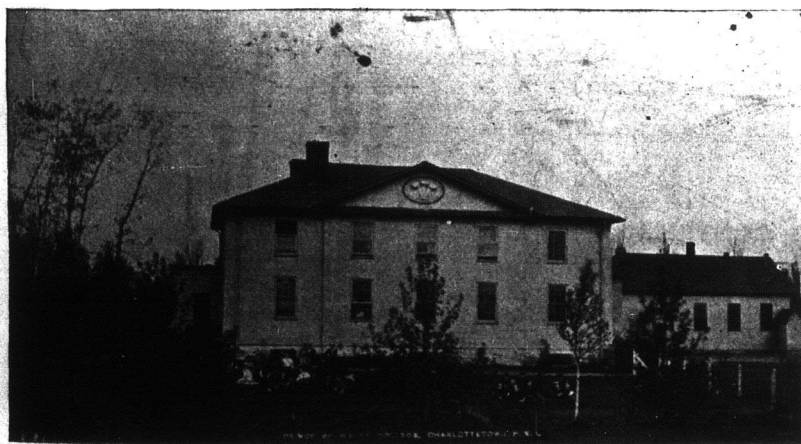


THE
Prince Edward Island
MAGAZINE

VOL. I

OCTOBER, 1899

NO. 8



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The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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

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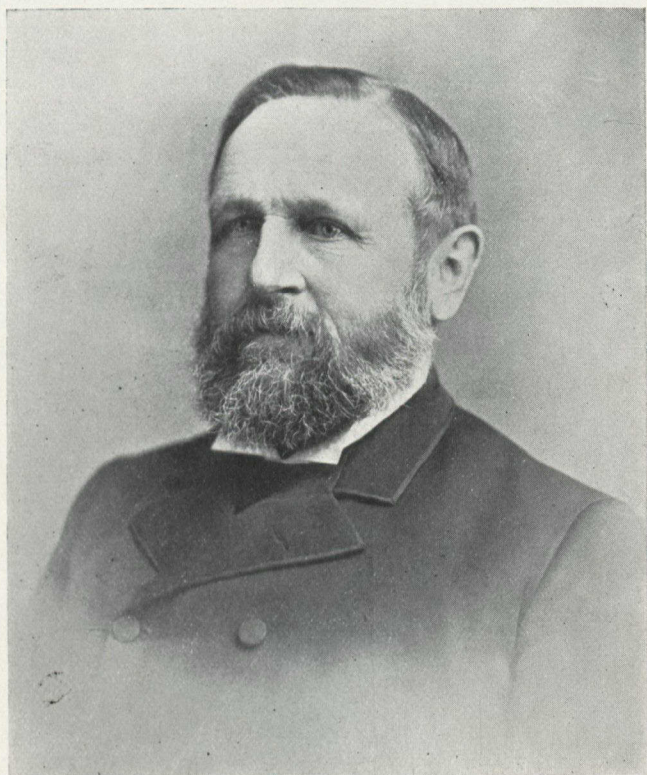
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HON. SENATOR FERGUSON, P. C.

- THE -

Prince Edward Island Magazine

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No. 8

A Period of Growth and Transition.

BY HON. SENATOR FERGUSON.

THE middle of the century, now nearing its end, marked a general departure in the political, social, agricultural, and commercial affairs of Prince Edward Island. The period of settlement may be said to have been over at 1850, and a period of growth followed. The concession of Responsible Government awakened new impulses in the minds of the older people. The Free Education Act unlocked the door of knowledge to the young. The application of steam to purposes of locomotion by sea and land, gave an immense impetus to commerce the world over; and, remote as Prince Edward Island was from the great centres of trade, its people felt on every side the influence of the spirit of commercial enterprise, which had seized the minds of men. The adoption of Reciprocal Trade with the United States, followed by the Crimean War; the Civil War in America, and the construction of the Prince Edward Island Railway, were important factors in stimulating the industrial life of the Province. Prince Edward Island in these days seemed like a little giant refreshed with new wine. While, however, the expanding markets and prevailing commercial activity had stimulated production and given the farmer more ready and ample returns in cash than in the past; there came, as the inevitable accompaniments of increased resources, a multitude of new wants, and desires for more ambitious surroundings. The enlarged operations of the farm made machinery indispensable. The growing scarcity of fuel abolished the chimney and hastened the introduction of

the cooking stove. The old log house, having served its day, was replaced by the commodious and elegant farm residence. These were perfectly legitimate and substantial wants; but they called for considerable expenditures of money. There came, however, with increased prosperity, a multitude of other wants, unknown to the past generation. The homespun coat was no longer felt to be altogether a suitable turn-out for the farmer or the farmer's son—particularly the son,—and the dress material for wife and daughter had to submit to a corresponding revision. The personal attire of the family having been brought up to the modern standard, it was in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that the old fly or gig should give place to a first-class family waggon, with harness to match, and it was not long until it was found necessary to supplement the waggon with a top buggy. The point was now reached when the farmer's family presented a really respectable appearance on public occasions. But what about the home. It would never do that one thing should laugh at another. So the home-made carpet gave way to scotch or brussels. Violins and concertinas might do well enough to cheer the hearts of the unsophisticated groups around the old-fashioned chimneys, but nothing short of an organ or a piano could gratify the fastidious requirements of a generation which had tasted something more ample or more refined.

It is not at all a matter of surprise that the farmer of this period should, notwithstanding enlarged crops and good prices, find it harder, at the end of the year, to keep square with the world than his father did in the good old days of flails and reaping hooks; of blazing chimneys and homespun clothes.

I do not recall these changes for the purpose of condemning them. The law of change is irresistible. Our children do not, from year to year, change more in their size, appearance and inclinations than do the communities of which we and they form parts. Nor is it desirable that the people of to-day should not live more expensively than their fathers and mothers did. Nothing will dwarf the mind or wilt the heart more than parsimoniousness. It is essential to the well-being of a community that the earnings of one man should be fairly exchanged for the earnings of another. This is simply one way of saying that

money should not be hoarded, but used with prudence and liberality in supplying every reasonable want. Granting the reasonableness of the want there remain the serious questions: can we afford it? and if not, why not? It was the failure to call a reckoning at the proper time which in so many cases placed a mortgage on the farm or brought the sheriff to the door.

The period to which I refer was one of remarkable growth, but it was growth at the expense of vital force, because, owing to the stimulus of an active demand, farmers sowed their lands to oats year after year, without making a suitable return to the soil to maintain its fertility. The system of farming in operation in those days could not possibly be continued without disaster; and the big returns at the outset, by inducing large expenditures, were certain to make the collapse more swift and complete in the end. The scanty pasturage, the waning hay crop, and the steadily decreasing volume of wheat production were warning signals which could not be disregarded with impunity. The quantity of new land coming in was year by year growing less, and the old fields were going on surely to impoverishment.

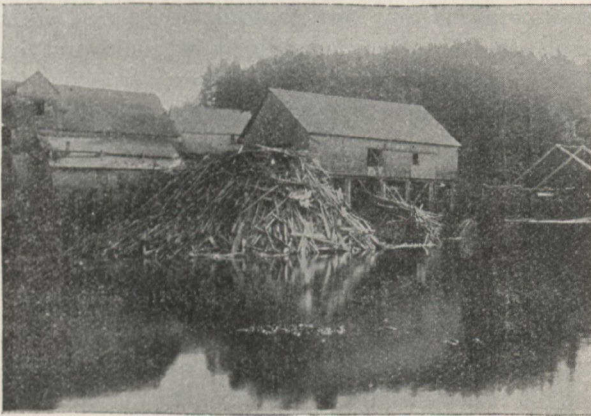
In the very nature of things big crops of hay and oats could not without compensation long continue to be sold off the land, while expensive living once indulged in could not easily be brought back to more moderate dimensions.

