
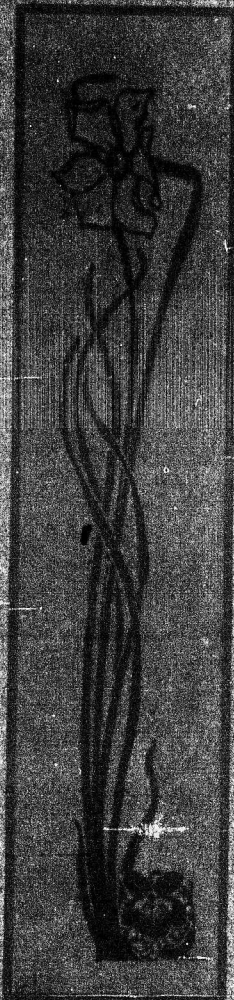


The July  
**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
MAGAZINE**

1902

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Editorial Notes, etc., etc.  
Torough Tommy Hawke's Telescope  
Culled from Exchanges

VOL. 4

NO. 5

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# THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

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**SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—The subscription price is SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS a year, for which it will be sent, post-paid to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittance may be made in stamps (Canadian or U. S.) or by postal note or money order.

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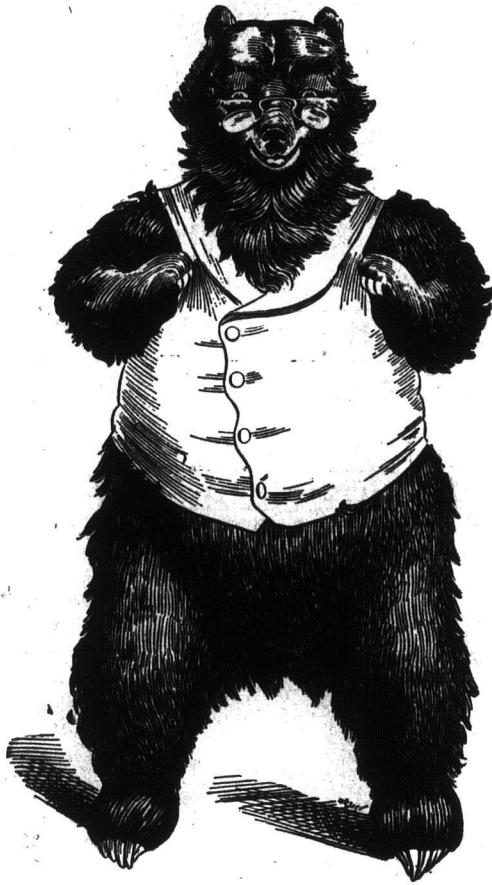
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SAND DUNES, NORTH SHORE OF P. E. ISLAND

Photo by Mr. A. W. Mitchell

The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

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Vol. 4

July, 1902

No. 5

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The Sand Dunes

**T**IME once was when where now fair Prince Edward Island lies "anchored on the wave" seas primeval urged their thousand billows on in never-ceasing warfare against the rocky boundaries of the ancient gulf, and drove their giant forces in thundering onslaught to dash themselves in mighty impotence against the unyielding fortress of impregnable rocks.

One may not say how many thousand years have come and gone since then: it were as great a tax upon one's powers to compute the ages as to picture in imagination that awe-inspiring scene. An angry sky above, rent and torn by lightning shafts; a seething sea beneath, coursed by mountainous billows, surging landwards in ever-increasing strength and impetus. High leaped the maddened billows, crowned with foaming crest; far streamed their banners wrought of angry spume; fearful the impact of these battering-rams of ocean; dread the din and roar vibrating through the caverns of the trembling cliffs, while cannonade of thunders roared, reverberated, died away, but scarce had died before the dread repeated challenge drowned the dis-

tance-seeking echoes.

But if the rocky boundaries of the wide-expanded basin obdurately withstood the would-be conquering ocean, they paid their tribute to the waters in the form of fragments and detritus. This the ocean washed and splintered, ground and comminuted into sand-grains. Streams which fed the volume of the ocean, flowing from lands wherein iron abounded, carried a carbonate of that metal in solution, to which the air yielded of its oxygen, converting it into peroxide, and the mud and sand-grains received the ruddy coating which gives to our shores their warm contrasting colour.

Then the mighty ocean heaped this spoil of conquest on the shallows off the southern boundary of the gulf, and this Island lifted up its sandstones red against the deep blue of the mighty river flowing where now the waters of Northumberland Strait revel in sportive mood or turbulent.

Let us go together to the north shore of our Island where the strong pure air of ocean blows in, fragrant, fresh invigorating! See the long-stretched, interrupted line of sand dunes, as wavy in its contour as the undulating mass of waters rolling inwards at its base! Here the sand hills rear their summits twenty, thirty, even forty feet; there they slope down gently to the openings through which the sea enters the inlets or lagoons, or which give egress to the rivers running north. Had you come hither many years ago you would have seen a different configuration of the hills, for, inconstant as the waters at their feet, or the winds which vex their slopes, they come and go and shift with each routine of seasons. People tell of openings made through the hills in one stormy night, and that once large vessels rode where now the channels are filled up by the sand blown from off the fast-diminishing dunes. More than once a lighthouse, overturned by the shifting of its foundations, has been re-erected far from its former site, and

drawings or pictures of the coast line tell the tale of what we see in operation round about us.

While inshore the air is scarcely moved, here, along the dunes, it lifts the sand in clouds about us, swirling round in eddies; heaping it up in ridges, dikes and mounds. But the winds are not the only agencies at work in nature's mound-building, for the waters at our feet wash up sands from out beyond, and drive them in their foaming surf rolling up the slopes. See how they seem to love to toss and worry their sandy sport; how they fling it up in mid-air, and catching it as it falls, rush back to their sporting ground, swirling, churning, scouring it! 'Is it any wonder, then, that the grains which we have seen were painted with a rusty coating long ago, are now thrown up on land naked, whitened quartz? 'Tis the tale of Nature painting out her landscape tints,—a geological process in miniature reversal. Look out beyond the line of breakers at that band of ruddy water! There is the paint-wash slowly settling down to tinge a new-made stratum darker red.

What a lovely scene is this! The clear blue sky above us, flecked with white; the tossing sea before us, deeper blue, in jealous emulation tips with pearly spray the ridges of its wave-lines. The rolling surf below us casts up at our feet garlands of sea paints, green and brown and crimson algæ, flaunting them before us for an instant, then sweeping them back to ocean for yet another bath. Above us screech and circle the never-tiring Terns, and from beyond the domes of sand, where grasses wave with sedges, comes the piping wail of shore birds.

An economic question suggests itself. How shall we save our sand dunes, and prevent the occluding and changing of our water-ways with the wearing away of coastline, and conserve the flats between the sand dunes and the fertile lands, with the ultimate hope and purpose of making them profitably productive? The answer is written upon

the surface of the dune we traverse, for see where yonder fallen spruce tree lies well covered with the sand ! Watch the mound increasing as each gust of wind sweeps up the slope and leaves upon the growing heap the plunder of its passage ! Lines of barriers such as these placed along the dunes, connected here and there by others run at right angles, would quickly anchor mounds of sand, stable, permanent, lasting. Clear the sand away from yonder clumps of sea-sand-reeds and expose the stout running rootstalks—veritable cables, binding mound to mound, wind resisting, dune-preserving. Two factors these in solution of the question. Then learn the lesson which Nature teaches:—place the barriers, plant the grass.

As we go, returning to the meadows, through the scant herbage of the 'grasses' we find the dunes clothed with plants, hereabouts peculiarly their own:—the Star-flowered Solomon's Seal (*Smilacina stellata*) deep-rooted in the sand, with the mealy tufted False Heather (*Hudsonia tomentosa*), and a matted mass of berry-bearing trailing plants—Cranberries (*Vaccinium macrocarpon*) and (*V. Vitis-Idaea*), the crowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*), the Bearberry (*Arctostaphylos Uva-Ursi*) and two prostate Junipers (*Juniperus Sabina* var. *procumbens*, and *J. communis* var. *Canadensis*).

Time will not permit us to notice the many plants which deck the sand-flats and approaches to the meadow lands, nor the birds, the shells and other forms of life. That would require another visit to the place. Our day is done.

LAWRENCE W. WATSON.



## Forest-Lore Series.

II—*The War-Club's Autobiography.*

I SAT back wearied from transcribing the Dictionary maze, and the manuscripts lay around me in orderly confusion; strange crude words they recorded, written in alphabets now obsolete. Nearby, in the place of honour beside me as I worked, rested the magic war-club, with its unmistakable records of forgotten days, and its mystic charm of an animate presence. It was my own and only companion, and, as I worked in silence hour after hour, urged on by a strange fascination, I had learned to look upon it as my intrepeter, my counsellor, my talisman; as well as my unailing source of delightful recreation when body and mind became weary, and I gave myself up to the potency of its charms.

I sat in reverie, awake,—I know I was awake, I did not nod nor drop my pen, although my eyes were closed; I had beckoned to my war-club that I was ready for relaxation, and I waited expectantly without a word. It assumed an attitude of eloquent silence until my mind became centred upon it, then, without an uttered sound or visible gesture, began to impress upon my mind in rhythmic cadence the inseparable introduction to all the ancient *atookwokunal*, or legends of the bye-gone days.

*Wegijik! kesegoo wigwamk;*

*Meskek oodun Ulnoo, kes sak.*

[May you all be happy to-day! the old people are encamped; There was once, long ago, a large Indian village.]

Long long ago; before the *Kwedetch* War, before we drove home the Delewares or fought the first Mohawk campaign, even before the pioneer Micmacs hurled the fleeing red-skins across the flowing wave-tops into *Uktukumkook*,



the little continent, now known as Newfoundland, in the earliest days I, your war-club, first became conscious of existence, for I was no longer a *koondao*, or piece of inanimate rock, but I rejoiced in the name *mimtugopskusasik*: I was now regarded by all as animate, for I had been converted into a war-club, and must henceforth carry out with unerring precision every design of the one who at infinite pains chipped me from the parent rock and dedicated me to the spirit of the storm with many a patriotic prayer for family and native land. I was no common war-club, for I had been designed by a mighty magician—mighty in muscular strength as well as in magic.

