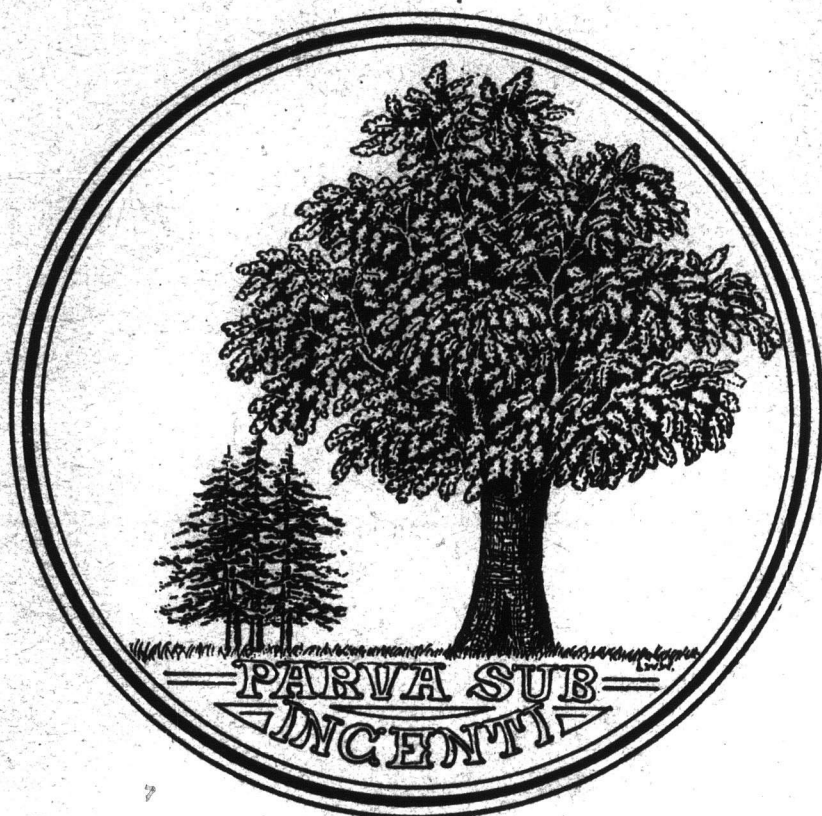


THE
Prince Edward Island
MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1905



7th Volume --- No. 1

Subscription 75c. a Year

Single Copies 8 Cents

The Prince Edward Island Magazine

JANUARY 1905



CONTENTS

McClure's Mill, Murray River - Frontispiece	
From photograph by Miss AGNES KITCHEN	
Our Island's Geology - - - -	1
JOHN T. CLARKIN, B.A.	
Our Feathered Friends, No. 5 - - -	4
JOHN McSWAIN	
The Old Time School - - - -	3
HON. JAMES H. FLETCHER	
The Days That Are Gone, (poem) -	15
WEBSTER ROGERS	
Our Golden Plover - - - -	16
ROBERT H. JENKINS	
"In The Old Time Before Us" -	20
Compiled from old P. E. Island Newspapers	
A Visit To Bunker Hill - - - -	24
"TOM A. HAWKE"	
The Pioneers of Murray Harbor South and Guernsey Cove - - - -	27
Notes And Comments, Etc. - - - -	31

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE is published monthly from its own office, Richmond Street, west, Charlottetown. Subscription 75c a year, postpaid.

The editor will be pleased to receive from Islanders, and others who may take an interest in this Province, articles for publication.

Archibald Irwin,

Editor and Publisher

P.O. Box 369, Charlottetown.

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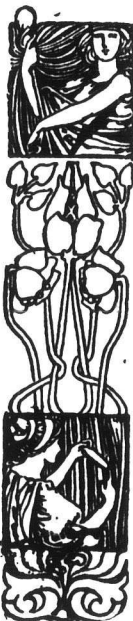
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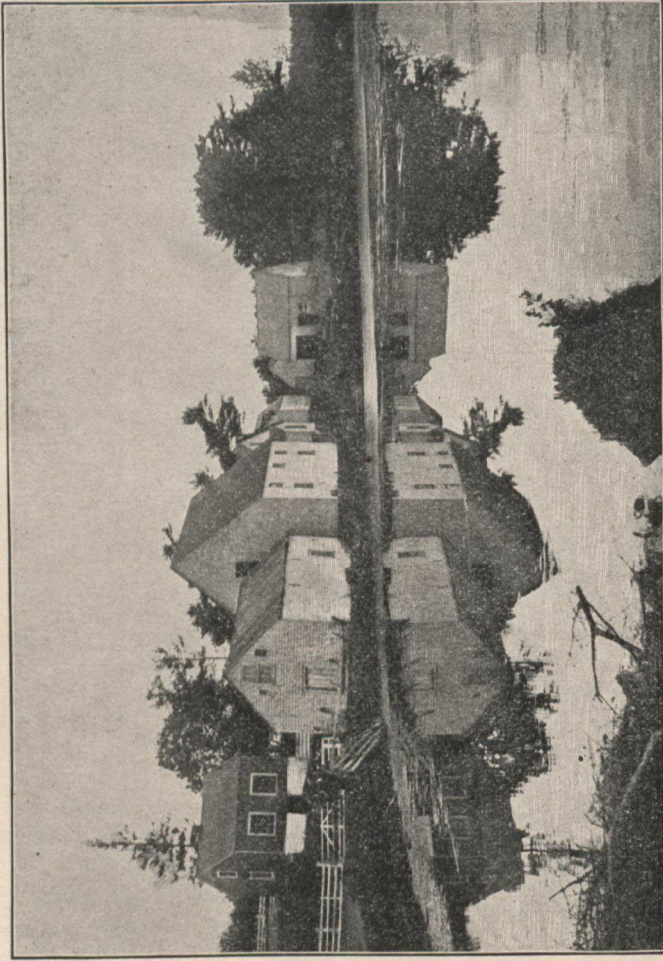


Photo by]

McCLURE'S MILL, MURRAY RIVER

[Miss Agnes Kitchen

The Prince Edward .. Island Magazine ..

VOL. VII

JANUARY, 1905

NO. I

ARCHIBALD IRWIN

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

OUR ISLAND'S GEOLOGY

By John T. Clarkin, B. A.



O state that Prince Edward Island is going down in the world, even if it is in a geologic sense, does not sound patriotic. But, sure, we have to acknowledge that old Ireland is doing the same.

