

The Prince Edward Island Magazine

Charlottetown
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



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ARCHIBALD IRWIN, Editor

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THE Prince Edward Island Magazine

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long. The editor hopes that Prince Edward Islanders, at home and abroad, will look upon this Magazine as representative of their native Province; and will be sincerely grateful for any matter, suitable for these pages, that may be forwarded to him.

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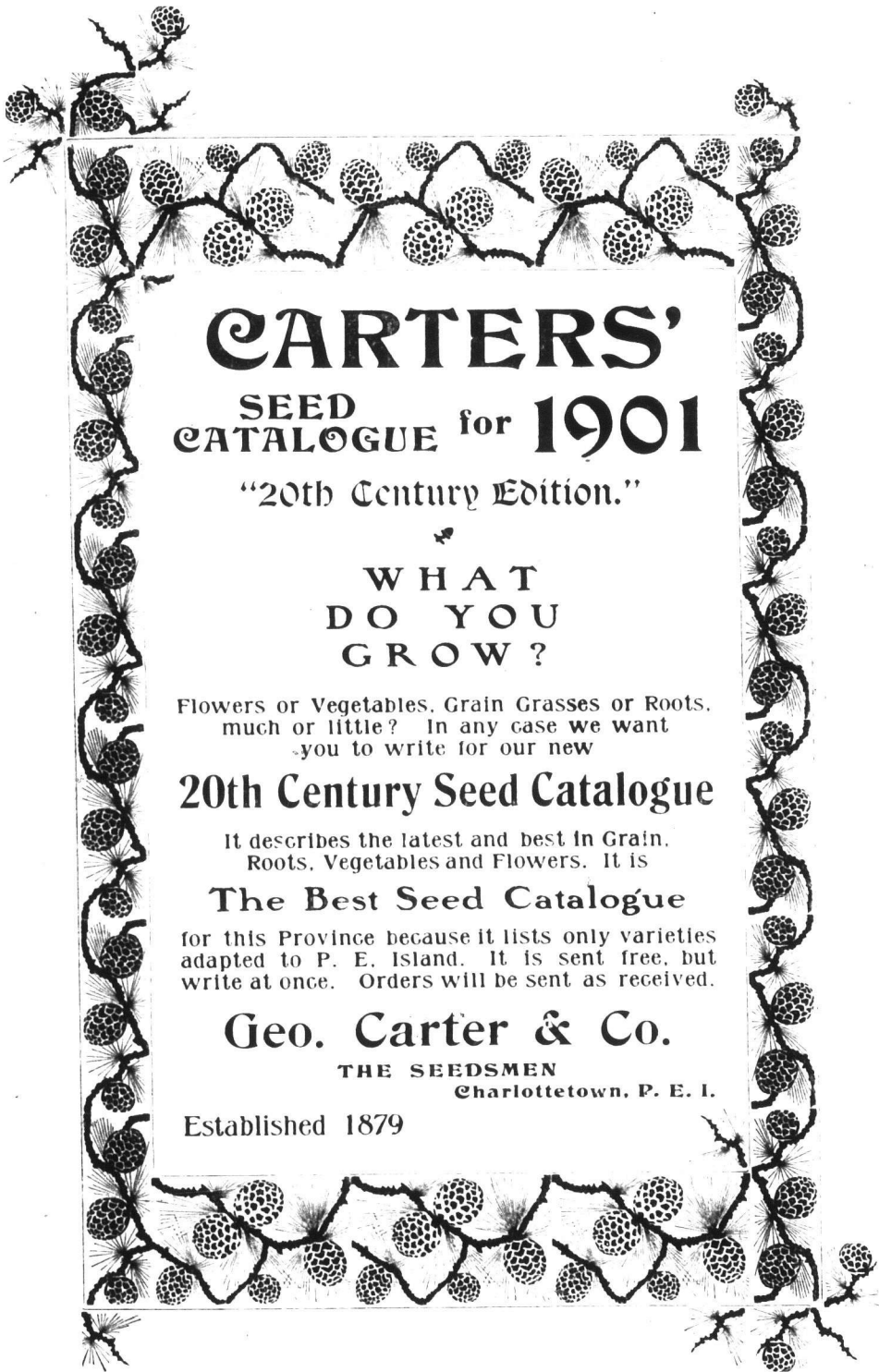
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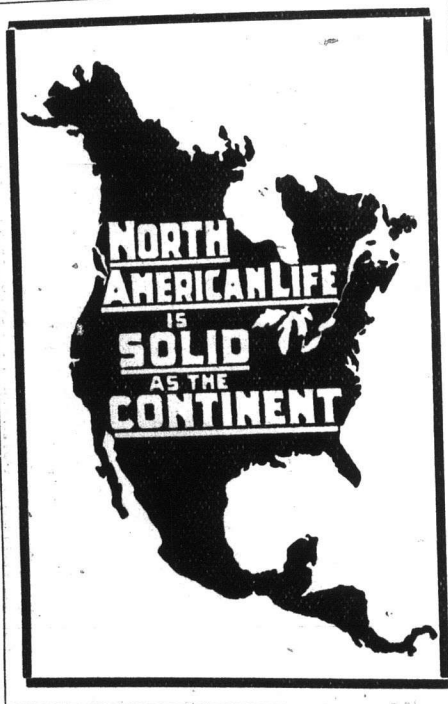
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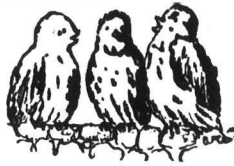
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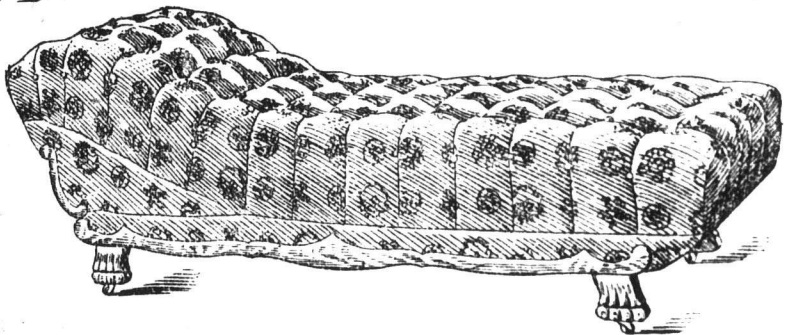
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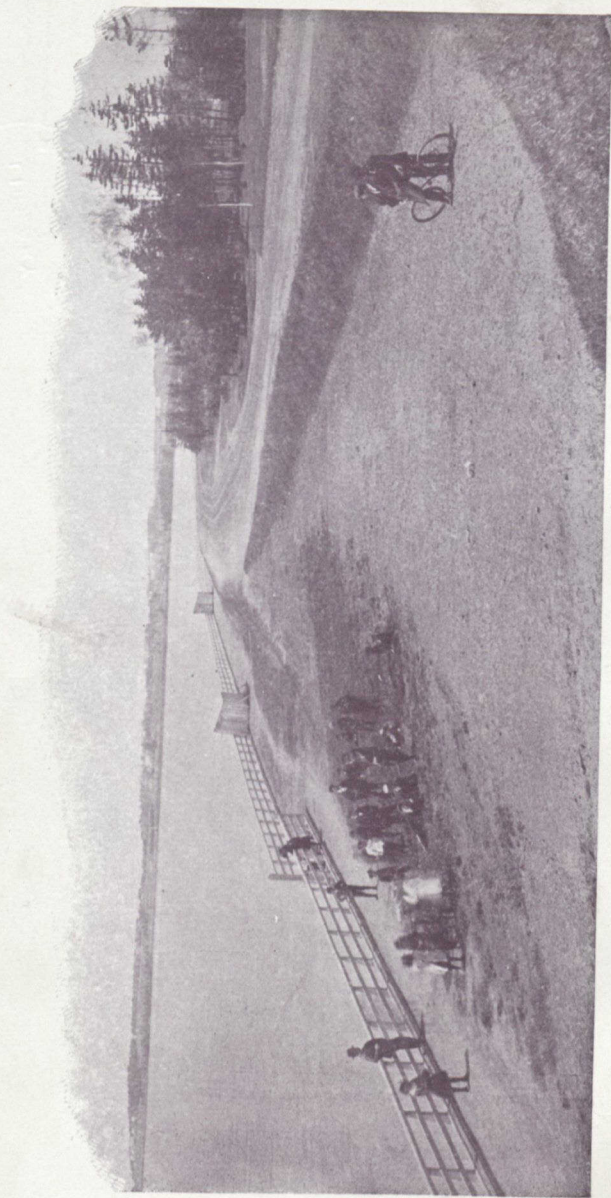
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A PORTION OF THE ROADWAY, VICTORIA PARK.
(From a photograph by Mr. A. W. Mitchell, Charlottetown.)

find a home in such a peaceful land as ours." But, surely, they are deep within this tract, for, far as eye can reach, as yet, the scene is peaceful and the prospect pleases well.