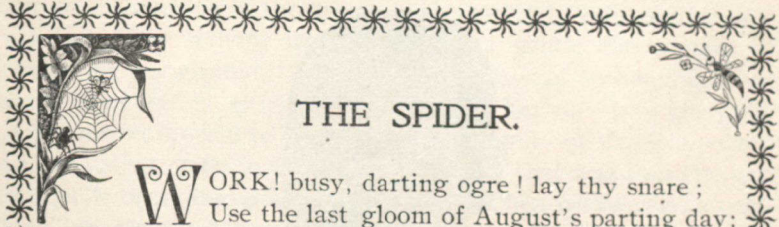
To still further complicate the situation, competition in the production of food had assumed new forms. Steam had practically annihilated space and brought remote and hitherto inaccessible regions within reach of the world's markets. The cheap labour of India and Russia, and the cheap lands of continental centres had become alarming factors in agricultural competition.

It is due to the farmers of Prince Edward Island, of this period, to say that they had grappled manfully with the new and perplexing circumstances with which they were surrounded; that many of them readily adapted themselves to changed conditions, and that, in despite of all difficulties, the Province, as a whole, kept steady step in the march of improvement.

The building, at the expense of its own people, of an extensive, although yet incomplete railway system, will ever remain as a monument to the courage and enterprise of the Province.

The greatest public achievement, however, of this period, was the consummation of union with Canada. The adhesion of Prince Edward Island to the Dominion gave roundness and completeness to the scheme, even although Newfoundland remained without. Whilst the very carefully considered terms on which the Island entered Confederation are in some respects rather late or slow in fulfilment, yet it is gratifying to find that on the whole a spirit of fairness to the smallest province animates many of the best of the public men of the Dominion. In the main the union has been fraught with satisfactory consequences to Prince Edward Island, and will certainly, as years roll on, be regarded more and more as a turning point in the affairs of the Province and to some extent of the British Empire.





THE SPIDER.

WORK! busy, darting ogre! lay thy snare;
 Use the last gloom of August's parting day;
 For bats and fluttering moths small is thy care.
 Although they brush thy slender net away
 Soon 'tis repaired and full symmetric grows.
 Thou makest no pause for thought, nor to lament.
 Instinct with plan, thy brain no halting knows,
 But to the end designed thy every power is bent.

Short is thy day; thy works endure not long;
 So man's pass too, and leave small rack behind.
 Like thine, our mesh is torn, though ne'er so strong;
 Quick we rush out, and some more thread unwind.
 And, when all's said, we serve our little turn,
 We live as we must live, and then we die;
 From thee at least this lesson we may learn,
 Whate'er misfortunes fall it mends no breaks to cry.

And if, as I on you, on me a God
 Looks down, to judge my ways as good or ill,
 It irks not me: I work, nor fear His rod.
 Smites He? I die; for what's to oppose His will?
 Spares He? I finish out the web I run.
 Thine in the morn will shine, a finished task,
 All fair with dew, and shimmering in the sun;
 May mine so show to Him—I know no more to ask.

F. W. L. M.





HON. J. H. FLETCHER

*A Reckless Adventure.—(Continued.)

BY HON. J. H. FLETCHER.

AS the wind was steadily rising, we thought it best to put out and have our sail before it became too strong. After a hard pull we succeeded in raising the sails; then we hauled up the killock, and were off. We made our first run in the direction of New London. Everything appeared to be lovely, and Willie Jack, who had conceived the idea that he was a vocalist, sat in the bow of the boat and sang "The girl I left behind me," in what he considered superb style. We were glad to see him so happy, for we certainly were not—while the song lasted. We were now opposite the farm of Captain Grahme, and we decided to come about and then run south, along the coast, as far as Marshall's Cove, North Rustico. But, strange to relate, the boat refused to obey the helm. She stood with her bow to the wind,

*This story was begun in the September number of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.

the sails shivering in the breeze, and absolutely refusing to come about. After a long struggle the idea struck the captain of "wearing her around." By the time this was accomplished we must have drifted at least two miles further out into the gulf. And now we seemed to be all right again; but one thing appeared to be evident, even to a schoolmaster, and that was that she was incapable of sailing close to the wind. When we reached a position opposite Lockerby's Cove, we attempted to run in, but she again showed her unwillingness to accommodate us. Then we sailed a few miles further on, hoping to make land under the lee of the high banks opposite the residence of John McKenzie, but this attempt was also a dismal failure. And so we worked and struggled all the long afternoon, but we drifted outward in spite of all that we could do. The wind had by this time increased to a gale, and, night coming on, our "hearts began to sink into our boots;" some of us thought that we would never again behold the faces of the friends we had left behind. In order to allay any fears that might be arising in our minds, we called upon Willie to give us another "bar" of "The girl I left behind me," but he was unequal to the task. Gillispie, however, thought it was no time to be singing frivolous songs; and he suggested that we sing a hymn. When asked to name the hymn he would like, he solemnly replied, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound." It was indeed no time for mirth.

We now held a council of war, and reached the conclusion that our best chance was to wear her around again, and try for Lockerby's Cove, but even that seemed to be impossible. The rope which held up the foresail became jammed in the block and we could not take it down. Besides, the boat rolled so dreadfully that the sail had either to come down or she would soon capsize. Our only hope of safety was to lie low, bail her rapidly, and do what we could with our single oar. It was finally decided that I, being the lightest of the crew, should climb the mast, and try to get the rope out of the block. In order to effect this, the other three agreed to make ballast of themselves and lie flat in the bottom of the boat while I climbed the mast. When I got about half way up, the boat careened so badly that Willie sprang to his feet. This made the matter worse, and the scheme had to

be abandoned. After a hard struggle we succeeded in getting the sail down. But it did us no good.

By this time we were a long way out to sea ; our frail craft leaking badly ; our sails were torn and wet ; the storm had become a hurricane ; darkness was setting in ; we had nothing to do anything with, and our condition was anything but an enviable one. We were about giving ourselves over to despair when, just ahead, we saw two fishing boats pulling for the shore. We hailed them, and raising the cry of distress, they soon bore down to where we were. One of these boats turned out to be Andrew Lockerby's, and the other was owned and manned by two of the Morrisons, of New London. They were pulling with all their might for land, but when they realized our condition, they decided to stay with us and save us if they could. They said they could only venture to take two men from our boat and we had to decide pretty quickly who the lucky ones were to be. And then followed the arguments, the pleadings, and the consultations.

The Morrisons, who were tried and trusty seamen, loaned us a strong and trusty cable and anchor and took one of our crew with them ; for it was now evident that our only chance of life was to haul down our canvas and ride it out at anchor all night. Andrew Lockerby said that as none of us were seamen he would volunteer to stay with us, and help us to ride the billows until the storm subsided. Brave fellow that he was. We can never mention his name without feeling that he deserves to take rank among the immortelles. His heroic act may never be known to the great world, but there are four men who would gladly weave a garland for his brow if they ever have an opportunity. He risked his own life to save ours. He was made of the stuff that constitutes the world's heroes.

But who were to go ashore? Only two of the four could be taken. Gillespie was the first to speak. With a trembling voice and tearful eyes he pleaded that he had a wife and two children ; that they would starve if he were lost. The others were all unmarried, and if they were lost there would not be so many to suffer and sorrow. The argument was conclusive. Captain Grahme passed us the anchor, and took the man on board. We bade him farewell in the blackness of night, amidst the howling

of the storm, and when the "sea yawned around us like a hell" not knowing that we should ever meet again. Then brave Andrew Lockerby leaped into our boat, ordered one of us to take his place, and make for the shore. David Jack said he ought to be the one to go, as he was the mainstay of his widowed mother and two sisters. But Lockerby bade him keep still, saying that as he was the oldest and had gotten us into all the trouble, he should stay and go down with his boat, if it had to go down. Then up spake Willie and said that as David was to be left he must go ashore as he was needed to support his mother and sisters. Willie was followed by myself. I said that all my people lived fifty miles away; that I had no one on shore to weep tears for me, but that it would be a very bad thing for the education of the rising generation if I should go to the bottom of the sea, and be eaten up by the fishes. I was preparing to enlarge on the loss of a live schoolmaster to the community, when Andrew cut my oration short by saying that better schoolmasters than I was could be kicked out of every bush, and so Willie jumped into the boat and was off.