He was the son of a sachem, or *sakumow* as it is spoken—of the loon clan or totem, long famous in fishing and sealing; his mother belonged to the night-hawks, so the night-hawk was also his totem, his name was *kaktoogoo* or thunder, the first of the thunder connection, a name long since famous in battle. Ah! those were the days of fierce battles, and treacherous lurking in ambush, when the wary alone lived to manhood, and strenuous toil was rewarded: then the warrior's vision was keener, his ear heard the faintest of whispers and he knew by a wise intuition when danger approached him unguarded.

Kaktoogoo fought foremost in battle; he was a war-chief, and sachem; he walked in the way of his father and hunted from earliest boyhood. He sought out a sleeping *moooin*, and carried him home to the wigwam so gentle the bear never wakened until he was warmed at the fire; he ran down a *yap* on his snowshoes, and led him along by the antlers through drifts that would terrify others, yet he laughed like a boy at the danger. *Sesip* and *senumk* fell before him, the sparrow as well as the wild-goose pierced through by his stone-headed arrow; he paddled his *kweedun* at random ascending the foam-crested wave-tops that threatened to dash him to pieces; he threw the *toookun* so high that the

players lay down on the green-sward, yet he caught it and ran to the goal-line a victor on every occasion.

He wandered far into the forest, and fasted and prayed to great *Nesulk*, the author and owner of all things,—the great Unapproachable Spirit. Oh why might a man not approach him: Oh how could the gap be bridged over,—if not from this bank, from the other? The gathering storm-cloud rebuked him, and drove him again to his wigwam, for nature is stern and repulsive, as hard and unyielding as *koonda*. *Kaktoogoo* had no revelation, he died crowned with glory in battle, his name is revered for his wisdom and generous patience in council; his war-club was buried beside him, but ages of freezing and thawing alternately winter and summer had lifted it up to the surface.

\* \* \*

At this point a call from outside made it necessary for me to leave my desk, and when I could return again it must be to my task, and not to the delightful season of reverie I had been enjoying, so for the present I shall request you to kindly excuse me, as we all have our work to do if we be honest men.

July 1902

JEREMIAH S. CLARK

---

## Summer Flowers

SWEET flowers of this sweet wild slope,  
 When withers every faith and hope,  
 My love for you, stills warms my heart,  
 Though every other love depart.  
 Your tiny faces, pure with peace,  
 My own has pressed and felt release;  
 They never may know sin, or fear,  
 Who wander and find friendship here.

MARIE CLEVELAND.

## Clams—How to Hunt Them.

**T**HE clam is a sort of pneumatic bivalve composed of two oblong concave shells united all around by a circular hinge. At one end protrudes a neck very much resembling a piece of small garden hose and of about the same quality as far as edibility is concerned. All the rest of the clam is more eatable—except the shell. The clam is a very quiet, retiring member of the great family of Mollusca. He abounds on the shores of Prince Edward Island, more especially in the sheltered bays and saltwater rivers and is found on those portions of the shores, alternately covered and uncovered by the ever-changing tides. Oysters of late years have shown a disposition to keep out of stews—the ordinary restaurant variety of stew only containing one or two material representatives of their family—the balance of the fricassee being usually occupied by ghosts of the bivalve. Not so with clams—you'll be able to get as much clams as stew for many years to come.

The best way to procure clams is to wait till the tide goes out. That is the usual custom—practised by crows and coons—both professional clam-diggers. Clams show an indisposition to rise to the fly at high tide, so it will save swearing by waiting for low water. Then if you will wander by the sea-shore with a spade you will see tiny jets of water thrown up by the alarmed clam as he sinks into his rifle pit. Get to work right there and you'll yet your clams.

To cook clams they should be boiled until they open their shells and shout "enough." When you finally come to close quarters with him you will find him "grit to the last" unless you have treated him properly beforehand. Before boiling treat him to pure water for a couple of hours. The clam cannot be a true Prohibitionist, for this water-cure takes all the sand out of him—just as if he were a Filipino.

MAC.

### Summer Matins

**A**RISE, oh my soul, the first sunbeams,  
 Those Seraph-like heralds of day,  
 Have passed through the azure-gilt gateways,  
 And wakened the earth on their way.

Then awake thee, how canst thou still slumber  
 Nor hasten their advent to greet,  
 When their light hands have rolled back the curtains  
 And spread thee a feast at thy feet ?

As riseth the sun in the eastward,  
 So now let thine orison be,  
 That as it discloses Earth's beauty,  
 May life's morn be such unto thee.

Though the clouds from our earth-bounded vision  
 In mid-life, o'ershadow the truth ;  
 Oh thou Sun of divine consolation ;  
 Smile first in the dew of my youth.

Sail inward, ye silken fringed Streamers,  
 And shake out your soft folds of light ;  
 And Earth with nativity's ardour,  
 Shall leap from the womb of the night.

Breathe then, breathe, Oh thou spirit of nature,  
 Thine incense of love upon mine,  
 Till this heart, which it thrills and enraptures,  
 In unison answers to thine.

W. W. ROGERS

---

### Watchmen of the World.

**T**HERE is surely high inspiration in the thought that  
 of all the mighty civilizations that have emerged  
 in these latter days, there is none that dare claim the com-  
 prehensive title given to this paper without contradiction,

save the British. For the function of the watchman is to keep the peace, to restrain lawlessness, to bring evil-doers to justice, and to hold himself unspotted from even the tiniest speck of injustice. At least these should be his functions, and if they seem to be counsels of perfection, the aiming thereat with persistent courage is continually bringing them nearer a perfect realization. And if this be so with individual watchmen, it is infinitely more so with typical watchers of the empire, of whom I would now speak the splendid, ubiquitous, and ever-ready British navy. It would be an uplifting exercise for some of us, widening our outlook upon life, and enlightening us as to the majestic part our country has been called on to play at this wonderful period of the world's history, if we were to get a terrestrial globe, a number of tiny white flags, and a list of positions of all our men-of-war. Then by sticking in a flag for every ship wherever she was stationed or on passage at the time, we should have a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the "beats" which our Empire watchmen patrol unceasingly.

From end to end of the great Middle Sea wherein we hold but those dots upon the map, Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus, whose shores bristle with hostile populations, our stately squadrons parade, not on sufferance but as a right, none daring to say them nay. Their business is peaceful—although they have enormous force ready to use if need be—the duty of keeping Britain's trade routes clear, that the shuttles weaving the vast web of world-wide trade that we have built up may glide to and fro in security, even though envious nations gnash upon us with their teeth and vainly endeavor by every species of chicanery and underhanded meanness to rob us of the fruits of centuries of industry. Italy and Greece remember gratefully our constant friendship. Italians of all classes are acquainted with the practical good-will of Great Britain, and so man-o'-war Jack is

sure of a warm reception throughout that lovely country.

Not that the manner of his reception troubles the worthy tar at all. Oh, no! The keynote of the chorus that is perpetually being chanted in the British navy is "duty." The word is seldom mentioned, but better than that, it is lived. It enables the sailor to spend uncomplainingly long periods of absolute torture in the blazing furnace of the Persian Gulf, an oven that while it burns does not dry; where the soaking dews of the night lie thickly upon the decks throughout the scorching day, and are not dispersed because the molten air is overloaded with moisture, and life is lived in a vapor bath. Here you will find the young men of gentle birth who govern in our fighting-ships, forgetting their own physical miseries in the brave effort to make the severe conditions more tolerable to the crews they command. Do their dimmed eyes often in the steaming night turn wistfully westward to the cool, green English countryside, where the old home lies, embowered amid the ancestral oaks? Why, certainly, but that does not make the young officer's zeal any weaker, does not damp his ardor to sustain the great traditions which are the pride and glory of the service to which it is his greatest delight to belong.

Or creep down the coast of East Africa throbbing, palpitating under that fervent heat-glare, and see the St. George's Cross proudly waving over the sterns of the gunboats set by Britain to quell the blood-thirsty Arab's lust for enslavement. Here is manifested such a devotion to an ideal, albeit an ideal is never formulated in so many words, as should stir the most prosaic, matter-of-fact minds among us. We well remember—could I ever forget?—a visit I once paid to H. M. S. London, sometime depot ship at Zanzibar. It was a privilege that I valued highly, not knowing then that with a high courtesy our countrymen's men-o'-war are always accessible at reasonable times to any

citizen who would see with his own eyes how his home is defended and by whom. I was then mate of a training vessel that had brought supplies from home for use of the East Indian fleet, and consequently my business took me on board the depot ship often.

First of all, I was shown the hospital, a long, airy apartment on the upper deck, kept as cool as science could devise in that burning climate, and fitted with all the alleviations for sickness that wise skill and forethought could compass. Here they lay, the heroes of the long, long fight, the never-ending battle of freedom against slavery, the men who left their pleasant land for service under the flag of England against a foreign foe; yes, and far more than that. For we know that they who fight in the deadliest combat with lethal weapons are upheld and swept onward by the fierce joy of strife; so that death, when it comes, is no terror, and fear vanishes under the pressure of primitive instincts. But here there is no glitter, no glamor of battle. Forgotten by the world, unknown to the immense majority of their countrymen, these Britons suffer and die that the fair fame of their country may live. There in that miniature hospital, on board H. M. S. London, I saw a row of pale, patient figures, their faces drawn and parchment-like with fever, the deadly malaria of that poisonous coast, while among them passed silently doctors and sick-bay attendants, each doing his part in the universal warfare. Passing thence to the main deck I came across a bronzed, busy group, hoisting up a steam pinnacle that had just returned from a cruise among the slimy creeks and back-waters of the mainland and adjacent islands busily seeking for hunters of human flesh.

