

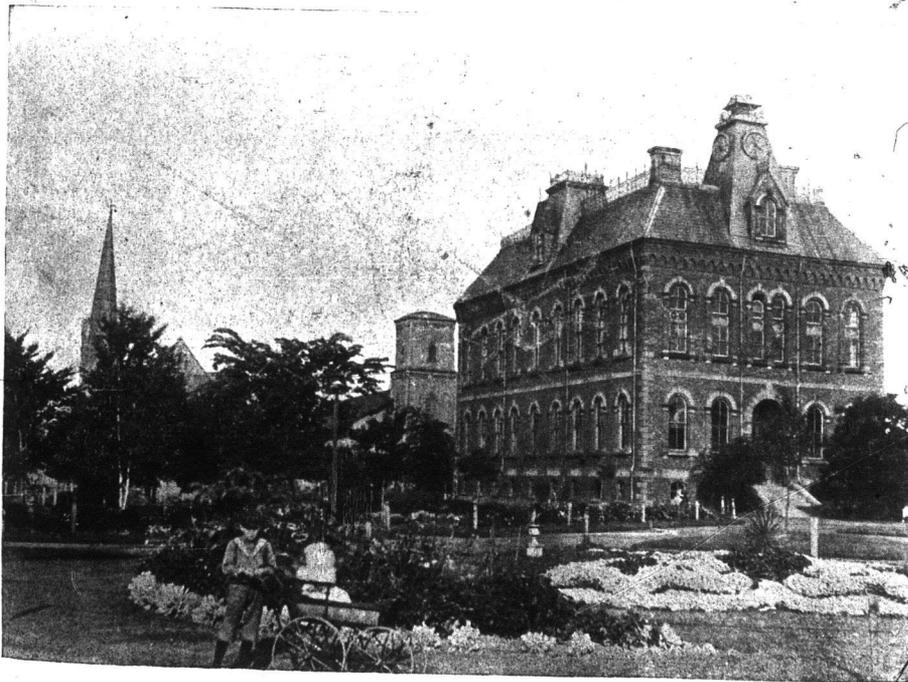
Table of Contents on inside of Cover.

T B C  
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MAGAZINE

VOL. I

JUNE, 1899

NO. 4



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# The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

## ✻ Contents of this Number. ✻

	PAGE
Charlottetown from Fort Edward - - - - - (From a Photo. by Mr. A. S. Johnson)	Frontispiece
The Smugglers of Holland Cove - - - - - (Illustrated)	Mr. Justice FitzGerald 131
Early Missionaries in P. E. Island - - - - -	Rev. J. C. Macmillan 140
A Boating Song (a poem) - - - - -	May Carroll 142
Church, Minister and Elders Forty Years Ago -	Flora T. Cameron 143
The Voice of Many Waters (a poem) - - - - -	J. E. B. McCready 145
Fox Shooting - - - - -	Robert Jenkins 146
Lot 20—From Forest to Farm - - - - - (Illustrated)	J. A. Ready, B. A. 148
When we Began to Kick and how we do it—II - (Illustrated)	J. M. Sullivan 151
Isle St. Jean (a poem) - - - - -	Rev. J. T. Bryan 156
The Origin of the Melicites - - - - - (Illustrated)	Lawrence W. Watson 157
How to Make Ends Meet - - - - -	W. L. Cotton 160
The Almighty Dollar - - - - -	P. N. M. 164
Our New York Letter - - - - -	H. A. R. 166