And now there were but three of us left, to battle for our lives with the angry waves and pitiless winds. Andrew assumed command. He posted himself by the bow, threw out the anchor, took hold of the rope, and continued to pay it out as the waves rose and draw it in as they subsided, the whole night long. During the night a wave broke over the boat and carried off our coats as they lay on one of the seats. A tremendous gust of wind carried away our hats, so that we were spectacles to behold. The storm was so severe at midnight that we began to drag anchor; but Andrew faithfully kept the bow to the wind; and enabled our craft to ride upon the crest of the waves. All depended on our anchor and cable. If either of these should go our doom would be sealed. David, Jack and myself, by turns, bailed the boat the whole live-long night. It was a dismal and dreary night—one never to be forgotten. The moaning of the sea; the whistle of the wind; the pelting of the rain; the dashing of the waves, and the blackness of the night—made a scene so awful that, for years afterward, I dreaded to look upon the ocean. It appeared to be the longest night that ever came.

Every minute seemed to be an hour, every hour a night, and every night a week. Oh! how wearily it passed away. Fearing that every moment would send us to the bottom, language fails to tell how dreadful it was.

The news of our unfortunate adventure had spread far and wide, so that by midnight the banks were lined with men, women and children. Lest we might be making for shore they built great fires on the banks, and we could plainly see the people moving between us and the fire.

But the longest night has an end. The breaking of the day in the eastern sky was the most joyful thing we ever beheld. When the light began to quiver through the gloom, and the gale to subside, and the sea to calm, and hope once again to take possession of our hearts,—wild and reckless as we were, we silently gave thanks to Him who stills the tempests, and holds the waves in his hands. Even after the god of day had appeared, and the hurricane had ceased, yet the waves rolled mountains high, and our frail boat creaked and cringed as she appeared on the crest of the waves or sank into the trough of the sea.

It was nearly noon on Sunday when our eyes caught sight of a Yankee fishing schooner, bearing towards us. We again raised the flag of distress and beckoned to the captain to take us to the shore. One of the sailors threw us a rope, which we eagerly seized, and made fast to our boat. Then, drawing up our anchor we were soon on our way to the land we had never expected to see again. In the course of a couple of hours, the American captain ordered us to let go the rope, which we did; and, casting our anchor again, awaited the arrival of a boat sent out from the shore, which towed us into a small cove, one quarter of a mile from the land, where we dropped anchor and left "Capt. Jack's coffin" to buffet the waves as best she could.

There were hundreds of people at the landing to bid us welcome, but we would have given our last cent if there had been none. We should have much preferred if they had remained at home—especially the young women and the school children. We were certainly hard-looking specimens of humanity;—coatless, hatless and hungry, unwashed and un-

kempt. For civility's sake we shook the hands of a few, and then plunged through the crowd and made our way to the nearest houses, where we were well-clothed, well-fed and kindly treated.

I have passed through many trying ordeals since that memorable July day, but none that ever made such an impression on my mind. I distinctly remember every act committed and every word spoken; from the time that I put my foot in "Captain Jack's Coffin," until we landed in McNeill's Cove. And, to show the danger we were in, and the narrowness of our escape, it is only necessary to state that in less than an hour after we left the boat she went to pieces, and parts of her came floating to shore for several days after.

I fancy that no ordeal can be more frightful than a shipwreck in a storm at sea. How utterly helpless, in a great ocean lashed into fury by the gale, is the proudest ship that ever spread canvas to the breeze. And how utterly powerless and forlorn is man. How insignificant this lord of creation! When the Euroclydon blows and the winds scream through the rigging; and the powerful hull creaks and shivers; and the billows break over the taffrail and tumble on the deck,—it is this which tries men's souls. When the affrighted voyagers, called from their berths, rush upon the deck; and, frantic from fear and daft from despair, gaze out into the waste of waters; and behold the foam as it appears in the jaws of the wave; and see the billows clap their hands in the glee of destruction; and feel the once mighty ship plunging wildly against the battering waves in their "impetuous rage;" children clinging to parents for protection when they have none to give; and hear the "wild farewell" as it rises in the pauses of the storm,—oh, what a scene of horror! what a moment of trial!

At such a time it is easy to imagine that "the timid shrieked," but it is hard to realize that "the brave stood still." And yet it has been done. History records many instances, where a ship's crew have obeyed the master's orders; passing women and children to the life-boats, thus standing at the post of duty until engulfed in the sea; and of British soldiers firing a salute at the word of command as they sank beneath the ocean's wave. Such men are the highest type of the world's heroes.

A Page from the History of P. E. Island.

By JOHN ROSS.

IN presenting some of the incidents of the famous Tenant League of over thirty years ago, we do so with the view of furnishing a brief account of the disadvantages under which the tenantry of the past generation labored, together with some facts regarding the terms upon which the lands were given to the original grantees, and the manner in which these proprietors fulfilled their part of the contract.

Many of the occurrences of the Tenant League period are fresh in the memory of the older people now living, but the present generation know little or nothing of the causes that led to that great uprising which subsequently resulted in the total abolishment of the leasehold system from this Island forever.

Something over a century ago, the Island of St. John, now known as Prince Edward Island, was granted to certain favorites. In 1767, the Island was divided into sixty-six estates, of about 20,000 acres each, three of which were reserved for the Crown, and for local improvements; while the remaining sixty-three were disposed of by a great lottery, held at the Board of Trade, London. The winners became the proprietors of the lands of the Colony. The original two conditions of the settlement of the lands were, that every grantee was to settle upon his estate at least one person to every 200 acres, within ten years of the date of his grant, and also to pay certain quit rents of from two to six shillings a year, per one hundred acres, reserved for the salaries of such officers as might be necessary for the administration of the affairs of the Colony. Failing to comply with these conditions within a stated number of years, the proprietors were to be subject to the forfeiture of their grants. Of course these conditions were not complied with. The foreign Protestants as a rule were not introduced, and the quit rents were not paid. It was officially reported in 1797, long after the entire settlement ought to have been completed, that not a single emigrant had been settled on twenty-three of the sixty-three estates, and very few on the remainder. This neglect on the part of the proprietors,

especially as to the quit rents, led, as might be expected to popular agitation. At last, in 1802, the quit rent arrears were, by a special Act, ordered to be commuted, but the commuted arrears were not paid. In 1833, these arrears amounted to the sum of \$750,000, as against \$30,000 actually paid since the foundation of the Colony.

Between 1833 and 1851, nothing effectual appears to have been done to enforce the payments due by the proprietors. This neglect while very inconvenient to the local Government, which lost a large proportion of the public revenue, was far more prejudicial to the people of the Province. In 1836, Lord Durham described in strong language the misdoings of the absentee proprietors and the reckless improvidence of the Imperial Government. He said "that the absentees held the colony as a sort of reversionary interest, that they would neither improve the land themselves, nor let others improve it, but kept it in a wilderness state," although the representatives and the Governor had all concurred in devising a remedy, all their efforts had been in vain. The influence of the absentee proprietors had steadily counteracted in London the wishes of all classes in the Colony.

After a few years the Home Government assumed payment of the civil list, and passed an order in council directing the Governor to enforce the payment of all arrears of quit rents, but this order was allowed to remain a dead letter, while the proprietors not only failed to pay their quit rents, but made no attempt to carry out the original terms of settlement. About 1817, Governor Smith caused Lots 15 and 55 to be escheated, but the Crown interposed on behalf of the proprietors and prevented him from taking any further proceedings in the matter. In 1839, William Cooper Esq., speaker of the House of Assembly, was sent Home to lay the claims of the people on the escheat question before the British Government, but Lord John Russel, head of the Colonial office declined to give him even a hearing on the subject.