Almost every bit of shrubbery hides a choir of warbling songsters. High above robin and his band of wing and flashing rain-butterflies flit and linthere among the blossoms, feeding on the nectar of the flowers, shine and the balmy,

"You are surely of murder. No place or carnage." "But,"

do not choose to of gazing mortals. Still they are here, all around us, hidden deep within recesses dark, of Nature's building. See those horn-shaped pitchers, clustering around the footstalks of yon tall, strange flowers,—strangest floral structures yet examined by us. Flowers truly strange indeed, but leaves by far more curious, for here we have the murderers we are seeking, and if we look more closely, we shall see them at their work.



Leaf of
Sarracenia purpurea
about $\frac{1}{3}$ size

us perch, in tree-top, singers. Light of bow colours, gaudy ger, resting here and soms, feeding on the drinking in the sunbalsam-perfumed air. fooling us with tale this for bloody deed

I answer, "murderers slaughter full in view

This is the Purple Pitcher Plant, the *Sarracenia purpurea* of botanists. Pluck off a pitcher-leaf with care, remembering that it may be partly filled with liquid, and so we find it. And what a sight is here! The pitcher contents are a mass of insects rotting in the pent up store of water—gift of rain-cloud. Now, is this chance; or is it murder? Let me prove it the latter. The edges of the leaf are grown together to form the horn-shaped pitcher dungeon; a wing-like projection extends all along the side of the pitcher nearest the parent plant. The green or reddish-tinted leaves are more or less brilliantly streaked with a purplish reticulation, or network, rendering them conspicuous objects, attractive to insects.

The uppermost third of the leaf on the outer side is

expanded into an erect, heart-shaped hood; the other side, not so much developed, is closely rolled under, outwards, to form the pitcher rim. It is usually coloured red, the stain running around the the inside of the pitcher at the same level. The sides of the hood, where they meet the rim, are expanded beyond it, and are rounded upwards and backwards in an ear-shaped process. The inside of the hood is thickly beset with bristles, pointing downwards; but the interior of the pitcher itself below the hood, is absolutely smooth.

Glands, secreting a honey-like fluid, are not only dotted over the inner side of the lid and the lip of the pitcher, but are said to be found on the edge of the projecting wing, and similar structures are grouped in patches for some little distance down within the pitcher. It has been suggested that these last named may possibly secrete a disintegrating fluid, which, poured forth into the rainwater in the pitcher, aids in the destruction of the victims of the plant.

Insects visiting these plants are most likely to alight either upon the lid or border of the wing, the cleft between the the mouth of the have thought that the have an intoxicating doomed insects, and ease and rapidity of downward-pointing the hood direct the wards the smooth-



Side view

from which, once entered, escape is scarcely possible. The slightest upward turning movement brings the insect full against the fell 'cheval-de-frise' and, should he then essay to fly, the overhanging hood cuts short his upward flight, while, if he follow downwards, soon he cannot fail to lose his footing upon the glassy lining of the leaf.

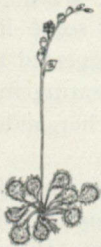
In either case he falls an easy victim, drowning in the

on the honey-baited which leads them to side of the hood and pitcher. Some people "honey" may also effect upon the poor, so contribute to the their capture. The hairs on the inside of victim's course to-lined lethal vault,

stagnant, liquid mass, where his body, decomposing, supplements the food supply of the treacherous murderer plant.

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you find a verdict for the plaintiff or the defendant?" Surely, reader, acting as a jury, you must answer make,—“We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree!”

But if the Pitcher Plant stands convicted, what about the Round-leaved Sun-dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), in comparison with which the plant which drowns its living prey is a merciful destroyer of insect life? *Sarracenia* attracts its victims by painted banner and luscious feast; it sets its



Drosera Rotundifolia. About $\frac{1}{2}$ size. Sundew must be awarded the victor's palm. *Drosera* has not even the attractive bloom of *Sarracenia*; its flowers are inconspicuous, and the plant is small. It crouches, as though guilty, close to the earth, and haunts damp situations where insect life abounds.

From a centre where the solitary flower stalk stands, leaves, like blood-smear'd fingers, radiate on every side, their upper surface beset with ruby-coloured hairs, bearing each upon its point a tempting drop of moisture, glistening in the sunshine—whence the name of “Sundew.”

Watch with me an insect come to quench his thirst, alighting where, around him, spread with lavish wealth, the treacherous banquet tempts him to his death. Unsuspectingly he sips the feast, all unconscious of the trap so surely closing in upon him.

Are the hairs instinct with reason, and do they act intelligently? For, see! they turn towards the victim slowly,

and as surely bend above him, and, at last, they pin him down securely, smothered in their viscid "dewdrops." There he dies, and rotting there, gives of his substance to support the plant which lured him to destruction. Years ago the greatest of all Naturalists, by patient study and investigation, determined that the hairs of Sundew are glands secreting an adhesive fluid, with all the essential properties of gastric juice, capable of converting its victims' bodies into digestible constituents which the plant assimilates and turns to profit for its better faring among its neighbors.

Have we not here, then, ingenuity, craft and cunning, treachery and well-laid plans? By its baited trap and subtle snare, and its shrewd discrimination, by its motion almost muscular, and its strangely animal-like digestion—this, our second murderer, wins a rare distinction, and we stand beside him lost in wonder, almost prone to overlook his criminal record in our admiration of his methods.

LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

A Glance at a Western "Round-up."

THE cook, the mainstay of the Western "round-up" is on duty at four o'clock, and by half-past four has breakfast ready. This consists of beef, potatoes, bread and black tea; so the dining bell is rung, (generally a big cow bell) and soon all is astir. Breakfast over, the saddle horses that have been guarded all night are ordered in, and are corralled in a rope enclosure. To the "boss" belongs the duty of roping the horses for the first part of the morning's ride. Considerable tact has to be exercised in catching many of these horses as they have by a few morning's experience become experts at rope-dodging. Each rider has his own string of horses, about twelve in number,

many of which have just been broken to saddle and capable of giving one what may be called "a hasty dismount."

After orders are given and directions are pointed out, we start in pairs to round-up the cattle, within a radius of from five to ten miles, to a central point. This is generally accomplished by noon. The animals are then separated and driven into and become a part of the bunch collected during the preceeding days. The cows and calves are gathered first; and after the calves are separated and branded they are turned loose till the fall round-up, when they are parted from their mothers for good.

In roping the calves only the best man is chosen and I have seen as many as fifty-five calves branded in one hour. It might be of interest to say that one firm last year had twenty-five hundred calves to brand.

The ground is then ridden over for steers that have wandered off their regular location; many of which have strayed, perhaps, seventy or one-hundred miles. After those have been taken to their range the country is gone over for the last time for beeves. These are generally four-year olds and are driven to the nearest stock fairs to receive their sentence. The average price paid for these is about forty-three dollars per head; and I must say, in justice to the country that ninety per cent. of the beeves shipped from Alberta have lived out on the bleak prairie summer and winter since they were calved.

The round-up generally occupies two months, spring and fall. Wages range from \$38 to \$45 per month with no set hours. Often, in a stormy time, one has to ride eighteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Camp is moved once a day and is usually followed by a complement of Indians. The area covered by one outfit in two months is about one hundred miles square. Generally a rider covers from fifty to seventy miles a day, over a country that of late

years has literally become an under-ground badger town. These animals by burrowing make riding very dangerous to man and horse.

Each man has his own bed and saddle and must be prepared for rough usage and exposure. After all, the round-up helps one to see the most exciting part of a rancher's life.

J. D. JENKINS, Mount Albion.

The Dream.

A wind came dashing steed-like through the gloom;
 And lo, to it was harnessed all past time;
 A soul the driver,—naked, brave, alone.
 On, on, they flashed across dry-land and deep,
 Nor check they their wild speed though veering up
 Beyond the earth, the cloud, the moon, the stars,
 Through ether, dauntless, gaining league on league,
 Nor pause they yet, nor dare they ever pause.
 My soul, strong thing, art thou of mystic mould?
 Come forth, thou strength of me, that I may see
 Of what I am a part! O soul, come forth!
 Lo, thou me? Thou! so cold, so pure, so white,
 So grandly solemn, so intensely bright?
 Thou me? Ah yes, the God in me. Amen.
 O wind, O time, O soul, why still press on?
 Amid the silence rose an answer like
 The sound of roaring waters, while earth shook
 And utter darkness fell.

