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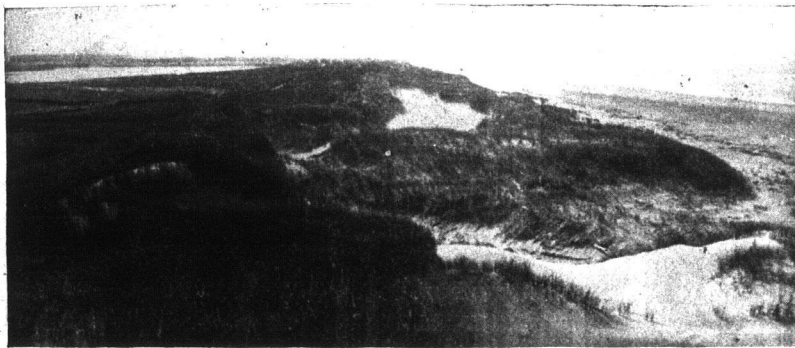
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THE Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

VOL. II

AUGUST, 1900

NO. 6



SAND HILLS, NORTH SHORE OF P. E. I.

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There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."*

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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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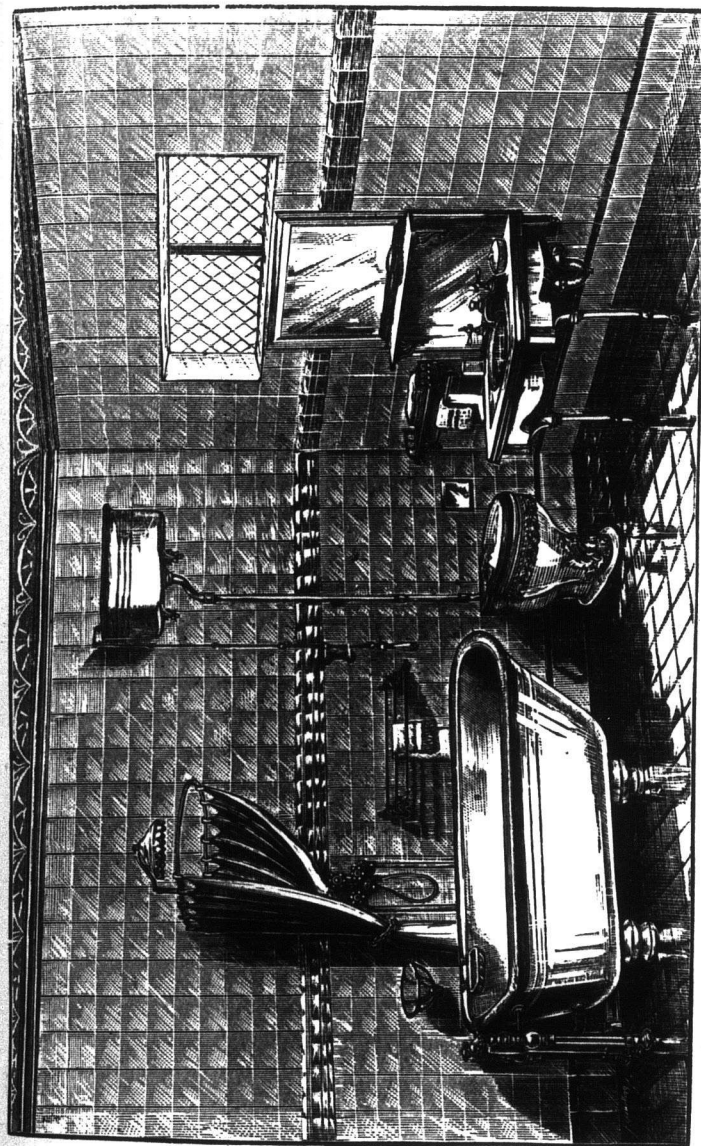
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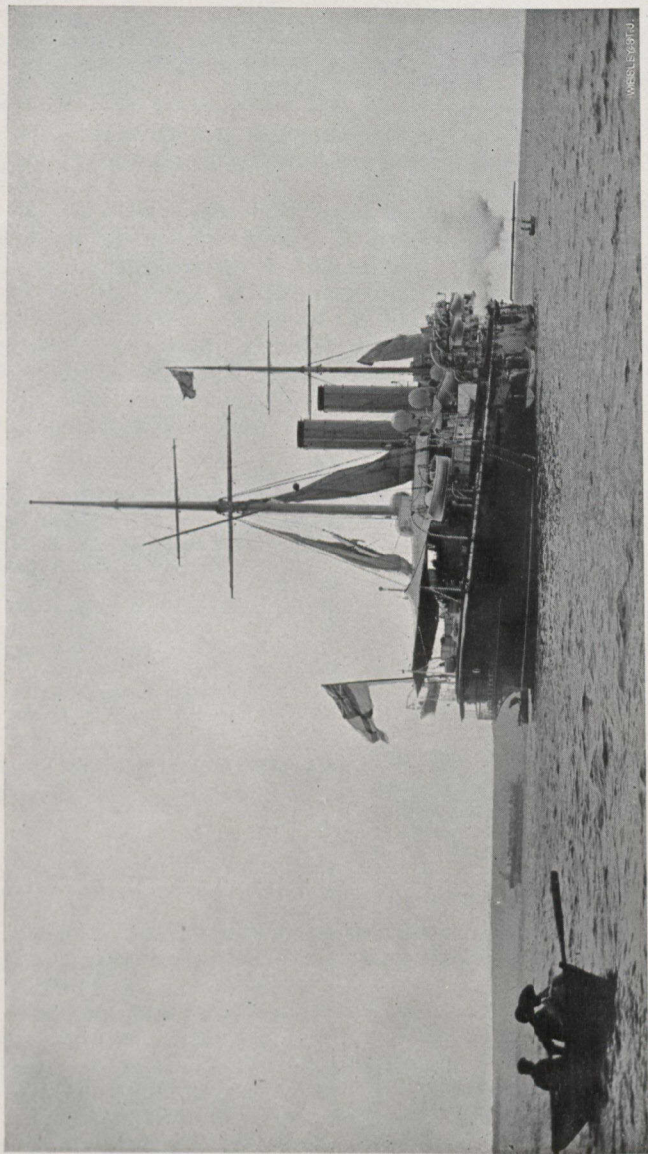
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Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. II

AUGUST, 1900

No. 6

The Star Hill Survey.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

THIS all happened in the West in the stage-coach days, when people went to pay calls at a distance in sail-boats or prairie-schooners.

Edgar Collett himself gave a friend of mine some of the facts. She understood some more, guessed a little, and Rosalie the Saulteau girl told her the rest. When Edgar Collett was trying to tell my friend as much as he did, she knew that he wanted her to help him in some way, for ordinarily he did not care to talk about himself; which was probably one reason he was reckoned the most entertaining man in their small colony of Eastern folk.

He was not a permanent resident in the colony. His duties—he was a civil engineer and Government land surveyor—took him camping out on the prairies or bush-country very often, and he made more frequent trips “back home” than the other men did. People said his visits were not always connected with the Department or his work—but that is scarcely here or there, as people will talk when a subject like Edgar Collett does not disarm them by talking himself.

He is a chief engineer in some part of Australia now. And the colony has been assimilated; people in it talk of the East instead of back home.

At one time in those early days Collett was sent by his Chief

into the country of the Star Hill Saulteaux to survey an end and side of their Reserve. A colonization company that owned adjoining land was claiming one corner of the Reserve in virtue of an old Government grant, but the Saulteaux had minds of their own and were determined to recognize nothing but their treaty-limits. They had some old line-blazing and a cedar treaty-post to show for proof, and gray-haired Indians to swear to the planting of that post. If the white chiefs had not done their "measuring" correctly before the Treaty, the Saulteaux declared that was not their fault. "A bargain's a bargain," they said in its Saulteau equivalent, "and here is the Post!"