A dozen men formed her crew, men who had once been white Anglo-Saxon, but were now, after a week's cruise under such conditions as that, so disguised by ingrained dirt, so scorched and dried by exposure to that terrible sun

that they were indistinguishable save by their clothing, from the Arabs they had been set to watch. They were not happy because having chased a dhow, which they were sure was packed with slaves, throughout a day and night they had been baffled upon coming up by her hoisting the tricolor of France, the flag of 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,' sold for a few paltry dollars to cover a traffic which the French nation had covenanted to assist in putting down. More than that a deep gloom prevailed the whole ship on account of their recent loss; a loss which to them seemed irreparable. Their captain, idolized by them all, had been killed while engaged in an act of gallantry typical of the service. He had gone off like any sub-lieutenant with all his honors to win, in a chase after a dhow, with only a weak boat's crew. The villainous Arabs in the dhow, seeing their advantage, turned and fought desperately. Outnumbered by five to one, and being, moreover, the attacking party, the Britons were beaten off, while a shot from one of the antiquated guns carried by an Arab slaver slew Captain Brown on the spot. And all his men mourned him most deeply and sincerely.

But cross over the Indian Ocean, and thread the tortuous ways of the East Indian Archipelago, and you shall find the beautiful white flag with its red cross flying in the most out-of-the-way nooks amid that tremendous maze. Here with never-ceasing labors the highly-trained officers of our navy work with loving care to make perfect our geographical knowledge of those intricate current-scoured channels. By reason of this long drawn-out toil our merchant ships are enabled to pursue their peaceful way with perfectly trustworthy charts to guide them. Not only so, but owing to the dauntless courage, energy and perseverance of those nameless seafarers, those tortuous waters have been cleansed of those human tigers that had so long infested them, swooping down upon hapless merchantmen of all nations,



pitiless and insatiable as death itself.

Within the lifetime of men of middle age those seas were like a hornet's nest. In every creek, estuary and channel lurked Portuguese, Malay and Chinese pirates, the terror of the eastern seas. Now solely through the exertions of our countrymen, or by their good example putting heart into the Chinese sailors, those waters are as safe as the English channel. So, too, have the coasts of China itself been purged of pirates, although there, since every Chinese of whatever grade is a potential pirate or brigand given the opportunity, immunity from piratical raids is only purchased at the price of incessant vigilance.

Cross the Pacific, and on the western seaboard of our vast American possessions you will find a station fully equipped for the maintenance of a fleet so far from home. From thence the peace-keepers sally forth all over the length and breadth of northern Ocean, and all down the western littoral of the great American continent, a mobile body whose business it is to keep widely opened eyes upon all the doings of other people, no matter how great or small they may be. Hailed with delight by dusky populations, who hate impartially the German and the French, and look upon the war canoes of the great white queen of Belitani as the adjusters of disputes and the even-handed dispensers of justice between them—dreaded by the rascaldom of the Pacific the robbers of men's bodies as well as the thieves of their produce—truly the lads under the white ensign have a wide field in the peaceful ocean for their beneficent labors. Guarding that greater England in the southern seas, where men of every nation under heaven find the same security, the same opportunities to grow rich, that men of our own race enjoy, clustering closely around that storm centre (in a double sense) the Cape Colony patrolling Western Africa as well as Eastern, and ready at a word to send off a com-

pact little army into the interior, mobile and manageable as no shore troops can ever be ; cruising among the West Indian Islands, as the most northerly American station is cold and arid—the great patrol goes ever on.

One does not need to be a rabid imperialist or a raving jingo to feel in every fibre of his frame the debt that we owe to our navy. These brave stalwart men, the very pick and flower of the British race, stand continually on sentry on all the shores of all the world, stand to guard our freedom, and so far as one nation may do, strive to secure freedom for all other peoples. We see but little of them, for their parades are not held amid shouting crowds, but on the lonely waters under an admiral's eye, keen to discover defects where all seems to an untrained observer perfection of power and movement. The greatest deeds, done by steady presentation of an unmistakable object lesson to our enemies—that is to say, to a full half of the world, bursting with envy at our comfort and prosperity—are hidden from most of us.

In God's name, then, let us see that we do not forget, amid the security and plenty that we enjoy, the labors of those who are watching, far out of our sight, to see that these blessings are not filched from us. Let the officers and men of the Royal Navy see that they are ever in our thoughts, that 'out of sight, out of mind' is not true in their case but that stay-at-home Britons are fully conscious that the outposts of our empire, the pickets of our power, are in very truth Royal Navy, the watchmen of the world.

F. T. BULLEN



## The Birthplace of Burns

### NOTES OF A VISIT

**W**E now reach the famous Burns' Monument on the banks o'Doon, one of the oldest, and perhaps the most remarkable of the many memorials which have been erected in honor of our national poet. It stands on a little eminence in the centre of a beautiful garden, the gay flower beds and trimly-kept shrubbery of which are themselves worth going a considerable distance to see. At the gate we ring a loudly-resounding bell, which summons the superintendent who admits us on payment of the inevitable twopence (four cents.)

The monument itself bears a close resemblance to the one which stands on Catton Hill, Edinburgh. Its base is triangular, the three sides being intended to represent the districts of Ayrshire, Kyle, Carrick and Cunninghame. Above the basement are nine tall Corinthian pillars, which support a cupola with a gilded tripod on the top, the height of the whole being sixty feet. The ground floor is occupied as a Burns museum, and contains many interesting relics of the poet. Among these may be seen a Bible presented by Burns to Highland Mary, Jean Armour's wedding ring; a copy of the very scarce original Kilmarnock edition of Burns, published 1786, and the two drinking glasses which the poet presented to his fair Edinburgh correspondent Clarinda. There are also a copy of Tasmyth's celebrated portrait, a bust of the poet by Patrick Park, and a picture by a Glasgow gentleman representing Tam-O'-Shanter riding over the Brig O'Doon with the witches in hot pursuit. Leaving the museum room we find (by ascending a narrow stair) ourselves on the roof, whence a fine view of the Burns

country is obtained. Within the monument grounds the visitor will find a little grotto containing statues of Tam-O'-Shanter and Souter Johnny, by Thom, a self-taught sculptor, who, before depositing the figures here exhibited them throughout the chief towns of Scotland, England and Ireland. It would be too much to say that the statues are first-class productions of the sculptor's art, but nevertheless they seem throughly life-like representations of the men whom Burns has drawn in his Immortal poems. But to our tale

“ Tam had got planted unco right  
Fast by an ingle blazing finely  
Wi, reaming swats, that drank divinely  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drowthy crony.”

As long ago as 1820 the foundation stone of this monument was laid. The idea of erecting a monument to Burns on the banks o' Doon first occurred to Sir Alexander Boswell, M. P., of Auchinleck, a descendant of Johnson's biographer, an enthusiastic admirer of Burns. Sir Alexander called a public meeting at Ayr, but so little interest did the Ayr people take in their distinguished fellow-countryman that only two men,—Sir Alexander and a friend attended the meeting. This want of public feeling—in a very great contrast to what obtains to-day, was disheartening; but perhaps remembering that a prophet has no honor in his own country Sir Alexander determined to go on with the movement in the hope that admirers of Burns elsewhere would not be so apathetic. The meeting was duly constituted and on the motion of his friend Sir Alexander took the chair and proposed several resolutions which, of course, were carried without opposition. He then advertised in some of the leading Scotch, English and American papers that a public meeting had been held at Ayr, at which it was unanimously resolved to erect a monument to the national poet, and requested subscriptions in aid of the monument.

The result fully justified the bold confidence in the love

and admiration of Scotsmen for Robert Burns at home and abroad ; and I have no doubt that the worthy members of the Charlottetown Scottish Club, subscribed their mite toward this grand movement. A large sum \$166,000 was soon subscribed and on the birthday anniversary 1820, a great gathering assembled to witness the laying of the foundation stone. Deputations from Scottish clubs and several Masonic Lodges attended, and the ceremony was performed with masonic honors.

Under the stone was deposited a brass plate stating the circumstances and mentioning that George, Prince of Wales then Regent of the United Kingdom, had been a munificent subscriber to the edifice. Sir Alexander Boswall delivered a short speech, the concluding sentences of which are worth quoting :—

“This monument rises like a pile cairn over our warriors of old—each man casts a stone, and in honor of him the son of a cottar and himself a ploughman. Our Prince with the true feelings of true greatness, and more illustrious by this act of generosity, pays here his tribute at the shrine of genius. May the work prosper and when happily completed then may it tell to future generations that the age that could produce a Burns was rich also in those who could appreciate his talents and who while they felt and owned the power of his muse, have honored his name.

### An Old Note Book.

**S**EARCHING o'er my little library,  
 In quest of something new,  
 Came I on a well-worn volume,  
 And sat down to look it through.

'Twas no tome of stately learning,  
 Written by some old-time sage,  
 Filled with lore, profound and subtle,  
 Of another, by-gone age ;

But I read of various subjects,  
In its pages, as I gaze  
On this old and battered note-book—  
Relic of my school-girl days.

Here a little, there a little;  
Many a hasty, scribbled note,  
Smoothing out some difficulty,  
Which an eager student wrote.

Glancing o'er its well-filled pages,  
Then I read between the lines;  
Once again I am a school girl,  
As I drink of memory's wine.

Every lesson here recorded  
Seems as once it did, when I  
Was a happy-hearted student  
In the golden days gone by.

So, old friend, although to others  
Valueless thou may'st be,  
Yet I love thee. for thou bringest  
Precious memories back to me.

ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY.

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### Something About Ancient Ships.

**F**EW boys who grow up by the ocean escape the desire of venturing on its treacherous bosom. To see strange lands and peoples and to realize dreams engendered by Robinson Crusoe is sufficient to quicken the imagination of not too practical boyhood.

The injunctions of more sober-minded parents tide the

majority over the dangerous period and in after years if we wake to the romantic it is only to thoughts of what might have been.