“O mortal, heed!

Naught ever rests but hurleth onward fast,
 Past cycle after cycle, pulsed with
 Eternal motion, sphere-born music, on
 And on, through vastness, and through law to God.”

River Song.

Do you remember drifting down the river
The wooded shore beside ;
The liquid light of darts from Dian's quiver ;
The swiftly-ebbing tide ?
The sheen of shells upon the pebbly beaches ;
The star-shine overhead ;
As down the rippling river's lucent reaches
Our tide-borne shallop sped ?
The silver birches ebon shadows flinging
Across our path of light ;
And far away the city chimes outringing
The passing of the night ?
The myriad-mirrored stars; your merry laughter
(Its echoes lingering long)
At tales I told you laughingly; and, after,
Your little German song ?
E'en yet I hear its tinkling notes in fancy
Whene'er the gleaming moon,
Aided by memory's fairy necromancy,
Brings back its dulcet tune;
And thoughts of you arise, with power to soften
A heart, alas! grown hard
With worldly use and wont, and need full often
Its treasure-crypt to guard.
And oft, amid the snows of Hope's December,
Her springtime memories woo
To thoughts of that June eve : For I remember
All this and more—do you ?
Or hast thou 'saped the blind god's arrow scatheless,
And is it nought to thee
That I should deem thee, lovely maiden, faithless,
To Love's own light, and me ?

—J. M.

Quebec Notes—By a Rambler.

“ To him, who in love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.”

WRITING from Quebec, with the spell of the place upon me, the temptation is strong to begin, continue, and end, with memories of the past. For, though now fast regaining the old-time commercial supremacy on the St. Lawrence, it is as the focus point of American history that the ‘ Rock City ’ will ever remain undisputed Queen of the Continent.

And so we love to seek out the half-forgotten legends of the aborigines, and to hear again the oft-told tale of the early explorers, missionaries, and settlers, when the white man first began to take up his burden in America, and France laid down here, in the heart of the virgin forest, the foundations of an old-world civilization.

When we read of the brave days of old;—when we mark with pride the doughty deeds of our forefathers enacted about Quebec ‘ When Wolfe and Montcalm round her warred,’ and again when her united sons of either race at the time of the Revolution, and later on in the war of 1812, by their stubborn defence saved Canada to the Empire ; what man is there whose pulse does not quicken at the narration, whose soul does not stir within him to emulate their valour, to share in their glory, to die if need be, as they did, for home and father-land.

“ Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

All honour to the heroes, who spared not their lives to lay broad and deep the basis of our mighty Dominion, whose blood enriched this soil. Green be their memory ! Their monuments are here in stone and bronze ; but their most enduring memorial exists in the hearts of their countrymen, and shall remain, while Canada is a name to conjure by, in the spirit of patriotism and love of country which makes us a nation.

These are the themes which makes this spot to every true Canadian holy ground.

How the words of the old song,—

“Sol Canadien, terre cherie
Pas des braves tu fus peuplee.”

It is this, even more than the picturesqueness of the Ancient Capital, or the wild beauty of the surrounding country, that makes Quebec a place of pilgrimage for all the world. As school-boys we learned with swelling hearts the motto: “Here died Wolfe, victorious;” and that other to the great generals united in death, and by their death: uniting and giving stability to the union in our nation of the warring races, — “Mortem virtus communem, famam historia, monumentum posteritas, dedit.” And we looked forward to the day when, standing proudly and reverently on the heights overlooking our mighty St. Lawrence—noble and fitting scene for the noble deeds which make them immortal—we could read the same glorious lines on the very spot where our heroes fell.

Therefore I say again that this is, to us, holy ground. And, while honouring our brave men who have fought and fallen for Queen and country in more recent times—in the Fenian raids, in the North West rebellion, and now in South Africa.—we must ever remember that it is in Quebec that the history of our country begins and centres; that here was the turning point where it was decided whether Canada was to be or not to be, and that out of the events for which these plains and cliffs and noble ruins served as panorama sprang all our present greatness.

So then it is our pleasure and our pride as well as our duty to visit this place; and to come to it, not lightly and thoughtlessly as we might to an ordinary resort for recreation and amusement, but to enter with full and thankful hearts as we would a temple—for it is that indeed—and to thank God that He has given us a country, not only of broad lands

and pleasant waters,—but a country of high-minded men with souls to hold and make it glorious.

But this is a rather serious beginning for a rambler's notes.

It is the heart of winter. My tramp to-day has been sixteen miles 'en raquette,' paying no heed to roads or fences (for they are things which don't intrude themselves on you at this season in Quebec), and in the teeth of a driving silt at five degrees below zero, which endorsed Kipling's "Lady of the Snows" to the hilt, in spite of all the protests that baptism called forth from a reluctant country.

" The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale.
All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before."

But to divert our minds from this state of things, not because we don't like it, or wish to disguise an undesirable fact, but just for the sake of variety, let us make our first ramble in summer scenes.

During the year 1900 it was my good fortune to be stationed in the "Fortress City," and my hours of leisure were spent for the most part in touring the neighboring country, on foot, on horseback, 'en bicycle,' or with canoe and paddle. So I can truly say that, for a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, I know the land.

And really to one who believes with Young that

" The course of Nature is the art of God "

and loves, like Bryant, to

" Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings "

it makes little difference what distinction he takes here. For on all sides God has laid open to our senses the grandeur of His creation.

The plunging cataract that stuns both eye and ear; the awful precipice, where one looking over holds his breath;

the majestic peaks of the blue Laurentides closing the distance; the steep gorges where thundering torrents cut their way down from the eternal hills; the masterful fight of the King of Rivers rushing resistless to its ocean home, though twice each day baffled and thrown back on itself by the unwilling tide;—such scenes as these inspire with awe, and shrinks the soul at the thought of our own littleness.

We can only exclaim: "How wonderful are Thy works, O God! In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

To soothe our weary mind we retire to the bosom of some placid lake where encircling hills hedge us off from all the universe below; or stroll in the sombre depths of the mighty forest, and there realize, without an effort of the imagination, that

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

But let us be off. 'En avant! a la campagne!' Leaving the Officers' Quarters on the Citadel, we cross the "hog's back" or crowning ridge of Cape Diamond. It serves for the garrison parade-ground; and is a place beloved of old Æolus, for "the wind she blow lak hurricane" here if anywhere. The promontory is exposed to the full fury of a gale whether it blows up the river or down. In fact owing to the convergence of the great rock walls which hem in the St. Lawrence on either side, and approach here to little more than half a mile of each other, the "hog's back" is, as it were, the focus point for the mouths of two huge bellows, one pointing south-west, the other north-east. In the circumstances it is not wonderful that the hog wears no bristles on his spine. In fact cases are on record where men have had a close shave simply passing over it. Anyone who has

crossed there in a blizzard at twenty-five below zero will assure you that is no joke, but a solemn fact. I know of nothing more frigid unless it be the commandant's icy stare when the Junior Sub. makes a 'faux pas'; nothing stronger, except the latter's breath, when he comes in at 3 a. m. declaring that he is "on the staff."

In front of the 'Quartiers des officiers' stands a gun inscribed as a trophy of the war of Independence. An American lady, being told by a gunner the history of its capture exclaimed, "What! The British took that at Bunker Hill?"

"Deed an' they did," says Tommy, triumphantly.

"And did you keep it ever since?"

"We did that same too," says Atkins, "an' sure what we have we'll hold!"

"Yes, eh!" said she, musingly, "you keep the gun—we keep the hill!" The only thing I vouch for about this story is its age. I heard it sixteen years ago myself. But it is as green as ever to-day, and seems to stand the climate almost as well as the little bronze field-price itself.

Speaking of guns reminds me of the pretty little model cannons we just passed in the hall of the mess. They go beyond my time, so I don't know their origin. There is a villainous tradition that the first commandant of the R. C. A.—who was a terror with the cue,—made them in the billiard-room. But it requires as much brass to tell the story as it took to make the guns.

F. W. L. M.

(To be continued.)

The Poet.

ALONE among familiar forms and voices,
By his own household fire still isolate,—
Far, far away the region of his choice is,
An alien, cast away of petulant Fate.

His native tongue he hears not on the highway;
His crumbs of truth all unregarded fall;
Few make him answer, but in greening byway
The whispering Twilight stays and tells him all.

Lulu W. Mitchell, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

A Basket Social in P. E. Island.

BASKET socials may not be a form of amusement peculiar to Prince Edward Island, but, at all events, I have never seen a place where they attained to such prominence, among the various schemes for getting money, as in this Province.