Government officials were inclined to believe in the Company's claim—the red sealing-wax and the documents were convincing. But the Saulteaux clamoured for justice, in picturesque English, forwarded by their agent, and after a time a medium of Justice did descend upon the Reserve in the person of Edgar Collett, with a surveyor's theodolite for a visible emblem.

He was to mark out the defining line almost under the Saulteaux' eyes, with a warning from his chief in advance that there was a great deal of French blood mixed in that band, and that if they had the finest faces of any Indians in the west they had the quickest tempers too.

He began his work at the river end of the Reserve, half a mile from the village. The survey was to be first made south over the prairie, and Collett kept his camp near the river for more than a week because of the water supply. They bought milk and bread at Running Elk's cabin—and it was Rosalie who made the bread, as white and light as a white woman's.

Running Elk was an old man and very well known among the whites in that part of the West. His woodcraft was perfect; his English artistic, and he was himself the soul of honour. Everybody liked Running Elk. He had been guide for bands of treaty-makers before Edgar Collett's time, and had been with Collett upon a few surveys. That was one reason the surveyor often stopped to talk with the old man at his cabin. The other was to hear unofficially the Saulteaux' side of the land question.

The old guide was not well then, and spent his days lounging about from a chair to the bed. But he could talk, and he

took what advantage he thought he had of impressing Salteaux views upon "the young man with the machines that measure the land." He hoped to influence Collett, he told Rosalie. So that Running Elk, though a second-chief, was not all statesman but partly a child.

Rosalie was his daughter. Her name had been Sweet Grass and she a little pagan when she went to the Industrial School up at the Town, but she came back Rosalie and a Christian. She was a slim young Saulteau girl with the deft hands and plaintively sweet voice and warm brown eyes of most Indian women. There were traces of her French blood in her features, but none in her manner. That was quiet and impressive and purely Salteau.

Whenever Running Elk's mind left the treaty-post he entertained the young man with quaint remarks on his daughter's religion, which he admired solely because it had made Sweet Grass like a white lady. And sometimes then Edgar Collett was interested to watch the girl when she was shamed into making soft corrections of the things Running Elk said. These probably were fantastic. Collett was a kindly fellow, and in some way he rather pitied Rosalie, though he was not interested enough to analyze his pity. Rosalie knew instinctively this was all, but her knowledge did not prevent her walking one morning to the top of the nearest sand-hill to watch the surveying party's canoes go down the river.

After two weeks the old guide went out on his last journey, along an unknown trail—even into eternity. He asked Rosalie to see that his pipe was buried with him, and that for three days some tobacco would be kept in his grave-house. He had always liked to smoke along a trail, he said—it kept his brain clear for sign—and he felt that his spirit would not be otherwise.

Christian Rosalie with a prayer to the Great Spirit for pardon, if this was wrong, did as he asked.

When the survey was finished on the side of the Reserve. Edgar Collett and his men came back to survey the end. They set up their tents on the first camping-ground near the village, and he went over to Running Elk's cabin to see the old man. Rosalie gave him a last message from the guide. It was to let the young surveyor know that if there was any way of getting

from Running Elk's heaven to the white man's, Collett might expect to see him again, for Running Elk never forgot a friend.

Collett was pleased when Rosalie told him she was soon going back to the school to work. He almost admired the lady-like Saulteau, and he did not particularly like the villagers.

It began to rain shortly after Collett's party came to the village. It was one of those rains that come once in years, when Nenabojo goes back in imperial mood to his wigwam at the Sunset, and, sending out the rain spirits, plays havoc with the corn-patches of the little mortals who dare to speak lightly of him. Everyone knew the rain was going to continue for days—intermittently for weeks, because men studied the weather in the west then as a broker does the money-markets now.

On the evening of the third day the storm eased itself down to a heavy mist. Though men could scarcely see a chain away, Collett went out for a brisk walk on the sand. Lounging around a tent on a wet day made him feel like a tethered colt; and to any man it is several degrees more irksome even than an afternoon tea-crush.

Collett was not a hundred yards from the camp when he met Rosalie. She seemed to make a door for herself in the wall of gray mist, and stood in it watching him timidly. She had some driftwood in her arms, but she dropped it and Collett saw that the wood was only an excuse for her being there if she had met any of the men instead of himself.

She came up to him, panting at her own daring, talking quickly in her pretty, stilted English.

"I have heard men in the village talking," she said. "That was last night. They say the line that goes to the south is too far on their land. And also they say, because you put it there your heart is black—if your skin is white. And one man has said to the others he would—yes, kill you. And—I want you to go away. Oh—go away!" She was pleading with him when she finished.

Collett, I think I have said, talked very little, but his eyes were active out of all proportion with his tongue. They read Rosalie's face like an open page then, and he saw that the girl believed what she said and was afraid for him. Even small

services touched the modest surveyor, and he felt particularly grateful for this.

He saw however that she did not want his thanks but the assurance of his safety, so he told her it would all come right infallibly. He would be careful, though he could not leave his work. That, he said, would be too much like running away, and reminded her that Running Elk used to say he was brave—for a white man.

Rosalie came near to him then, and begged him to take what she said in earnest and please to go away before they killed him. She was not talking like a child—for nothing, she said, even while she was looking up at him out of the most childlike eyes he had ever seen in a woman.

The Saukteaux at least feared the law, he said, but Rosalie had heard the braves say the Law of the big village came up as slowly as Spring and a man could easily run ahead of it, away—away north.

Then the surveyor told her he was going back to Town the next day if the rain continued. He would paddle up the river with a sick chainman to meet the stage-coach at the Elbow, and when the weather cleared and he came back he was sure the Saukteaux minds would be in a pleasanter mood. He might even put one of them in the chainman's place.

Rosalie had to be satisfied with that, but she begged him not to hire a Saukteaux. Rosalie had small faith in her own people.

Edgar Collett stayed a few days up at Town, dropped in for a hand-shake with his friends, and went back—with a Saukteaux for a chainman. Not a Star Hill Saukteaux though, but one from Bridle River Agency where even yet they have little in common with the Star Hill people.

Collett decided to keep the young fellow away from the villagers and bind him to himself with some small kindnesses. His Indian tongue might be found useful before the survey was finished, Collett said to the men.

This boy Jo was a thorough-going savage in some ways. He was supple and subtle in his manner and he rarely spoke, while he was fond of dried deer-meat and despised any shelter

but one of sakatoon boughs, with glimpses of the summer sky and stars to be caught through it.

The party had remarkably fine weather for the end-survey and was soon back to the village. They set up their tents by the river expecting the canoemen to come down for them next day. But the canoes did not come until late in the afternoon of that day, and Collett decided to move only after sunrise the next morning. Everything was made ready then for an early start.

After supper the men strolled up through the village. Collett went out to walk and smoke by the river. He turned his back on a brilliant sunset and walked toward the east to which his mind had probably gone before his feet.

Scarcely twenty minutes later he heard a rush of feet on the sand behind him, and before he could turn, the soft bulk of his boy Jo fell against him. On the instant a rifle shot whistled out of the fringe of alders that ran along the sand and ploughed into the Salteau's chest. A second bullet carried away a morsel of flesh from Collett's neck, and then he heard the rustling of bushes as the man hiding in them glided away.

But the bullet that started out to reach Collett's heart had lost its way in Jo's human breastwork. The Star Hill people's revenge for that southern line had miscarried, and simply because Jo *happened* to be walking on the sand that evening too and saw the rifle pointed from the alders.

Collett listened, thrilled, to what little the boy said in answer to his thanks, then picked him up in his arms and carried him to the camp.

When the first group of men came back from the village they found the surveyor in his tent trying to dress a bullet-wound in the young Saulteau's chest. His own neck was bleeding from a flesh-wound. The men knew that Collett had been kind to the sick chainman, but they saw that his care of the Saulteaux boy was as tender as a mother's. They felt they understood it, when Collett told them what happened.

He ordered out a five-fathom canoe, piled blankets in it and placed the young Indian on them. Then he and a couple of

canoeman started off in the dusk with the boy, to bring him to Town and a doctor.