Several friends have expressed a wish for some proofs of my statement concerning the Island sinking. Those who swam off the shore at Kensington beach "just twenty years ago" or a little earlier will remember that we used to stub our toes and trip ourselves up or down, as you like it, on sundry old stumps that projected above the sand at a little distance from the shore. There was at that time, also, a considerable deposit of peat skirting the bank, and in it were imbedded some stumps. This peat formed a terrace several feet higher than the sand, and, as the water at high tide flowed two or three feet above the peat, its outer edge, at such time, made a first rate place for us to launch ourselves into deep water. In those good old days we just dived and paddled and yelled to our hearts' content, and never questioned the stumps or the peat bank for the story

that they could tell. The banks and the stumps have vanished with the years.

Three years ago, while swimming in the cove between Kensington and Falconwood shore, I noticed the remains of a stump nearly midway between the points. I secured a small piece, and later subjected a section to microscopic examination. It showed clearly the pitted cells characteristic of all conifers, and was identical with our white pine. In short, it was a piece of an old pine stump. I have noticed like remains in the sand about fifty yards from the bank to the north of the targets. These stumps showed the bases of the stems to be from three to six feet below high water mark. We may infer that the land has sunk at least six feet since these old trees were at their maturity.

It is evident that these old stumps tell the story of a grand old forest where the Micmac, sole ruler of Abegweit, made his camp fire and hunted the bear that skulked in its depths ; but now it is a tidal cove in which the unabashed small paleface disports his white pelt. Surely this is a come-down in the world. There is a submerged forest at Gallas Point and I have seen old stumps in Orwell and Seal rivers.

Getting out of the stumps our good old river gives us another problem to solve. We may walk at low tide on gently sloping flats till we come to or near the channel, the sides of which go down almost like walls. The question naturally arises in our minds : why does the channel sink so suddenly and why does not the river slope gently to its deepest and then as gently slope upward to the other bank ? The only explanation I can think of is that our Island is playing see-saw and is still at the game—going down just now. In the very dim past our beauteous Hillsboro was

a brook that babbled over its pebbles in a manner that would suit Tennyson. Like any other stream, as the ages rolled away, it gradually ground the old Triassic sandstone and carried its fragments to the distant sea. In doing so it deepened its bed until its banks, from which the rushes once kissed the waters, now towered perhaps a hundred feet above its surface, but it prattled on, for the land was rising above the ocean, and it could afford to dig deeper. It was joined by the Elliot and York at a point we call the Three Tides, and thence it flowed in a tortuous course through what is now the harbour's mouth, and on to the south until it joined a stream that had its source near Cape Traverse.

Then came a period when the land ceased to rise. The land was to the top of its tilt and gradually it began to sink. Countless ages rolled their tedious length along and brought changes. Tidal water began to mingle with the fresh, and when the tide was high the river's song was mute. It felt no longer the pulse of the hills; it became a slave of the ocean and its sluggish current changed with the tides. Its banks sank level with the sea and where once the sun played on the shallows it was ten fathoms deep. The land still sank lower and with each recurring tide the river broke over its banks. Silt and debris were washed back, and gradually the pebbles, on which the river sang in the days of its freedom, were buried deep in mud. The banks sank still lower until they lost their character as boundaries to the stream, except when at low tide it flowed dark and sullen. Away back where the princes of the forests waved their tops the river had made new banks, and the old ones are what the small boy calls the edges of the channel,—where the quahaugh loves to dwell.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

No. 5. Second Series

By John McSwain

ON the briny waters which skirt our Island coast and indent our gently undulating land with numerous bays, and send far inland the smoothly flowing streams forming our rivers, may be seen many species of the alert and suspicious duck. After Winter has withdrawn his icy shackles, but particularly during the seasons of migration, they float on the water, move with ease and grace through it, or in rapid flight pass from one place to another over its surface. Some seek the open waters of the bays, and the more expansive though more turbulent, gulf; others prefer the quieter and less exposed rivers, with their sheltered coves and limpid streams.

Some species are abundant, others are rare. Of the latter we see but few, and them, perhaps, at distant intervals, and there are some species which at no time visit our shores. Rarely is one seen during the Winter, and then only on the sea where a rift in the encircling icy expanse gives it an opportunity to obtain its food.

The bill of a duck is lamellate, which means that the mandibles are furnished with a series of plates or saw-toothed projections and these projections fit into one another. By means of them a duck can hold the small crustaceans, fishes, and other marine animals and vegetables which largely constitute its food.

The Mergansers have narrow, almost round, bills and the lamellæ are pointed and recurved or bent back, a structure which aids them in holding securely the fishes which they seize under water. They are expert divers and can with ease swim a great distance

under water. The seaducks, and river ducks have flat and broad bills with blunt lamellæ. The former is distinguished from the latter by the presence or absence of a membrane or lobe on the hind toe, similar to that between the front toes of all ducks. Such a membrane is attached to the hind toes of all seaducks.

The mergansers, as stated, are expert divers ; as also are some of the seaducks. The river ducks need not dive for their food, and, as far as I know, they do not. Their food is found in greatest abundance in shoal water, particularly along the margins of rivers and ponds.

The secondary quills of the wings of ducks usually exhibit patches of varied colors. Such a patch is called the speculum.

With this brief and general description in mind, let us now classify the ducks that visit our waters under the three heads as given above.

In the first, that is, the fish ducks, we can place two only ; the American merganser and the red-breasted merganser. In the second, or seaduck, we have the bufflehead, the golden-eye, the greater scaup or bluebill and the lesser scaup duck, the long-tailed duck, the American or black scoter, the American eider, white-winged scoter, surf scoter and the ruddy duck. In the class of river ducks there are the mallard, black duck, green-winged teal, blue-winged teal, pintail and wood duck.

FISH DUCKS

The fish ducks, sawbills, or mergansers, have the bill and lamellæ as described above. The American merganser has the head a dark glossy green with a small imperfect crest ; the back black ; wings, white, crossed by a black bar ; the underparts salmon tinted. The female is smaller and has a better developed crest.

The head and neck are reddish brown. There is less white on the wings and less of the salmon tint on the underparts. The redbreasted merganser has in both sexes a long, thin and pointed crest, the throat of the male is reddish brown, there is a white mark in front of the wing and two black bars across them.

SEA DUCKS.

These are the ducks which have a lobe or membrane attached to the hind toe.