For the benefit of those who may be,—as I, myself, was until very lately—ignorant of the method of conducting these affairs, I will describe it briefly. Often it happens that in country villages a debt is to be paid by a congregation, either a balance due on their church or perhaps for a new organ. Instead of raising the necessary amount by private subscription, the people decide upon having a basket social, and word is sent to everyone. Upon hearing this the young ladies all begin to prepare baskets containing ample lunch for two people. These they carry, carefully wrapped in many sheets of paper, to the hall on the night of the social, and hand over to the committee in charge. The baskets are sold by auction, and the purchaser of each must share its contents with the young lady who bought it. Of course every young man is anxious to get the basket prepared by his 'best girl'; but as the names are not announced until after the basket is sold, many mistakes are made, and the remarks sometimes uttered, by fond lovers who have paid a high price for the wrong one, look much better in print when expressed by a dash.

Let us try to imagine ourselves in a hall in almost any country settlement on the evening devoted to one of these popular meetings. Quite a number of people are already seated. Grey-headed farmers, with their wives and families; young ladies who have just passed their baskets to the front, and are timidly wondering whether HE has taken particular notice of the shape of it. These young ladies are usually accompanied by smaller sisters who are greatly pleased to be present at such a joyous gathering, and who long for the time when they will be

old enough to "have a young man," and themselves bring baskets to be bought by him. In a corner, near the door, is a huge stove, replenished from time to time by long sticks from a pile close by; and around it crowd all the unmarried men, young fellows most of them, who have driven their friends to the hall but are too shy to go forward, under the eyes of others, and sit beside them. Mingled among these is the inevitable small boy—chiefly those who have worked their way in by carrying baskets belonging to their sisters and have thus evaded payment of the fifteen cents demanded from such people. It is in this corner of the hall that all the disturbance arises during the evening and to it the requests from the chairman for order are made.

While we are thus engaged in observing the different types present, others have been continually arriving until now there is not a vacant seat and many are standing in the aisle. The committee, composed of elders of the church, were kept busy finding seats for the ladies; taking care of the baskets handed forward to them, and doing the many little things necessary at all such entertainments. Now, however, we see them placing a row of chairs on the platform, and pushing the organ into a more convenient position. Hardly has this been done when there enter from a side door a number of ladies and gentlemen, who proceed to occupy the chairs. This is the village choir, and during the past week they have been practicing pieces to be sung to-night.

The instant they are seated a man's voice is heard somewhere in the crowd: "I move that Mr. William Smith be chairman at this meeting, and will the keeper close the door and someone second the motion." "I second it." This from the crowd at the stove. "It has been moved and seconded that Bill Smith be chairman,"—"Good for Bill!"—"all in favor of the motion say 'Aye'—carried."

Mr. Smith rises from his seat in the audience, pushes his way to the front and takes the chair. After looking round for a moment or two, as if to impress upon those present the dignity

of his position, he rises, clears his throat, and says: "Ladies and gentlemen! During the rendering of the excellent programme I hold in my hand we must have good order. Should you wish to applaud, or in any other way show your liking for the talent of a certain performer, you are at perfect liberty to use your hands or feet, but I don't want those boys in the corner to knock down the stove pipe. No one here is anxious to have his missus' best bonnet destroyed by soot, or to eat with a girl who is covered with black. The first piece on the programme is a chorus by the choir, and I would ask you to give them a hearing for they have worked hard and long to learn their piece. The choir will come forward now and sing."

Cheers, whistles and stamping of feet greeted the choir, who arose and, to the accompaniment of a hard-breathing organ, sang "Jingle Bells." The first verse was sung amid perfect silence, but in the second the crowd caught the rythm of the piece and kept time to it with their feet, especially in the chorus, when a string of sleigh bells was used to make the effect more realistic. A recitation, "Curfew shall not ring to-night," given by a young lady, followed the chorus, but as most of the audience knew the selection by heart, very little attention was paid, and the greater portion of the piece remained almost unheard. But still amid the din the speaker's voice could be heard every now and then, and bravely she struggled through until, with the saving of the lover, the piece ended and the "Amen corner" burst into thunderous applause. Then came a fine-looking soloist—tenor in the choir and local auctioneer. He began, "Ten thousand leaves are falling," but having pitched the song in too high a key, his voice broke and he stopped, his failure being greeted with frantic howls and advice from one of the small boys to "start her at five thousand." The programme went on; chorus followed reading, and solo, chorus; the last few numbers being rendered 'midst an almost deafening noise and shouts of "Bring on the baskets."

When it ended the choir moved to one side of the platform, the schoolmaster who was to act as secretary and treasurer took

his place at the table, and the auctioneer stepped forward, holding in his hand the first basket, now unwrapped, and decorated in a most fantastic manner with flags, flowers and colored tissue paper. He said: "Now, people, I am going to auction off some of these baskets, but I want you to understand right now that I must have a hearing. If there is any noise I won't go on. You fellows in the corner think you are smart, but we know you, and although we don't want to have any trouble, you must be quiet. Of course you know what we are here for. We are like the two sailors who saw a notice board on a church saying that service would be held at ten o'clock A. M., and could not think what A. M. meant until one of them decided that it meant "after money." Now, we are just like that, 'after money,' and the more you pay for a basket the better pleased we will be. Now, I hold in my hand the first basket, ain't it a dandy! Just look at it; and the young lady who sent it is every bit as pretty as the basket. How much am I offered?" "Seven cents!" "I may tell you right now at the start that I will not set up any basket under fifty cents, and not take any bids of less than ten cents." "Half a dollar." in several places.

"Half a dollar I am offered. If you knew the young lady's name you would make it five dollars at once. Isn't it a dandy: and I am only offered half a dollar. Half a dollar, half a doll—sixty. Sixty I am offered; any advance on—seventy, eighty, one dollar; thank you. Going at one—and a quarter in time. One and a quarter, and a quart—and a half. Going at one and a half. Going—going—seventy-five, two—and a half, three. Going at three dollars. Gentlemen, when I tell you the name that is on this basket you will feel sorry for not having bought it. Going at three—and a half—four. Thank you, sir. There is boy who knows a good thing. Four dollars, four dollars. I'll take any bid, any bid at all, not less than ten cents. I'll take—

"Will you take a three months note?"

"Yes, from a good man. I'll take—" "Lockjaw, if

you don't shut your mouth.' "Thank you. Four ten. Any advance on four ten—twenty. Going at four-twenty. Going. Going—thirty in time. Going at four-thirty. Going—and sold to Mr. Sam Johnson. The young lady's name is Amelia Jenson." Mr. Johnson walks up, pays his money and hands the basket over to the committee for safe keeping.

During a lull in the commotion one young man is heard to tell his friend that he is going to buy Sally's basket, if it cost him ten dollars. After a few more have been sold, the one he thinks is Sally's is put up, and as the news that Dick Brown will go as high as ten dollars for it has been circulated, bidding becomes quite brisk, and the auctioneer seems very much astonished as the price rises to nine dollars, with Dick Brown to the fore. Of course Dick's friends, having heard of his resolve, were bound to make him pay the full amount, and thus rushed the bidding. One of them offered nine and a quarter amid great cheers from the crowd, which grew still wilder when Dick bid nine-fifty. The excitement became almost too intense for cheering, and when, in a moment, the other fellow advanced twenty-five cents more, his voice was the only sound to be heard. The auctioneer, learning by this time that a forced sale was taking place, looked toward Brown for his next bid, but Dick slowly shook his head and drawled out, as only a young, healthy farmer can: "Well, I went within fifty cents of my promise, anyhow. He can have the basket." There was a fight when the social was over, but the man who bought the basket for nine seventy-five was not the victor.

And so it went on for fully two hours; many young men anxiously bidding on baskets which turned out afterwards to be other than the one they wanted. Jealousy was created in some cases when the boys saw their sweethearts' baskets sell for more than they could afford to pay. Curiosity was aroused when any particular one was sold to a lad who had previously paid no attention to the young lady, but who seemed to know which basket was hers, and showed himself determined to possess it. At these socials sometimes as many as seventy or eighty baskets

are sold, at prices ranging from fifty cents to five or six dollars. Often the young men arrange among themselves to exchange baskets when both have made mistakes, and in this way everyone is satisfied when the time comes for eating.

After all the baskets have been sold, the names of the purchasers and ladies are read off by the secretary, and the baskets opened by them. Usually beside various kinds of cake and pie, the basket contains glasses and a bottle of home-made wine; but, in case this has been left out, and also for the benefit of the older people, the committee furnish plenty of tea. When the lunch has been disposed of, the men go to the nearest stables for their horses, which have been left there, while the young ladies gather their belongings, get muffled up ready for the drive home, and, while waiting for their friends, sing a verse of "God save the King."