The ocean is the embodiment of the sublime, the resistless, the unlimited. When a figure to illustrate the Creator's power was desired, what nobler one could be conceived than that he cradled the ocean in the hollow of His hand. We may be told that our earth is but one atom in space: just a mote in the sunbeam compared to any one of those millions of giant suns that speck the heavens. We may believe all this and gain from it a dim idea of the immensely vast, but let us stand on the shore and watch the breakers roll in before the storm and listen to the thunderings on the beach; here we obtain an idea of the profoundly grand and need no philosopher to interpret it. In the long ago when man was yet a toy to the elements and to him all nature was a pandemonium the ocean was looked upon as a region of dread. His fancy if not his experience led him to believe its depths inhabited by monsters of every shape and every degree of malevolence and its wide expanse a playground for demons. It may be supposed that the first excursions on the sea were taken with timidity and were perhaps purely accidental. History does not give any account of man's initial attempts at navigation for at its very dawn we find him a fairly good sailor. If we wish to have a continuous history and one with a beginning we must—like the writers of those dear little histories of our school days—supply the facts, when necessary, and forget to quote authorities.

Let us betake ourselves to the banks of the Euphrates or of the swifter flowing Tigris in the year 8000 B. C., and watch Prehistoricus have his first sail. He had been wading along the river, just waddling through the mud as his forefathers did and felt it was good enough for him. Visions of rapid transit never disturbed him. Suddenly

some unpleasant beast made a visit up a tree necessary. The tree grew on the bank and just needed his weight to topple it into the river. It toppled and man's first cruise began. He felt like a modern in a flying machine, but the novelty was enticing.

After an hour's drift he grounds on a sand bank but he is enjoying it now. He tries to get his tree afloat again but that big limb holds it. With his stone axe he soon removes that limb and embarks again.

His tree turns over and throws him in the water. This is the first marine accident. After many capsizes he removes all the limbs and sits triumphant on his log. Marconi could not be happier. By pushing on the bottom with his feet he gains the idea of the push-pole and after a few days he makes a paddle. He learns that the wind pushes him along, so one fine day he makes a sail out of his whole suit of clothes and upsets himself. He gets half drowned and is quoted by the wiseacres as a fearful example of foolhardiness to the rising generation.

Leaving Prehistoricus to evolve the dugout from the log before he drowns himself, let us drift down to the first great sailor, Noah. He had a ship to be proud of and could sail her without swearing, but the lessons that he left in morality, shipbuilding and navigation were lost on his progeny. He had everything orderly and dry with at least three good decks all well covered with pitch.

The crafts that come into our view with the first glints of recorded history were miserable undecked affairs and not to be compared to the ark so far as comfort was concerned. Take the Argo for instance: all her cargo and passengers were dumped promiscuously on the bottom and in a seaway Jason and his friends had an exciting time dodging their cooking utensils.

Anyone who goes on a picnic in a small boat and meets heavy weather knows how animated oil stoves, tin-kettles



and biscuit boxes usually become under such circumstances.

Though antiquity throws glamor over its affairs yet one would be just as comfortable in a good lobster boat as in one of the galleys of bible times even if their masts were of the "cedar from Lebanon," and the oars made of the "oaks of Basan." We can imagine Solomon on his trip from Asiongaber trying to look dignified while wrestling with seasickness. He had none of the the sure-cure nostrums of to-day and perhaps with all his wisdom did not know enough to take a little for his stomach's sake.

Pictures of Cleopatra gliding over the tranquil waters of the Nile in a gilded barge, bring to us dreams of ancient splendor. Bedecked with all the glories of the looms of Sidon, and surrounded by slaves, supporting awnings glittering with gold and jewels, blessed with a climate whose unchanging serenity removed all fear of sudden rain squalls, Cleopatra certainly had sound reasons for considering boating a good thing; but one little trip to Actium convinced her that beyond the Nile yachting was a nightmare.

Cleopatra might have inherited an abhorrence of the sea, for the Egyptians, though fond enough of paddling on the Nile, looked upon salt water as an abomination.

The dead body of their god Osiris was thrown into the sea, and it was a part of every good Egyptian's religion to detest that element. However, when the lust of conquest overcame, to some extent, their religious prejudices, the Egyptians made use of the maritime skill of the Phœnicians, who were the first great navigators.

But before mention of Egyptian or Phœnician the name of Erythras deserves a place. He was the king of somewhere on the Persian Gulf, and to him belongs the honor of being the inventor of that delight of boyhood—the raft.

The Phœnicians settled along the coasts of Syria about the time of Abraham, or perhaps earlier. Some place the founding of Sidon 2200 B.C. For ages they held the com-

merce of the Mediterranean, and made settlements in many places along its coast, and even founded Gades (Cadiz) beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Their ships traded to the Cassiterides (Scilly Isles) and so opened up a commerce with Britain in remote ages. They confined themselves to legitimate commerce, and were not, like the Greeks, addicted to piracy, though they shared a weakness common to all the ancients in carrying off pretty young women when opportunity offered. About 1800 B.C. the captain of one of their ships neglected to allow Io, daughter of King Inachus of Argos and some of her young women attendants to go on shore before they sailed from Greece. This little incident made Greece an uncomfortable place for the Phœnicians for some years.

The Phœnician ships were built of cedar and the most ancient were round; very much like the craft of the candlestick-maker and his friends. Experience soon taught them the value of length and in the Phœnician ship which brought Danans to Greece we find twenty-five oars on each side.

Though the Phœnicians were brave and could fight when necessary, as early as 1400 B. C. the naval supremacy of the Mediterranean came into the hands of the Palasgo-Tyrrhenians.

Egypt woke up to the value of marine power in 1300 B. C. when the great Sesostri built a fleet on the Red Sea and subdued parts of Arabia and some islands; but the greatest maritime venture of Egypt was the voyage of Pharoah Necho's fleet around the continent of Africa about 600 B. C. This expedition gives us a fair idea of how pleasantly the ancients made their explorations. No such thing as rush ever entered into their consideration and ample time was allowed for necessary interpolation of agricultural pursuits. During this trip of Necho's ships, which lasted three years, the sailors went on shore on several occasions, put in crops and sat down to watch them grow.

In ages far more remote than that of Necho, Egyptian adventurers in Phœnician ships made life exciting along the coast of the Mediterranean. Cecrops, a native of Sais, about 1660, B. C. led a colony into Attica. He prospered like the hero of a paper-covered novel, for he married the king's daughter and inherited the old man's property. Another Egyptian, Danas, about fifty years later came to Argos but unlike Cecrops he used violent measures, for he drove out King Gelander and reigned in his stead.

*(To be continued)*

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### At Sunset.

**W**ITH a restless heart and longing  
 I stand on the little pier,  
 While the ocean's drowsy murmur  
 Falls full softly on the ear,  
 Far off yonder, o'er the water  
 Rosy-red with gilded crown,  
 Mid vague clouds of rainbow tintings  
 Lingeringly the sun goes down.

And across the dark waves' ripple  
 Lies a path of golden light :  
 I watch a little barque glide o'er it  
 Bravely out into the night  
 Just an instant—white sails fluttering—  
 It is gilded, glorified,  
 Then 'tis lost in far-off shadows  
 Borne away by wind and tide.

Oh! to us there comes a moment  
 When our lives reflect as fair

A supreme and radiant moment  
Passes—dark the rest and bare  
Courage heart! illumine the darkness  
With that memory till the last,  
Bravely keep the course—at sunset  
We'll reach the harbour—longings past.

BRENDA TROOP.

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### The City of Charlottetown—II.\*

IT will afford readers of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE matter for thought if they will compare the former mode of administering the different branches of the city government with the methods at present practised. In the first of these articles it was pointed out that not until 1877 was the present system of printing an annual report introduced. But from the report of that year, compiled under the direction of Mayor Carvell, are taken the facts and figures given herewith and in the articles to follow. In the mayor's report for that year, great stress was laid upon the need of an ample supply of water for fire extinguishing and for domestic purposes. It will not be out of the way to republish here portions of the report of the Chief Engineer for that year. This will place in strong contrast the fire department of to-day and that of thirty years ago.

"I beg leave to transmit for the information of the City Council, the annual report of the Fire Departments of Charlottetown, as required by Law, for the year ending 31st December, 1877, it being the first report of the kind since its organization.

During the year Charlottetown has not incurred any serious losses by Fire.

The Fire of the 21st June last in Saint John, N. B.,

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\*See the March, 1902, number of this Magazine.

was most appalling, and shows the necessity of our being prepared to meet such a calamity.

At the present time with the large and expensive Steam and Hand Fire Engines and apparatus, we are reasonably well prepared to quench Fires, but it cannot be too forcibly pointed out to every housekeeper, the necessity for constant care and watchfulness in every department where fire has been used throughout the day. Great care should be taken with wood ashes, which, when hot, should be placed in suitable iron vessels, and proper safes should be used for the preservation of lucifer matches. Fires have frequently originated from these causes.

In January last, a fire broke out in the bake-house and premises of William Murphy. It was put out before it extended any further, yet caused considerable loss to the owner.

In March, a new house owned by Patrick Cullen was entirely consumed. It was situate in the most eastern and remote part of the city.

An alarm was given on the occasion of a fire discovered in the premises of Mr. N. P. Stramberg, and was quickly extinguished with little loss.

Early in June, a fire was discovered in the roof of the dwelling of James Merry, it burned a hole in the roof, causing but little damage.

On Saturday, the 23rd June, a most mysterious fire occurred in the attic premises of a house occupied by James Phillips, in Great George Street. It was fortunately extinguished in time.

On the following afternoon, Sunday, the 24th June, another fire was discovered in the same premises, in the same apartment, and it was likewise soon put out; this being the fifth time for a fire to be discovered, on the same floor, during the last two or three years.

Suspicious as to the causes of these fires gave rise to an inquiry before the Stipendiary Magistrate, but there was nothing elicited, at the investigation, to warrant proceedings being taken,

In July last a fire occurred in a new house belonging to James Jones. It was unoccupied and nearly finished at the time, and was entirely consumed; generally suspected to be the work of an incendiary, as the house stood apart from

any other building, and no fire was known to have been used in it.

