out a policy of Life Insurance? Each year I postpone it the more it will cost, and the less are my chances through impairment of health of obtaining it. See an agent of the **North American Life** at once. The best of all that's good in Life Insurance is sold by them.

Information helpful in choosing a plan will be cheerfully given if you write or call on

**J. K. ROSS,**  
Manager for P.E.I.

Office—Queen St., Charlottetown.



WE are selling Fit-Reform Suits to an unusually large number of men who are making their first experiment in ready-made.

Whether it be a sign of impecuniosity or good sense, the result is that the tailor seldom or NEVER regains a customer we have once clothed with Fit-Reform.

The fact that the maker takes away all chance of your dissatisfaction by offering your money back if you want it—the fact that the clothes are so good that you don't want your money back,—bring you to us and hold you as long as you live.

*Suits, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20.*

*Trousers, \$3, \$4, \$5.*

The Fit-Reform Wardrobe

**PROWSE BROS.**

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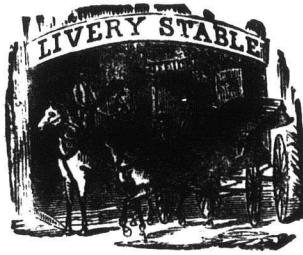
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*This imprint on a job means  
superior work, done by care-  
ful and experienced workmen.  
Every class of Book and Job  
Printing — from the finest  
work to big display. . . . .*

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WORTH'S = = =



**LIVERY  
STABLES**

PRINCE STREET

Charlottetown, P. E. Island

— — — — —  
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION



# To be Wealthy First be Healthy

It has been said—and we fear it is true—that Americans oft' spend their health to acquire wealth; and then again their wealth to regain their health.



**Many Americans visit our Island Home,** but LACK to take enough exercise.

**Exercise! Yes, Exercise.** Yes, you will find it's at the bottom of it.

Go out in the open air. Bathe, Shoot, Fish, play Tennis, ride a Wheel, Row, Sail (but mind to give a hand at the oar), Swim, Walk, Run.



ALL GOOD DOCTORS.

## WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

FOR VISITORS' SUPPLIES

FULL STOCK of Ladies' and Gentlemen's fine wool Underwear, Scotch, English, and German made Wool Socks, Pajama Suits, Walking Skirts, Crash Skirts, Picque Skirts, Muslin Waists, outing Hats (sailor and walking,) Hammocks, Straw Hats, Crash Hats, Bath Towels, Outing Shirts, Silk Front Shirts, Golf Caps, Mufflers for cool evenings, Collars, Scarfs, Cuffs, and Shirt fixings, Bathing Suits, Bathing Towels, Clothing, Lunch Boxes, Sunshades, Cushions, Scotch and English Tweeds, Belts, Braces, Buckles, Spools and Headquarters for French Gloves, Silk, and Lustre Summer Coats, Fifty Travelling Rugs in Clan Tartans Historically correct, Twenty Golf Capes with hood and fringe.

Americans visiting Charlottetown will do well to inspect our stock of Tourist supplies.

# James Paton & Co.

GENERAL OUTFITTERS

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

The —————  
**Well-Dressed Foot**

Proclaims its owner a careful, self-respecting man.

OUR STOCK OF  
**Slater Shoes**

includes a large variety of Summer Shoes in fashionable shapes and colors.

*\$3.50 & \$5.00 a pair.*

**Alley & Co.**

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.



**SMOKE** —————

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**CHEW** —————

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# Stylish Turnouts ...

FOR  
DRIVING



I have good horses, good carriages, and you can get them at reasonable hire.

You will enjoy a drive if you get one of my teams.

You can call me up by telephone. We'll send to your house; give you a driver if you want one.

 **JOS. K. STANLEY**

*Livery Stable Keeper.*

*Great George Street, between Kent and Grafton.*

## Acadia Coal Depot

WE KEEP ALL KINDS OF **COAL** CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Hard, Nut, Round, Run of Mine and Slack.

*Acadia Nut and  
Old Mine Sydney a specialty*

 **C. Lyons & Co.**



## Have a Straw.



*Our Straw Hats are the latest  
American styles.*

*You'll find a good assortment.*

*You'll find the prices right.*

*R. H. Ramsay & Co.*

*The Outfitters.*

*Sunnyside, Charlottetown.*



# The License Act



Is not in it with the Plumbing Act which is being done at present in the city by our expert plumbers.

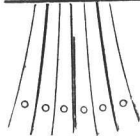
Twenty years' experience should be a guarantee of satisfactory work.

Estimates furnished on application. Call and inspect goods.

 **T. A. MacLean**

OFFICE AND STORE—MASONIC TEMPLE.

# Cooking by Gas



.....A Great Offer



**FOR \$20.00 SPOT CASH**

We will give this Gas Range—without  
the Cook—and place in position.

*See our Pamphlet on "What it Costs  
in Charlottetown to Cook by Gas."*

**Charlottetown Light and Power Co., Ltd.**

Office and Showrooms, Queen Street.

## Stuffed Birds of P. E. Island



I have on hand specimens of the following :—

**Eagle, Goshawks, Sparrow Hawks, Hawk Owls, Virginia Horned Owls, Kingfisher, Bluejays, Cedar Birds, Cranes, Herons, Bitterns, Surf Duck, Long Tail Duck, Loons, Mergansers, Gannets, Auks, Weasels, King Loons, Partridge, Shellducks, Minks, Barred Owls, Whistlers, and many others.**

They are all well set up, and are for sale on most reasonable terms.