Sleigh after sleigh drives up to the door, the women and girls depart, and in a very few minutes no one remains in the hall save the members of the committee—counting over the money they have made and writing a report of the social to be published in the papers next day.

WELLAND STRONG.

Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.

THE Apothecaries Hall nowadays is the same old building of the early-40's. It appeared to us an old place at that time. The drugstore was always on the corner of Queen and Grafton Streets. The late Thomas DesBrisay, Esq., son of the Rev. Theo. DesBrisay, was the proprietor. He and his son, Theophilus, usually dispensed medicines, and often gave both medicine and advice gratis to the poor. The store was a great rendezvous for the young men of that time, as drug stores generally are. The main building has had many changes since then. There were no other stores in it, and it did not extend quite as far along Grafton Street, as shown in the illustration,

published in a former number. In 1844 it was the residence of the late Mr. Solomon DesBrisay, another son of the old Parson, as the Rev. Theophilus DesBrisay was usually called.

Mr. Solomon DesBrisay had three sons, Theophilus, Alexander (Eck), and Aretas. There were four daughters. Mrs. Archibald Ramsay, now of Summerside, is one of them. The family moved to Bathurst, N. B., where some of those who are living still reside. Theophilus, the eldest son, was drowned in one of the docks in Liverpool (England) many years ago.

The house situated end towards the square on Grafton Street belonged to a man named Hart; he was a tanner, and had one of the numerous tanneries in town, which, although unseen, were always known to be near. We remember his three daughters, particularly handsome girls, and can still see them in imagination as we met them on their way to church on Sundays.

Next in order comes the residence of a Mr. Macdonnell. We had an idea he was a saddler, but have been told he was a carpenter, and that his father came to Charlottetown from the United States to build the barracks for the military. He must have liked this Island, for he took up his residence here. He had a fine orchard at the back of his house, which was often visited by the boys in the fruit season, much to the annoyance of the owner.

A Mr. Roome lived in the fourth house, if we remember rightly. He kept a crockeryware store, but we have lost sight of him, and understand he left this Island many years ago.

The next house was occupied by J. Williams, as the sign over the shop door shows. He bought and sold country produce, and seemed always busy. He must have been in the employ of the late James Peake, Esq., senior, for he was generally known as "Peake's Red Williams." His wife was a daughter of Mr. Chappel, postmaster, and had, previous to 1842, held the responsible position of postmistress.

And now we come to the Trenaman watchmaking and

jewelry store. Mr. Trenaman was a thorough Englishman, and much respected. His jewelry and silverware were always reliable, although the articles were not numerous. We remember some handsome bracelets and rings bought there. He had a large family of sons and handsome daughters, one of whom—a young girl of eighteen—in some unfortunate way, punctured her thumb with a carving fork, and in consequence died of lockjaw.

Adjoining Mr. Trenaman's store was the late Mr. Robert Weeks' shoe shop, and under the same roof lived a Mr. Pickard; we forget what business he followed, but think he was a saddler.

At the corner of Great George and Grafton Streets there was, fifty years ago, a low, two-storied house, which was owned, and had been occupied by Mr. Solomon DesBrisay. As the land was very low and boggy at that corner, one would imagine the house was sinking into the ground, for the front door was rather below the level of the street. The house, in 1844, was occupied by the late Hon. J. S. Macdonald; afterwards by a Mr. Koughan. About 1850 Hon. Patrick Walker bought the house and land, and did business on that corner for many years. Between the corner house and Mr. Pickard's was Mr. DesBrisay's stable, another one by which Queen Square was ornamented. About 1845 or '46 the late Mr. J. B. Cox, who came to this Island from Newfoundland, bought the piece of land on which was the DesBrisay stable, and built a good house and store on it. Mr. Cox afterwards lived at Morell, and died there. He was father of Mr. Bannerman Cox, proprietor of the Seaview Hotel, Souris.

Right across Great George Street from Walker's corner, as it was called for many years, was Smardon's corner. His building was a two-storied one. Mr. Smardon was a saddler. He sold his property sometime toward the end of the forties to Mr. Beales, and then left the Island with his wife and son. Mr. Beales still holds the corner, and it now takes his name.

Along a little farther east from Smardon's corner was the Faught property, a long one-storied range with dwelling and shop attached. Mr. Faught was a shoemaker, an Englishman and a man much respected. One of his daughters married the late Mr. William Boyle, tanner and currier. And now we come to the little round tavern keeper who was mentioned in the February P. E. Island Magazine.

A want very much felt in Charlottetown in the early forties was a public hall, or lecture room. The meetings of the Mechanics Institute which had been organized in 1836 by the late Judge Young during the governorship of Sir Charles Fitzroy, and patronized by the Governor and Lady Mary, were held at the National School House every Wednesday evening during the autumn and winter months. Of course, if the Governor patronized it, the Institute was of importance and fashionable, and all the 'elite' of the town must patronize it, too; but in forty-five, or about that time, it seems the Institute had not been as well attended as formerly; that of course, caused great dissatisfaction among the promoters, and in 1846 a great effort was made to bring it to its original standing. Season tickets were sold, lectures were advertised a month ahead, and their subjects given. We remember some of the names of the lecturers,—Mr. Charles Young, Mr. Porteous, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. T. Heath Haviland, jr., besides others. One who made his maiden speech in the debate which followed one of the lectures, was our well-known townsman, Mr. J. P. Tanton. He was then a very young man, but took his part well in the debate, as did others.

Mr. Humphreys gave a course of twelve lectures on English History every Friday evening during the winter of forty-six. The first lectures were given in the National Schoolhouse, on Kent Street East, but as it was so far from the centre of the town Mr. Humphreys continued them in the old court house or Provincial Building, near the Apothecaries Hall.

Lady Mary Fitzroy was the first to establish the "Ladies' Benevolent Society," and had a sewing society in connection

with it, meeting at Government House. Each lady belonging to the society paid an annual subscription of five shillings. Many of the gentlemen of the town, headed by the Governor also gave good donations. After Lady Mary Fitzroy left this Island, Lady Huntley was patroness, as was each succeeding Governor's wife, whilst the society lasted. All denominations were represented, and all took great interest in it. We had heard of bazaars in connection with the Ladies' Benevolent Society in 1838, and in 1840, and in 1846 we remember being at a Bazaar which was held in the old Court House. The fancy articles were exhibited for sale in the House of Assembly room, and the cake and refreshments in the Council Chamber. We copy from an old paper of Feb. 3rd, 1846, "that the bazaar began at 12 o'clock sharp, that Sir H. V. Huntley and Lady Huntley were there nearly all day, and were considerable purchasers. The visitors and purchasers were numerous as the result indicates. Indeed, the Court House was crowded to excess throughout the day. The articles exhibited for sale did great credit to the skill and taste, as well as the kind feelings of the ladies of Charlottetown and vicinity, of whose labours we have every reason to be proud, and for which the indigent poor have every reason to be grateful. The sum realized was £100."

In Lady Mary Fitzroy's time it was found very difficult to get a room sufficiently large in which to hold a bazaar, and for want of a better place the ladies of the society decided to have their sale in the old "Castalia." Many would ask what, and where, was the old "Castalia." She was a ship belonging to the late Mr. Peake, and was built in 1835. She sailed between Plymouth (England) and Charlottetown until 1838, when she was driven on shore outside of Bedeque (now Summerside) harbor during a heavy gale. As she was condemned, part of her cargo was, through the winter, taken out, but towards spring, during another heavy gale, the ice was driven off shore and took the ship with it. After being adrift in the ice for some time she was eventually brought into Charlottetown harbour, the remainder of the cargo discharged,

and the vessel put upon the shore. A trench was dug near Mr. Peake's breastwork, and the "Castalia" placed in it. A roof was put on her and she was used for a warehouse and rigging loft. In the spring of 1840 the Ladies' Benevolent Society held their bazaar in the upper part, or on the deck we presume it should be called. Stalls were formed of canvas, and the whole ship decorated inside with flags. We have been informed that this sale was most successful. Lady Mary started the first bazaar in Charlottetown, in 1838. She was an energetic woman, and took great interest in the young people, ladies particularly, and was never happier than when having some amusement at Government House and bringing young people together. It was said she followed in the footsteps of her mother, the Duchess of Richmond, who was said to be the greatest matchmaker of her time, and at whose house, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo,

"There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry."