The buffle has the head particularly puffy and has a white ear patch. The female is smaller with the head scarcely puffy and of a dark grey color.

Old squaw, long-tailed duck or cockawie is a handsome bird. The male has the central tail feathers very much lengthened. The general color is dark brown or blackish, white posteriorly from breast. There is a large dark patch on each side of the white and grey neck. The male of the American golden-eye has a glossy green head and an oval white spot before each eye, much white on neck, wings and lower parts, back black. The female has a light brown head, no white spot before eye and less white on wings. The American scaup duck or blue-bill has the head, neck and forepart of the body black, back and sides white, with black, zig-zag lines, below white. Female has the parts corresponding with the black of the male, of a brown color, and a white face. Another species of blue-bill or scaup, called the lesser scaup duck has markings like the former, but can be easily distinguished by its smaller size. It measures only sixteen inches in length while the other is twenty inches.

RIVER DUCKS.

Three River ducks not infrequently seen, may be described here. They are the blue-winged and the green-winged teals and the pintail. The pintail is

the largest of the three. Its head and upper neck are dark, the sides of the neck with a long white stripe, a wide dark line on back of neck; throat, breast and underparts, white. The female is without the white markings of the male, and the long tail feathers are also wanting.

The blue-winged teal has much blue on the wings, the rest of the body variously marked with darker colors. The female has the same wing mark, but differs in the colors of other parts.

The green-winged teal has no blue on the wings. The speculum is rich green. There are broad bands of green on each side of the head.

The black duck scarcely needs a description more than this: that it is dusky and not black as the name indicates.

DESCRIPTIVE SUMMARY.

FISH DUCKS: bill cylindrical.

American Merganser: crest small or none; breast, salmon-colored; nostrils at middle of bill.

Redbreasted crest long Merganser: breast reddish; nostrils near base of bill.

SEADUCKS: bill flattened, hind toes lobed.

Bufflehead: head puffy, white ear patches; white underneath; speculum, none.

Long-Tailed Duck: dark patch on each side of head; white below; speculum, white

Golden-Eye: head glossy green, white below; speculum, white.

RIVER DUCKS: bill flattened, no lobe on hind toe.

Pintail: white stripe on each side of neck; white beneath; speculum, greenish purple.

Blue-winged Teal: white spot before eye; dark colored, much blue on wing; speculum, green.

Green-winged Teal: green band on head; breast spotted with black; speculum, black and green.

Black Duck: dusky above; lighter beneath; speculum, violet and black.

THE OLD-TIME SCHOOL

By Hon. James H. Fletcher

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitable, gay,
 There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school."

Goldsmith.

I AM not a very old man and yet I can remember the log school-house that dotted many a hill by the road-side. It was indeed an old fashioned building, having little regard to the health or convenience of either the master or his pupils. It was invariably located where the land was of the least value, but an effort was nevertheless usually made to place it as near as possible in the geographical centre of the district. It would sometimes be built so near the road that a large stone had to be set up at the most exposed corner to protect it from passing vehicles. The main object of its builders appeared to be to see how small a space a large number of children could be crowded into. When the school was in it bore a strong resemblance to a box packed with sardines. I once thought that it was a wonderfully spacious structure, but twenty-five years later when I went into it, I could scarcely bring myself to believe that this dingy, dirty, old shack was the stately building that I in my youth conceived it to be. And yet I have profound reverence for the old log house, for from its hard seats and unfriendly walls many of the greatest men obtained most of their education. But the men and women who excelled, to tell the truth, were largely self-made. They dynamited themselves to the front in spite of their surroundings. The old teacher did but little to help his pupils along beyond

the beatings which he gave them, which usually had the effect, so he said, of "spurring them up."

Present day methods and conveniences were entirely unknown at that period, so that those who distinguished themselves in after life deserved unstinted praise. It is easy to ask a blessing over a square meal; to be honest on a fat salary; to be devout on a full stomach. It is quite another thing when a poor fellow has to tighten his belt for dinner or to be religious when compelled to eat the crumbs which fall from the table of Dives. It is easy to sail with the wind and tide; to float on seas amid purple isles of spice; but it is another thing to save the ship when the waves are caught in the rigging and the billows break over the topsail and trample upon the deck. I hold that a man must have a square meal inside and a clean shirt outside before he is a fit subject of saving grace. It is, therefore, an easy matter to send forth scientists and scholars, lawyers and linguists, politicians and preachers from the splendid buildings now in use for school purposes and from the tuition of trained teachers furnished with all the appliances of the day. The old writers, financiers, lawyers and statesmen rose to distinction in defiance of their environments; the new writers, financiers, lawyers and statesmen could scarcely help ascending the paths that lead to honor and to fame.

The improvement which has taken place in the buildings, appliances and methods of imparting instruction since I was a school boy have been almost miraculous. The average school in my young days resembled the College described by Robert Ingersoll—"they were places where pebbles were polished and diamonds were dimmed." Our buildings were generally constructed of round logs and the seams between them were stuffed with moss or plastered with mud. The front door was in

the end of the house, with one window on each side, so that the children could look out and see who passed by. The window-frame contained a single sash of nine panes, each pane being an eight by ten. When a pane was broken — which was a very common thing — the place was filled with a broad shingle or a boy's straw hat. The fireplace generally was built in the end opposite the door and was from six to eight feet wide. In some cases it occupied the whole end of the house. Every morning it took the teacher and two or three of the stoutest boys to put on a new backlog. As soon as this was accomplished the little ones came up to warm their hands, but it did nothing to warm their backs as most of the heat went up the chimney, and the master regularly attended to the warming of their backs himself, in his own peculiar way. If the truth must be confessed this was his favorite method of putting knowledge into their heads. Sometimes, however, a boy would steal up to the fire, put his back towards it when the teacher's mind was employed in another direction, and the first thing to remind him of this breach of decorum would be the smell of burning cloth. Many a time I have seen a hole burnt through the lower part of a boy's coat. Broad as the fire-places were they were a poor device for heating the distant parts of the house. In zero weather the children often suffered from cold hands and feet. In the rear part of the room the atmosphere was often frigid, and those who sat there could be heard pleading: "Please, Master, may I go up to the fire?" while the little fellows in front would be asking, "Please, Master, I am too hot; may I go out?" The wood used was almost always green, so that it took a long time to get a

fire started, but, once fairly under way it would force a vigorous retreat to the rear.