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

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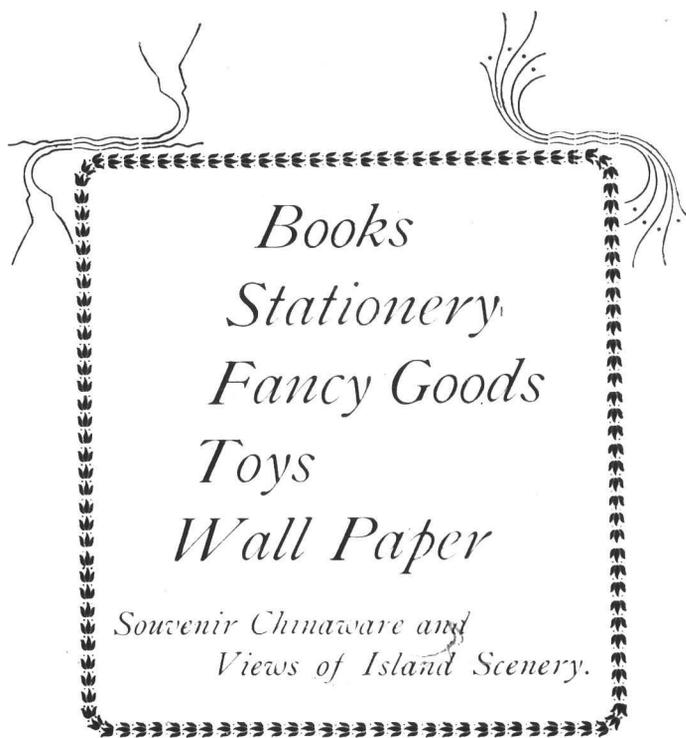
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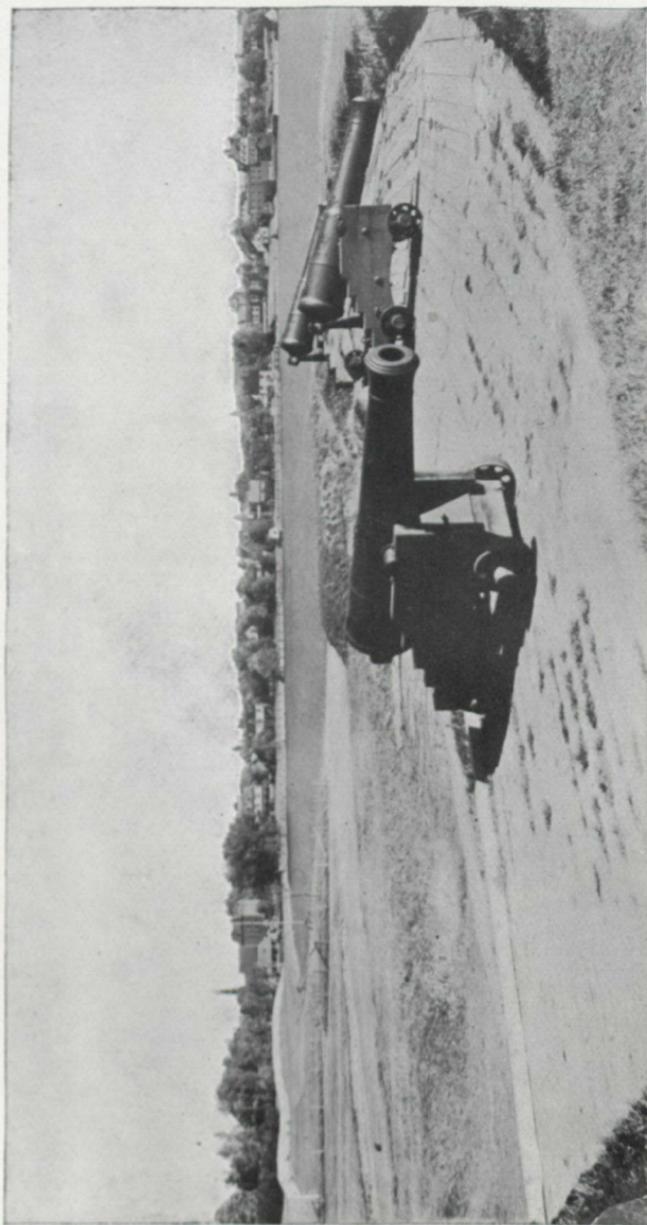
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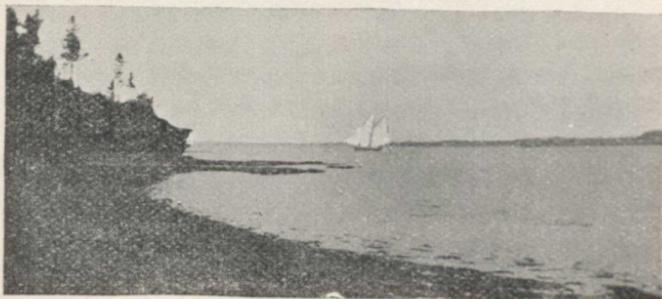
CHARLOTTETOWN FROM FORT EDWARD

- THE -  
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### The Smugglers of Holland Cove.



WE were a merry party camped at Holland Cove in the summer of 1896. Five tents supplied our sleeping accommodation. We had a house, it is true, but only for eating in, and sometimes for dancing in.

We had an occasional incident.

I give you one which only came fully to light a few days ago.

On the fourteenth of August one or two of the members of our party remarked upon the appearance of two schooners which lay out about two miles in the offing for some days without apparent reason. That day the wind had shifted pretty well all round the compass, but no sails had been set to the breeze, nor was there any sign of busy life on board either vessel.

The afternoon set in cloudy, giving the promise of a dark night. It was noticed that shortly before sunset one of the

schooners had hauled off from her companion and had anchored considerably nearer the shore.

As we sat round the camp fire that evening comment was freely made as to what was detaining these vessels. It was



laughingly suggested "perhaps they are smugglers," but no one, seriously entertained the thought.

At midnight it was as dark as "Erebus," and the camp lay in apparent peaceful slumber undisturbed by thoughts of lawlessness; the gentle breeze off shore being only just sufficient to cool the air. In one tent, however, there were three young ladies wide awake, aged respectively—I may tell their ages in the strictest confidence—sixteen, eighteen, and twenty; nameless however they must ever remain, as I obtained all my information only after making the most solemn promise of secrecy.

"I believe they are smugglers" said the youngest girl, just loud enough for her two companions to hear. "Listen," again said the girl, "what is that?"

"Oars," said both the other ladies in an excited whisper. They all listened for a moment and the measured sound of muffled oars was faintly but distinctly audible.