All night they paddled up the stream and shortly after dawn came to the water-gate of my friend's lawn.

* * * * *

Rosalie, the Saulteaux girl—for it was she of course, though the canoe men never knew it—died at my friend's house after a few days. "A pale, tender, young thing—as modest and womanly as ever a maid was, white or red."

Edgar Collett married a girl from an eastern province the next summer. It was through some influential relatives of his wife that he was appointed to that post in Australia.

I was looking at Rosalie's grave not long ago. There is a handsome headstone marking it, put there shortly after her death by order of the girl from the East. But the living Rosalie's reward came in Collett's wondering eyes and almost wordless gratitude and tender pity for Rosalie herself, when he picked her up on the Kagayosh sands. So at least she said in her pretty, abrupt English that was as good to listen to as the Kagayosh in July.

The Brocken Spectre.

Upon the German Brocken's topmost height,

Beneath a misty, cloud-wrought canopy,

The dweller in the vale below may see

A spectre huge, begot of air and light,

In many-jewelled rainbow-robos bedight,

Athwart the cloudland moving giantly :

A shadow of himself it is ! that he

Sees slowly fading, phantom-wise, from sight.

O soul of man, imprisoned in the real !—

The dread environment of Time and Chance—

Upon the hills of light hast thou not seen

Thine image oft, as thou would's't fain have been ?

Beholding at one faltering, fateful glance

How small thou art, how great was thine ideal !

J. M.

Adversity : a Day Dream.

BY J. EDWARD RENDLE.

I had returned home from an evening of seeming pleasure, tired and weary of the gaieties of the so-called social world. My supper, which was already laid for me, I left hardly tasted, and feeling worn in spirit and body, I made up my mind to retire at once.

It was long before sleep would visit my eyelids ; and when it did come, the misfortune and success of the day crowded in upon me like a huge phantom. At early sunrise I awoke with a start from a feverish dream of fearful fancies.

Further rest was impossible. I arose, dressed hurriedly, and went out into the fresh air. All was silent around me ; as yet no one seemed astir. All that I gazed upon was fair and pure—the faint roseate light, the first glint of dawn in the quiet sky, the dew, that appeared like pearls strung on the grasses. But within me raged a storm of mental anarchy ; the cares of life pressed hard upon me.

I had wandered, almost unawares, to the top of a high hill near the city, and as I scanned the prospect, all seemed blank and void to me. In truth I saw nothing, felt nothing outward, until at last a mist from God's heavens bathed my face, refreshing my burning brow as with the touch of an angel mother's hand. I now sank upon the green sward and, as I thought, slept.

For some time I seemingly lay asleep. My first sensation was like that of a tired man, awakened from sleep that labour alone can produce. My spirit was weary with the struggle it had undergone, but was quickly gaining strength, and, as I regained my feet, I saw the form of a woman advancing towards me. She beckoned to me to come to her, which I did.

We descended the hill together. At its foot stood an abject hovel, whose roof admitted, at many apertures, the beating rains and roaring winds. Inside, the only furniture was a miserable straw mattress, serving alternately the purposes of chair, table and bed. Here dwelt Adversity, the daughter of Indiscretion. She, though of the lineage of Jupiter, was harsh and forbidding

in her figure, (for at first sight she appeared hideously deformed) but she was not sent into this world to entice men, but rather to reform them. Her success has been varied according to the dispositions of those she has visited.

She for a time was my companion ; and to soothe the vexation which always accompanies her, she related to me a part of her history, in order, as she said, that I might the better profit in her company. She said, although the perverse dispositions of mankind had in most cases defeated in a great measure the intention of her visits, which were always to confer benefits, yet many could look back and date the commencement of their bliss from the time she came and recalled them to virtue and efficacy. But alas ! so great is the ingratitude of man, that none, even those to whom she had been most helping, ever wished, after her departure, to see her return.

She said, that early in the life of a friend of mine, who had dissipated his fortune and ruined his health, she had visited him. She most satisfactorily saw him alter his conduct, and though she had restored a worthy member to society, those with whom he had spent all his substance, and who had sworn to live and die with him, no sooner beheld him in her company than they fled far from him, reproaching him with his profusion and indiscretion. Unfortunately he also conceived so strong an aversion to her that to prevent the possibility of her return, he hardened his heart against every generous feeling, and from a spendthrift became a miser ; but here, though the individual was no better, the public reaped considerable benefit ; he was now only useless, before he was pernicious to society.

After this she took up her abode with a popular young lady who was possessed of good sense and a naturally good disposition, and who was very handsome ; and while she held affluence, she was so much flattered that her mind was filled with conceit and self-importance that pride, vanity and affectation rendered her completely intolerable, and all her inherent good qualities were obscured. She had been her guest scarcely a week when her flatterers thought her face had lost all its charms, and her wit all its brilliancy. She was no longer a fashionable beau ideal, nor were her visits to her most intimate friends returned, nor

solicited to be prolonged or repeated. She now saw that vanity could not entertain its possessor, nor relieve one hour of languor and solicitude; wit was useless, for, forsaken and alone, how could she display it? Her pride was humbled, and vanity, that most hideous of monsters, having no food, expired by famine, while affectation, their child and associate, could not long survive their absence. Her natural good sense directed her to pursuits worthy of her. And with pride, Adversity added, I can see her, by my means, restored a blessing to the world.

Adversity once associated herself with a drunkard whom she saw tottering home to his family, and thinking she would at least be a just punishment of his intemperance, followed him home. His habits of inebriety were so deeply rooted, that although she was long a close inmate of his house, and wore towards him her most terrible countenance, he amended not his evil ways, though the indulgence of it broke the heart of a loving wife, and reduced a family of promising children to a state of poverty.

But the hours which she declared she recalled with the greatest pleasure, were those she spent with a worthy and sensible man, who had squandered a large sum of money on undeserving wretches, who had frequently solicited his kind favours, hearing of the character he bore for charity and benevolence. His feelings were strong; he never stopped to inquire who was worthy of his alms, but gave indiscriminately to all; at last his pockets became empty, and he saw with pain and vexation that most of those upon whom he had lavished his prosperity, were little better for it themselves, and not in the least grateful to their benefactor. An aged parent now looked up to him for support, but looked in vain. His children, too, required something to start them in the world, but he wanted the means to assist them. Adversity called her sister Prudence to him, and when he unexpectedly became again rich, he was generous without prodigality, and economic without being niggardly.

These, said Adversity, are only a few of the characters who have felt the influence of my attendance upon them, but I hope they are sufficient to show to you that I may be turned to good account, if the persons I visit are inclined to profit by me. I

also give a greater zest to good fortune, and disengage the mind from earthly objects, by gradually preparing it for the loss of life and the absence of its comforts.

After this discourse, though it did not render Adversity perfectly pleasing, it somewhat softened the rigors of her countenance ; and being accustomed to her, I even fancied I could see a smile play round her mouth. But notwithstanding this, when she bade me depart, my heart swelled with gladness, nor did I wish to prolong my stay a moment.

Yet, lest I should forget her lessons, I have inscribed them on this tablet ; that they may perhaps benefit those she has not visited, and render her company unnecessary.

Bedeque and its People.—III.

BY HENRY H. HOOPER, DETROIT, MICH.

" Now my co-mates and partners in exile
 Hath not old customs made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the curious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam."

—" As You Like It."

THE gigantic, stirring, and tragic drama, the American revolution, was fast drawing to a close when our story opens. It had been a long time on the stage of the young nation, yet it was one of the most heroic events ever produced in the history of mankind, for it marked an epoch in which institutions were transformed. Old things passed away. A new man and a new society, the one more free and the other more generous than the world had yet permitted to exist, were born out of the fruitful anarchy of the age. Revolution had put its bugle to his lips and blew a blast which echoed to the corners of the earth, resounding against

" castle walls, and snowy summits old in story,"

It had marked a shining pathway among the nations of the earth. It not only marked an epoch in the nation's history, but in the lives of thousands of individuals. Of the reasons which

influenced, of the hopes and fears which actuated, and of the suffering and rewards which awaited the Loyalists, or, as they were called in the politics of the times, the "Tories", little is known.