During the time Sir Charles and Lady Mary Fitzroy were in Charlottetown, Miss Fitzroy, their daughter, was married to the Honorable Keith Stewart, Captain of H. M. S. Rose. Rather an interesting story is told of the marriage, which took place in the "Auld Kirk." Many people were there, of course, not only inside the Kirk to witness the ceremony, but outside to see the happy pair and guests drive off. It was noticed a number of sailors from H. M. S. Rose were there, and directly the bride and bridegroom appeared and entered the carriage, the sailors, who were all barefooted, rushed to the carriage, unharnessed and took out the horses, and before the last of the guests had left the church, the carriage, with its distinguished occupants, was disappearing around the corner of Kent and Pownal Streets, on its way to Government House, carried off by the sailors,

(To be continued.)

Our School System—Fourth Paper.

IN this paper I propose to consider two points; one, that already hinted at in connection with Inspector McCormac's Report,—namely that, in practice, the real purpose of our educational system has been lost sight of, or subordinated to, a secondary object; the other is the curriculum in our common schools.

The main—the real—purpose the founders of our school system had in view was—I take it—to enable the youth of this Province to acquire, as economically and with as little difficulty as possible, such an education as would equip them, so far as practicable, for their career in life after being thrown upon their own resources. This, for the school-going population, means as good a training as our educational facilities will allow, in what are known as the three R's. In my humble opinion it does not mean the giving of a higher education to an odd one per cent., or less, of the young people at the expense of the other ninety-nine. Yet, from the trend of our educational affairs, as carried out in practice, and as can be read, with little trouble, between the lines, I might almost say, on the face of the School Reports, it seems clear that, to a very large extent at least, this is what is being done. Mr. McCormac put his finger right on it in the extract from his report quoted in my third paper. The extracts from the reports of Messrs. Campbell and McIntyre show that they have the same idea in their minds.

To my mind it is becoming more and more evident that a teacher's professional fitness for his work is judged, not so much by his success in bestowing upon the mass of his pupils an educational equipment which will stand them in good stead throughout life, as it is by his success in preparing one or two advanced pupils, possibly of better natural ability or perchance possessed of more influential backing than their less fortunate fellows, for matriculation into the Prince of Wales College. In taking this ground let it not be imagined that I am belittle-

ing that instituton. It is an excellent institution, well conducted, has done good work in the past, and is still doing good work. But the real object of our Common School System, I repeat, is not and should not be the training of pupils to enter that or any other College, any more than the purpose of the public Board Schools of Great Britain is to train pupils for entering the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, etc.

Qualifying for matriculation at the Prince of Wales College is a very laudable object in itself, but it is a secondary object. Should the modifications in our system or rather in its working—which in a future paper I propose to suggest—ever be adopted, this object could be attained without detriment to the real purpose for which our Common Schools were established. As Mr. McCormac well says: "There is but little credit due to any teacher who passes his candidates for entrance to Prince of Wales College if his primary classes are neglected. Teachers should never sacrifice the welfare of many for the benefit of few." Yet, I venture to say that this is the very thing for which a teacher gets credit. It is about the only way he has of making a name—a reputation—for himself, as a successful teacher.

Consequently, teachers, knowing this, very naturally—and I for one cannot blame them—devote extra attention to this secondary object. I have spoken with some of our best and most successful teachers, and they told me that this was correct; and that a teacher, knowing that his work would be largely gauged by his success in preparing advanced pupils for college, was almost driven, perhaps insensibly, to concentrate much of his teaching strength on these pupils; with the necessary result that the others, who in all cases compose the great majority, must suffer.

It will be borne in mind that the daily average attendance for 1898 throughout the Island was 13,377. The number of students enrolled at the College was 233. Now, as the children attending the public schools most likely attend on an average for five or six years, and the student at the College not more than two years, it is clear that less than one per cent. of the children in daily attendance at the common schools enter the higher

institution. The remainder must look to the District Schools for such education as they need. To this remainder we have to look for the farmers and farmers' wives of the future, to the men and women who must put this purely agricultural Province in the very front rank as an intelligent, enlightened and progressive farming community, and upon whom it will devolve to keep the Island in that position. They cannot do this unless they are properly educated, unless, in a word, their mental as well as their physical powers are cultivated and developed. At present it almost seems as if the old idea that the boy who was to remain on the farm did not need any education still prevails in this Province, though it has long since been exploded elsewhere ; and it is recognized that the profession of agriculture, as much as any other profession, requires trained intelligence.

THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

Turn to the second point, the school curriculum. I give it, with the number of pupils enrolled and the numbers studying (or supposed to be studying) the different subjects, as it appears in the Public Schools Report for 1899.

PUPILS IN THE DIFFERENT BRANCHES OF INSTRUCTION.

Pupils enrolled - - - -	21,550	Geography - - - - -	12,639
Boys - - - - -	11,677	Orthography - - - - -	15,783
Girls - - - - -	9,873	Composition - - - - -	10,991
Average Daily Attendance	12,941	Music - - - - -	3,411
Primer and Book I - - - -	5,014	Bookkeeping - - - - -	187
Books II and III - - - -	7,220	Drawing - - - - -	5,770
Book IV - - - - -	4,266	Scientific Temperance - - - -	4,272
Book V - - - - -	3,567	Latin - - - - -	1,759
Book VI - - - - -	1,746	Greek - - - - -	35
Writing on paper - - - -	19,153	French - - - - -	3,839
Arithmetic - - - - -	19,566	Algebra - - - - -	1,760
Grammar - - - - -	11,926	Geometry - - - - -	1,565
History - - - - -	8,647	Botany - - - - -	1,482
		Agriculture - - - - -	773

Out of 21,550 enrolled, including pupils learning the alphabet, 19,153 seems a large number to be studying "writing on paper."

I must again impress upon your readers the fact that in the great majority of our schools there is but one teacher ; and,

in the name of common sense, I ask is it possible for one teacher to satisfactorily instruct his pupils in so many subjects? These subjects are all excellent in their way. Down to and including composition they are all, almost without exception, essential, and afford ample work for one teacher. Of the others, book-keeping is a subject about which people do not know one half as much as they think they do, and is an important subject; and it would be well if scientific temperance could be taught in every school. Of those remaining, some at least are of very little, if any use, to the students.

Take, for instance, the time-honoured study of Latin. I approach this subject with a certain amount of trepidation lest the spirits of my own former preceptors, now happily at rest, should be disturbed and, at the mid-night hour, visit me with stern rebuke for daring to lay unholy hands on so venerable a subject. The number studying Latin has increased from 481 in 1889 to 1759 in 1899, an increase of 1278 in 10 years or over 127 a year. To how many out of these 1759 can Latin ever be of the slightest practical use. Will not the odd 59 pretty well embrace them? Will it be of use to even that small percentage? Certainly a knowledge of Latin is valuable to professional men and to men of literary pursuits, of whom the number is limited, but of what practical value is it to a farmer, a mechanic, a business man, a manufacturer, etc. And reflect that at best but a smattering acquaintance with this dead language can be acquired in our schools, even in the best of them. The stock argument on this point is that the study of Latin is in itself a good thing, owing to the mental discipline and the training it imparts to the mind. I grant that, but I say that the same discipline and training can be acquired by studying other subjects which would themselves be useful in the student's future. A pupil could learn French in less time than he could learn Latin, and I believe he could learn both French and German in the same time. Consider of what value a good knowledge of French (even though only to be able to read and write it correctly) would be to the grown-up man or woman in a country

like Canada,—with one-third of its population a French-speaking people. If the mind-training imparted by the mere study of Latin is so valuable, why not take Greek, a much finer language.

Then again there is the argument that a knowledge of Latin is valuable in enabling a man to get at the roots from which so many words in our own language are derived, and so get at the finer meaning of these words. I grant that also, so far as it goes. But to how many people is this of any practical use. For instance, how many readers of this magazine have referred to the roots, of say five words, in the last twelve months. There are not many philologists among us; so few indeed, that it does not seem worth while, for their sake, to burden the rising generation with the task of acquiring an imperfect, useless and soon-to-be-forgotten smattering of a dead language.

Again, we are told that so many modern languages are largely derived from Latin that a knowledge of that tongue enables the possessor of such knowledge to readily master the modern derivative, when he is thrown among people who speak the latter. This also may be admitted. But this knowledge of Latin must be more than a mere smattering to be of much help in this way; and to how many of the pupils in our public schools will the occasion ever present itself that they may require in this way to avail themselves of their superficial knowledge of Latin. Is it at all likely that it will present itself to twenty out of the 12,941 in daily attendance in 1899. The fact is Latin holds its ground because of antiquity, and because our ancestors looked upon it as the language of the learned. Those same ancestors did not know much, as a rule, about their own splendid language. In a word, we are still—to some extent—in this matter, under the influence of a dead hand.