For many years the people felt the injustice of having not only to pay rent for their farms, but to be forced to open new roads, build bridges and wharves, and such other public works

as were necessary for the business of the country, while the proprietors held possession of their estates without contributing to the improvement of the colony in any way. As an evidence of this fact, it will be sufficient to state that of the large sum of \$356,000, which was expended in the construction of roads, bridges and other public works, during the twelve years preceeding 1838, only \$22,240 was contributed by the proprietors.

On the eve of every general election the land question was made the stalking horse to ride into place and power, and each political party promised a full and satisfactory settlement of the subject if returned to parliament, but unfortunately for the tenantry, all those promises were—like pie-crust—made to be broken and their highest hopes and expectations dashed to the ground, thus leaving them in a worse plight than if these hopes were never aroused. After enduring this treatment at the hands of both political parties for so many years, they determined to band together to protect their own interests, and the result has been the formation of the famous Tenant League.

(To be Continued)

On a Fair Flower Faded.

BY THE LATE THOS. A. LEPAËE.

Faded at last, fair flower! Yet didst thou seem
 Loath to give up thy beauty, loath to lose
 Thy shapely cup, and first, fresh, delicate hues
 All passing as the memory of a dream
 Earth's rarest charms; and we, vain children! deem
 That Art the elusive essence can infuse
 Into wrought stone, or magic words the muse
 Holds dear, or canvas with the morn abeam.
 Yet never cease the flowers. Earth never tires
 Of her long, blissful labour. But lest men
 Grow weary of one rapture, evermore
 She blights her fair creations, and aspires
 With forms new from the heart to wake again
 Their wonder at their boundless loving lore.

Our Island's Foe.

BY GEORGE MCKENZIE.

WHO among us, who are in the habit of taking lonely rambles by the sea shore, have failed to notice the fearful ravages committed by the restless waves, upon our sea-girt Island.

All around the coast we can see this destruction going on, day and night, year after year, and century after century. In some places we notice large portions of over-hanging soil ready to break off and roll down to the sea, to be washed out and scattered far and wide over the bed of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In other places we notice ledges of rocks, extending out into the sea, worn round and smooth by the continual action of the waves. It seems difficult to persuade ourselves that these rocks were once covered with soil which formed part of the surface of P. E. Island, but strange as it may seem such is the case.

Geologists tell us that there are two counteracting forces at work constantly in the world: water tearing down and fire building up. Those of us who live near the sea-coast have seen the first mentioned at work day after day. We have not the counteracting forces in our part of the globe so the work of demolition goes on unhindered.

The writer has been talking with some of the older inhabitants of the eastern part of the Island, who can remember when the coast line was fifty or sixty feet further out than it is at present.

What is the end to be? is the question which suggests itself to every one who gives this subject his serious consideration. There is only one answer. If the march of time goes on unhindered, P. E. Island shall, *must*, eventually disappear altogether. There is no gainsaying this fact. It is one of nature's laws that are inexorable. Let us suppose that P. E. Island has 500 miles of a coast line, and that six inches (which is a very modest estimate) of soil be worn away each year,—we find that 1,320,000, square feet or about 30 acres of land are annually washed away by the sea.

Yes, P. E. Island is fated to become the prey of the relentless sea. Throughout the countless ages which are yet to come, our Island must grow smaller and smaller, until the sea breaks through the narrow strips of land, which now connect the three larger portions, thus forming three smaller Islands around which the seething, boiling waves shall dance and gamble in fiendish joy, till even these are swallowed up, and nothing but a breaking wave shall be left to tell the passing mariner the location of what was once Prince Edward Island.

Prince Edward Island Surnames—A Play Upon Them.

GEOGRAPHERS say that there are no Mountains in Prince Edward Island; the directory tells otherwise,—and from the same source I learn of the numerous Lakes, Rivers, Valleys, Brooks, Woods and Fields—interspersed with country Lanes—that make up the landscape. In the Forests, presumably—but in this case not necessarily—we expect to find Oaks and Acorns, Birches and Moss, nor are we disappointed. We also discover Hunters and Gamesters of various description, on the lookout for Partridges, Robins, Pidgeons and other small Fowle; extending our search to where the Waters have formed a Flood, near to the Sands of the sea, may be seen numbers of Ducks and Drakes, Swans and Herons making marks for their Gunns. In the shallow Pooles on the shore Watermen Wade after Crabbes of which there are plenty. Nor is larger game scarce; for Lyons and Bears abound as well as Griffins. I came across a few Croakers but they are of a very amiable disposition. Campbells (the Scotch kind) appear to be “as thick as pease.”

The Scotts, many of them Lairds, seem by the way to be the only nationality mentioned largely, though England and Ireland have representatives in the list. There are Thistles and Roses but no Shamrocks—Sir Thomas Lipton has the Shamrock just now.

Somewhat scarce are Diamonds and Jewels,—but they're to

be found; Dollars and Halfpennies are fairly plentiful. Nevertheless there are said to be several Poore people on the Island.

Society is probably divided into sets, if we are to judge by the number of Kings, Marquises, Earles, Lords and Knights. These titled people make no objection to the many Moores that dwell beside them.

Nor are the people without Music. They have Bells—big and little—and their Ringers; Harpers, and lots of Fifes.

We meet a Farmer who is in company with a number of Cobbs looked after by Grooms, and just a little distance away we come across a small army of Bulls with a Herdman or two not far off.

A Fisher is found, probably interested in the Herring and Salmon. If he should drown a Jury is ready to sit upon him.

All kinds of people make up the population. There are Large and Small, Long and Lowe, Whitty and Wise, Short and Strong, Straight and Sturdy people; who are Good and Gay (there appear to be none bad), some of them Young and many of them Gallant. They are Green, Gray, White, Brown, Black and Blue, — “you pays your money and you takes your choice.”

There are Sellars in their Booths, disposing of the Wares in their Binns to eager Byers; others pursue the avocations of Carvers, Turners, Butlers, Butchers, Clarks, Seamen, Smiths, Coopers, Carters, Carriers, Masons, Chandlers, Gardiners, Carpenters, Millars, Skinners, Dyers, Taylors, etc. etc.

For a Scott-Act province Beer is altogether too plentiful, but we will not moralize—leaving that to be done by the Parsons and Deacons.

The list is by no means Dunne. There is much yet left for a studious Examiner.

Detachment.

“ Full sudden fall the blows of sorrow deep,
The fresh-made wounds we hardly may endure,
They touch our vitals so. But courage keep!
Not brooding on them is the sovereign cure!”

Mic-Mac Mythology.

BY JEREMIAH S. CLARK, B. A.

"Weegegijik. Kessegook wigwamk;
Meskeek oodun Ulnoo, kes saak."

[May you be happy. The old people are encamped;
There was once, long ago, a large Indian village.]

WITH this suggestive couplet the Legends, or Ahtookwokun of the Micmacs, in their original form, almost invariably commence. The inseparable introduction shows us how the literature of the people had long ago taken on a settled form, even though there were no written records; it confirms to a considerable degree the common impression that they had a ballad arrangement, and were chanted to weird music in that ancient time; and also indicates how carefully the old men cherish the memory of their former greatness.



JOHN SARK,
Chief of P. E. I. Mic-macs

These people look upon their folk-lore as a sacred treasure to be carefully preserved by their holy men; and, as in our Saxon traditions the dying Bleys relates the story of Arthur's birth, so an aged Sakumow may be heard repeating the immortal legends to faithful witnesses, just before he passes on to the regions of the far west, where Glooscap dwells in the presence of the Great Spirit, and where the golden sunsets give us foregleams of that beautiful abode, the happy hunting-ground of the faithful.

Let us approach the study of Micmac Mythology with a becoming reverence, for we are dealing with sacred things; and,

as we learn what little we can about a vanishing religion, may we not join with the great American poet in the hope

“That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.”