The three girls rose from their cots and stood in the door of the tent. Each had hastily wrapped herself in a light white

dressing gown. The older one now said "Girls, this is nonsense, it is only some one landing in the cove," but the tremor in her voice belied this calm assurance of prosaic incident.

"I am going to see, any way," broke forth number two, the "Jean D'Arc" of the party, as she tossed her flowing tresses over her shoulders. Her wilful, buoyant nature was stirred with the thought of a real adventure.

"If one of you girls stir out from this tent I'll light the lamp and rouse the camp," was the quick reply of the elder girl.

"Do," replied the former speaker with ill concealed raillery in her tone "and get our dear old papas and mammas and all our male guardians in a mad rush to the beach 'en deshabelle' to see your—farmer's boy returning from town. Well, I would not like to be in your shoes when they get back, that's all," and the girl laughed as she thought of the scene.

What conversation followed I was not told. It ended in the older one being persuaded to go with her two companions "just to the brow of the hill" overlooking the beach, where a few spruce bushes offered a safe observation point; from whence could be seen what was being enacted on the shore, tragedy or comedy.

Silently the three white robed figures stole with unshod feet towards the sheltering trees, two at least of them bubbling over with excitement. No sound from their little feet disturbed the slumbering camp, and in a very few moments they had traversed the one hundred yards which brought them to the suggested look-out. Here they heard distinctly the sound of oars, and the murmuring of voices, but it was too dark to see anything on the beach now some eighty yards below them; and listen they ever so intently they could hear nothing to enable them to determine the character of the midnight boatmen, but to the quick ear of "Jean" there were the sounds of many voices, hushed voices, and voices of command.

Some fifty yards further down the gradual slope to the shore was another thick clump of bushes, where the eager, adventurous spirit of the two younger girls urged a further advance. No use now the objections urged by their companion; indeed, they were feebly pressed, for interest in their quest had quickened

her pulse also, and fear of failure was then greater than any dread of discovery.

No darker night ever, I think, spread its pall over our northern clime than sheltered our fair night-rovers in their last steal to within a few yards of the edge of the beach, where grew the sheltering trees under whose cover the truth was to be learned.

Once there they were not long in doubt. They could see obscurely, but unmistakably, three boats, two on the shore and



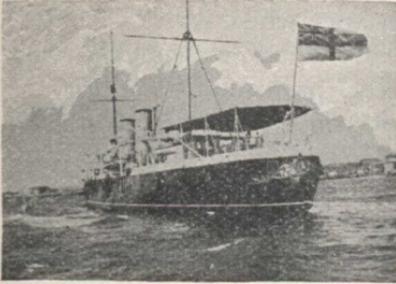
one just landing, and the dim but discernible forms of many men busy unloading the two boats and carrying bales and barrels into the wooded recesses of the cove.

"Smugglers," whispered "Jean," as after a moments observation the girls drew closer together behind the bush. "There are twenty men at work at least. Oh! what fun, what shall we do?"

"Quick boys, here's the last load," said a low voice close to where the crouching, and now thoroughly startled girls lay hidden.

Not twenty yards from them stood the man who had just spoken, who continued half speaking to himself: "Never a cleaner job done for years right under the noses of Her Majesty's Dominion cutters, and of his mightiness the Commodore of the Canadian Fleet! Bah! it would never do for his men to soil

their new toggery just purchased in the Minister's constituency in a rough and tumble with my fellows. I don't want to meet the Commodore though, he shuts his jaw with a snap that



means 'to Hell or Connaught' in a fight or I'm mistaken." "Gentle there, you lubber" broke in on the reverie, "do you want," he said, angrily, "to wake up yon sleepers and have them out at our heels like barking curs?"

As he said this, he turned to look up the decline towards

the camp. His quick eye must have caught the glint of something, where, almost benumbed with fear, crouched our three little maidens bold. Without a word he walked quickly the few steps which separated them from him. Hardly a moment elapsed when the girls perceived him standing close beside them, and between them and the tents.

"You are out late to-night young ladies," he observed quietly, as the three of them, now realizing their position, stood erect. There was an unmistakable meaning and imputation in his tone of voice.

"Let us pass, sir," replied the elder girl as she and her companions moved to leave their hiding place.

"Hardly just now, ladies," answered the man in grim humor, "the men out there" he added, speaking now with quiet intensity "not to speak of myself, have too much at stake to give up without"—he hesitated—"well, say a struggle, that cargo. You have seen too much to be free to work us harm, and God knows I don't want to be forced to meet the men in your camp." Then altering his voice, he continued, "your presence here is unfortunate, but remain quiet and no harm shall happen you."



As the speaker stood facing the girls, his manner was gentlemanly and respectful, and that of one accustomed to command. As dimly seen by them in the darkness he was no ordinary, rough sea-captain.

"We knew not of your lawless work when we came here" answered the girl, calm, "and a call from me will quickly rouse the camp when we will need no further protection."

"Perhaps" he answered, "but you came down that slope very quietly, ladies. No one could have come down openly without my seeing them. My eye is keen and ear sharp, and I stood there to watch your camp as well as to direct the landing."