In Summer when the heat became excessive one of the window-sashes would be taken out and the door thrown open. When anything unusual passed along the road, and the children wished to see what it was, they pulled out a junk of the moss or a piece of the dried mortar, and then peeped through the hole by turns. When the dominie caught them at this, it was a caution to "see the wool fly," as he used to say himself, But it never did much good. The attraction was too great to be resisted, even though a tanning was threatened, and usually carried out when the master was in good health.

The furniture consisted of a sloping shelf nailed to the walls, which out of courtesy was called a desk. The poet described it exactly when he said :—

" the room displayed
Long rows of desk and bench? the former stained
And streak'd with blots and trickles of dried ink,
Lumber'd with maps and slates and well thumb'd books
And carved with rude initials."

The benches had no backs. They were simply slabs turned flat side up just as they came from the mill, rough and splintered. The time-honored trick of the crooked pin was unnecessary, as a good, healthy splinter was as effectual and as uplifting. The teacher had a small low platform on which was a home-made arm-chair. On this he "set the copies" — that is he wrote the first line on a page that was to be imitated by the pupil all the way down. For the advanced scholars he wrote a large round hand. I well remember some of his headlines - "Many men of different minds, many birds of different kinds." "Procrastination is the thief of time," "Contentment is a virtue," "Beware of the geese when the fox preaches," "Honor your

parents and obey your teachers," etc., etc.

Few school houses were provided with a play ground, so that the children had to take to the public road or to the tall timber to exercise their muscles. In the school where I attended a good many of us made a play ground of a near-by millpond. We spent half our time in the water. Indeed, we might properly have been classed among the amphibious animals. The master said one day when he caught us in the pond, that he expected to see us grow up with fins on our feet, and bills on our faces. It was the one witty expression of his life.

Such a thing as a pump or a well for the school was unknown, so that the children had to carry their drinking water from the nearest stream or crib it from a farmer's well. I have often seen the poor little things hunting around for water like famished grasshoppers for a new leaf. Just inside the door stood a pail of water and a tin cup, from which the scholars frequently helped themselves. Many drank frequently — some to help in passing their time and others to show how much they could hold.

In the late afternoon there would be a roll-call, and the boy whose turn it was to make the fire next morning, as well as the girl who was to do the sweeping, were sure to be reminded of the fact.

The attendance was irregular. There was much tardiness and truancy. There were lots of boys in those days who would hold back the sun an hour every morning and have it gain two every afternoon if they only had the power of Joshua. Many did not come at the beginning of the term, because they had to wait until their shoes were made or their jackets mended. Among many of the larger boys their love of knowledge was far exceeded by their love of mischief and insub-

ordination. The teacher invariably concluded, however, that a boy or a girl who was not too old to do wrong was not too old to be punished. The threats that he used to make were enough to scare them out of a year's growth. "I'll skin you alive;" "I'll tan your hides;" "I'll break every bone in your body;" "I'll whip you within an inch of your lives;" "If I go down there with this stick ther'll be pretty heavy mortality among you;" and many more endearing threats of this character.

In the middle of the school room there was an open space. Here the classes stood while reading or reciting, at which time they were expected to "toe the crack"—that is, they were expected to put their toes to a selected crack in the floor for the purpose of being in line.

The teacher usually "boarded round" among the homes of his pupils, spending at each house a length of time proportioned to the number of school children in the family. When he came to a house where they gave extra good meals he generally prolonged his stay until the mother of the family gave him a gentle hint that his time had expired, and the "nod was as good as a wink to the blind horse." But during his stay it was a sad time to the little ones, for he usually considered it his duty to take the father's place as first in command, so that the children dreaded his coming, and would rather see a tiger enter the door than the teacher.

I must be fair with the old teachers, however. They appeared to be divided into two classes. One class was kind and indolent; the other dignified and severe. This kind was in a decided majority. Many of them came from Scotland or Ireland. The native teachers were not numerous, and female teachers were almost an unknown quantity. It was then thought

that a woman had not the intellect to instruct nor the muscle to control a school. The most of the old teachers were rock-ribbed and copper-riveted bachelors. They knew as little of child nature as they did of woman's love. They were severe, implacable and courageous — when dealing with a child — but they would run from a lady quicker than they would from a grizzly bear. The very sight of a woman would drive them into fits. They believed it was a crime to smile, and a degradation to play with a child. In this respect the teacher was no worse than the directors, for if he were to so far forget himself as to mingle with his scholars in their plays, they would call a meeting and notify him to resign, instantler. This kind of familiarity, they thought, always bred contempt.

If a gentleman visited this old teacher's school, it would be derogatory to his honor to recognize him as an equal. He wouldn't lift his hat to a lord. Like old Dr. Busby, he would refuse to take off his hat to an emperor, lest his pupils might think there was a greater man than himself on earth. He always carried a strap, a cane, or a ferule. Either of these was the insignia of his authority. The children looked upon them in the same way that a Frenchman looked upon a guillotine or a Spaniard upon a thumb-screw. He wore a long tailed coat, and his pants were generally singed behind. This adornment he acquired while standing with his back too close to the fire as he warmed himself. He was chuck full of knowledge in his own estimation. He was an elegant penman, and skilled at arithmetic. These qualifications impressed both the pupils and their parents that he was one of the great men of the earth, and he did much to foster that belief as,

“With words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the rustics ranged around
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew !”

[Conclusion next month]



THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE

By Webster Rogers

THE days that are gone ! Ah, the days that are gone !
 How the halo of Memory clings to them still !
 Like the sun's backward gleams ere the shadows are drawn
 As they linger in love on the crest of a hill.

The Face that is gone ! Ah, the Face that is gone !
 Through the mists of old dreams it is beckoning yet,
 Like a phantom of Night, like a wraith of the dawn,
 O'er the gulf of despair and the wastes of regret.

The Love that is gone ! Ah, the Love that is gone !
 In the web of my life it was woven and wrought
 And the threads they are broken and tangled and drawn
 Like the strands of a dream in the long warp of Thought.

Ah, ghosts of the past from the urn of lost youth
 Oh, why do ye rise on Oblivion's shore.
 Can ye never forget ? Can ye ne'er learn the truth
 That the tide of the years will flow backward no more ;

That no touch of your hands, that are withered and cold,
 Can charm back the Life to the ashes again ;
 And no phosphorous gleam from Decay's crumbled mould
 Can rekindle the fire in the heart's ruined fane.