Dr. Silas T. Rand, to whom we are indebted for all we know about the ancient religion of the people, thought that a number of the Micmac Legends might be Bible narratives, not any more changed than one would expect after centuries of transmission by word of mouth alone. Professor E. N. Horsford, through whose foresight and generosity the legends were published, and Mr. Charles G. Leland, who has a very interesting collection of Algonquin Legends, were both persuaded that several of the stories must have come either direct from hardy Norsemen, or from the Norsemen through the Eskimo. The two legends that perhaps most closely resemble traditions found in Iceland are “The Adventures of Kaktogwasees” and “The Beautiful Bride,” the former the thirteenth and the latter the twenty-fourth in Dr. Rand's collection; they relate almost identical incidents, in the same order, and must have started from the same original, whether Norse or not. The variations which led Dr. Rand to consider them separate stories are probably due to some narrators having confined their attention chiefly to the attractive bride, while others had taken more delight in picturing the rugged qualities of the Thunderer and his companions. Carefully comparing the two stories, we see that Glooscap acts a prominent part in each, always proving himself a faithful friend. He allows the travellers the use of his *kweedun*, or canoe, which is a small rocky island covered with a low growth of trees, and, more wonderful still! the *kweedun* travels without the use of paddles wherever the owner may wish. In both tales we find a man so swift of foot that it is necessary for him to keep one leg tied up firmly to his body, except on great occasions, for when both legs are free, he cannot by any means control his actions; and, when the great occasion comes for an exhibition of his magic, he makes a complete circle around the earth, carrying a brimming goblet of water, in somewhat less than thirty minutes, thus winning the laurels for his party. In both tales, too, we

find a magician who keeps the hurricane securely fastened within his nostrils, and it is very interesting when he removes the stoppages and breathes freely, raising a tempestuous sea, and laying waste whole areas of forest.



*JAMES LOUIS MITCHELL,
A Former Chief*

Kaktoogwasees, the Thunderer, has better magic in his party than all his enemies combined, and we do not hesitate to congratulate him as he leads home his beautiful bride, the daughter of the Earthquake, who, as described in Legend XXIV, has hair as glossy black as the wing of the raven, cheeks of crimson, and a brow as white as January snow.

Dr. Rand says: "I have not found more than five or six Indians who could relate these queer stories, and most, if not all of these, have now gone. Who the original author was, or how old they are we have no means of knowing." It is evident that several have been borrowed from the Russians and the Eskimo; such, for example, as relate to characters having flinty

hearts, or who keep their hearts hidden away within some half-dozen concentric coatings, living or dead and perhaps all hidden away in the bottom of the sea. Also, if we compare Legend III. in Dr. Rand's collection with the one entitled "The Weaver's Son" in Jeremiah Curtin's "Folklore of Ireland," we must be convinced that the Micmac Legend is an incomplete version of the Irish story. Some of the Legends may have been borrowed

from every people with whom the Micmacs came in contact since their ancestors first began to wander from the highlands of Asia; but, granting that all tales bearing such resemblances have been borrowed, it may still be reasonably supposed that most of the Legends of the Micmacs are simply the crystalized thought of a people who had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, living as they did season after season in the most intimate contact with the varied manifestations of nature,—a people whose restless minds were ever on the alert to find some explanation of the workings of that

“Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.”

Many people cannot think of mythology without seeing confused apparitions of Zeus with his family of gods and goddesses on old Olympus, but here, among the earliest Acadians, we find traditions which, when organized into a system, will be worthy of the most careful study. Dr. Rand, who translated the legends and recorded them for us, did not make any attempt to classify the characters, and for that very reason his work is of the greater value to science, since he was not hunting up a basis for any theory of his own. Mr. Leland has made a beginning, in the way of grouping related stories; but someone might well spend half a life-time in opening up this promising mine, and placing Micmac Mythology, as it surely deserves to be placed, on an equality with our accepted Classics.

It may seem a rash statement, and evince a poor appreciation for the classic authors we have read, but there are those who are persuaded that in the Mythology of the Americans, as in that of our fathers, the Norsemen, we find a rugged strength and a manly purity which is very obscure if not altogether unknown among those imaginary characters which grew up in the minds of the ancient Greeks, and later became the property of Rome and the world. True, the tales of the northern nations are not so gracefully told, and themselves lack the perfect etiquette we find among the Greeks; but for strength, and brilliancy of conception, surely these great characters rudely sketched in black and white have a stimulating suggestiveness that is altogether obscure amid the milder tones and softly blending harmonies of the polished ideals of the East. Philosophers, who

know, tell us that we of Northern climes cannot worship, or love, or even hate with that refinement of cruelty which those experience who bask in brighter sunshine beneath a milder sky. Suppose we yield them the palm in this respect, are we not more than repaid by the dignity and majesty that comes with the consciousness of being master of the fury of the elements! Such dignity did the Micmac heroes have; and the ideals of the people left its impress upon the character of the nation, until the necessity of self-preservation, and the slipshod policy of their conquerors, destroyed every truly noble ambition.

In Micmac Mythology we have a plant of native growth which bids fair to be as beautiful and profitable as any of the famous exotics; shall we not cultivate it with some of the attention we now bestow upon Greek Mythology? and as we study the story of Acadian heroes, rugged, strong, and beautiful in their primeval simplicity, may we not hope to hear a deep voice speaking to us through the shady vistas of the past, and saying:—

“Be thou a hero, let thy might
Tramp on the eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night,
Carve out a passage unto day.”

(To be Continued)

*The Ethics of Hurry.

BY J. E. RENDLE.

I HAVE read of a man who was born in a hurry, who lived in a hurry, who married in a hurry, who repented in a hurry—instead of at leisure, as so many do—who died in a hurry and who went in a hurry—to another state of intelligence. His was no doubt an extreme case; and yet is not this element of hurry the curse of our Western civilization? What is it that constrains us to clamour for “rapid transit” as the crowning grace of life, and prevents our recognizing any element in a journey as superior to that of speed? As the famous old English philosopher said:

*Written after reading “In the City Streets,”—(a poem)—by May Carroll, in the P. E. ISLAND MAGAZINE.

"We have all the time there is"; what then are we trying to secure? Notwithstanding, how many people we all know, who enter our homes as if borne on the wings of the tornado, who keep every particle of the atmosphere in a state of restlessness while they remain, whose features are wrinkled with anxiety, whose voices are sharpened with care, and who, having fidgeted through a brief call, are borne away again in a tumult of haste!

Another class of people are always in a hurry because they are always behindhand. At some time or other they have lost a golden half-hour, and the rest of their life seems to be spent in its fruitless pursuit. I have a friend of this kind who is always unpunctual, and who scatters the time of other people with reckless prodigality. He explains his tardiness by saying that he is always so much interested in what he is doing now, that he forgets all about what he has to do next; an excuse more satisfactory to himself than to those who are waiting for him. And another disappoints people because he always tries to do the labour of two hours in fifty-nine minutes, and never gets over the fond delusion that he will yet accomplish it. This is the vain hope that betrays most of us, and is the cause of much of that nervous uneasiness so generally charged to the much-abused North American climate.

Yet there are those who dwell within its baneful influence, and are as unaffected by it as the dwellers on a mountain top are by the miasma of the dismal valley far below. They are they who are in the world but not of it. Look at the calm and placid faces of the Salvation Army "rescue work" officers, of the Sisters of Charity, of the Society of Friends, of those whose pursuits keep them "far from the madding crowd" and its constant and harassing turmoils. There are certain people whose presence is a benison, whose coming brings with it a sense of repose that rests the weary spirit and seems to lift one above the petty troubles of the world. These people are never in a hurry. It is impossible to associate the world with their gracious presence. When they enter, the busy wheels of entity stop, and the whirl does not begin again till they depart. Unconsciously they have lifted us above our perplexing cares, and when they go from us we are awakened, bewildered, from a beautiful vision of peace. It is

not that they are careless of time, for that would interfere with the convenience of others, but they manage to be its masters, not its slaves.