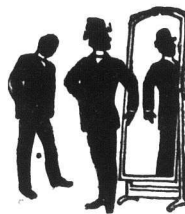
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*Importer of Artificial Birds' Eyes. All classes of Birds bought during the winter months. Address, Queen Street, Charlottetown.*

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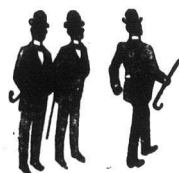
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## The High Art Tailoring House



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SUITS, OVERCOATS & TROUSERS turned out at short notice by artistic cutters and skilled workmen.



*Direct Importers of English, Scotch, and Canadian Cloths, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.*

**GORDON & McLELLAN**

Upper Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Travelling Rugs = = =

You can buy Rugs here for one-third less than you can in the United States.

*We have a good assortment  
Splendid patterns*

— \$3.85 to \$9.00 each

— Stanley Bros.



ISLANDERS KNOW...  
STRANGERS WILL FIND OUT

That we are an up-to-date DRUG STORE, with a splendid stock of Drugs and Sundries. Courteous; anxious to please.

Two Specialties during the Summer Season :—

1. The best flavored Ice Cold Soda in the City.
2. Fishing Supplies in all its branches.

 Mail Orders answered promptly.

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A. W. REDDIN, Phm. B., Prop.

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TOURISTS

WEEKS & CO. Queen Street

HAVE A FULL LINE OF

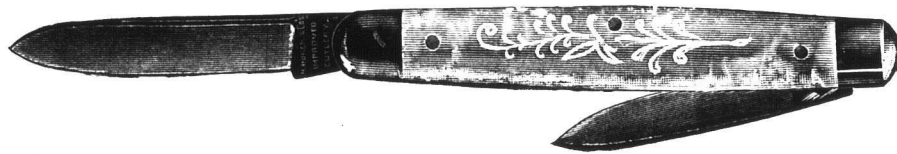


.....Outing Goods

Straw Hats, Crash Hats, Underwear, Hosiery, Collars and Cuffs, Shirts, and all Goods required by a tourist.

Give us a call.

Weeks & Co.



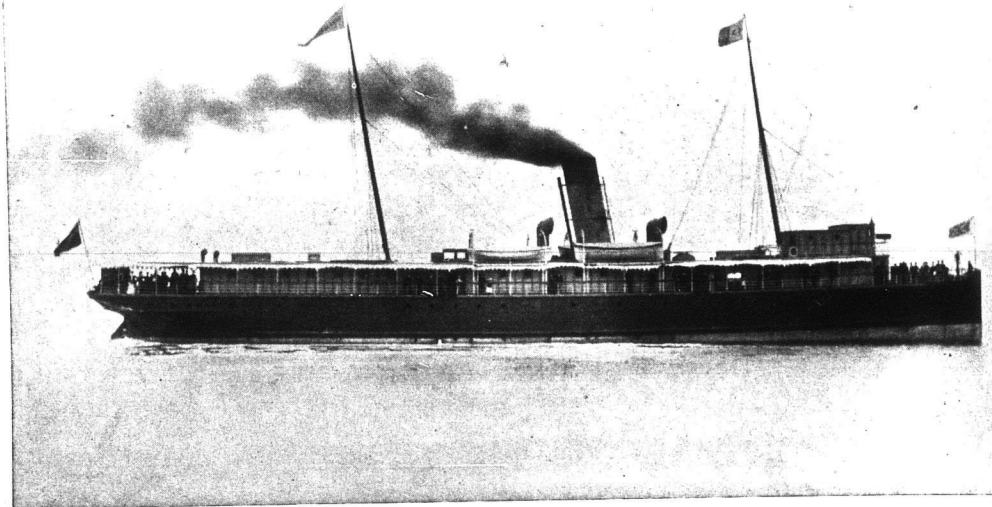
Choice Cutlery

- Razors,
- Pocket Knives,
- Scissors,
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- Dessert Knives,
- Carvers, &c.

An immense variety to choose from.

Dodd & Rogers

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



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### STEAMERS.....

### "NORTHUMBERLAND" and "PRINCESS"

*Leave as below every day, Sundays excepted:—*

From POINT DU CHENE (on arrival of afternoon train from St. John) for SUMMERSIDE, connecting with express train for Charlottetown and Tignish.

From SUMMERSIDE (on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown and all stations on P. E. I. R.) for POINT DU CHENE, connecting with day train for ST. JOHN.

Connection at Moncton with train for Canada and N. B., at St. John with C. P. R. and Railway for U. S. and Canada, also at St. John with Steamers of International Line Wednesday and Saturday afternoon for Boston direct, due following day at noon, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, with steamers for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

From PICTOU (on arrival of day train from Halifax) for CHARLOTTETOWN.

From CHARLOTTETOWN at seven a. m. for PICTOU (connecting there with day train for Cape Breton and Halifax. At Halifax with C. A. & P. Line for Boston, and at North Sydney with steamer "Bruce" for Newfoundland.)

**Through Tickets to be had at Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, International and P. E. I. Railways, and on the Company's Steamers and connecting lines in United States and Canada.**

❁ ❁ F. W. HALES, Secretary.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.