On the 26th October last a fire occurred in a Trunk Factory of George Full, situate in Ward 3, Block 3, and was entirely consumed, together with a machine shop owned by the late William Stiggins, a house owned by William Heard, Esq., and several other small buildings, one used as a dwelling. The damages may be estimated at about three thousand dollars.

The building owned by the late Mr. Stiggins is stated to have been the first Methodist chapel, erected in Charlottetown about the year 1813, and subsequently converted into "these vile purposes."

The morning was fortunately calm, several inches depth of snow had fallen the same evening, and the flames were fortunately subdued before they reached the large and valuable dry goods establishments in the immediate neighborhood. At one time serious consequences were apprehended. On the 30th of the same month, fire broke out in the grocery store of George D. Wright, the flames quickly reached the adjoining drug store of P. G. Fraser, at the corner of Queen and Richmond Streets. Both were entirely consumed.

The weather was calm, and the spacious street opposite the fire afforded every facility and plenty of room for the proper working of the fire engines and Hook and Ladder Company.

The premises occupied by Hon. William McGill and William Sinclair on the one side, and the house of Mrs. McCarron on the west were saved in a very damaged condition, the house of Mr. McGill was greatly damaged. The losses sustained may be about seven thousand dollars.

In sounding the alarm of this fire, the new bell was found to be split upwards for a distance of nearly three feet from the lower edge, and it is consequently rendered of but little use for the purpose intended.

In the month of August last the new building in King Street, east, Ward No. 1, was completed and possession taken. In it is housed the Silsby Steam Fire Engine and appurtenances, and a pair of horses, ready for action on shortest notice.

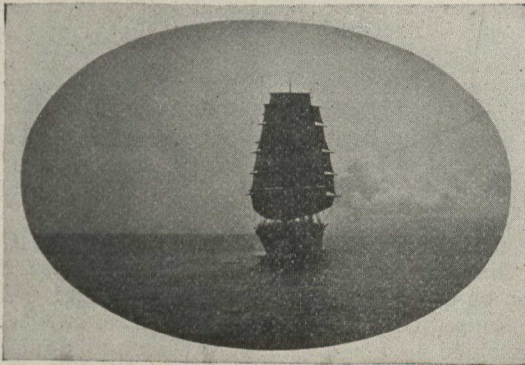
On Wednesday, the 11th April last, a general in-

spection took place of the whole force of the Fire Department, opposite the Provincial Building, before His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and the members of both branches of the Legislature, then in session. The force presented a respectable appearance, and afforded those present a full opportunity of seeing the present means of the Department for the protection and preservation of public and private property. Both of the steam engines were put into active operation. The stream of water reached the top of the spire of Saint Paul's Church, and the Hook and Ladder Company Scaled the Provincial Building."

The conclusion of this report will appear next month.

*(To be continued.)*

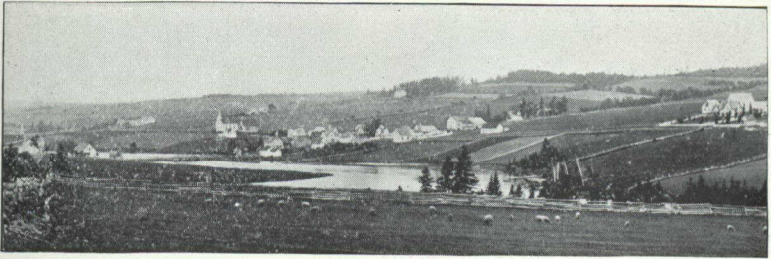
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### The Scenery of P. E. Island

**T**HE scenery of Prince Edward Island is like so much capital lying idle. It seems like shouting down a wall to try and impress upon the general public the importance of advertising the natural charms and attractions of our Province for the purpose of drawing to us a share of that tourist trade that does much to enrich those places in

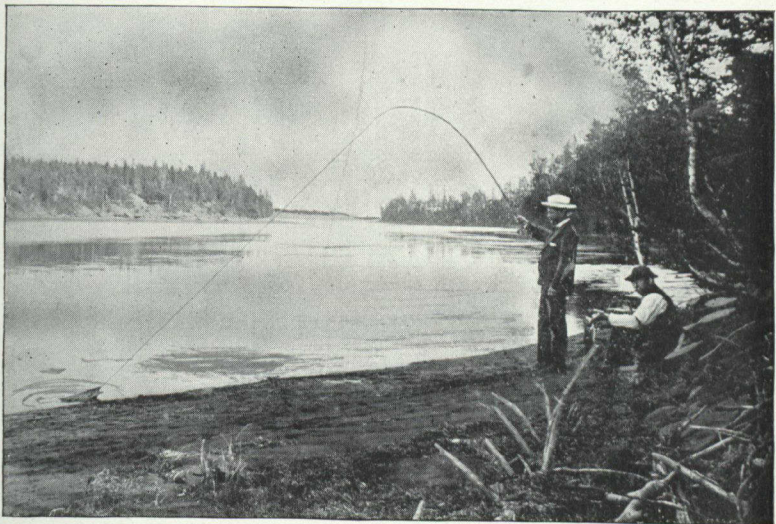
other provinces, which have gone to work systematically to foster tourist travel in their directions. There can be little doubt that the



A PASTORAL SCENE. NEW GLASGOW, P. E. I.

PHOTO A. W. MITCHELL

number of tourists annually visiting our shores could be increased even a hundred-fold if the shrugging of shoulders, and the making of excuses were to give way to energetic action on the part of those who have the means and influence to bring this thing



WHERE SEA TROUT RISE. BAY FORTUNE, P. E. I.

PHOTO CUMMING





THE PARK ROADWAY, CHARLOTTETOWN

PHOTO A W MITCHELL

to pass. And it will be found that the people who could do the most in this connection are the people who would be most benefitted.

What need to repeat what has been so many times published in the pages of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE regarding the suitability of our Island as a summer resort. More to the point is an extract from a letter written to the public press some months

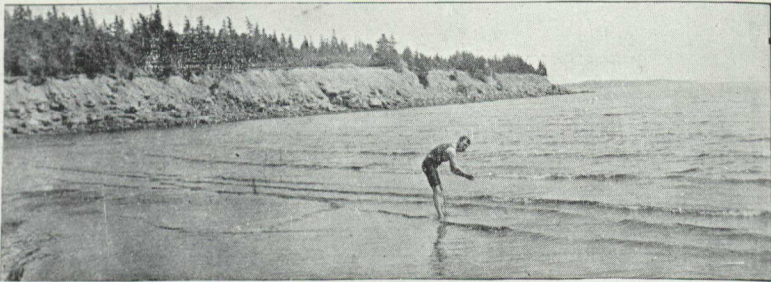


PHOTO CUMMING

A QUIET BATHING PLACE

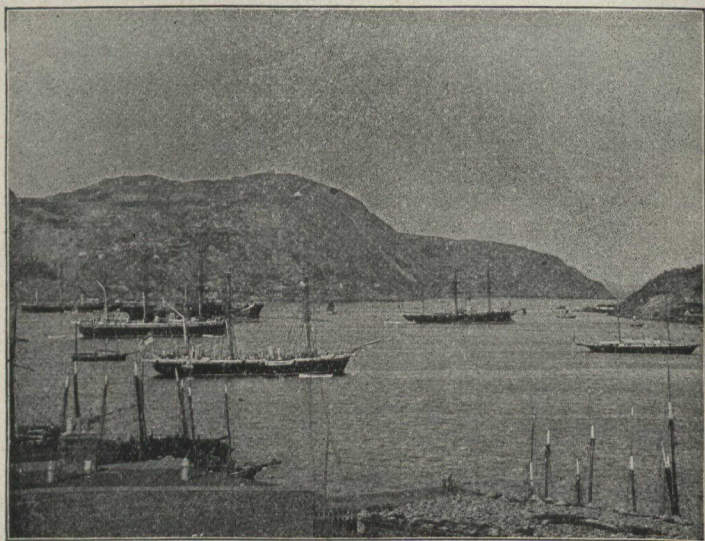
ago by James Paton, Esq, of Charlottetown, shortly after he had completed a visit to Great Britain and Europe. Mr. Paton is one of Charlottetown's worthiest citizens. He is a progressive and popular City Councillor, and his words should be read with due consideration:—

“I have noticed during my recent travels that great efforts are put forth in almost every country to induce the tourist trade. Governments and City Councils spend money in making improvements for this purpose. If it were not for the great many tourists that visit the continent, many of the places could not exist, and the same argument applies to some of the towns and villages in England, Scotland, and Ireland. We have on this Island, from June till October, a climate which equals, if it does not surpass, that of Italy; and as clear and bracing as that of Switzerland; with much better and wholesomer food provided at our hotels than that which is served on the continent. Our steamers Princess and Northumberland are superior to those which ply between New Haven and Dieppe, and the meals supplied on our Island boats are much better than those supplied on the French steamers and equal to the best Atlantic liners. Now whose fault is it that this beautiful Island is not teeming with tourists every summer. We know that during the hot season in the United States thousands upon thousand leave the large cities to spend their holidays in cooler quarters; and although we are next door neighbors to our American cousins, very few of them know anything about our delightful climate, nor have they the slightest idea of the short time it takes to reach this place. Is it not time for us to become more alive to this important question? We cannot realize the great benefit it would be to the farmers as well as to the general public, if means were taken to induce the tourist to come here; and it is a matter that is worthy of discussion in our Provincial Government and in the City Council.

Nature has certainly done great things for us, and although we cannot compare the scenery of the Island with that of Switzerland or Scotland, yet we have a quaintness about the landscapes and pastoral scenery that cannot be surpassed by any of the countries mentioned; something entirely different from what we see elsewhere. Where can we find another place with the same

that has so many beautiful brooks, salt-water rivers, coves, creeks and ferny dells; and there is no place that I know that can boast of as pure drinking water. The sail up the East and West Rivers is not unlike sailing on some parts of the Clyde; of course the hills are not so high nor are they covered with purple heather; but there is that which is more profitable to our farmers—magnificent fields of sweet-scented hay, oats, wheat, and potatoes; finer cannot be seen anywhere."