Some of those employed on the shore now missing their superior, and hearing the low voices, came up close to the speakers. "Back to your work men and be quick," was his short, decisive order as soon as he perceived their presence. "I am your surety against harm here."

Gruesome mutterings came from the men as they withdrew and the girls perceived clearly their unpleasant position.

"We are no spies nor tell-tales," now broke in 'Jean D' Arc;' and as the man looked in the face of the bright, handsome girl he saw she spoke the truth, or believed he saw, as is the way with all our poor weak sex when Eve's grand-daughter is pretty. He answered smilingly, "I believe that, only possibly a little curious." After a moment's pause he added, "if you promise me on your word and honor to say nothing of what you have seen you are free now to return. What say you to that, ladies? I will take the risk. I like not to keep you in such company,—and so clad," he added hesitatingly.

Quick to decide and seeing that their curiosity had brought them into their present predicament, the way of escape from which appeared neither clear nor extremely pleasant, the elder girl answered at once "we promise."

Bowing low the man stepped aside and said "Thank you, ladies, I accept your promise. Good night, and may I say before you go how thankful I am that I first discovered your presence. Rough men when caught at this work are not apt to be particularly courteous even to ladies."

"Good night" answered the three girls, and "thank you,"

added the elder one, who felt that on her shoulders would have rested the blame had aught happened to her companions, and something in the manner of the man seemed to demand recognition of equality ; such free trustfulness at any rate deserved at least a simple "thank you."

Once at the tent again the trio stood for a moment looking at one another in breathless silence. What a volume passed without utterance in that short moment ! Quickly they crept back into their beds. No light was lit. In excited whispers they discussed their adventure. What might have happened ! ! 'Jean,' shaking with smothered laughter, whispered across the small space which separated them in the tent, "Oh, I'll never get over it, never ! never ! The look of our dear old chaperon when she said 'we promise,' posing as a Grand Duchess while trying to hide her toes in the grass. He saw them all right. Oh my, Oh my !" and she shook with laughter.

"Did you hear him laugh when we all went scooting up the hill like white robed angels on the flit ? I did, I tell you, and shook my fist at him in return."

"Kissed your hand, you mean," said number three.

"I did not," sharply retorted 'Jean.' "Oh, but you, with your curl papers all hanging loose and hair like a live mop, you looked too beautiful for anything ; *your* hands were too busy holding on to curl papers to do anything so naughty, I suppose." And then she turned to the older girl. "Oh my dear, I'll never forget you, you looked just like 'She' when she stood before her lover in the transformation scene. What symmetry of form ! What transparency of costume ! old 'penny-a-liner' — (as they called me) — would give a thousand dollars for the yarn and two thousand for your photograph." . . . . "I wonder did the captain think we had on our bathing dresses, or that ours was the usual summer *neglige* costume of the camp ?" . . . "What do you think they had, silks or satins or brandy or what ? Oh if I only had one little genuine smuggled something as a keepsake from our pirate bold !"

"Hush you goose and go to sleep" here interrupted the eldest, whose one desire now was that no noise should disturb the occupants of the other tents.

But "sixteen" and "eighteen" were not so easily suppressed. Well into the night did the two exchange whispered reminiscences. The sound of creaking cordage at length made them stop and listen. The vessels were evidently getting under weigh; all was over, not much fear of trouble now.

"Girls, for the last time I say go to sleep and remember your promise." "We will," answered both the younger girls together, and 'Jean' continued "You've been a dear old thing and we'll not say another word, and we'll be as mum as mice."

The elder girl had possibly two or three good reasons for reminding them of the promise of secrecy she had made on their behalf. She knew how hard it would be for them to keep bottled up at their age; and perhaps she thought that at her age it would be as well that the adventure should not be detailed with embellishments by the long-tongued gossips of her own sex.

I'll tell you how long they kept it. When the afternoon papers came out next evening, noticing the following paragraph I read it aloud:

"AUGUST 15th

DARING ACT.—The Dominion Cruiser . . . . arrived this morning. She brought the news that two schooners known to have left St. Pierre, with full cargoes of liquors and some French fabrics, without clearance paper, had safely landed their valuable cargoes somewhere on the southern coast of this Province. The captain further reports that from private instructions received, he had followed in the wake of these vessels for some days hoping to make a seizure, but that unfortunately he had lost sight of them in the recent gale in the Gulf. Seeing them this morning off St. Peter's Island, he had overhauled and searched them, only to find them as clean of everything as a well-picked herring bone. There being nothing to authorize their detention, he was obliged to release them. He believes however, that under cover of the darkness of last night—a particularly dark one—they landed their cargoes not far from the Island named. We trust the revenue officers will make diligent search for these smuggled goods. If the cargoes are only one half as valuable as reported, this is one of the boldest smuggling feats on record in recent years."

"Whew!" exclaimed an old paterfamilias always extremely knowledgeable after the event. "What about our two schooners

now? I told you I thought they were on for something, and there was no sign of them this morning."