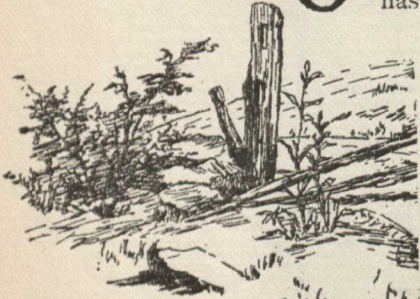
For the canker of Pride and the demon of Doubt,
 And the clutch of the Gold God have torn us apart ;
 And the lamp from the lighthouse of Hope is gone out,
 And the beak of the vulture has entered my heart.



OUR GOLDEN PLOVER

By Robert H. Jenkins

ONE hears the question frequently asked: "What has become of our golden plover (sometimes called land or field plover)"



This question, like many another, is easier asked than answered. About all I can say with certainty is that twenty or twenty-five years ago, it was no unusual sight, during the latter part of August and the first days of September, to see fifteen or twenty flocks of plover pass over our uplands, or to witness the spectacle of an old pasture field literally packed with birds. Especially was this the case if one travelled through Cherry Valley, Seal River, or Vernon River — which seemed to be their headquarters. On some days they would be much more plentiful than on others.

Every year there was what we termed their three days' flight, when nearly every flock would move along a certain course, all heading the same way. I have seen at least a hundred flocks pass a given point on one of these flight days. Twenty-five or fifty birds was only considered a fair bag when one went shooting then. I remember shooting in a field, owned by my brother, at Seal River, when he and the late Mr. George Jones and I shot over one hundred plover that day.

I think I had the pleasure of the last big day's shooting at Vernon River South — it was about twelve years ago. I had invited Captain Doane, who was

master of one of the Boston boats running between Charlottetown and Boston, and a young Mr. Hall, a nephew of our respected friend I. C. Hall, to spend a day shooting with me, and they gladly accepted the invitation.

On the day appointed, we started for Vernon River South. When we neared the place where we intended to locate ourselves it became quite clear that we were in for a day's good sport, for quite a number of flocks were on the wing. We placed our decoys in an old pasture on Findlay's Point, nearly in line with the course the birds were following.

After remaining there a short time I felt that we ought to move, as the plover would pay no attention to either whistle or decoys, and it was difficult to restrain my friend the captain from firing at the passing birds — which were mostly out of range. He remarked to young Hall afterwards, on the sly, that "Jenkins spoiled his day's shooting."

My experience of this sport, however, gained in previous years, would I thought hold good, so we took up our decoys and followed in the line the birds were taking. Just over an elevated ridge, not four hundred yards from our first position, we saw the plover quietly feeding. As there were a great many we refrained from firing, preferring to flush them and allow them to break up into different flocks.

After placing our decoys we concealed ourselves at the crook of an old "worm fence," and in a short time the birds began to return. Our first discharge brought down ten birds, and we kept adding to the number until a fine bag had been secured.

But there was a fly in the ointment, on this particular occasion. It happened that Captain Doane's boat was scheduled to leave Charlottetown at four

o'clock, and it was now three—only one hour in which to reach Charlottetown— and worse than all else the Custom House would be closed at four o'clock. I learned afterward that when the hour for sailing drew near, without any sign of the captain's return, there was much excitement— for there was no one else to take command of the boat— but some of the captain's friends who knew of his whereabouts came to his rescue and the incident passed off without much friction. Young Hall told me afterwards that they covered the distance from our sporting ground to the city— fifteen miles— in one hour and twenty minutes.

The genial captain has since joined the great majority. How often my thoughts turn back to those days in kindly remembrance. He was one of few out of the many I have shot with who could really be called an ideal sportsman. No difference what the day was like, Captain Doane stood to his post till the last shot was fired.

I must relate an incident that occurred when out shooting with the same parties on another occasion. We were standing in a field, at Fort Augustus, trying to see if any birds were on the move. Presently we heard the rustle of wings, and a large flock, unperceived till that moment, came right upon us. The captain threw himself down and seized his gun. I managed to get mine into line and we both fired. Captain Doane turned to young Hall and inquired why the latter had not fired. Hall somewhat sarcastically asked how he expected him to shoot when he (the captain) was sitting on his gun. The incident passed with a good-humoured laugh, and was labeled

one of the best jokes of the day. But to return to my text. I have killed many plover since, but that was the last "old-time" day I have had for twelve years.

I saw only one land plover last summer, although I have learned that there were some scattered about in different parts of the Island.

This one was seen near Southport. Driving to Charlottetown one morning I heard a regular fusillade—I thought at first it was a party of volunteers firing blank cartridge, but on driving further I noticed a team hitched to the fence. Three or four gunners, on the half double, were trying to surround a field on Mr. Aylward's farm. I was anxious to know what all the excitement was about, and presently saw a solitary golden plover rise and hurriedly leave the field.

But the question : what has become of our golden plover? still remains unanswered. My opinion is that the constant harassing, especially since breech-loading guns came into use, has had much to do with their diminished numbers. Possibly they do not get the same food they used to—the field cricket was a favorite morsel with them, and may not be as plentiful now as it was formerly. I am inclined to think, however, that some disease has overtaken them in their breeding-haunts, or that unfavorable weather has aided in destroying their young. After all, the best reasons we can give are only suppositions : one fact remains, and that is that the birds no longer visit our shores in sufficient numbers to make their shooting either a profitable or exciting pastime for the sportsman.



"IN THE OLD TIME BEFORE US"

FORTY years ago, during the winter of 1864-65, Colonial Federation was the chief topic that exercised the editors of the P. E. Island newspapers, and, judging from the correspondence columns, most of the public men of that time. At the beginning of the year 1865, John Hamilton Grey and Edward Palmer, the former having lately resigned the Presidency of the Executive Council and the latter being the Attorney General of this Province at that time, were engaged in an interminable controversy in the columns of the *Islander*. Edward Whelan, the editor of the *Examiner* of that day, added zest to the discussion by his pungent criticism of this and that one who differed from him on the subject of Confederation. Politics, it is evident enough, were a source of occupation to many in the community, but it would not be profitable or very interesting to republish to any extent the arguments *pro* and *con* regarding the subject of Confederation.