Thomas Hooper, the subject of our sketch and progenitor of the name in Bedeque, lived in Windsor, Middlesex, now Mercer County, New Jersey, a few miles from Princeton, where General Washington, on the 2nd and 3rd of Jan., 1777, led his army and fought the historic battle of Princeton.

He had lived through all the years of struggle unmolested, and now when the curtain had gone down on the great war-drama, and the tumult of applause was still sounding over the land, the curtain again rises. But other scenes present themselves to the loyalists. They are called upon to be actors. The play becomes interesting, and at last grave, for they have to separate themselves from their friends and kindred, are drawn from their comfortable homes, become exiles and wanderers, and are termed outlaws. Again the curtain falls, and once more the note of rejoicing resounds through the land. They have left few memorials behind them, their very names have passed from recollection.

Thomas Hooper was a farmer. His farm consisted of one hundred acres, beside two smaller pieces. One of ten acres he bought from Clement Hooper, and was given a deed on October 8th, 1769, the same being deeded to Clement by the Province of New Jersey, on June 14th, 1748. He also bought fourteen acres quite near the other, and was given a deed bearing date January 25th, 1773.

In a book now in my possession, apparently used for taking the census by Thomas Hooper, but bearing no date, appear the names of Clement, Stephen, Nicholas, and Thomas. The state of New Jersey furnished to the Continental Army, Joseph and Philip from Middlesex County, and four others from different parts, two being from an adjoining county. One of these was a brother, James, I think. Who the father was is not clear, but the strongest evidence I have been able to obtain is in favor of Clement.

Tradition says that Thomas was a relative of William, a

signer of the Declaration of Independence. He may have been, but I have my doubts. He certainly was not a brother. So far I have been unable to find any evidence that would give me reason for thinking so. Not one bit of tangible proof can be found. William had a brother Thomas, also a Loyalist, living in North Carolina, and in 1783 he was in Charleston, S. C. For the next five years he lived in different places. He and his wife went to England, and in 1687 were guests of William. Another tradition is that the family descended from Bishop Hooper, the martyr. In communicating with hundreds of the name all over the country a few years ago, I found but one family with a similar tradition. They also lived in New Jersey.

I found some of the name in Philadelphia and other places, who descended from the same stock in Windsor, but still they lacked authentic proof.

In that eventful year of 1782 when peace lagged for a season, and dark clouds hung over the loyalists, he realized that the time had arrived when it was necessary for him to seek a new home.

Early in the summer he went to Nova Scotia where he remained but a short time. He visited other parts of the provinces and was well received by the people. He also went to P. E. Island and on writing to a friend, said, "that it will have that desirable effect in settling the Island." He returned to Nova Scotia, and sailed from Shelbourne on the 29th of July, three weeks having been spent in going to New York. He immediately went to New Jersey.

Upon his return home he found his wife and two children sick with fever. He said, "This makes it very inconvenient for me to move this fall, but I am making every preparation for moving as early in the spring as the season will permit. Mr. Robins is in health and we intend to move together with more of our friends." Circumstances so changed his plans that new ones had to be adopted at once.

The soldiers were making things rather uncomfortable for the Loyalists. Several called at his place and made a search through the house and barn, where they jabbed their bayonets

into beds, hay mows or any likely hiding place. One of his brothers was very bitter against him for being a Loyalist.

It was about this time that his wife had given birth to another son, and was still confined to her bed. Exasperated at not finding the husband, or for pure revenge, they actually took the bed from under her, and subjected her to indignities of a cruel nature. She was, however, removed to an outhouse and concealed, but the intense excitement and removal incident thereto caused her death, and from that time until his dying day Thomas entertained nothing but the bitterest hatred and contempt for everything belonging to the States. He managed to escape the vigilance of the soldiers, and with his two boys, Major, aged nineteen, and Thomas, a lad of ten summers, went again to Nova Scotia, leaving behind him four girls and the baby boy. Once more we find him in Shelbourn, Nova Scotia. Two years pass, and a party visited the Island and after reading the memorial addressed by Gov. Patterson to the Loyalists, they proceeded to Charlottetown where they remained for some time, and presented the following memorial :—

“ To His Excellency Walter Patterson, Esquire, Captain General, Governor-in-Chief and Vice Admiral in and over His Majesty's Island of St. John, &c., &c.

In Council assembled.

The memorial of Richard Robins, Thomas Hooper, Ensign John Robins, and William Schurman, sheweth,

That your memorialists having seen your Excellency's Proclamation, generously offering lands to be granted in this Province to Refugee Loyalists, Provincial Troops, &c., in the same manner as in Nova Scotia.

Your memorialists being of the above description, have repaired to this Island in sure expectation of finding herein a peaceable and comfortable asylum for themselves and many others of their distressed fellow-subjects, and now desirous of becoming inhabitants.

By leave of your Excellency to have permission to make a singular choice in different lots if required for their proportion of lands allotted to them by Government out of the respective divisions of land already given up by the different proprietors to be granted to refugees.

Your memorialists hope that your Excellency will in his goodness take their case into consideration and join in opinion with them, that their request is not unreasonable.

And your memorialists shall ever be in duty bound to pray.

Charlotte Town, Island Saint John, May 4th, 1784.

About a month after this the Governor presented the following :—

I, Walter Patterson, Esquire, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Island of Saint John, do hereby bind and oblige myself unto Thomas Hooper and William Schurman, both late of Shelbourn or Port Roseway in the

Province of Nova Scotia, but now of said Island of St. John, Farmers, in manner following, (that is to say) that I will at any time within eighteen months from the day of the date hereof, procure for the said Hooper and Schurman, and such others as they may choose to be their partners or in any other way concerned, Grants of Leases, the same to be at their several costs and charges and to hold forever to each and every of their Heirs and Assigns, All that share or division No. 1, containing 1250 acres more or less, being the Westernmost division of the half of lot or township No. 26, and a part of that half of lot or township marked No. 1 on the plan now kept in the Surveyor General's office, in said Island of Saint John, as by examining said plan may more fully appear. The same to be at the following rates, (that is to say) : For the first year 2d. sterling for each and every acre so granted or leased. For the second year 4d. For the third year 6d, and for the fourth year 8d. of like money and so to continue forever after, and that Thomas Hooper and William Schurman, Do hereby oblige and bind themselves to apply for said grants or leases on the terms aforesaid, within six months from the day of date hereof. Otherwise this agreement is to cease and become void. And if said Thomas Hooper, William Schurman, and such others as may choose to be partners with them, or otherways concerned, they or any of them, shall at any time after being possessed of said lands as aforesaid, or hereinafter mentioned be inclined to purchase the whole or such parts as they shall severally possess, I do hereby bind and oblige myself that within 12 months after each and every application and approved security being first given for payment of the purchase money aforesaid, at and after the rate of two Spanish milled dollars for each and every acre, I will procure good and sufficient Deeds of conveyance to them, the said Thomas Hooper and William Schurman or any other within the description before mentioned, their Heirs, Assigns forever the same to be at their costs and charges Provided always if it should happen that the said Thomas Hooper, William Schurman, and such others as they may choose for partners or other ways concerned, do not take or purchase as aforesaid the whole of the said 1250 acres, then and in such case such parts either so taken or purchased are on the laying out of the same, to run in direct lines north and south, the whole length of said division, and to be laid out in fronts, so as to contain in the before-mentioned directions the number of acres so taken or purchased.

Given under my Hand at Charlottown, Island of St. John, this 5th day of June, 1784.

Wm. Patterson.

How long they remained on the Island at that time is not known. But six months later we find Thomas again in Nova Scotia, and on the 21st of November, 1784 he left Shelbourn for the Island. It is quite evident that they did not secure their land without considerable thought and trouble and it must have been quite a difficult task to choose a suitable location.