I caught a startled look in 'Jean's' face as I glanced round after reading. Watching for an explanation I soon perceived what looked like one. For a second after I saw a look of intelligence flash to and from the eyes of three of our young ladies, and as I caught the eye of the youngest with an inquiring look on my face, her's flushed crimson. "Ho! ho! young lady," thought I, "you know something or I'm mistaken."

I spent two days pumping and ferreting and all I got for my pains was that I saw I was plainly shunned by all three.

In the evening however the eldest of them joined me where I was smoking a lone cigar and said "You are making it unpleasant for Miss. ———, her friend, and myself. You do not wish to do so, I know. You think we have something we desire to keep secret. We have. Please respect our wish. If you do, three years hence I will tell you everything."

"Make it two" I said eagerly, for I saw 'copy' genuine, original stuff in her eye.

"I said three," she answered; and last week she kept her promise.

I have told you this story as she told it to me. I believe it is all true, but gentle reader, you can accept as absolute, bald fact just as much as you please. Any doubting Thomas may possibly be able otherwise to account for a parcel addressed to 'Jean' in her true name, which she received in the fall of 1896. It had no other address upon it. Where you would expect to see the sender's name there was only a date written clearly "August the fourteenth." The parcel made up into a handsome silk dress.

I have a theory and so has 'Jean.'

F. GERALD.

## Early Missionaries in Prince Edward Island.

THE first missionaries who laboured in Prince Edward Island were Fathers of the Community of St. Sulpice. Father DeBreslay, a member of that community, came hither in August, 1720, at the request of Count St. Pierre, who had recently obtained a grant of the Island for the purpose of carrying on fisheries. Three months after the arrival of Father DeBreslay, he was joined by Father DeMetivier, another Sulpitian. These two missionaries took up their abode at Port Lajoie where in the following year, they built a pretty little church dedicated to St. John the Evangelist.

In sending these priests to Prince Edward Island the Sulpitians intended to found a seminary for the education of young men, having a vocation to the Holy Priesthood. A short time however, sufficed to convince them that such an institution was a practical impossibility, at least for the present. Nay more. The poverty of the colonists, their small number, the meagre profits arising from the speculations of Count St. Pierre rendered the support of two missionaries rather a serious burden for the young colony. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to secure the services of one of the mendicant orders whose lives of perpetual privation would make their support only a slight inconvenience to the colonists. Accordingly in 1723 Fathers DeBreslay and DeMetivier bade adieu to Prince Edward Island and were replaced by Reverend Father Louis B. Dulongon, who arrived at Port Lajoie in August of the same year.

Father Dulongon was a religious of the order of St. Francis. He came from Louisburg, Great Breton Island, where a monastery of this order had recently been established. For thirty years from this date these Franciscans were the only priests on the Island. They made their headquarters at Port Lajoie, serving there as chaplains to the garrison. Here they lived isolated from their community, succeeding each other one by one, as directed by their superiors and attending to the spiritual wants of the colonists and native Indians scattered, far and near along the seaboard. From 1723 till 1754, seventeen Franciscan Fathers

succeeded each other at Port Lajoie. Many a dreary tale of hardship and exposure might have been told by these intrepid Godfearing men. The most vivid imagination cannot picture the fatigue and privation they endured, as they went from place to place, generally on foot, carrying with them everything required for the celebration of the Holy Mysteries. Alas! we know too little of their heroism and devotion to duty. Brought up in the school of St. Francis of Assisi, wherein humility is made the corner stone of the spiritual edifice, they sought not the glamour of earthly glory, and consequently wrote nothing about themselves. They left us only the registers, in which are recorded the baptisms and marriages performed during their visits to the various settlements throughout the Island. By means of one of these registers, the Abbe Casgrain describes a journey made by Father Kergarion, one of these Franciscans, in the winter of 1726. The register, as described by the learned Abbe, is yellow with age, and shows marks of its having been drenched with water; probably during a rainstorm to which the missionary was exposed on one of his journeys. By examining it in detail, we can follow in imagination the good Father from January 24th 1726, when he wrote his last record at Port Lajoie, till February 4th when he inscribed his next one, at St. Peter's Harbor. In this latter place he stayed about two months, teaching catechism, preaching, hearing confessions, baptizing, consoling the sick, and settling disputes too, if any existed; for his fervent faith taught the early colonist to regard the priest as judge in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. Having finished his mission at St. Peters, Father Kergarion again binds on his snowshoes, and sets out along shore for Malpeque, many miles to the westward. Here lived the Micmacs, and it was to enable this simple-minded, good people, to perform their Easter duty, that the priest undertook this arduous and perilous journey. The records made in the register at Malpeque are in marked contrast with those that had been inscribed at St. Peter's and Port Lajoie. They tell more eloquently than words the privations that surrounded the good missionary. They are no longer written in ink, its place being supplied by some dark liquid that seems to have been a mixture of water and soot. These priva-

tions, however, did not shorten his stay at Malpeque. He remained with the Indians, continuing the same good work he had performed at St. Peter's, and did not reach his home at Port Lajoie till spring was well advanced.