There are other subjects in this curriculum to which remarks in a similar strain would to a greater or less degree apply. I have instanced Latin, not because it is the only one, but because it is so marked a one; so must let it suffice. *E uno disce omnes* (from one learn all).

I repeat that all these subjects are of value, but they are not all of value to a great number of the pupils who are supposed to be studying them. Moreover, one teacher cannot teach them all; and his attention should be directed to essentials. I venture to say that if this matter were referred to the three inspectors and to Dr. McLeod, or whoever his successor as Superintendent of Education may be,—they would, in the course of a day, prepare a curriculum much simpler and one much better adapted to our present conditions and to our one-teacher schools than the present one is. In schools with two or more teachers the present curriculum might possibly be grappled with, more or less successfully. It cannot be so in a school with a single teacher.

A. B. WARBURTON

Field Notes from the North West—Concluded.

Speaking of our foreign nationalities, only a few types have been mentioned—those more directly in the public eye—but many types abound on the prairie: the prairie is cosmopolitan.

What the result may be of the amalgamation of so many races—for amalgamated they will become in time—is an interesting speculation.

The United Kingdom at frequent periods of her history has had foreign blood introduced with good effect. And Bulwer in one of his most fascinating works defends admixture of race, which he calls God's great law of improvement; citing many instances, among them "the Saxon stationary in the land of Horsa" compared with "the colonist and civilizer of the globe, as he becomes, when he knows not through what channels—French, Flemish, Danish, Welsh, Scotch and Irish—he draws his sanguine blood," and concludes: "by the same principle which raises the dog, the lowest of the animals in its savage state, to the highest after man—viz., admixture of race

—you can elevate into nations of majesty and power the outcasts of humanity, now your compassion or your scorn." Once concede the validity of this theory, and see what a prospect the future holds in store for the great North-West !

Our next important excursion was to Fort Qu'Appelle and its neighborhood, crossing the country by the old Qu'Appelle-Pelly trail. Here in the mid-distance a large extent of very fair land is still unoccupied. On our way we visited the Indian reserve of File Hills. The Indians, as their custom is in summer, were living in tents. Some were making hay and appeared to be taking pleasure in their work—at least that part of it which was done by machinery. Near the agency buildings we observed several neat-looking little houses which we learned were occupied by ex-pupils of the schools.

At Qu'Appelle Mission, or Lebret, there is a large Indian industrial school which we had the pleasure of visiting and which ranks among the first of institutions of that kind in the West. The buildings connected with this school cover a large area and they are located on a beautiful site. In front spreads one of the lake expansions of the Qu'Appelle from the farther shore of which—about half a mile distant—the bank of the valley, clad in verdant underwood, rises to a height of fully three hundred feet ; behind, bald hills hem it round and shelter it from the north wind ; on the right it is flanked by the waters of the lake—which stretch away to the old fort—and on the left by the mission-house, church and hamlet of Lebret.

Leaving Lebret we took our course toward Indian Head, passing through one of the best wheat-growing portions of the North-West. Here a grain-field not infrequently comprises a whole section (640 acres) ; but even in this favored locality, with the best of land and cultivation of the most advanced kind, the crop failure so general this year was painfully evident. Many fields were fair, but in others the crop was too short to cut, while in a few it was difficult to tell what kind of grain had been sowed.

A little to the east of the rising town of Indian Head is located the Dominion Experimental Farm for the North-West

Territories, and it is hardly too much to be said that the better part of a day which we spent here forms the pleasantest recollection of our journey. With its well-appointed house-grounds, its elaborate shelter belts and its miles upon miles of shady avenues this farm presents a grateful contrast to the general bleak and unvaried aspect of the prairie. But Beauty "its own excuse," is here made to contribute to the demands of Utility as well; and the enclosed experimental plots protected by their lofty hedges afford splendid objective proof of the value of such shelter in an open, windy country like the North-West.

From Indian Head to Grenfell, down through the "Golden Vein" of Assiniboia, we followed the railway line. From Grenfell we directed our course north-eastwardly to the Qu' Appelle valley, which we again entered at Crooked Lake in the midst of Indian reserves.

The Qu' Appelle valley is a remarkable feature in an otherwise monotonous region. Apparently the bed of some ancient river it forms a groove in the plain to a depth of from three to five hundred feet. Its steep banks are separated by the width of about a mile, while at its lowest level, twisting like the folds of a snake, runs a small and sluggish stream. This stream expands in places to almost the entire breadth of the valley, forming numerous lakes. Fogs, rarely prevailing on the plains, have here a favorite breeding-ground, and—viewed from above—present a pleasing effect in the early summer mornings. The valley is much more sheltered than the uplands, but on winter nights as soon as the sun has set becomes rapidly colder than the plain. Exit and entrance is effected by trails winding down the lateral ravines and in some cases by tortuous roads built along the sides of the hills, the grades being long, steep and toilsome.

A drive of thirty miles down the Qu' Appelle valley ended our tour. We had been among people of many tongues and of all conditions, and we had been used hospitably by all. For most of the new settlers who came without means life for a few years will have its thorny paths, but opportunity awaits them and their future—like that of the country—is bright with hope.

J. O'BRIEN.

From Our Correspondents,

TO THE EDITOR:—

Somewhere about 1852 a person came to Bedeque in a large boat, and loaded up with oysters. Contrary to the lay. My old friend, Mr. Harry Green, as Sheriff, with others went off to arrest him. The old chap fired on the party killing Mr. G. Tanton, and putting a slug in the head of the old Jailer of my time. This would make a good paper for your MAGAZINE. Could not get you all the particulars?

TO THE EDITOR:—

Question 1. Is it wrong to shoot at rabbits, if you waken in the morning and behold the munching bunnies, or the tracks where they have wandered in the darkness of the night time, nibbling, biting, ruminating, when the light was insufficient to discriminate proportions balancing the tree top wisely?

Question 2. Do the game-laws of the Province keep a youth from shooting partridge, when the huffy-fluffy rascals perch and peck the plumpest fruit-buds all along the apple-branches, even though they work by daylight, all unconscious of their trespass?

Question 3. If your sheep should take the notion to attack your helpless fruit-trees buried to the waist in snow-drifts, as I happened to observe them in a thrifty neighbor's orchard,—should you load your piece with bullets, or with peas and oats and barley when you speak your mind among them?

Oh! so many trees are ruined with the ice-storms and the snow-drifts, and the partridges and rabbits and the sheep, and—cannot someone speak a word of cheering counsel to a mortal man in trouble?
J. S. C.

Books and the Magazines.

"Forest and Stream"—that ideal sportsman's paper—is a weekly visitor that takes one's mind away, when the busy work of the day is over, to revel in the doings and adventures of those who go with rod and gun into the heart of the woods and over the mountains and streams. Angler, gunner, yachtsman, be the reader what he may, this ever enjoyable paper never fails to contain something that will interest him and bring back to his senses the balsam-scented forests, the purling stream, the leap of the trout and the other half-forgotten delights of summer outings.

The March Number of Lippincott's contains Maurice Thompson's charming tale 'Rosalynd's Lover,' which will be read with more than the usual degree of interest now that the hand of the author will write for us no more. Lippincott's is always improving of late. Next month G. D. Roberts' story 'The Heart of the Ancient Wood' will be the complete novel, and by getting the April number all will be able to obtain this most popular story in cheap form. No one will begrudge Roberts his popularity—he is one of us we may say, and the success of his book must be exceedingly flattering to him.

The Canadian Magazine is a Queen Victoria Memorial Number

Varia.

Something More About The Swallows.

Mr. Harry Piers, Secretary of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science, and editor of Down's Catalogue of the Birds of Nova Scotia, has written to Mr. McSwain the following letter:

Provincial Museum, Halifax, N. S.

DEAR MR. MCSWAIN :

Accept my very sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE containing your article on 'Swallows.' This I have read with very great interest. I trust you will continue the series. A catalogue of all of the birds reported from your Island with brief notes according to most recent nomenclature is a great desideratum and I trust you will undertake the preparation of such a list ere long.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY PIERS.

Quite interesting is the following extract from a letter of Prof. Macoun, on the same subject as it explains why swallows and many other birds often live near human habitations. The explanation may not be so flattering as we might be inclined to expect in view of our boasted progress in sanitary science:—

"I have read your excellent article in THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE on the swallows with much interest. You were too backward in not stating that swallows liked to live near dwellings because of the flies 'bred' by 'dirt,' where man resides in communities. This is a fact, nevertheless, as many small birds find more food near dwellings than away from them."

A subsequent letter has an appreciative reference to THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE besides the matter of which it more particularly treats. As it directs attention to the MAGAZINE as well as the articles on Birds which appear in the pages, we think it well to insert an extract or two from this letter amongst our notes.