They were on the Island when everything was green. Beautiful sunsets shone across the bays and rivers which offered special attractions, not only for their beauty and joy, but they were the highways of the pioneers. They provided a means of support necessary at that time. Fish and fowl were abundant, and beside—

“This is the forest primeval. The murmuring
 pines and the hemlocks
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
 indistinct in the twilight
 Stand like Druids of eld, with voices
 sad and prophetic.”

They first drew their lands in Lot 19, and in the summer of 1785 they presented a petition requesting and “agreeing to accept from Walter Patterson, Esq., the same number of acres upon his half of Lot 25 or his half of Lot 17 in the place and in lieu of the lands which we have drawn as American Loyalists.” Then follow the terms and mode of settlement, and after all their changes, they finally settled in Lot 26. The following letter written to his brother will be of interest.

Bedeque Harbor,
 Island St. John, Sept. 19th, 1785.

Dear Brother :

I take this opportunity to let you know that we have arrived safe to this place, after a passage of about four weeks. We came by the way of St. John, where we remained three days for a passage to Cumberland, and from thence we got teams to cross the land to the Bay of Verte, which is about fifteen miles, and there we stayed six days waiting for a passage to the Island, which we performed the next day, where we found everything agreeable to our expectations.

I have drawn five hundred acres of land in two divisions, two hundred and fifty on the above harbor, where I can take every kind of shell fish within one quarter of a mile from my door, and oysters in particular, a great abundance. The land appears to be good, and has about eight or ten acres cleared, formerly a French settlement. We have begun to build. Major and myself are at Charlotte Town in order to get the articles allowed us by the Government. The Governour pays us great attention, and serves us in every respect.

Major and Tommy are well and very hearty. They like the place very well and think themselves happy if their sisters and brothers were with them, which would be a great blessing to me, and with the blessing of God I hope to live as well as I have heretofore. I am not determined when I shall return as yet. I shall be better able to let you know by the next opportunity. I mean to write every opportunity. I purpose to apply for Major's land which he is entitled to, three hundred acres, before I leave the town.

This letter he no doubt started at home and finished in Charlottetown. He returned to Nova Scotia in the fall, and left Major and Tommy alone all winter. They amused themselves by fishing and hunting. Occasionally they would take a hand sled and go to the French village in Lot 17, and procure potatoes and other necessary provisions.

Let us now return for a short time to New Jersey, and go back to 1784, two years after the father and brothers left, and we find the sisters preparing to move. On November 24th, they

held an auction sale of their effects, written notices being posted up to advertise it. Three months' credit was given for all sums over ten shillings. It was signed Ann Hooper. The exact time of their leaving is uncertain but from the best evidence obtainable, they did not arrive on the Island until the latter part of 1786.

Sarah, who was born on June 4th, 1767, and was now nineteen, had a lover, and since her father left,

" Thus passed a few swift years and they no longer were children,
He was a valiant youth, and his face like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light and reopened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman."

Coaxing is in vain. She thinks more of her lover than of the family, so they part and leave her behind. A few months pass and she becomes the wife of William D. Jewell, of Princeton, N. J.

In the spring of 1786 the following was presented to Thomas :

By His Honor Walter Patterson, Esq., Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Island of Saint John and the Territories thereunto adjoining.

To Thomas Hooper, Esq. Greeting.

Wm. Patterson. } By virtue of the power and authority to me intrusted, by His Majesty's commission and Royal Instructions, reposing special trust and confidence in your Loyalty, Fidelity and good conduct, I do, by these presents appoint you, the said Thomas Hooper, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said Island during pleasure and you are hereby invested with all the Power and Authority specified and contained in a commission of the peace for the Island aforesaid bearing date the 8th day of November One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy.

In witness thereof I have signed these presents and caused the seal of the said Island to be hereunto affixed at Charlottetown this second day of May, in the Twenty-sixth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith and so forth, and in the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six.

By His Honour's command.

Isaac Swan, Dy Provincial Secretary.

In a letter from Gov. Patterson, dated Nov. 22nd, 1786, he says: "I congratulate you very sincerely on your safe return with your family to the Island. It has been only since I wrote last to your son that I heard the news, and I had really given you up for the winter. I am glad, however, at my disappointment, and hope this last will put a finishing stroke to your long voyage." The sisters, Ann, Mary and Rachael had at last arrived at their new home, bringing with them the baby, who

had grown to be quite a boy and having been well taken care of by Mary, we will now introduce to the reader as Elisha.

In 1787 Thomas was notified that the commissioners of American claims in England had allowed him £347. 18. 0. compensation money, but through the failure of his attorney and other causes, we find in 1800, thirteen years after, he had not received the money and was trying to collect from the estate £364. 5. 5. How much longer he kept it up I cannot say, but he never received the money.

Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men.

(CONCLUDED)

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the annoyances connected with newspaper life, especially in cases where one's circulation must necessarily be limited, there is still much connected with it that is enjoyable. I do not wonder at the ambition that aims at the chair editorial. All other methods of reaching and moulding the public mind are narrow when compared with it. The pen—that "mighty instrument of little men"—is mightier than the sword. It is the lever that moves the world. The printing press is the battering ram that smites into dust the walls of ignorance, superstition and sin. An honest and fearless press is the glory of the age. Dr. Chapin's eulogy of the press beautifully expresses what we all feel and know: "I love to hear the rumble of the steam power press better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs and Redans of evil, and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of the type in the composing stick better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden message of deadlier power, of sublime force and surer aim which will hit its mark though a thousand years away."

No agency has done so much for free discussion, so much to explode error, to shame bigotry, to break down the barriers that stand in the pathway of reform as a free and unfettered press.

Sheridan, the Irish orator, saw and acknowledged this two centuries ago when the English ministry attempted to carry a bill against the liberty of the press. "Give them a corrupt House of Lords," said he, "give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a trucking court, and let me have but an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach one hair's breadth upon the liberties of England." Thomas Jefferson, the great American statesman gave utterance to a similar sentiment when he declared that "he had rather live under newspapers without a government than under a government without newspapers." Verily, "the pen is mightier than the sword."

The question is often asked, "Is the tone of the press improving?" I am persuaded that it is. I admit that the editorial bully still stalks abroad. I confess that there is too much vulgarity and venom where there should be decency and delicacy. Yet, notwithstanding all these the tone of the press is higher than it was twenty-five years ago and vastly higher than it was at the time of Milton. It is not generally known that the great author of *Paradise Lost* was one of the most perfect masters of billingsgate that ever lived. In his celebrated reply to Morus the Frenchman, Milton tried to extinguish that gentleman and scholar by calling him a consummate rascal, a sot, an unprincipled miscreant, a monster of falsehood, ingratitude and malevolence, an impious knave, a fool and a debaucher. Milton's manner was simply ferocious at times. He began his letter to Salmatius in defence of Cromwell in this style: "I persuade myself, Salmatius, that you are a vain, flashy man." He next reminds him that he is a knave, a pragmatistical cox-comb, a bribed beggar, a whipped dog, a silly grammarian, an ass, a vain and impudent slave, a renegade, a sacrilegious wretch a mongrel cur, a whining hypocrite, an obscene scoundrel, a libidinous liar and a mass of corruption." I am sure that there is nothing to surpass him in these days. I am convinced that in spite of its vicious and insatiable appetite for narratives of crime and scandal, the press of the world is becoming more kind and considerate.