"On Thursday evening last the Steamer *Franconia* left this port on her last trip of the season, amidst the cheers of the crowds who assembled on the wharves to witness the majestic ease with which she glided swiftly away from the keen grasp of "Jack Frost" by which, if she had remained much longer she would have been frozen up for the winter, for, on the following morning foot passengers walked safely over the ice made on her track. The regularity with which the *Franconia* and *Commerce* performed their respective trips during the season, the advantage and facility afforded by them to the travelling and commercial public, the obliging and gentlemanly conduct of Captains Nickerson and Snow, and the superior skill and management of their enterprising agent Mr. Hall, have commanded not only

the respect and best wishes of the citizens of Charlotte-town, but also the hearty good will of the whole public of P. E. Island."

"A vessel belonging to Mr. James Gay, and loaded with oats is frozen in at Pownal Bay wharf. A brig belonging to the Hon. James Pope, is in the ice off Summerside and will probably get clear. A brig belonging to the Hon. James Yeo is frozen up at the West Point, and we fear that another belonging to the same gentleman is frozen up in Richmond Bay,"

"Ship News — Arrivals in Europe, from hence, Liverpool, Nov. 15, — Cecile, Wallace. 14 — Lelia Alice, Campbell. Seven Sons, McDonald. 19 — Archibald, Larkin. 23 — Marion, Mason.

"Bridgewater, Nov. 17 — Express, Elliot, from Port Hill.

"Bristol, Nov. 23 — Sunbeam, Mathias, from Cascumpec. "Gravesend, Nov. 19 — Lousia Sims. 20 — Mary Le Corner.

"Appledore, Nov. 20 — Isabella Margaret, from Port Hill, with loss of jibboom, provisions, etc., washed away, and otherwise seriously damaged.

"Swansea, Nov. 19 — Atlantic, Sargeant, from Quebec.

"Gloucester, Nov. 17 — Ship Elizabeth Yeo, Scott, from Quebec — reports having experienced very severe weather, from lon. 52 to 53 W.; stove boats and bulwarks, started deck load, stove front of poop and filled the cabins with water."

"Winter has fairly set in. Navigation is closed all around us. 'The maritime element', to quote the words of our esteemed friend, Mr. Cartier, is of very little use to us at present. We are afraid that some of our fall vessels, laden with produce, have not been able to get to sea,"

The foregoing paragraphs are copied from Island newspapers published in December 1864. They show

that shipping news shared in importance with politics. At that date, although the shipping business had begun to decline, there were still very many Island vessels engaged in the world's carrying trade.

Here are some paragraphs of a different tenor, which may recall the events of that date to the minds of some of the readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.



“On Wednesday last, St. Andrew's day, a goodly number of the members of the Caledonia Club, accompanied by their guests partook of an excellent Dinner at the Mason's Hall in this City. The Hall was elegantly decorated with flags for the occasion. At the head of the room was the good old standard of St. Andrew's Society, also a new and gorgeous Banner recently presented to the Caledonia Club by some Lady friends, of whom honorable mention was made during the evening. The dinner was got up under the management and supervision of Mr. A. McKinnon, steward of the steamer *Heather Bell*, whose well known ability as a Caterer, needs no praise. A glance at the Dinner table, with its abundant *spread*, was highly creditable to Mr. McKinnon, Mr. Connel, and the Committee of Management, all of whom spared no pains to make this, the first St. Andrew's Dinner of the Caledonia Club, a pleasing and brilliant affair. Owing to the almost impassable condition of the roads, many Members of the Club from the country were prohibited from partaking with their brethren in the City “of a glass o' kindness for Auld Lang Syne.” We were glad to see, however, several country brethren present and among them some good old veterans, whom no muddy roads could daunt or keep from commemorating the meeting of their Patron Saint.

“The Honorable Colonel J. Hamilton Gray, President of the Club presided; on his right Hon. Col. Coles, and on his left Hon. Col. Haviland, two of the guests of the evening. The first Vice President, the Hon. P. Walker, and the second Vice President James Duncan,

Esq., also occupied their appropriate places at the table. After the Company had partaken heartily of the good things of this life, His Honor the President rose and prospected the following toasts :—

“The Memory of our Patron Saint. The Day and all who honors it, The Queen, God bless her. Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family. Army and Navy, Governor General of British North America. Lieutenant Governor of P. E. Island. Mrs. Dundas and the Ladies of P. E. Island. Clergy of P. E. Island. Bench and Bar. Scotland our native land. Prince Edward Island, our Country. Memories of Scott, Burns, Abercrombie and Clyde. Miss Duncan and the generous Donors of our splendid flag. Office-bearers and Members of the Benevolent Irish Society. Press and the Palladium of Liberty. Our Guests.

“After which appropriate addresses were delivered by his honor the President, Hon. Messrs Coles, Haviland and Whelan, Dr, Southerland, James Duncan, W. McGill and M. McLeod, Esqrs, The all absorbing question of Colonial Confederation, as adapted to advance P. E. Island interests, was ably and eloquently touched upon by some of the speakers, and received with much applause.”

✿

“A good man has passed away. Mr. James Purdie, whose decease is announced in this paper, emigrated to the Island, from New Brunswick, about the year 1836, and from that time until the period of his death resided in Charlottetown, engaged in mercantile pursuits. It is not necessary that we should attempt to pourtray the many virtues of the deceased. He was generally known, especially among the Scotch inhabitants of the Island, and his memory will be long and fondly cherished.”

✿

“Died. On Wednesday, 7th Dec. inst., (1864) at the head of St. Peter's Bay, at the advanced age of 90 years, Michael Murphy, of Corbett Hill, New Ross, County Wexford, — the last of the 'Ninety-eight' men on the Island.”

[To be continued]

A VISIT TO BUNKER HILL

By Tom

A. Hawke



I STOOD on the historic elevation known as Bunker Hill. The feeling of deep regret that surged through my mind was uncontrollable. To think that I had just arrived here nearly one hundred and thirty years too late to be of any service to my brave countrymen. Alas! How anxiously they must have waited, and how glad they would have felt on that sultry seventeenth day of June for any aid that could have reached them. How the faces of the men would have lightened up with joy at the sight of "Yours truly" running towards the ascent of Breed's Hill with a can of gunpowder firmly grasped in each hand and a wild slogan of "Get ready, fellers, I'm comin'," in the other! How it would have pleased General Gage, himself, and how Howe and Pigott would have been tickled at the sight. You can imagine Howe!