Behind these imperfect aspects of our hurry, however, there must lie a deeper cause, and I think that we find it in the element of Greed. The machinery of our modern civilization has Mammon for its stoker, and "make haste to be rich" for its war-cry. All trades and professions are corrupted by the money-getting impulse, and, in the mad race for wealth, the devil generally gets the foremost rather than the hindmost. Men are all so absorbed in the pursuit of riches that they can give no thought to the cultivation of the sense or the elevation of the soul. Home represents to these abject galley-slaves of the filthy lucre only a dormitory, where they may snatch a few moments of rest from their toil. Their sons follow the same succession; their daughters are carefully educated because it is the fashion, and when these young girls emerge into the social world and look for the men they are to marry, what do they find? Men who have no time to think, much less to read; who snatch a few hours for a hasty courtship between the acts at the opera, the figures of the dance, or the courses of a dinner; and then, as the brief honeymoon wanes, the inevitable gulf widens between the two and another tale of domestic unhappiness has begun. For the fever born of greed spreads into every realm of life. It keeps the man grinding at the counting-house, or slaving at the work-bench; it keeps the woman toiling over what she calls her "social duties," born of the same greed for more prestige, more fine clothes, more display than her neighbors.

Nor is the desire for riches or social position the only form of greed; there are others more subtle, less objectionable on the face of them, but all form a desire for the advancement or enrichment of self, and all pregnant with that element of hurry which is the infection of modern life. We, at least some of us, believe in the immortality of the life; but were it a real belief, it would, I think, give us that wide and far-reaching conception of life which alone should have power to calm our excitement, and make us say with Walt Whitman:—

"Whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years, I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait."

That is the great lesson we should all learn—to know the amplitude of time. Why should we fume and fret because we are “not so far advanced” as someone else, not so highly developed as we think we ought to be—desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope? We have floated down the current of life out into the broad bosom of Eternity—not Time—and are in a truer sense than perhaps Tennyson thought “the heirs of all the ages.”

We need to take this lesson to our hearts, then, of the uselessness of hurry, and indeed, of its more than uselessness. There must be no hurry, no eager desire for growth, or the longing is defeated and you harden by the forcible passion for personal stature.. Nor does this quietude involve idleness. “Without haste,” but also “without rest,” is the watchword of the stars, and the setting aside of haste does not imply inactivity. Never try to do more in a day than we can do well; and when we are sure we can accomplish a thing in half an hour, always allow ourselves forty minutes.

Much of our hurry arises from an overwhelming feeling of our own importance. We are sure that if we are not on the spot all will be wrong; that the work will not be properly done unless *we* have done or directed it. But at last fate compels us to take a back seat, and behold! the universe rolls on just as well as if we had been there. Let us, then, learn another lesson—there was never a man yet whose place could not be filled—and we have plucked a fruitful seed of hurry from our lives. Shakespeare’s keen insight recognized the root of much of our hurry when he made Pembroke say:—

“When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness.”*

What is that principle of hurry and unrest that makes life in our great cities so intolerable, but the effect of each one’s contributions to the general whirlwind about us? There is nothing more contagious than hurry. Watch the crowd leaving a ferry-boat for instance, and see the men and boys leap from the deck and tear up the wharf as though they were rats rushing from a doomed vessel. But no sooner are they off the wharf than they

*King John, IV., 2.

settle down into a walk, and prove, in nine cases out of ten, to be those who have more time than they know what to do with. None the less this hurry of theirs has infected their friends, and they too have been swept away in the wild rush. Notice also the congregations of our churches, how they make for the outlets; whose pace abates when they reach the threshold, much to the discomfiture of those behind them. If we attend our opera house we see the same thing, the audience unmindful of their patriotism, rushing out before the first bars of the national anthem have been sounded. If we walk through our streets on Saturday night when they are covered by our people, we feel the effect of the element of greed that drives the wheels of trade and makes men and women haste to and fro as if each trivial errand were of the most vital importance. Go through the same streets on the Sabbath, and you will be brought in contact with the peace that settles upon our empty thoroughfares as soon as the human element is withdrawn. No "silent city of the dead" is more tranquil.

If, then, it is our fault that the atmosphere of our city life is full of hurry, it is our duty to make it less so. We should surround ourselves with a cloak of calmness, then we shall quiet those about us, and from them the feeling of peace will be imparted to others. And knowing, in the light of an eternity, a century is as insignificant as a second, we learn that time is to be measured, not by the revolutions of the sun and moon, but by the growth of our lives. As Carlyle has said in words that cannot be too often quoted: "The curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up; but yesterday and to-morrow both are. With God, as it is a universal Here, so it is an everlasting Now."

Autumn Flowers.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

THE sun is growing languid now-a-days, and early sinks to rest. And is it any wonder, when we think of all he has done since months ago he set to work to melt the snow and ice?

In early spring encouraging the timid plants to trust to his protection, throughout the summer season he has nourished all the flowers and given life, and tint and fragrance to the many children in Flora's lovely garden. He has warmed the fledgelings in their nests, and smiled upon them as they learned to fly; has painted high in heaven's dome the bow which speaks of promise and of hope; has spread the same prismatic tints in blendings subtle, contrasts strong, o'er all the varied landscape, far and wide; has decked the insects' wing with jewels sparkling, bright; has mellowed fruits; has filled our garners; has cheered and warmed our human hearts, and gladdened all things by his generous glow. And now at last he seeks to rest can we begrudge him well-deserved repose? He never hides his face entirely from us as in far and frigid zone, tho' twilight and the gloaming are as strangers, or a passing dream.

To go afield in early autumn, (or, as our own western word suggestively expresses it,—the "fall") one sadly recognizes that the change is near. The woods and groves are ominously silent,—scarcely a song bird enlivens the scene. Those which still linger seem apprehensive of something wrong, and timidly hide in secluded retreat. Insect hum is almost hushed, the landscape grey with plants in full seed, or brown with fading leaf and naked bough. The maples are putting on their latest dress—their warm apparel of yellow and of red. The fields are shorn of their generous crops; bristling stubble spreads its cloth of gold where lately stood the waving grain. Above, white clouds course coldly across the impassive blue, or dark, nebulous strata form a curtain over all. Below, the fretful waters, sombre, reflect the sky. At our feet a few summer flowers still linger in blossom,—the "Eye-bright," the Yarrow, the White Everlasting; a Dandelion here, a Buttercup yonder. Now and then one comes upon a flower, stranger to the season,—a belated bloom, or a precocious adventurer; one, a poor individual with whom the world has gone wrong, the other, untimely, daring, deluded by some warm autumn days into thinking that the spring has come again, reliantly unfolds its petals.

But not yet has the grand orderly procession of flowers in carnival of seasons paraded its last beauties to gladden our eyes.

See the Asters, like miniature stars come down, directing our aspirations to things beyond this life! And the gay Golden Rods,—gaudiest flowers of the field—parading their wealth, displaying their riches, but bringing brightness and gladness where else all were common-place and drear!