J. C. MACMILLAN.

### A Boating Song.

A bracing breeze and a cloudless sky,  
 A rippling sea around us,  
 And o'er the waves my boat and I  
 Speed swift and sure as the sea birds fly,  
 Through the golden sheen  
 And the glistening gleam  
 Of the sunbeams that surround us.

A smiling path o'er the sparkling seas,  
 A compass true to guide us,  
 And gaily speeds my white-winged skiff  
 To the song of birds, and the balmy whiff  
 Of the perfumed breeze  
 From the sapphire seas  
 'Yond the waves that dance beside us.

A golden clime and a cloudless sky,  
 A calm, clear sea around us,  
 And peacefully my boat and I  
 Beside the land at anchor lie,  
 Our white sails furled  
 By the shores impearled  
 Of the beauteous land we found us.

MAY CARROL.



## Church, Minister, and Elders of Forty Years Ago.

IT might be interesting to those accustomed to the churches in the cities, to know the simple manner in which the early settlers worshipped Him whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, much less a temple made with hands. The church was a simple wooden structure with a tower at one end. The pulpit was placed on one side of the church with railed-in seats for the elders of the congregation. The seats were wooden benches without paint or cushions. The men sat on one, and the women on the other side of the church. All seats were free, and everybody welcome. Sometimes on Sacrament Sabbath, they would not have standing room in the church. Then they would have a pulpit constructed of rude boards, beneath one of the largest and grandest trees, with the magnificent heavens for a sounding board, and the waving foliage for the draping of the altar of this rural cathedral. No bell was rung to call the worshippers together. They came from the four points of the compass, and walked, perhaps, four or five miles. Some came in two wheeled carriages named gigs; others on horse-back, while some had carts. They would take their whole families with them; but the majority walked, and would be in church before eleven o'clock, staying throughout the long service till three o'clock. Both English and Gaelic were preached every Sabbath. Then they would go back home but never complain of feeling tired.

At the service the congregation would sing a hymn set to a simple, affecting air, in which everyone seemed to join as with one heart and one soul. There might be discords grating to the musician's ear,—for the quavering voice of age was heard, strained to its highest pitch: and the sweet, but untutored strains of childhood mingled in the chorus. But there was such a sound of heart-worship in it—they seemed so happy, so adoring, as they sang the good old psalms of David.

The minister was an aged man, his wintry locks scattered in smooth, white flakes over his sunken temples—it was evident he was near the end of his pilgrimage. Yet, an expression of

ecstatic delight gleamed from his eye and played round his placid lips. He would read the Scriptures in a deep, sweet and solemn voice; truths, often repeated, assumed new power and majesty, and seemed clothed with a more divine authority. He opened their meaning with the silver key of eloquence, and golden treasures, hid before, glowed on the spiritual vision. He prayed, and our spirits bowed with his before the mercy-seat. It was the man addressing the Creator, the sinner pleading for pardon, the penitent supplicating for grace and acceptance; gradually his voice rose to the full and swelling strains of adoration and praise. It was the believer rejoicing in the confidence of faith,—the Christian exulting in the hope of glory. The congregation stood with bowed heads, and clasped hands, while their tears fell fast as rain. All the wants of their being were expressed in that fervent prayer. Every now and then you would hear an emphatic "Amen," and sometimes they cried out "Hallelujah!" in an irrepressible burst of devotion. After the close of the sermon, when the spirit of God seemed brooding over the throng, he invited those who were borne down with the burden of their sins, to seek Him whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light. The congregation would burst forth into a hymn of praise, and you could distinguish the voice of the aged minister, like the swell of an organ, above the ruder strains. How happy and peaceful were the Sabbath days of long ago.

It is of the late Rev. D. McDonald I have been writing, and his elders, the pioneers of the church in DeSable, and Argyle Shore. The strong, brave, good men, who bore the heat and burden of the day of the past generation, and who have all been gathered home. Their memories will long be held in loving remembrance. To us, who were then young, their faces seemed beautiful, sealed with the peace of an upright life, and with a certain spirituality which seemed to speak of souls in touch with the unseen.

FLORA T. CAMERON.

## The Voice of Many Waters.

Bow-crowned, mist-clad, in accents free,  
 From heart of Empire yet to be  
 Niagara called to every sea,  
 " Rejoice, ye waters all, rejoice,  
 And name the nation of your choice! "   
 In chorus came their answering voice,  
 " Fair Canada! "

From East the Atlantic answered, " Hail !  
 I bear the world's ten thousand sails,  
 In Summer's calm and Wintry gales;  
 Here fair Columbia's galleons meet  
 With Europe's argosies and fleets,—  
 I lay their tribute at thy feet,  
 Fair Canada! "

The Arctic thundered from afar:  
 " I freeze beneath the Northern Star  
 Where icebergs crash in noisy war;  
 I flash my glancing polar light  
 O'er Eskimo and Muscovite,  
 But Canada is my delight—  
 Fair Canada! "

The calm Pacific answer gave:  
 " The shores of continents I love,  
 Lands of the tyrant and the slave  
 And many an island richly drest,  
 Where west is east and east is west,—  
 I love Canadian shores the best,  
 Fair Canada! "