The aid did not come and our countrymen fought the battle there alone. Perhaps it is just as well they did not wait for me. According to one account that I have before me, 1045 brave Britons were killed on that spot. According to another there were only 220 killed. I don't know which is right, as I have already pointed

out that I was not there at the time. Doubtless if General Gage had waited for me they would have died anyhow. I have the satisfaction at least of knowing that after being twice beaten back they at length succeeded in capturing the elevation.

Some little time after this event, my countrymen yielded up Bunker Hill to the enemy, throwing in a portion of the surrounding country — quite a large portion too. In fact all of it. If there is one failing the British have always had more than another I claim that failing to be generosity.

Bunker Hill is quite elevated. One authority places its height at 110 feet, but another — a later one, puts it at 112 feet. Perhaps he counted in the two that I added to it when there. It lies, or it stands — if you prefer it — on the end of the peninsula upon which Charleston is situated, and commands the city of Boston. Anything else that attempts to command Boston is liable to meet with a severe rebuff, for Boston is supposed to command everything else in sight. Hence the derivation of the name — Boss-town. The slope of the hill is somewhat steep. At the time of the battle the day was as hot as if there was a fire in the Bunker, and the side-whiskers growing upon the hill had never received a trimming. The lawn-mowers then had not performed the excellent work on Bunker Hill which I notice has since been carefully attended to. Consequently the British troops when they marched upon the place to dislodge the enemy had a hard row to hoe. Rudyard Kipling was not around with a poem then and if he had been there with a whole volume of them it would not have straightened out the kinks that lay in the paths of difficulties which Gage's men had to contend against.

With these advantages the Americans twice beat

back their assailants, but their ammunition running short the Tommy Atkinses got there. They had a strong grudge against that hill and would have had it at any cost. They were too exhausted however to press the retreat of the Americans. General Gage shortly after the battle wrote home to the old folks, telling them that America was a hard country to live in, intimating at the same time that if they did not believe him, to send out a fresh contingent and plenty of them would prove it. His Brittanic Majesty George III. was among some of those who had queer notions regarding America and Americans. It is to be hoped that he has got over them by this time.

Bunker Hill monument marks the scene of the engagement, while a statue of the sturdy old leader of the Colonial troops who laid down his life there, stands as a perpetual reminder of the "warren" days gone by. The monument was dedicated June 1843, on the sixty-eighth anniversary of the battle. It is a quadrangular tapering tower, of granite, 221 feet in height, built in the form of an obelisk, with an obtusely pyramidal apex. That last remark is stolen.

As a place to spy out the land it cannot be excelled. It is higher than the price of poultry at Christmas and does not fluctuate; it is more lofty in its views than the greatest savants of cultured Boston, and it cannot be kept down; it rears its apex into the atmosphere like a sore toe on a frosty morning. Warm weather or cold, rain or shine, wind or calm, the monument remains ever unchanged with that strong air of repose glued solidly on its broad stony countenance, which seems to tell you that it is there to stay. Let us conclude with an anecdote:—

Two men went into a Boston drug store and told the proprietor they had made a soda water bet and

would have their sodas now. and when the bet was decided the loser would drop in and pay for them, if that would be satisfactory to the druggist. He answered that it would, and after the sodas had been enjoyed, he asked: "By the way, what was the bet?" "My friend, here," said one of the men, "bets that when Bunker Hill falls it will fall towards the north and I bet it won't."



THE PIONEERS OF MURRAY HARBOR SOUTH AND GUERNSEY COVE

LADY FANNING, of England, while on a visit to Guernsey (one of the Channel Islands) found that certain families were preparing to emigrate. These were the LeLacheur, Todvin, Phillips, Machon, and Brehaut families. She owned land somewhere about Pisquid and persuaded them to buy from her before leaving. She sold them shore farms, but when they arrived they found that their farms were next inland to the shore farms. This displeased them, and on complaining to Lady Fanning's agent (Wright, I think, of Charlottetown) he doubled the quantity of land for each family.

But still they were dissatisfied, although some of them, among whom was John LeLacheur, now owned eight hundred acres of land. John was the head of the LeLacheur family, which consisted of two or three children on their arrival in the year 1806. The emi-

grants had come out in company with a convoy, as it was then a time of war between England and France.

At this time John Cambridge (land proprietor) owned Lots 63 and 64 and had lumber mills at Murray River. He heard of these families coming out and being dissatisfied, and he went to them and induced the men to take a trip down to Murray Harbor South and see the country there. In a boat which he furnished them, they went down along the southern shore, landing at Guernsey Cove, (named by them) to prepare a meal. They continued on their journey and on arriving at Murray Harbor South were delighted with the country. Their families were soon removed, and these pioneers began the task of clearing away the forest.

Mr. Cambridge furnished them with food and seed for one year on condition that they would pay him in lumber. The LeLacheur family settled on the south shore of the South River and remained there for some years. Before these settlers arrived, there were but three settlers at Murray Harbor South, namely, Hughes, Irving, and Sencabaugh,

These Guernsey people were Methodists and they appealed to English Conference for a minister. Their appeal was granted and a chapel was built on the LeLacheur farm. The LeLacheur boys were now growing up and wished for a change in location. They wanted their father and mother to move out and take land at Guernsey. On stating the case to Cambridge he agreed to swap with them. This was a good change, as the soil there is much more fertile. They thus made a new beginning, as it were, but a comfortable homestead was soon built.

John Cambridge was a Quaker but his wife was an enthusiastic Methodist, and she persuaded him to

set the old LeLacheur farm (on South River) apart as a church farm. This he did and the farm was given to the Methodist Church. It remained so until it was bought by Charles LeLacheur, deceased in 1902. On this farm there was the old Methodist Church and burying ground which is still in use at the Murray Harbor South cemetery.

At length John LeLacheur, Sr., passed away at the age of 92, his wife having died some years before. Their children were :

Harriet, who married Jiles Hawkins settled at Guernsey Cove, where at the present time, their son, John L. Hawkins, a very enterprising farmer, resides on the old homestead. A daughter is now the wife of Mr. Thomas Beck of Murray Harbor South.

Elizabeth, who married Benjamin Sencebaugh.

Anne, who married Henry Machon, whose sons Charles and Daniel are prosperous farmers of Guernsey Cove. There were also a number of daughters. Mrs. William Howe, of Guernsey Cove; Mrs. Clements, of Murray Harbor South, and others.

Jane, who married Thomas Robin, removed to the United States, where a son, John, carries on a large shingle business in Castlerock, Washington, of which town he was once mayor.