Do you not see that the plants which still revel in the joy of existence are those which ripen their seed quickly and furnish their fruits with feathery barbs to help them spread far the hopes of a new generation? They are all of the highly developed order *Compositæ*, which collects all its florets into town-like communities so that bees and their brethren may visit a number in rapid succession, and have turned the green calyx of their sister flowers into a parachute "pappus" which floats on the breeze, securing wide dissemination to the fast-ripening fruits. Take home a plant of one of the Golden Rods, the Asters or a Thistle; put it in water, and see how soon it recognizes that its time is short, its end is near! You will find in a few hours where bright blossoms were a mass of feathered fruits ready to launch themselves out on the patient air to be borne by the breeze to new places of lodgment. The Grounsels look aged with their rusty brown pappus; the Autumn Dandelion replacing its more generous sister of the spring, is even now growing old and grey. But there's a charm in the Autumn peculiar to itself. The scorching heat and glare of the midsummer sun are mellowed by the later breeze; the noisy revel and struggle of life in every part of the animal realm are sobered now as the season advances. Impatient exertion gives place to methodical calm. There's a dignity, a moderation, a ripeness, conducive to contemplation, inciting to provident provision for the future. We set a higher value upon the beauties which are so soon to be things of the past. This is a half-way halting-place between youth and old age, between activity and rest; a dividing line between life and that milestone in life which we falsify by the name "death." As we take a lingering farewell of a friend, so we cherish delay in the march of this season. Its beauties are doubly beautiful because fleeting and of uncertain duration; its coolness is grateful in contrast with the heat of summer, its warmth doubly warm in anticipation of winter. It is the time of fruits, of results, of reflection; the

time of retrospection, aspiration, resolutions; for gratitude, hopefulness, preparation.

And thus it is that a thoughtful person sees more in Autumn wild flowers than simple floral beauty.

“The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.”

Two Pictures.

BY MAY CARROLL.

'T WAS a rocky coast. White craggy cliffs reared their gaunt forms from out Old Ocean's heaving bosom, but the sunlight smiled upon them, and the silver-lipped sea sang sweet refrains as it wooed each moss-clad crag.

'Mid the rocks and cliffs I met a maid, peerless as the white-winged gulls that circle round her sea-girt home; and beside those cliffs we plighted our troth, while the birds warbled and winds and waves echoed the joyful notes that rang from our happy hearts.

'Twas all of love, joy and hope. Our little world seemed bright as the golden dreams of Eden.

One year later. The same gaunt cliffs stand out like sentinels guarding Old Ocean's pearly gates, but no sun shines down upon them. Black, angry clouds scud swift and fierce across the sullen sky, the wild waves toss aloft their foam-flecked crests like human arms reaching from out the caverns of the mighty deep, the turbulent sea in fury lashes the beetling crags, and the sea-birds cry above them in wild weird notes sharpened with agony.

Under the lowering clouds I kneel, my heart as cheerless as the dreary rocks around me; for the wild waves moan and the weary winds sob a doleful requiem o'er a lonely grave on the cliffs above the sea.

Jacques Cartier's First Voyage, and the Landing at Cascumpec.

BY REV. A. E. BURKE, B. D.

WHEN His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec was here last year, I took the liberty of recalling to his mind that portion of Jacques Cartier's narrative¹ which spoke of his landing on the first day of July, 1534, at a spot on the north shore of Prince Edward Island, which corresponded with Alberton or Cascumpec Harbor, at the entrance to the Kildare River; and pointed out to him the probable spot,—although the information as to it is meagre indeed, and three centuries and a half had rolled by since then. Many doubts and misgivings as to the accuracy of this historic contention have been expressed within my own hearing recently; and it is to remove them and make the truth on this point better known, that, at the request of the Prince Edward Island Magazine, I have consented to prepare this article.

I have said that the intrepid navigator of St. Malo made a landing on the north shore of Prince Edward Island. Perhaps it will be necessary to add that neither to him, nor to any previous navigator was this land known to be insular in its character; and, as everybody knows, it was not for hundreds of years afterwards called Prince Edward Island,—the latest of its numerous appellatives.

In our histories—so often inaccurate—it is said that John or Sebastian Cabot was the first discoverer of Prince Edward Island; looking in upon it on June 24th, 1497, and, as that day was St. John's day, calling it St. John's Isle. This is all fiction, pure and simple. Few who have had the opportunity of studying the pieces upon which this claim is based, whether charts or written descriptions, care to defend it seriously. It is now pretty clearly demonstrated, as clearly, indeed, as can any such remote and comparatively unimportant incident in a great voyage of discovery, that the land Cabot called St. John's Island, was none

¹. French edition, possibly the Ruen, jealously guarded at Ottawa. The extracts in my possession are certified to by L. P. Sylvan of the Parliamentary Library Staff.

other than Scateri²; his landfall, so much and so commonly discussed in academic circles, being Cape Breton. Dr. Dawson, whose knowledge on this matter is as thorough as it is accurate, has to my mind, lifted the whole vexed question of the landfall, and matters germane to it, out of the region of reasonable doubt.

Cabot, then, did not discover Prince Edward Island. We have no proof that Verrazzano (1525) did, either; although many writers so contend. Of the great navigators, Jacques Cartier is the first who adduces incontestable proofs, not only of having sailed along its coast, indicating many of its geographical traits in his narrative or log; but of having landed upon it from his boats. And this landing is important. On the first of July, 1534, the discoverer of Canada set foot on Canadian soil for the first time, at or near Cascumpec, Prince Edward Island. He had landed before on American soil, it is true, but not Canadian: Newfoundland still being without the jurisdiction of Canada. This is a fact every Islander should remember with pride; while the fortuity of Cartier's landing on that day which is now our national feast—Dominion Day—is worthy of the attention of the curious.

The first great navigator who really found out the insular nature of our Province was Samuel de Champlain (1604),—Cartier had ever regarded it as a portion of the mainland. Champlain rounded it; noted its geographical features; placed it on the map of the new world correctly³; and, from the familiarity which he enjoyed with the old charts and narratives, and the knowledge of an Island having been called St. John's Island by Cabot⁴, and spoken of always—though differently located—by later discoverers; gave it, definitely, that name. Inside the Gulf, then, an island Cabot never saw, bore up to the conquest a name that great navigator attached to another and much less important islet without the gulf on the Atlantic coast of America.

We have been speaking all along, of course, of the great discoverers. It is admitted on all sides, that long before Cabot, Verrazzano, Cartier, or Champlain, the Basque, Breton, and Norman had landed on the north-west shore of Prince Edward

2. Scateri was known for hundred of years after Cabot as St. John's Island.

3. See Champlain's map of 1613.

4. Subsequent cartographers have placed this St. John's Island in a dozen different places on their rude maps.

Island, to dry their cod and try out the oil of the seal, whale and walrus, on its clean, pebble-strewn, wave-laved sand hills. Although the previous record is vague, it is certain that early in the sixteenth century those daring fishermen can be traced all over the shores of the Gulf and up the St. Lawrence as far as the Saguenay. Take Cape Breton alone, and we have the names of the ports frequented by the fishing-smacks of the different European nationalities. The English frequented the Havre-aux-Anglais (Louisbourg); the French, Baye de Ste. Anne (Port Dauphin); the Spanish, Baye aux Espagnols (Sydney); and the Portugese, Mira Bay. On Amherst Island, Magdalens, they call their best shelter for small embarkations, Havre aux Basque to this day, and it is known that there the Basque, Breton, and Norman fishermen of France, and the English whalers, resorted early in this century. Hakluyt states that on one trip of the ship Bonaventure, in 1591, they killed fifteen hundred morses or sea-cows in the Magdalens. These animals were slaughtered in great numbers on our shore also; Sea Cow Pond, near the North Cape, getting its name from their presence there in the hunting season.

But what proofs have we that Jacques Cartier made a landing at Cascumpec. I have secured from the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, a certified copy of the portion of the famous navigator's narrative, which bears on this point, and intend letting him speak for himself. First it may be necessary to say that Cartier, being duly commissioned by the King of France to explore the new world, and find the much-sought passage to the East Indies, set sail from the port of St. Malo, on April 20th, 1534. On May 10th, he sighted Cape Bonavista, Newfoundland. We cannot follow him among the islands north of that country, through the straits of Belle-isle, and along the desolate Labrador coast back again to western Newfoundland; and then by a south-west course to the Magdalens. Having departed from those islands which Jacques Cartier named and accurately described, on June 29th, he sailed westward; and on Tuesday, the 30th, discovered Prince Edward Island, or land which, to him, appeared like two islands, as he approached it from afar. I translate from the narrative freely.