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ENTRANCE TO HARBOR, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND

## Newfoundland.

**A** TRIP to Newfoundland which the writer had the pleasure of making last autumn, and a stay that extended until June of the present year, were genuine surprises to one who makes no claim for possessing—up to that

time—other than the usual hazy opinions regarding The Ancient Colony.

But now experience has given knowledge of the subject that could have been taught in no other way. Primarily the advertising of Newfoundland so lavishly practiced by R. G. Reid, proprietor of the Newfoundland Railway system has done much to open the eyes of the world at large as to the actual facts, but as been already said—nothing but a personal trip can give any idea of the surprising things that are to be learned about Newfoundland.

First of all let me say a word or two as to the means of communication. I have travelled quite a little, but in all my experience I think I can safely say that for careful attention to the details on the proper carrying out of which depends the success of their systems, the connecting links between Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland are deserving of the highest praise. For the trip from Charlottetown to Pictou made in the smart, clean and comfortable steamer Princess, is veritably a pleasure trip of three or four hours, and the courtesy of the officers of the boat anticipates every want of the traveller. From Pictou the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, run a splendid train to Sydney. The scenery along the route embraces all the varied charms of famed Cape Breton and the comfort of the train allows one to give himself wholly over to the beauty of the scenery.

At Sydney after a look over that "booming" town one boards the palace steamer Bruce owned by the Newfoundland Railway System. This is one of the finest boats on this side of the Atlantic. She has a speed of sixteen knots; her appointments are superb; a voyage in her is a luxury.

At Port-Aux-Basques the traveller leaves, almost reluctantly, the steamer to take the train and enter a new region of enjoyment. All along the line of railway, which by the way traverses the interior of Newfoundland, scene

after scene of beauty presents itself to the eye. Very like pictures of Norwegian scenery are many of the views, and at times one passes through bits of country that it is difficult to believe have ever been explored by white men. The railway places the tourist in direct communication with the wealth of sport that Newfoundland affords—and the additional service to Labrador maintained by the steamship Glencoe places that famous sporting ground also within reach. Of the fishing to be obtained it is hardly necessary for me speak. I had the rare sport of a visit to the celebrated Codroy river, and came away with pleasant recollections of the trip. Trout and salmon are plentiful, and in the shooting season such a profusion of game is to be had that it is no wonder English and American sportsmen are every year in greater numbers taking advantage of the facilities of travel placed at their disposal by the Newfoundland Railway Company and going in ever-increasing numbers to spend the hunting season in The Ancient Colony.

WM. A. CUMMING

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### The Bosville—Boswell—Boswall Family.

THE article on the Boswall family in the June number of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE contains errors. Neither the Balmuto nor the Auchileck family ever spelt the name *all*. It has always been Boswell. Some younger son, before 1585, changed the spelling to *all* to distinguish *his* family. The descendants of "Sir Alexander" do not hold Balmuto at the present day. In 1722 "Sir Alexander" sold Balmuto—reserving the right to mine for coal and other minerals—to John Boswell of Auchinleck. Burke gives the name as *Robert*. This Robert or John was the next brother to James the heir of Auchin-

leck. He was therefore uncle to the famous lawyer, whose ability was equal to his irascibility.

This purchaser of Balmuto was very wealthy. Auchinleck at the present time is held by the two great granddaughters of Johnson's biographer, Mrs Mounsey, and Lady Talbot de Malahide, but Balmuto by a Boswell, a descendant of the man who bought it in 1722. According to the law of primogeniture the Houston-Boswells are not the true representatives of the Boswall family—of their branch. Euphemia was the descendant through the youngest son of Thomas of Kirkcaldy. She died in 1882, Sir George Houston-Boswall 1886. Their son holds Blackadder now.

Alexander Henry Boswall, M.D, was the representative of the family, as he was the eldest male descendant from the second son of Thomas. The family of the first son became extinct in 1812. Because of his position the Doctor had rightful expectations, but there was no legal wrong done him, as there was no entail, and his claims were those of close relationship only.

The name has leaned to various spellings. In Normandy it was Busseuile; this became Boseville for the followers of William the Norman to England.

It is Bosville and Bosvile in Yorkshire to-day, and must be spelt so.

It became Boswell in Scotland when Robert Bosville followed William the Lion to that country.

Whoever holds Blackadder has to spell it Boswall, also the possessors of Wardie and Windlestrawlee.

The coats of arms, crests and mottoes show as much variety as the spelling. The Abernethy Lion and *braye foy* appear nearly as often as the greyhounds and *fortiter*.



## ❧ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❧

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

SUMMER is here at last! The real identical article, as the dry goods men would say. We have been waiting for it as we never waited before. We all ought to be thankful now that we've got it, and our only regret should be that we cannot hold on to it. Summer reminds me a good deal of a little boy investing his cash in a five cent dish of ice-cream, because just as he begins to realize what a good thing he's got—it is gone. Yes, my boy, you may replenish your stock of ice-cream if you possess the wherewithal, but your supply of summer will have to stand over for another year. Life is very uncertain and taking into consideration what what's-his-name said about it being all a fleeting show, the chances are that some of us may drop out between the acts. In that case summer will be an occasion of summer else with us. (This little joke is not meant for irreverence or anything like that, I just merely say it to take away any loose gloom that may have adhered to you while reading the previous remarks.) Yes, I feel sure that summer is the very best season allotted to us poor mortals. Take it while you have it; use it well and it will use you well. Rejoice therefore, I say, be glad, and if you have nothing else to do you may play upon the sackbut and the seashore, N. B.—But you mustn't try to play upon the proprietor.



Summer seems to bring upon me a crowd of recollections that have escaped my memory. Therefore I'll not press them upon anyone just now. Let the old musty past remain buried in the oblivion laid aside for that purpose. We'll monkey with what concerns the present and talk some more on summer. The swimming season I notice was postponed until very late this year on account of the weather. In former years as early as June the small boys might have been seen off the Park bathing houses swimming in large "schools," like porpoises, when they might just as well have been in other

schools, where they would have a chance to drink in something of more lasting benefit to them than salt-water. Not that some of them did not need the saltwater. However I would no more think of putting a damper on the small boy's enthusiasm for swimming than the said small boy himself would think of putting on a bathing suit for that purpose. The average boy around here, I am glad to see, desires to be natural, and when he goes in for swimming doesn't attempt to "put on" much. But in his efforts to be natural I think he rather overdoes it when he supposes it unnecessary to wear anything more than a smile of content and a yard of sunlight. But that is the way with careless childhood and there's no help for it. If a delegation from some of our reform societies were to visit the boys at high tide one of these fine days I wonder would it have any effect upon the boys. They might try it. I thing I hear the dear little chaps from out the moisty depths of the river wafting out an unanimous welcome to the delegation, and using the current slang of the realm:—

Rubber!!!



About this time of year the Sunday School picnic epidemic reaches the zenith of its glory. From one end of P. E. Island to the other the picnic fever rages from day to day, lessening church debts, etc., and adding a lightness to the heads and hearts of some people which can only be excelled by the lightness of the pocket book at sundown and the heaviness of the head next morning. It is now several years since I attended a picnic. The last one I was at I enjoyed very much and every time I think of it the taste of the canned cow still lingers on my palate, bringing back sunny recollections of pastures green and—but never mind. Now-a-days when I want recreation or a rest my thoughts do not wander towards picnics. I generally prefer solitude and a brown study, and you may throw in a pail of clams if you like. That's picnic enough for me. I have made a study of the man who goes to a picnic, hoping to squeeze six months pleasure out of nine sweltering short yet long enough hours. Of course *every* man that goes to a picnic doesn't have exactly this experience, but he feels next morning as if he had. Yes a picnic is a funny thing. A man starts out on a lovely morning dressed in his finest and feeling in excellent spirits. He remarks to his friends that he is going to make the best of it; it's just what he's been needing, it will do him no end of good and goodness knows when he'll get another such a chance to enjoy himself. That's how he looks forward to it. Speaking in the past tense we can conjure up how he has spent the day. Where will we start? Oh, anywhere. He



has helped tie up the swings; he has fallen off the swing which he tied to a rotten limb; he has bruised himself and upset the lemonade; he has spent all his money; he doesn't know what he's bought; he's been sold himself; he's been half starved all day in the midst of plenty; he has spoiled a new suit of clothes; he has been bitten by mosquitoes and chased by a bull; he has stepped into the spring; he has sat down on a custard pie and spoiled the pie for everybody else; his nice clean shirt and collar which shone brilliantly when he left home hangs dejected and wilted like a lovesick angle worm in the month of Jul—August; he has a roaring headache and a feeling of ennui and mental depression is attached to him which he feels is of such thickness that it might be scraped off with a board and yet he can't get clear of it; (I notice I have drifted into the present tense, I mean it in the past) he has been hung unto a barbed wire fence and the barbs have showed their barbarity by leaving nasty trade marks on his lower limbs while he has left mementoes of his trousers hanging upon the fence; he has been caught in that shower of rain which came on about five o'clock; he has—but there is no need to say anything further. I don't want to make people think a picnic can be nothing else but one long monotonous round of misery, although it often is for some—and the day following is for others. Of course, it wouldn't do if every person felt as I do about picnics. There are some people in this country, I believe, who would like to attend a picnic every day of their lives; and there are some people who seem to look upon every day of their lives as a picnic, and they seem to be blessed with plenty of sunshine, even on cloudy days, which serves to keep their spirits bright and warm. I prefer this class, don't you? No, I don't think I'll go to any pic—

\* \* \* \*

Excuse me a moment—someone wants to speak to me—

[*Two minutes intermission. Try some picnic cake.*]

\* \* \* \*

An old friend of mine has just called to see me about going to a picnic next Thursday and I promised to go. Will I go? Well rather! I may not have the chance again in a hurry.