The world acknowledges its obligations to the power and

influence of the press. Governments feel it. Tyrants tremble before it. The threat of publicity is greater than the threats of the officers of law. The press is the steam engine of the intellectual world. It obliterates the old roads of thought. Emerson once declared that the London Times was not merely a power, but an essential constituent in the actual England. "No power in England," said he, "is more felt, more feared, and more obeyed. What you read in the morning in that journal you will hear in the evening in all society. As a means of public instruction it has no rival. The tourist who has lost his baggage on an Italian railway, or has been plundered at a hotel, will get scant attention from the local authorities, but the Times opens its hospitable columns to his complaint, and presently the railway disgorges and the hotel keeper finds his custom leaving him. Such is the influence of the great English journal. Peter Bayne, the clever Scotch critic, in his essay on the "Pulpit and the Press," said: "The united and resolute demand of the London press on certain subjects, no ministry can defy; we are not sure that any ministry could long defy, on an important question of general policy, the full power of the Times." It is therefore clear that the profession of journalism is the most responsible, the most privileged and the most potential calling under heaven.

The journalist, therefore, to win respect as a professional man should enlarge his attainments, increase his culture, dip his pen in English undefiled and learn to appreciate the duties as well as the privileges of his high office.

If editors will only rise to this level, the time will come when a malicious libeler will be regarded as an assassin, and panderers to coarse instincts will be considered as outlaws on the profession. Then will the cynical world be converted and in the fulness of time the inspired words of Ebenezer Elliott will be fully realized:—

"The Press all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless.
O pallid want, O labor stark
Behold we bring the second ark,
The Press, the Press."

Mt. Albion Reminiscences.

(CONTINUED)

BY ROBERT JENKINS.

ONE evening Mrs. Robertson, being home alone with some small children, on looking out of the window saw a large bear eating some potato peelings and fish bones which she had thrown out during the day. He looked up at her and growled. She placed a table and trunk against the window, bolted the door and made a good fire. Settlers often frightened the bears away from their places with firebrands. She then went to bed, but one can imagine her feelings were not the most comfortable during the night. She was a brave woman, however, and did not seem to be greatly disturbed by the incident. Another instance related to me by Mr. Murphy was of a bear that took a lamb off the tether within a few feet of his own door, skinned the lamb and folded the pelt up almost as nicely as if done by a butcher.

But luckily for the farmers, bears are gradually becoming scarcer. Coming down to a late date, or about fifteen years ago, one did considerable harm killing sheep here, but was followed so closely by some of the local shots that he left and made his way into Lot 50. A Mr. Kelly, from Montague, saw him near the roadside at Hogan's Hollow one Sunday and notified the residents near Ten Mile House. Armed with axes and pitchforks they went in pursuit and came suddenly upon his lordship in a small bush. It would be somewhat difficult to say which was the more frightened, the men or the bear; both bolted for the open field. The bear ran through a Mr. Mutch's yard, where some children were playing, and passed on to Forbes' shore. Here he took to the water and struck out for Irving's Bar. A Mrs. McRae noticed him there and gave the alarm. Some of the Hayley boys went in pursuit with a boat and overtook him before he effected a landing. They struck him several times with the pole of an axe but the blows seemed to have no effect. One of them suggested that the face of the axe be tried. This proved more effective and soon sealed Bruin's fate.

About the same time a bear decided to winter on the farm.

now owned by the writer. He made his den under the roots of a large upturned hemlock. I saw it shortly after being made. The birch trees around, where he played, were stripped through bark and rind to the solid wood. A fire has since partly destroyed the tree, but the den can be seen quite plainly yet.

The harness used in the days of the early settlers, especially by the poorer classes, was rough and cheap. For horse collars they used rushes plaited and sewed together with thongs. The britchens were sometimes made of straw. These required watching, as the cattle would often eat the harness off the horses' back. One man lost two britchens in this way in one winter. The reins were made of horse hair and proved quite serviceable. There were no matches in those days and considerable difficulty was experienced in keeping the fires lit. At night the coals were covered with ashes and, if the fires went out, in the morning one had to sally forth, going perhaps half a mile in search of a fire-brand, or light tinder with flint and steel. Sometimes in mid-day they could light a fire by holding eye-glasses over a piece of punk. The farm implements were rough and simple; the ploughs had wooden mould boards and the harrows wooden teeth. The household utensils were nearly all made by hand, the Indians making the churns, tubs and baskets. I have a clear remembrance of my mother's first rolling-pin and the use my brother and myself put it to. This pin was made by a Mr. Jones of Lot 49, my great-grandfather. It was a formidable looking utensil, I should say about three inches thick, and made from the heart of a black birch. Previous to this time we boys had contented ourselves with pistols made of goose quills and elder wood, but as our ideas began to expand we considered this rolling-pin would make a capital cannon, so we bored a three-quarter inch hole through it, and it was then, indeed, a regular long-Tom to our youthful imagination. But one Christmas day (father and mother generally went visiting on Christmas and it was a high day at home) one of the neighbour's boys came in, and we decided to have a few shots. I considered he was filling the cannon up too near the muzzle, but as he was to fire it himself, no particular objection was made. When all was ready I took a good many paces to the rear, better to observe results,

and the last sight I ever got of our favorite gun was the fragments flying over the tree tops. I shall never forget the sight of that poor boy going around like a top and shouting lustily, but fortunately he was not much hurt, only badly frightened. He said to me afterwards "it was ten thousand miracles of the world he was'nt killed." I said I thought it was. I know he was sincere in his thanksgiving but I fear mine was not very deep-seated, for years afterwards when we wanted to stir up a breeze we would repeat very slowly and solemnly the very words he used on this occasion, "its ten thousand miracles," etc.

But though the writer acted in this way at this time he would have you understand he was no coward, for did he not stand at his brother's right hand on another occasion whilst he poured powder from a powder-horn on a hot stove. Why, for an actual warlike experience, the first incident was tame to this one, but thanks to a kind and merciful Providence we could both answer to our names when the smoke cleared away. Of course the powder was all wasted, and the powder-horn—well, the bottom fell out of it and I can't remember now of ever using it afterwards. I often feel that David's words in the 23rd Psalm are specially appropriate to my case: "Goodness and mercy all my life has surely followed me."

Since writing my last article for the Magazine, Mr. Murphy, who knew so much about the earlier history of Mt. Albion, has passed away, aged eighty-four years. I am now in possession of the old reaping hook and flail, the oldest articles of the kind, perhaps, in the province. And thus the changes come. Even the old lumber roads associated with the early history of the place are being obliterated by cultivated fields. I have not seen any trace of one of the oldest roads for some years, called the old Bumble Bee Pine Road, which ran east and west almost parallel with the Belfast and Murray Harbor Railroad now being built.



In Swamp Land.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

DOMINION DAY,—a holiday. All the railway trains are crowded, the roads alive with carriages, literally groaning under their weight of young companions or of family groups; cyclists and pedestrians in pairs or parties:—all bent upon pleasure, and in happy release from the daily round of changeless routine; while I set out, perforce this day alone, to roam at will, “far from the madding crowd,” to greet again my friends, the wood-folk, in their country homes.

But may I truly say I am “alone”, when round about me and on every hand there greet me old familiar faces of well-trying friends, who seem to speak a welcome by their offerings of perfume, bloom or song? The groves and woods are eloquent with the thrill of bird-lay, the pathways strewn and bordered with an untold wealth of plant forms, the balmy air is flecked with the glint from many a gauzy insect wing. And I am never lonely when all these speak to me in eloquent and more or less familiar tones. I hold communion with them all, learning from them more and more of the beautiful world around us, tho’, as yet, scarce recognized in dimmest, misty outline.

* * * * *

To-day I seek out a swampy, marshy tract. Not the kind of place one naturally visits from choice, but the amateur botanist knows that here a populous world awaits his attention. Some of our most showy wild flowers have their home in such a place, and the advanced student of plant life knows full well that here he finds in chosen position a host of Sedges, Grasses, Mosses, and similar plants of less attractive appearance but of even greater botanical interest than their more showy sisters possess.