Elisha, who formerly had the farm now owned by William Sencebaugh, of Guernsey Cove. He began clearing this farm, but one day while cutting in the forest, having only a baked potato for his dinner, the hardship of his lot seems to have discouraged him. He left the farm on Cambridge's hands, and went to Australia. There he married an Englishwoman, lived in comfortable circumstances, and died at a good old age without issue.

John, married a daughter of William Sencebaugh,

lived on the farm now owned by Mortimer Jordan, of Guernsey Cove. John was for some time a member of the Island Legislature, and fought with Whelan and Coles for free land and free schools. During one of his political campaigns John uttered some statements for which he was called to task by his colleagues at the first session of the House. For this he was suspended for a few days. He showed his contempt for their proceedings by entering the House with his cap pulled down over his ears. They then committed him to jail for contempt of the House, but he apologized, and was pardoned. Such, at any rate, is the story as I was told it, but I cannot say that these are the real facts,

David removed at an early age to Nova Scotia, married a Simpson and made a living as a blacksmith. One son survives—Maynard residing at Amherst, N. S.

Charles — drowned in the Bay of Chaleur.

James (a twin brother of Charles), got a part of the old homestead, and also worked at his trade — a blacksmith. He married Ann Dorry of Arichat, Cape Breton. The only surviving member of their family is John LeLacheur of Murray Harbor South. Charles, was another son, but died in 1902. To Charles fell his father's part of the old homestead (he also bought the old Methodist farm), and this is now owned by Fred C. LeLacheur of Guernsey Cove.

Bartholomew, married a Hawkins, and got the other part of the old homestead, which is now owned by his son Barth LeLacheur. Another son was the Rev. David LeLacheur who recently died of fever in Africa. David was also a missionary in China (and India, I think). He visited his old home a few years ago and on that occasion lectured in Charlottetown. Mrs. John Robins, and Mrs. Wm. Beck, of Guernsey Cove, are daughters, and also Mrs. Wm. Machon of White Sands.

NOTES AND COMMENTS, ETC.

THE Prince Edward Island Tourist Association has already had a meeting to arrange a programme for the coming summer. It has been decided to make preparations for a "home-comer's" week, to be held in Charlottetown, some time in July, if possible. Everything will be done to make the event one of such importance as to merit the staunch support of all who desire to see our tourist trade increased, and the methods of travel to and from the Island brought to the highest state of improvement. There is no doubt but that the programme in contemplation for the celebration of the Home week will result in bringing back many people to their native Province. Further information may be had by addressing the Prince Edward Island Tourist and Development Association, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

"BASIL" King, well known in this Province as the Rev. William B. King, has added another successful novel to his list. This book is entitled "The Steps of Honor" and is highly praised by the reviewers. It is published by the Harpers, New York, \$1.50. The story deals with the career of a young university instructor at Harvard, and the college atmosphere pervades the book.

OF interest to local literary collectors and others will be the 100-p. volume recently published by Rev. J. Webb, pastor of the Pownal Baptist Circuit, entitled "Heart to Heart talks with Christians" Mr. Webb has succeeded in conveying some very sympathetic and comforting messages for those in need of sympathy. The book contains an introduction by Prof. Kierstead, D. D., of Acadia College. The volume has received many words of praise from the Press of this and other provinces — The printing was done at this office and it is gratifying to us to know that most of the reviewers refer in very complimentary terms to the typographical work.

THE "immorality of politics" has been well illustrated recently in Charlottetown. In *The Examiner* there lately appeared a letter commending the improvements of late years made in the Legislative Library, and suggesting that the large chamber formerly used as the Executive Chamber be transformed into a library so that more room could be afforded than by the present quarters. This perfectly sensible suggestion was met by a most



contemptible series of letters written to *The Patriot*, decrying the service rendered by the Library and the librarian, and betraying that spirit of jealousy and envy which does much to prevent the onward march of the wheels of progress.

THERE is a possibility that some of the members elected to the House of Assembly on December 3rd. last (when the Peters Government was sustained) will take some interest in the library. There is a chance for some legislator to earn the gratitude of the people and to do a good work for posterity by trying to place the many excellent books, contained in the library, within the reach of those who may be benefited by them.

THOSE who are inclined towards Island history will find the souvenir published to commemorate the Centenary Jubilee of St. Andrew's Chapel, of interest. This book has been compiled under the direction of the Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, and contains the historical sermon preached by Rev. J. C. McMillan D. D., on the occasion of the jubilee, besides a description of the proceedings, and a poem written for the event. The book also contains portraits of our first Roman Catholic Bishop, Right Rev. Bernard McEachern; our present Bishop; Rev. Drs. Morrison and McMillan, and a portrait of the Convent as it now stands. Most of our readers are doubtless aware that the first St. Joseph's Convent was converted out of the St. Andrew's Chapel which was moved from St. Andrews to Charlottetown upon the ice. The book was printed at this office. It may be obtained from the Mother Superior at 25c. a copy.

The *C. B. C. Recorder* is the newest recruit to join the ranks of our Island publications. It is issued monthly and contains from 24pp. to 30pp. each issue. It is published by the faculty and students of the Charlottetown Business College, the editors being Messrs. A. Dunstan, J. O. Trainor, J. R. Monaghan, and Miss G. Bolger and Miss A. Trainor. The first two issues are worthy of commendation; the tone is dignified; and the affairs of the college are related without touching the banal level that sometimes marks the limit of college papers.

THERE has been a delay in the getting out of this MAGAZINE for four months which the publisher asks his subscribers to kindly pardon. All subscriptions will be extended for a period to correspond with the time that has elapsed, and the delay, which was occasioned by circumstances difficult to avoid will, it is hoped, not recur.

Island Magazine

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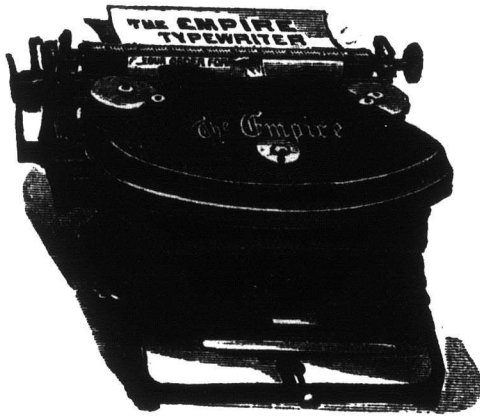
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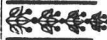


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