“The next day, the second last of the month (June), the wind coming from the SSW. we sailed westward until Tuesday morning, the last day of the month, without discovering any land except that at sunset we saw land which appeared to be two islands, which were behind us WSW. about nine or ten leagues. All the next day till the following morning we sailed westward about forty leagues; and, following this course we perceived that the land which appeared as two islands, was firm land, lying SSE. and NNW. to a very good cape of land called Cape Orleans. All this land is low and flat, the most delightful that can be seen, and full of beautiful trees and plains. It is true we could find no harbor, because the entire coast is studded with sandhills. We went on shore with our boats in several places and among others we entered into a fine river, but shallow; and because we saw so many Indian canoes crossing it we called it the River of Boats. We had no other acquaintance with those wild men, for the wind came on shore and beat us against the coast, and we had to return to our ships. We sailed NE. till next morning at sunrise, when a fog and tempest arose, for which reason we lowered our sails until two hours before noon; when the weather cleared, and we saw Cape Orleans with another distant from it some seven leagues towards the NNE., which we called the Cap de Sauvages (Wild Man's Cape.) On the northeast side of this cape, for about a league, there is a dangerous reef of rocks. While near this cape we saw a man running along the shore behind our boats, which were hugging the coast, and making signs for us to return to the cape (Orleans); recognizing which we began to pull towards him, when he, seeing us approach, fled. Going ashore, we put on a stick before him a woolen scarf and a knife; and this done, returned to our ships. This day we, rounding the land, sailed along the coast; searching out a good port, some nine or ten leagues, which it was impossible to find, so low is the land as I have already said, and so surrounded with sandbanks. Nevertheless we went ashore in four places on that day, to see the trees, which were very beautiful and sweet-smelling, and we found them to be cedars, yews, pines, ashes, birches, elms, willows, and many others to us unknown; all, however, without fruit. The land on which there is no wood is very good,

and full of pease, white and red; myrtles, having the white blossoms on them; strawberries ripe; a wild grain like barley, which looks as if it had been sowed and worked; and this land is of the best temperature that one could desire—and of great warmth. We saw there an infinity of gulls, cranes, and other birds. In a word there was nothing wanting to the land but good harbors.”

From the foregoing description of Jacques Cartier, anyone acquainted with the northwestern coast of this Province will readily recognize in Cape d' Orleans, Kildare Cape; while Cap des Sauvages is none other than North Cape. The ledge of rocks at the latter; the distance between the two; the picture of this coast; above all, the topography of the New Brunswick side which follows,—is as exact as it could be made in writing in those days, and fits into no other section of the gulf shore. The entrance into Cascumpec Harbor and the Kildare River, (le Fleuve des Barques) was not, I think, just at the same spot then as it is to-day, but broke through the sandhills nearer Kildare; as it now threatens to break through still further east than the present entrance. Kildare River and the bay into which it emptied, was a favorite resort of the Indians for hundreds of years after Jacques Cartier; and well up to its head waters as on Savage Island, called after them, have many indications of long-used camping-grounds been found, even in our days. Nor does the remnant of the Mic-Macs desert it in the present, but under very changed circumstances, still divides its placid waters in summer with the oar which has long since replaced their forbears' paddle. But, everything taken into consideration, it is easy to recognize the first landing place of Cartier on Canadian soil at CASCUMPEC, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, ON DOMINION DAY, 1534.

5. Cartier thought he saw the land interlock down the strait, as he sailed over to the New Brunswick side, giving an accurate description of that shore.



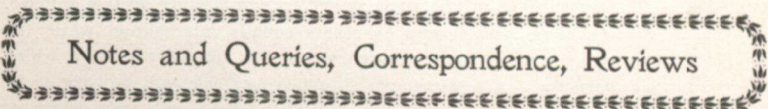
A Thought.

BY M. P. JAMES.

When the flowers of life are withered,
And our eyes grow dim with years,
May the gems in boyhood gathered
Find a freshness in our tears.

When that we deem brightest refuses to stay
To sprinkle the soul with its fervent showers,
May Heaven above through a golden ray
Welcome that soul to the peace that is ours.

Nor may we think that our life is all dreary,
When on the wearisome journey we plod;
Be e'er our steps so slow and so weary,
Our destination is surely with God.



Notes and Queries, Correspondence, Reviews

Hon. Senator Ferguson.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers, for our frontispiece this month, a portrait of Hon. Senator Ferguson, whose articles in the P. E. Island Magazine have been so eagerly read. Senator Ferguson's contributions have been quoted abroad by many papers and magazines, thus testifying to their value. His discriminating appreciation of the characters of the early pioneers, and his interesting descriptions of their old-time customs make pleasant reading.

* * *

Old Charlottetown.

Any information regarding Charlottetown as it was in the old time, will be thankfully received by the Prince Edward Island Magazine. There are scores of people who are in possession of interesting facts, well worthy of publication. If these will kindly write us or furnish us with whatever data they care to contribute, it will add much to the interest of a series of articles on our Capital City, now being prepared for publication.

Our Micmacs.

This month we publish the first portion of an article on Micmac Mythology, from the pen of Mr. Jeremiah S. Clark. We hope, during the coming winter, to be able to make public many of the legends of our Island Micmacs,—some of them very little known.

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The Magazine Growing.

With the commencement of the long evenings we find the circulation of the Magazine steadily rising. Although such a thing is a serious symptom in the human constitution, it is much appreciated when observed in the publishing business. From a modest circulation of one thousand copies in March, we have risen in six months to fourteen hundred copies, and we trust to reach, with our Christmas number, a circulation of two thousand copies.

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Other Contributions.

We promise our readers a valuable article by Professor Caven next month. It is a description, by a French officer, of Prince Edward Island a century and a half ago; and will add to the store of historical knowledge now being gathered from different sources. The article on Jacques Cartier's landing, in this number, by Rev. A. E. Burke, will be followed by others equally interesting; while the lighter literature will include a most remarkable incident, founded on fact, which occurred in Charlottetown a long time ago. This curious tale will be written by Mr. L. W. Watson. Shooting and fishing on P. E. Island will come in for its share of attention, and Athletics, which are now occupying an important place in public opinion will be carefully followed. We can also promise a very readable article on Cricket in P. E. Island, in the early days of the first generation, showing that our fathers before us were just as good—if not better—batters and bowlers than we.

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"Game Hogs."

That excellent sportsmen's paper, Forest and Stream, originated a name the propriety of using which was widely discussed in its columns. It is a slangy compound, but very expressive—"game-hog"! It is applied to the people who kill game out of season; those who net trout; those who are not satisfied with a full basket, but must needs go on fishing till they have so many fish that they are wasted. Very properly the "game-hog" is held up to contempt and his methods are condemned. We notice evidence of the existence of the creature in this Province, and are requested to say that a vigilance committee is on the lookout for "game hogs" who are breaking the laws.

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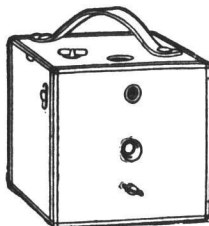
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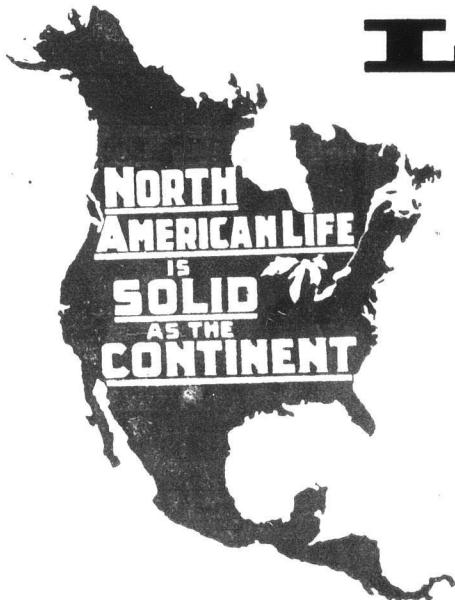
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