☞ There is a little moral concealed in this. It is concealed so well that I cannot take time to look for it. If you find it you may have the benefit of it gratis.

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&  
Son

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

### The Other One.

**S**WEET little maid with winsome eyes  
That laugh all day through the  
tangled hair;

Gazing with baby looks so wise  
Over the arm of the oaken chair;  
Dearer than you is none to me,  
Dearer than you there can be none;  
Since in your laughing face I see  
Eyes that tell of another one,

Here where the firelight softly glows,  
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,  
What to you is the wind that blows,  
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?  
Round your head the ruddy light  
Glints on the gold from your tresses  
spun,

But deep is the drifting snow to-night  
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,  
Watching the dying embers shine;  
Then shall I feel another hand  
That nestled once in this hand of mine—  
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,  
Shut from the light of stars and sun,  
Clasping the withered roses still  
That hide the face of a sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may!  
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;—  
Better perhaps for her to stay  
Under the drifting robe of snow,  
Sing while you may your baby songs,  
Sing till your baby days are done;  
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs  
Night and day for the other one!

HARRY THURSTON PECK

### A Missing Doctor.

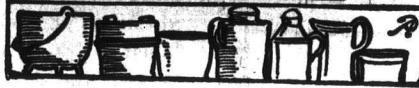
**I**N a damage suit recently tried before  
Judge Steckler in the Supreme Court  
against the Metropolitan Street Railway  
Company by ex-Assistant District Attor-  
ney Maurice B. Blumenthal, the com-

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**SIMON  
W.  
CRABBE**

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

pany's lawyer, Judge Edward P. Coyne, demanded to know the whereabouts of the plaintiff's family physician, who was not produced as a witness. Mr. Blumenthal stated that up to last July the doctor lived on West End Avenue, but that he was unable to give the doctor's present address, and that therefore another physician had made an examination of the plaintiff and would give the necessary evidence as to the injuries.

In his closing address to the jury, Mr. Coyne laid great stress upon the alleged exaggeration of the plaintiff's injuries, and scored the plaintiff for not producing the family physician at the trial.

"They are afraid his testimony would determine the case in favor of the company, and therefore made no effort to locate him," declared Mr. Coyne, and the jury seemed greatly impressed with the argument. When Mr. Coyne took his seat he felt that he had won his case.

Mr. Blumenthal followed in his address, in the course of which he explained his failure to produce the family physician.

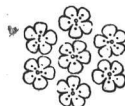
"I hold here in my hand," said he, the certificate of the Board of Health of this city to the effect that the doctor died on July 9 last, and another certificate that he was buried in Greenwood Cemetery two days later. Then we lost track of him. Under the circumstances, I cannot understand Mr. Coyne's surprise at my inability to give the doctor's present address." A ripple of laughter swept through the courtroom. Mr. Blumenthal had overcome the only danger in his case and the jury awarded his client damages.

Blumenthal and Coyne had dinner together that night and Coyne paid for it.

It is well enough to make hay while the sun shines; but if there were no rainy weather there would be no hay to make.

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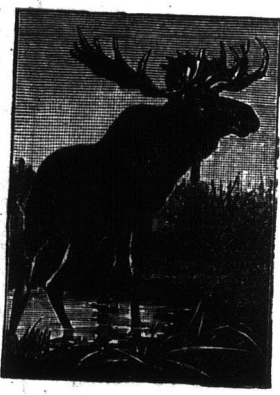
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### CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

So Long, Jim.

**G**OOD-BYE, old friend; full many a time together  
 We've tramped it in the sunshine and the rain  
 Along life's pathway with unleashed tether,  
 Through shadowy woods and o'er the sky-bound plain;  
 And many an hour by run and rushing river  
 We've watched the startled game with sportsman's zest,  
 Till sunset warned us back to camp and cover  
 And rest.

Full many a night beneath the whispering cedars  
 We've lain in camp and smoked the pipe of peace,  
 And swapped tall stories of departed leaders  
 On flood and field or on the cricket crease;  
 And if the absent needed a defender  
 If ever man beneath the starry blue  
 Walked straight, shot true, ne'er let a friend go under,  
 'Twas you.

And as we know our Book, we'll try to see you;  
 By your example paddled on that shore  
 Where we by God's sweet mercy may retrieve you  
 And stand by you forever, evermore.  
 So, for that little span the turf shall hide you  
 While we remain to finish up life's song,  
 We will not say good-bye for good: we'll bid you  
 "So long."

### President Diaz's Retort.

**P**RESIDENT DIAZ of Mexico, a strong and rugged man, at times reminds Americans of Lincoln, and the similarity is particularly noticeable in his brief and pointed speeches and in his tendency to answer a question by telling an apt story. An American-born gentleman, now a resident of the City of Mexico, called on him some years ago, and suggested that, while it was evident to him that the

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

# Judge

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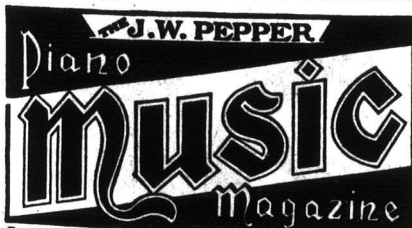
Mexican Constitution was modeled after that of the United States, he feared that it was not administered to the letter.

President Diaz made no attempt to explain the conditions existing among the Mexican masses, but said to his visitor that his suggestions reminded him of a story of an uncle who, forgetful of the age of his year-old nephew, absent-mindedly sent him a present of a pair of trousers. "Now when the boy is old enough," remarked President Diaz, "he can wear those pants."

### Biggest Dam in the world.

**T**HERE has been completed recently on the Periyar River, India, a concrete dam, at a cost of \$2,000,600, which is remarkable for its height, exceeding the great dam at Assuna, which is 130 feet high. The Indian dam is for irrigation purposes and will irrigate about 100,000 acres. It is 176 feet high, with a thickness of 12 feet at the top and 139 feet at the base, and has a length of 1,200 feet. It is the largest concrete dam in the world, the dam at San Mateo, Cal., being second to it, with a height of 170 feet and a length of 780 feet. The Periyar dam is exceeded in size, however, by the new Croton stone dam in New York, which is to be 219 feet high, 18 feet thick at the top, 200 feet thick at the base and 2,240 feet long. The water is to be 150 feet deep in the Croton dam, or five feet less than in the Periyar dam. A dam at Villar, Spain, and another at Furens, France, exceed all others in depth of water, the former having 102.3 and the latter 154 feet. It is objected to the proposed Nicaragua canal route that the dam to be built for it—an essential feature—will be 120 feet high. The height, it will be perceived, is less than in many existing dams. But the pith of the objections is in the fact that a good hard rock foundation for the Ochoa dam is hardly to be had, and such a foundation is essential.

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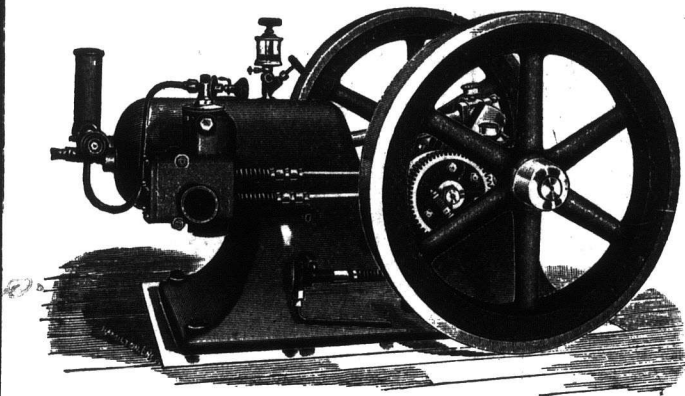
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### CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

#### My First Cigar

**F**OR the first half-hour after finishing my first cigar I was afraid I should not live till morning. For the second half hour I was afraid I should live till morning. The third half it was all over.



#### Nonsense

**I** WOULD flee from the city's rule and law,

From its fashions and forms cut loose  
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw

And the gooseberry on its goose.  
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat,

As she crouches for her prey:  
The guileless and unsuspecting rat  
On the rattan bush at play.

I will watch at last for the saffron cow  
And cowlet in their glee,  
As they leap in joy from bough to bough  
On the top of the cowslip tree.

Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,  
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,  
And the dog devours the dog-wood plum  
In the primitive solitude.

Oh let me drink from the moss-grown pump

That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,  
Eat mush and milk from the mushroom vine,

And milk from the milk-weed sweet,  
With luscious pineapples from the pine  
Such food as the gods might eat.

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,  
Where the dairymaid hastening hies,  
Her ruddy and golden-haired butter to churn

From the milk of her butterflies;  
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird  
To the fragrant farm-yard pass,  
When the farmer turns the beautiful herd  
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

### The Deacon and the "Caff."

**O**H, old Widder Bugg was a-weanin' her caff—

Took a ha'f for herself and gin him a ha'f  
Had a nice leetle tro'f and the ca'f et there  
As ca'm as a sassige I dew declare.

Parson he called on the Widder one day,  
Offered to help her pitch daown hay;  
'Ah' the dear leetle caff,' says he with a  
la'f,  
'I reely must feed that dear leetle caff.'

'Lawk,' says the Widder, 'yew'll mess  
your clothes!  
Better let me'— but the Parson goes,  
Pours the nice warm milk in the nice  
leetle tro'f,  
But, drat his hide, that caff hangs off.

Parson he pokes that leetle caff's nose  
Down in the trough, and the caff he blows:  
Whoosh! an' the parson, I vum and de-  
clare,  
Was a river of milk from his toes to his  
hair.

She told what he said, did Widder Bugg  
And the church has fired him out kerchug.  
HOLMAN DAY

### The Air Line to Health

**T**HE modern city is becoming more and more like a wheel—a central hub in which business is done and from which radiate fast trains and trolleys to an outer circumference of green fields and woods, where one may go after a day of playing Mr. Hyde in town to give Dr. Jekyll a chance to regain the upper hand.