"Your letter and THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE have both come to hand. Your MAGAZINE is a very creditable publication and deserves the support of your people. Your article on the Woodpeckers is both interesting and valuable.

"The 'Summary of Descriptions' is very valuable because it includes everything that is really of value. For a beginner, it is just the thing, as any person can measure and distinguish bright colors."

this month—containing much of interest about our late Queen, and an especially interesting article on our present Sovereign.

From the Copp, Clark Co., publishers, of Toronto, we have received a copy of Sir John Bourinot's "Canada Under English Rule." It is a most interesting volume—the author breaking away from the unwritten rules that seem to bind the majority of historians in their methods of presenting their work to the reading public. Sir John's *volume is most profitable reading*,—though there are one or two inaccuracies, and somewhat of a lack of that exactness of statement necessary in a work of this kind.

Memento of the Railway struggle in P. E. Island



When the Railway Bill was passed in this Province, political parties here were very much divided. Our cartoon deals with the subject. The central figures are the Hon. James Duncan and the Hon. David Laird. Mr. Duncan was appointed Railway Commissioner, and was afterwards

defeated in the Belfast District by Mr. Laird. Behind Mr. Duncan stands the Hon. J. C. Pope, and behind him Donald Cameron, Esq., member for Strathalbyn. Behind Mr. Laird stands the Hon. Edward Palmer, and behind him the Hon. Kenneth Henderson, while Donald Currie, Esq., with the bagpipes, is supplying the music, and Mr. Montgomery appears in the background enjoying the fun.

We give a transcription herewith of the words below the picture.—Keppoch is Mr. Duncan; the Premier is Mr. Pope; Tonall is Mr. Currie.

THE DIVERSIONS OF GIANTS.

Exert yourselves, Gentlemen; the eyes of the world; of both Hemispheres; of the whole human family are upon you; the course of civilization in this country depends in a great measure on your actions, and generations to come shall recount your exploits and follow your examples.

KEPPOCH—(blowing hard and dancing heavily)—“Well, now, surely but the dances tough, though; but I'll ne'er gi'e in,”

PREMIER—(earnestly)—“Take it easily; keep up your pluck. We have lots of refreshments, and nothing shall be wanting to ensure your success.”

STRATHALBYN—(mournfully)—“These proceedings fail to interest me at all till I'll pe chestified from the charges of priebes which is a lie.”

TONALL—(with the pipes)—plays Tullochgorum with all the drones in full blast, and the skin nearly bursting.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS—(looking on)—Make disparaging remarks about the political gentlemen.

P-I-m-r—(savagely)—“Land of my forefathers—the hour of deliverance is now arrived.”

DAVID—(frisking like an antelope)—“You can't dance with me. Haw—Haw!—Haw! Aw can step you down. Haw! Haw!”

KENNETH H.—(slowly and with deliberation)—“Stops! Never! I am revenged. We are secure as I shall bet if anyone will take me up. From a careful diagnosis I see Keppoch is failing, for the following reasons: fairst, he is short of wind, which proceeding from a redundancy of— (Enlarges indefinitely, with occasional interjections of 'so forth,' and 'so forth.'”

MONT-G-M-R-Y—“May the righteous cause prosper; then is the railway at rest. Let the harp be removed from the willow tree, where it has hung since—a-hem—a-hem.”



THE list of the Memorial Services and the sermons preached in St. Peter's Cathedral on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria, furnish the material for an elaborate booklet got up by the Rev. James Simpson, and printed at the office of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE. The book is for sale at 20 cents a copy,



MRS. A. D. MACLEOD, of Charlottetown, is about to issue, from the press of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, a book entitled “For the Flag,” consisting of a record of the late war, supplemented by many original poems from her own pen. The volume, which will contain 200 pages, will be placed before the public sometime in May.

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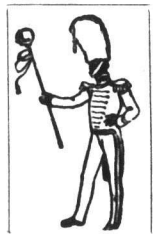
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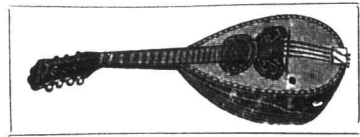


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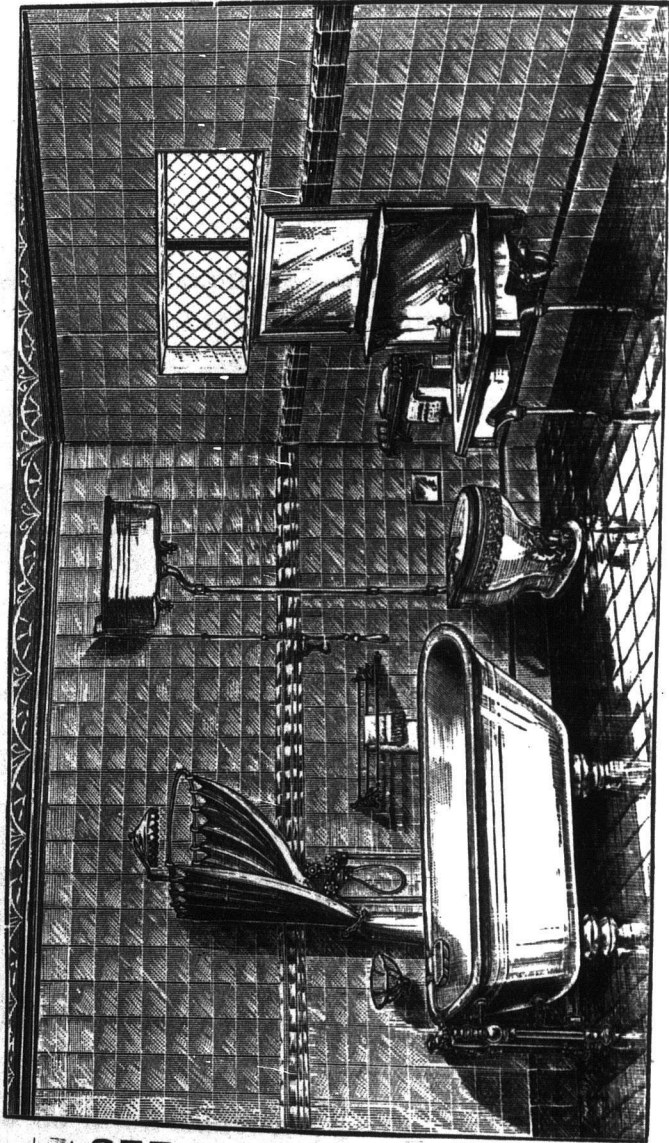
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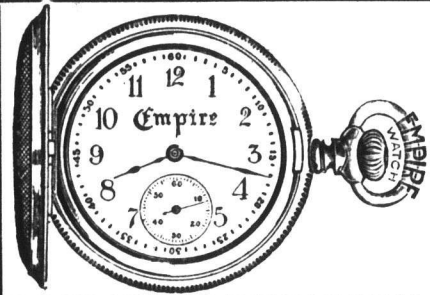
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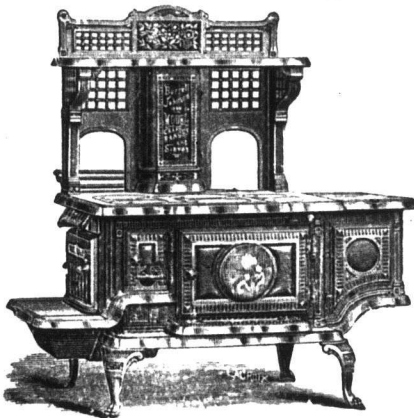


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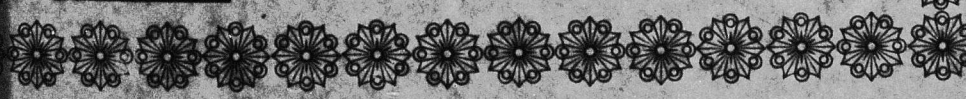


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DEAR SIRS,—At your request I planted Exhibition Purple Beet last season, and found it the best half long beet I had ever grown, for shape and color, and the quality excellent for a table beet.
EDWARD BAYFIELD.

CHARLOTTETOWN, FEB. 1901.

G. H. HASZARD, DEAR SIR,—The Yates' Exhibition Beet, the seed of which I purchased from you, took first prize last year. It is the finest beet I have ever grown. Intermediate shaped, smooth, rich black-red in color, and entirely free from fibre.
FRANK BEALES.

MARCH 1st, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I planted some of your Exhibition Prize Pansies and Double Petunias last season and found that they were both excellent strains, in fact equal to any I have ever grown. They took First Prize at Exhibition last fall.
EDWARD BAYFIELD.

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