And from the five-fold inland seas  
 That flash beneath the sun and breeze;  
 Where Hudson's waters foam and freeze;  
 Where cold Mackenzie northward glides,  
 Or Fundy lifts his mighty tides,  
 The answer comes, " Thou art our pride,  
 Fair Canada! "

The Fraser from his canyons calls;  
 St. John from riven prison thralls,—  
 The Saguenay from his mountain walls!  
 I heard their note of loud acclaim;  
 " The voice of many waters " came  
 To praise thy beauty, wealth and fame,  
 Fair Canada. "

## Fox Shooting.

**C**LICK, click, click. Jack Frost has spent a busy night, and the plow is stopped sure, a grand time for our annual fox hunt. Word is passed around, and it needs only a hint to bring the boys early to the front, as, shortly after daylight, we find them, sixteen in all, answering the roll-call at a rendezvous, distant from their homes, in some cases five or six miles. Four of the best marksmen are chosen to stand guard, and twelve are told off as beaters, (formerly horns and tins were used to frighten the foxes, but experience has taught us that these are too noisy, and that the human voice serves the purpose best.)

A captain is now chosen, sometimes self-elected, and the beaters are ordered to the extreme end of the cover, and, if possible, advised to come with the wind. At a given signal comes the order to advance, and such a shout as goes up from those young throats must make the hair stand straight on Reynard's back.

The marksmen now conceal themselves, place their guns on full-cock, and anxiously scan the interval between the covers.

Yes, here they come! Two foxes! Why, we are in luck to-day. Bang, bang, but the fox goes on. It seems to be a clear miss.

"Too bad!" involuntarily comes from the gunners' lips. The other fox, hearing the shots, bolts back into cover. The beaters now rush out, and are much disappointed to find that both foxes have escaped, but encouraged to know there is game in the covers.

The order to surround and beat the covers well, is again given, and the fox, now thoroughly alarmed, rushes out in a hurry, but is giving the watchers a wide berth this time. Yes, there he goes at lightning speed, eighty yards from danger point. It seems scarcely possible to stop him, but one can only try. Bang, bang again,—on he goes across the fields, making for the nearest cover, but the gunners experienced eye detects a change in the leap, which is now shorter and unsteady. He makes the next cover, but he does so by a great effort. "Fox badly

wounded," is the report given to the enquiring boys. "Let loose the dog," and in a short time the welcome bark is heard. Reynard is brought to bay. With a wild rush the boys are off. On reaching the spot they find the fox, not dead, but he has had his last run, and such a shout goes up as makes the hills resound for miles.

Another cover where the second fox is hidden is now beaten and the remaining Reynard is so alarmed and confused, seeing a man or boy on every hillock, that he rushes into his burrow. Now, what is to be done. "Dig him out," suggests one, but the majority say "no, there is no sport in killing an imprisoned fox," so we decide to let him remain; some of the young braves linger behind and place a blast of powder at the mouth of the burrow in order to drive him out, but in this they fail. Nothing can induce Reynard to face that howling mob again. So we return to fox number one, who has taken refuge in a small cover. A few shots bring him (he has already felt the touch of lead) to the opening, but two more shots fail to bring him down, and off he goes across the clearance,—anywhere to get clear of this fusilade of shot. Space will not allow me to give details of this most exciting chase, but after the fifth shot the fox is gathered in, and by actual count twenty-four shot are found in his body, after the skin is taken off. The day is far spent and the boys are beginning to look wearied, so the hunt must be given up.

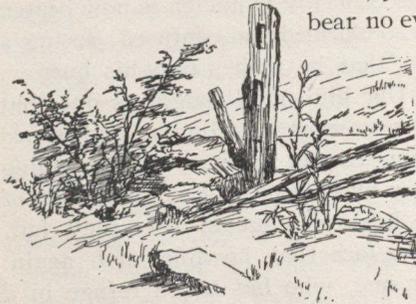
Before we separate a purchase is made of the two skins, and the money divided between the runners. This is always our rule; to them belongs the spoil.

The silent pill is now doing its work so effectively that it is a rare sight to see a fox about these parts now, and the coming sportsmen will have to look elsewhere to find a day's outing unless this destructive, unmanly practice is stopped.

ROBERT JENKINS.

## Lot Twenty—From Forest to Farm.

**S**AILING up the Gulf of St. Lawrence past the site of Elizabethtown, (New London) where you may see a few rude cottages reposing by the waterside or peeping through the trees, you pass a region that seems to bear no evidence of human habitation.



The ripples from your bark hurry, with tidings of your coming, towards a shore of glistening red sand, or to tall sandstone cliffs that seem to nod in token of welcome. Here and there appears a diminutive lake peeping from beneath the primeval forest that lines the shore; and inland, as far as the eye can reach, the giants of the forest hold sway supreme, here swelling from some deepening valley, here guarding some lofty eminence. But what is that you beheld emerge from the woods on one side, dart across the lake, and disappear in the woods on the other side? While you marvel at the strange apparition, you see a column of thin blue smoke ascend from the lake side, and looking more closely, you discern through the trees a camp, and sitting round about, some half dozen Indians enjoying their noonday meal. Near by is the canoe of the Indian whose transit you just observed.