Between the spokes live those to whom life without gas, sewers and policemen is not worth the living. But those who can't and those who won't dwell out of town grow fewer every year. For the first the problem is being solved by increasingly rapid transit—by improvements which will in a few years, merge the suburbs of

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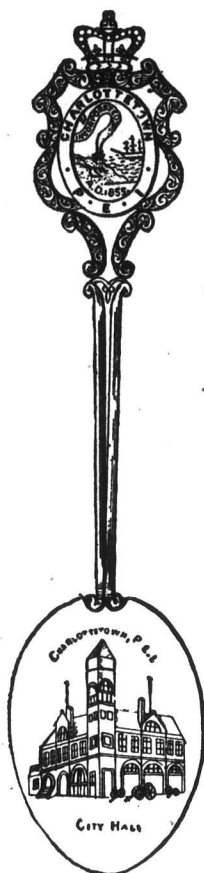
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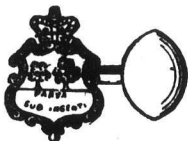
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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

New York into those of Philadelphia.

This better service is throwing open the farms for fifty miles around the city to pre-emption by the business man. Even now he may cry By Jove! over a bird at his luncheon in Delmonico's and exclaim B'gosh over a real broiler at his dinner in Podunk, twenty miles from Madison Square.

There is hope for the man with dark blue lungs, who rails at your folly in coaxing an acre of ground to grow grass, that once a week, in the sweat of your brow, you may push a lawn mower over it. For your earnest neighbor with the wilted collar, who is planting turnip seed in the serene hope of its glorious resurrection as early radishes, was but last year a Philistine, his home a flat, his portion of Heaven the few square feet fenced off by the top of the light-well, his children's playground the street.

The only man who never can and never will be converted to the country is the fellow who was raised on the farm and kept close to nature from sunup to sunset, with an hour at noon for soggy pie and oatmeal water. He will go to see "The Old Homestead," and choke up a little, perhaps, when the fiddles play low, but this is about as near the real thing as he ever wants to get again.

—Saturday Evening Post

The World's Salutations

- 'How can you?' Swedish.
- 'How do you fare?' Dutch.
- 'How do you stand?' Italian.
- 'Go with God, senior.' Spanish.
- 'How do you live on?' Russian.
- 'How do you perspire?' Egyptian.
- 'How do you have yourself?' Polish.
- 'How do you find yourself?' German.
- 'Thank God, how are you?' Arabian.
- 'How do you carry yourself?' French.
- 'May thy shadow never grow less' Persian.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

## The "IMPERIAL LIMITED"

In addition to the regular daily service, the "Imperial Limited" trains will run tri-weekly between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, crossing the continent in each direction in about four days.

### WESTBOUND

Leave Montreal Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, 11.40 a. m.

" Toronto " " " " 1.45 p. m.

At Fort William the new trains will connect with the Upper Lake Steamships plying tri-weekly between Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie and Owen Sound.

Dining Cars will run between Montreal and Banff. Beyond Banff meals will be served at Company's Chalet Hotels at Field, Glacier and North Bend.

From this truly "Imperial Train" more magnificent scenery can be seen than on any other Railway in the world in the same time

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The quality of our Ice Cream is too well known to need any more words of praise here.

If you are not taking our pasteurized milk regularly let us send you a trial bottle and see if it is not an improvement on your present supply.

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Pasteurized Milk Factory

Telephone 238

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

'How do you do?' Both English and American.

'Be under the guard of God.' Ottoman or Turk.

'How is your stomach?' 'Have you eaten your rice?' Chinese.

'How's your grip?' That's the one touch in nature which makes the world akin.

An Earnest Evangelist

**W**ILL Moody, son and successor at Northfield of the late Dwight L. Moody, tells the following story, apropos of recent theological events, about a young convert in the Salvation Army, who, earnest and zealous, was imbued with the idea that he must speak to every one on the subject of religion. He was especially moved one day while travelling to address a somewhat austere individual seated just in front of him. Touching him on the shoulder, he put the usual question: "My brother are you a Christian?"

"Sir" was the reply—perhaps with a shade of impatience—"I'm a professor in a theological seminary."

But this only seemed to call for renewed effort, and the young man was equal to it. "My dear brother," he said, "as you value your soul, don't let a thing like that stand between you and the Lord."

Now I Lay Me

**N**OW I lay me down to sleep:  
(Closer, Death, to thee I creep!)

So I prayed in days gone by,  
So I pray as Night draws nigh.  
Now I lay me down to sleep:  
God his little child will keep.

Now I lay me,—God has kept  
Watch above me while I slept.  
Earth has been a goodlier place  
For the shining of his face.  
Should I die before I wake,  
God his little child will take.





**She will  
be Pleased . .**

If you provide a piano, especially if you buy her one of our high grade pianos—pianos that have few equals and no superiors.

We're in a position to sell you at very close prices—we buy right; we sell right.

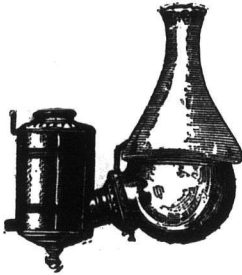
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**"The Leading Music House"**

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Queen Street.

**The Light Question in Charlottetown  
Not a Matter to be Treated Lightly**



Those who read this who are serious about the light question and who want to have a light **Superior to any other** and at a **cheaper** rate should look into the merits of

**THE ANGLE LAMP**

The Angle Lamp is world famous. It overcomes all light troubles. The essential difference between the Angle Lamp and all others is this: the Angle Lamp is a good lamp, all others are not

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Especially good for churches, halls, etc. It will suit you. It has none of the shortcomings of ordinary lamps. If not as advertised your money will be refunded. Call and see them or write for a catalogue.

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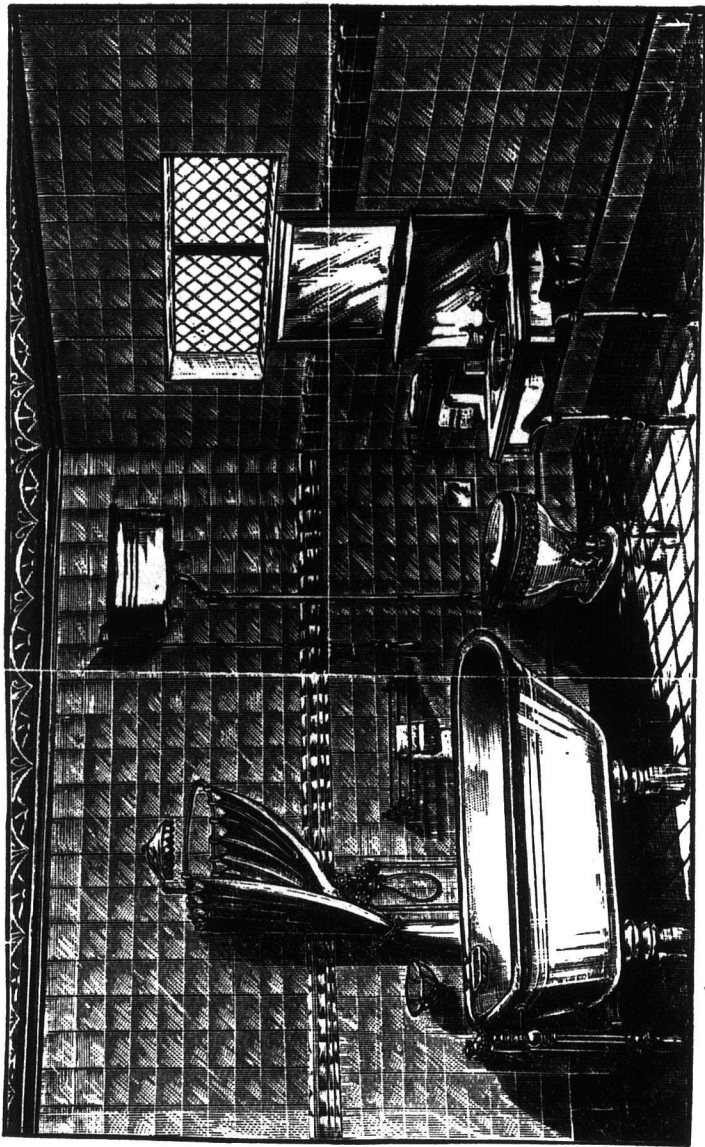
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Stylish turn-outs, single and double carriages,, buggies, carryalls and barouches all of the best and most comfortable patterns. Superior horses. Orders promptly attended to. Drivers accompany teams if required.

Satisfactory service given to all patrons

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# T. A. MACLEAN

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PLUMBING, STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

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Office and Store: Masonic Temple

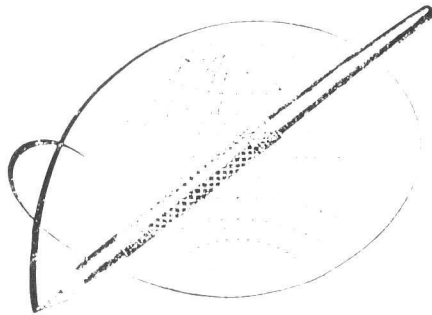
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BIG FISH AND PLENTY OF THEM  
FLY FISHING AT ALL SEASONS**

Bigger and more CARIBOU are found in Newfoundland than in any section of the North American Continent.

The finest heads are easily obtained.

There are also Grouse, Geese, Ducks and Curlew in countless thousands.

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"The Land of the Midnight Sun," is now made in fast steamers affording every comfort.

A fine Railway traverses the Island, equipped with Pullman Sleeping, Parlor and Dining Cars. Everything to please the taste and add to the comfort of the Tourist is provided.

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Leaves North Sydney every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, on arrival of the Intercolonial Express, and after a six hours trip connects at Port-aux-Basques with the Railway and Steamship system for all parts of Newfoundland.

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