What a charming sight is this which breaks upon me as I pass into the entrance of this clearing in the young spruce wood and walk along the wet and muddy way! Now and then, in some moist situation in the woods, one happens upon a solitary

bloom of the Stemless Ladies Slipper, but here, in this swampy place, the moss-carpeted ground is literally strewn with the pink



blooms, inflated to spread out their beauty, full-flaunted, like fairy banners, to enchant the eye and make more lovely by delightful contrast the delicate tufts of frondage among which they grow, while the fleecy Cotton Grasses round about them waive their white or russet plumes, rocked in the gentle breathing of the lambent summer air, and the olive-tinted meshes of the trailing cranberry vines spread a tangled, latticed network, above the lighter mossy floor. Although it is a bad time to transplant any kind of flower when the plant is in bloom, I took home a number of

roots of this charming Orchid and have since planted them in a situation as nearly like their natural habitat as possible, and I have every reason to hope that some day, next year, (if I still be "in the flesh") I shall be delighted to see flower stalks of this regal plant rising from the spot.

I know of no more appropriate name than that of the stately, queen-like Iris—our dark blue flag. Iris was the rainbow daughter of Wonderment (Thaumas) and Sea Nymph (Electra); her wings resplendent with all the exquisitely blended tints of prismatic colours; the special messenger of Juno, goddess of the air; her mission to release the spirits of those about to end their earthly existence, and to fill the clouds with water wherewith to fructify the land. How apt and fitting, how all-comprehensive and complete is the expression which this lovely wild flower gives to every detail of the poetic conceit! Its habitat in moisture, its wealth of colour—violet-blue, and yellow, green and white; even the idea of release from suffering is represented by the medicinal properties reposing in the thick and fleshy root-stalk.

Those who live in cities or far from the home and cradle of this majestic plant may, if they wish, enjoy each year the beauty of its rainbow blooms. A damp situation, a bed of its native soil, with a liberal supply of water as occasion serves will yield a grateful return of floral offering, and no more lovely flower in all the garden will out- rival this native child of our swamp and wet land.



Here before me is another striking plant,—the Water Arum, beautiful whether in leaf, or flower or fruit. The foliage is a rich and vivid green, the leaves heart-shaped and entire.

Arising from among them is the flower stalk, the short and clublike spadix, with its many tiny, golden flowers, nestling deep within the white-lined chalice of the spathe. Little children and those still young in nature's out-of-doors are prone to look upon this large white bract as a petal, but it is only a flower leaf specialized, in form and colour, to draw attention to the closely crowded colony of inconspicuous flowers which nestles like a golden nugget in a porcelain cup. Later on the fruit appears,—a mass of ruddy berries, spirally arranged.

One more plant to notice and I leave the spot. Here the bloom has fallen and the fruit is well advanced, for the Marsh Marigold is one of our earliest plants to spread its golden blossoms, doubly brilliant against the olive background of the large and shining leaves. This is the most glorious of our Buttercup community, and a more refreshing sight I cannot well imagine than a swampy place thickly studded with this lovely plant. I have it growing in my garden mingled with the Flag, each made still more beautiful by the contrast of shape of foliage and the colours of the flowers.

This plant is a clever deceiver, but has shown itself equal to the occasion when the need has arisen to make the best of things,

to make good any deficiency, or to divert to a certain use something originally intended for another.

Here, to increase the number of its stamens,—and thereby to augment its capacity for perpetuating its kind,—the *Caltha* has sacrificed its petals and converted them into pollen-bearing organs, and, to make good the deficiency and to clothe itself in a fitting garb to allure fertilizing insects, has dyed the homely green sepals of its sister Buttercups a gorgeous golden yellow, to make them answer all the purposes of petals.

There is food for reflection here. Marsh Marigolds can teach us ingenuity, adaptability, resourcefulness, solicitude for the family good, the bettering of the present estate, and that comfort-giving faculty, which so many human beings lack,—of overcoming difficulties, and making the best of everything.

There are many more preachers in the world than men.
 "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

Land o' Nowhere.

Lyin' by a lazy sea,
 Lookin' off in Nowhere ;
 Prettiest land I ever see,
 Dreamy land of Nowhere ;
 Skies is all'us bluest blue,
 And there ain't a thing to do,
 But to dream the whole day through
 In the land o' Nowhere.

Creditors don't pester me
 In the land o' Nowhere ;
 All the sights is fair to see
 Lookin' out in Nowhere.
 When the summer's hot and dry,
 Bit o' shade fur me, sez I,
 With the water flowin' by,
 And I'm off in Nowhere.

—Bert Marie Cleveland

The River Plate and the Argentine Republic.

BY JOSEPH READ.

CHAPTER I.

NORTH AMERICAN readers will probably be interested to know more of the countries and people of the southern portion of the New World, for amongst the Anglo-Celtic population of the Northern Hemisphere there is a very general ignorance of the Latin Republics; even in those whose position and interest should make for a special posting up in South American affairs we find a great superficiality, as the following extract from the River Plate Review will show:—"The other day a lady investor in Argentine Stock complained that she held some stock she could not name, but it commenced with the letter C and it paid no dividend, &c." (I quote from memory in effect.)

If further apology were needed for treating on this subject in the Magazine, it may be found in the fact that in one of the P. E. Island weeklies, about two years ago, the writer saw an item of news which had evidently gone the rounds of the Canadian press, which read as well as I can remember like this:—"Connolly Bros. of Quebec fame, have just been awarded a contract to dig a canal from Monte Video to Buenos Ayres." Fancy! had the paper said they were going to dig a canal from Summerside to Pictou it would not have been more ludicrous; Monte Video and Buenos Ayres being on opposite sides of the second greatest river in the world—a river that allows the safe and easy passage of vessels of twenty-four feet draft between them—a river that is sixty-five miles wide at the former and twenty-eight miles at the latter port.

There are many excuses for this want of correct information, not the least of which is the false impression produced by the common use of commercial terms in thinking, speaking and writing of political and physical geography. The river, to a commercial mind, means anywhere between Bahia Blanca on the Atlantic coast and Cuyaba Brazil, a distance of 3000 miles, neither mentioned place being near the River Plate proper. The Maritime Provinces of Canada are collectively known in the great

commercial world as Nova Scotia, thus ignoring the existence of New Brunswick and P. E. Island in thought completely, with the result that in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the Islands of the Sea, New Brunswickers and Islanders are compelled to be considered and called Nova Scotiamen, if they wish to be placed in the thought of the stranger ; to call oneself a Canadian would as a rule be vaguely understood ; it is a case of the less including the greater ! The term American applied to the Yankee so generally leads to the same confusion of thought abroad ; in South America the Yankees and Canadians are called by the term North American.

The popular northern mind understands the River Plate to mean a country, including in a vague way the three sister Republics of Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentina ; these have so many common characteristics that the solecism is perpetuated.

In political geography the River Plate stands for no governmental differentiation ; even in physical geography the title is a mis-nomer, for, properly speaking it is not a river, but an estuary, being only about twice as long as the width of its mouth, the water over its whole extent rising and falling in unison with the pulsations of old ocean. The so-called river is about 150 miles long and gradually widens to over seventy-five miles, but its depth is nowhere over an average of thirty-five feet, this last condition probably giving it the name "Plata", this being the Spanish for Silver, for owing to its uniform shallowness no sea worthy of the name can rise, and its broad surface is mostly in day-light and moonlight like a polished mirror. There are those who say that it took its name from the fabulous silver yield of the country, but except for the white metal robbed from the Incas of Peru, the supply never warranted the name.

In commercial geography the River Plate stands for the whole river system that has the La Plata for its common mouth, for though the Republic of Paraguay and the river of the same name does not, as such, come near the Plate, still if a ship were trading to and from, say Asuncion, she would be said to be in the River Plate trade, yet that capital is over 1000 miles above the head waters of the Rio de LaPlata. The estuary, or river if you like, some forty miles above Buenos Ayres, receives two noble rivers,

one of which, the Parana, supplies eighty per cent, the other, the Uruguay, contributes twenty per cent of its volume. The area drained by the whole system being 1,600,000 square miles; the extent of this water-shed is greater than any river in the world gets credit for, (the Amazon excepted.) Each second of time the La Plata discharges 850,000 cubic feet of water against 570,000 for the Mississippi, and 470,000 for the St. Lawrence. Its surface current averages 118 feet per minute, its bottom current 40 feet in the same time; every hour this turbid giant carries in his circulation 10,000 tons of solid matter with which new land is constantly being made; drifting on the surface may almost always be seen floating islands, some of which are nearly an acre in extent, these are called "camelotes" and are not infrequently infested with snakes and tigers; they are made up mostly of vegetable growths, the roots and vines of which are so intertwined that they tear ships from their moorings before they will themselves break up; in the mass may also be found much of the flotsam and jetsam of a mighty river. These camelotes are driven ashore in the lower reaches of the estuary and become the nucleus of points and islands, which, after a time become merged with the immense alluvial plains called the Pampas. Most of the Province of Buenos Ayres is a vast alluvial plain, which, bearing as it does within its yielding embrace the soluble contributions of the millions of acres of mountain and plain drained by its diluent builder, is so exceedingly fertile that four or five crops each year are not uncommon, and this is kept up year after year without apparent exhaustion. In fact here is an agricultural community who export, amongst other products, a great quantity of bones, and other fertilizers to England, the United States and Canada. Strange; the other day I read that P. E. Islanders were advised to ship bones to the English market by a prominent Commissioner, this in the face of the fact that whole ship loads of bones are being imported into Nova Scotia from Argentina, the manufactured article being itself used in P. E. I. Islanders would do better to keep their bones at home. Pardon this digression.

The trade of the River Plate is immense, indeed so much greater than is generally realized by northern people, that I shall

only make casual mention of it in this place, leaving the details for later notice. The grand river system is one of the chief factors in producing this importance, for up to this very end of the nineteenth century man has not devised any means of transportation, especially for heavy or bulky goods, which can at all compete with water-borne traffic. Here are the elements of cheap and easy conveyance and exchange such as are nowhere to be found in such large measure, here are the river, and rivers—navigable for thousands of miles—rivers which reach out like a huge commercial octopus seizing everything, rivers on whose bosoms may be seen at one and the same time steamers laden with hold full and deck cargo nine feet high of oranges from the sunny North, and craft bound to the Tropics with products of the Temperate Zone ; or there is a ship loaded to the scuppers with the weighty Quebracho from the foot of the Andes, trying to overtake another, flying light though full of pressed hay from the fertile plains of the Parana.

From Buenos Ayres, which is within forty miles of the head of the La Plata, one can take steamer and sail to Cuyaba, a distance of over 2500 miles. On such a journey the rivers La Plata, Parana, Paraguay, San Lorenzo and Cuyaba are used. From Buenos Ayres with its electric trams you are transported by easy and steady gradations to a city of some 20,000 inhabitants, whose mode of rapid transit is confined to the riding of tame cows, if you will not or can not walk ; on the passage up you will have passed Martin Garcia Island on which a fort has been erected and a naval school established, the Argentines call it the Gibraltar of South America ; it was formerly Uruguayan territory, but Admiral Brown, the Nelson of the Argentines, captured it and annexed it to Argentina, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Brazilians. The fort is modern, with batteries worked by electricity, and commands the deep water entrance to the Parana and Uruguay, which unite a few miles above the Island. Passing up the mouth of the Uruguay, itself a goodly river of 900 miles, we enter the Parana, a mighty river which like the Uruguay rises in Brazil and is 2100 miles long ; up this river we steam as far as Tres Bocas (three mouths) a distance of some 800 miles. The first thirty miles is made

through the delta of the Parana, which is a labyrinth of islands covered with long grass; here and there are groves of fruit trees and poplars. A few huts built on 'stilts' indicate the abode of the frugal Italian market gardener, who makes a comfortable living in a lonely, but fertile and healthy locality, for though the delta is swampy and often covered with water, ague and fevers are not at all as common as might be expected. The river has, of course, several channels. One leads past the town of Campana which is 110 miles by water from Buenos Ayres, though only fifty by land; here some years ago was established a great meat-freezing apparatus, an industry which has since spread to many places. Zarate, five miles higher up, is a town of some 4500 inhabitants; between here and San Pedro, (sixty-seven miles) the wild fowl are very numerous; wild duck, snipe, wild pidgeon and a kind of marsh hen, with very many other varieties tempt the sportsman to leave the steamer, for in these teeming wastes of *feræ naturæ* man's ancient enthusiasm for hunting and killing seems to come back to him; once more he feels his barbarian instincts, and his acquired better nature is for the moment held spell-bound and paralysed, the humane thrill which so well expresses the feelings of Robert Burns in his verses beginning:

"Inhuman man, curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder aiming eye;"

is for the moment supplanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Our West.

Sit down a while in the sunlight,
And gaze at the pleasant West,
For now we are done with striving
And here is a place to rest.

Oh! look not back to the sorrows
That cling to the sunken years;
But away to the shining sunset,
Grown out of the morning's tears.

Look well at the pleasant sunset,
For soon we must rise to go;
Beyond is the fairer country,
But this is the one we know.

—J. S. B.

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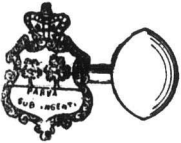
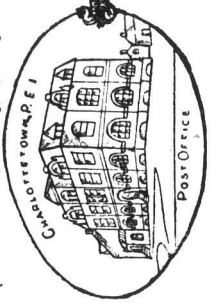
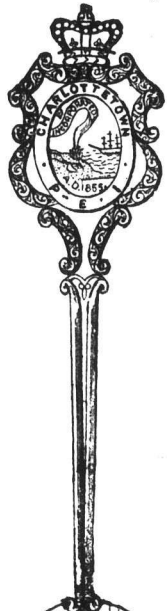
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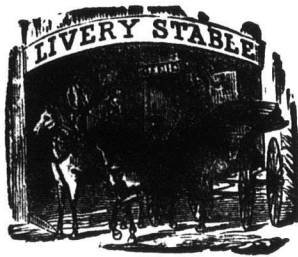
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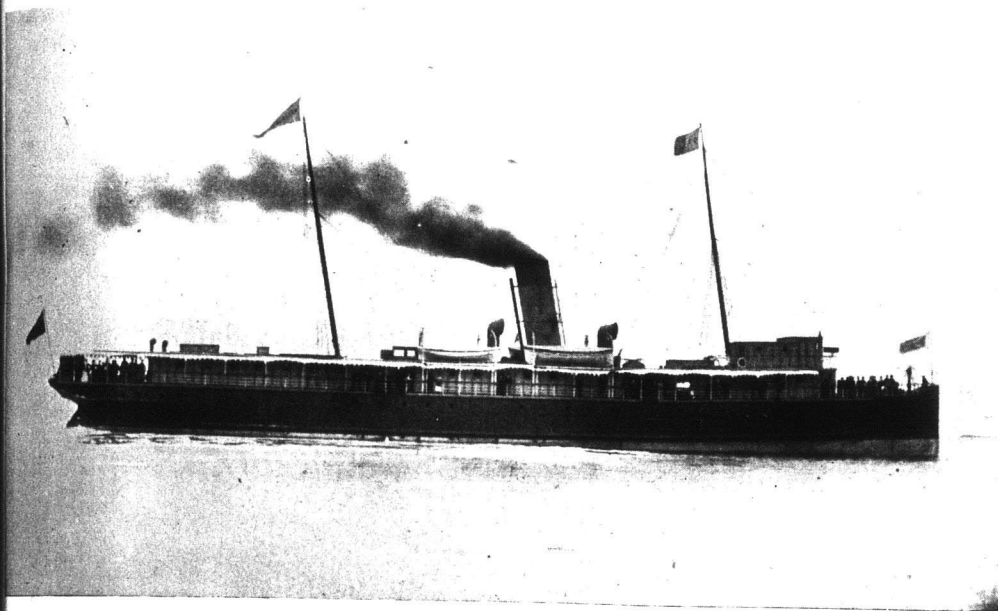
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