If you have such a picture in your mind, you see Lot Twenty as it appeared when viewed from the Gulf of St. Lawrence a century and a half ago.

It is not accurately known at what time an English speaking person first set foot on this part of the Island, but among the oldest surviving inhabitants there lives a tradition that, about 150 years ago, two men named McKay and Grant from the mainland, spent a winter on the Island, and that part of this time they lived on Lot 20. It is also related that the Indians,

who were numerous, hid their eel-spears, and could not be induced to bring them forth, until the "palefaces" agreed to give in exchange part of their clothing. It is not known to my informants how McKay and Grant got here or how they got away, but it is held that they returned to the mainland and both lived to be one hundred years old.

When speaking of the settlement of Lot 20, it is intended, at present, to include only that part lying north of the Southwest River.

Before the forests succumbed to the woodman's axe, there was, along the shore and extending nearly two miles inland, a heavy growth of spruce and hemlock, fir, and pine; while beech, maple, and birch, clothed the highlands of the interior and part of the region sloping towards the Southwest River. The highlands formed a watershed, from which the streams flowed either south into the Southwest River, or north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Along the shore, at a short distance from the sea and from one another, were three large ponds that were fed by the streams from the neighboring hills and communicated with the sea by means of "runs." These afterwards gave to one of the settlements the name of Third Ponds (now Sea View.)

But what about the ownership of Lot 20? At the balloting for the different Lots in London in the year 1767, Lot 20 was drawn by Theod. Haltain and Capt. T. Basset. The quit-rent rated on it was 2s sterling per 100 acres. The rate on Lot 18, the adjoining western one, was 6s; while that on Lot 21, the lot on the eastern side, was 4s. As these rates were supposed to indicate the relative values of the natural advantages possessed by the different Lots, it will be seen that Lot 20 stood third with respect to the other two. This may have been external evidence in determining prospective settlers to prefer either of the other two; and internal evidence revealed that, while Lot 21 had good water facilities, and Lot 18, in addition to this, had a comparatively level surface, Lot 20 was hilly, and its water advantages were inferior to those of the other two. In spite of this, we shall presently see that Lot 20 can boast of settlement that goes back 120 years and that, to-day, it is a strong contestant for first place with Lots 18 and 21.

With many others, Lot 20 enjoyed the vicissitude of passing through the hands of several owners. About the time of settlement it was owned by an Englishman named Cambridge ; and it is evident that the terms of settlement were not carried out for, in 1798, there were, living on the whole Lot only twelve families with a total population of 67. Cambridge getting into trouble, gave a mortgage on his estate to a firm in England, and this firm became involved in difficulties with a firm in Halifax ; both had recourse to law to settle the ownership. The suit dragged through several years, and during this time each firm warned the settlers not to pay the rent to the other, with the result that no rent was paid. Finally the Halifax firm gained the suit, and, as we shall presently see, proceeded to collect the back rents.



Before Lot 20 was settled the only means of communication between Lots 18 and 21, was by water along the north shore. Then a foot-path was carved through the woods along the shore at a distance varying from 50 to 150 feet from the edge of the cape. When settlement began, this path was widened to admit a cart, and finally it became the main road. Not a vestige of this road now remains, except a solitary spot on Graham's Cape, and a line in the direction of this fragment shows that the coast line has been fretted away to the extent of almost 200 feet. And this destruction still goes on !

The first settlers, who arrived about the year 1775 or 1780, had to endure all the hardships incident upon pioneer life ; but

they have left to their descendants a legacy for which these are truly grateful. Among the many dangers they had to encounter was that of being attacked by the wild beasts that roamed at will through the forest. It is related of an early settler, James Sinnot, that he was once treed by a bear and his only means of defence was a hatchet. But when the bear proceeded to climb the tree, Sinnot discovered that his hatchet was too short to reach Bruin. Then the bear made the discovery that Sinnot, unlike Achilles, was vulnerable, not only in one, but in both heels, and forthwith he helped himself to a mouthful from these parts of Sinnot's anatomy. Sinnot's screams soon brought assistance, and he was glad to escape, even with the loss of his heels.

In 1798, the twelve families that were settled on Lot 20 were those of Wm. Marks, John Barefoot, John Crowley, James Dunn, Daniel Delaney, Ben. and Geo. Warren, John Cousins, Robert Heathfield, James Brander, John Poor and Mrs. Lily Rieley. Altogether they formed, as we have said, a population of 67. The exact places where these families located, and the settlements of Park Corner, Sea View, Long River and Irish-town, which these pioneers helped to found, together with some interesting details, I shall make (if the editor lets me) the subject of a second paper, next month.

J. A. READY, B. A.

(For much of the matter contained in this sketch the writer is indebted to Wm. H. Adams, Sea View, aged 93; James Ready, Irishtown, aged 81; and Joseph Duggan, Sea View, aged 80.)

## When We Began to Kick and How We Do It—II.

PRINCE of Wales and St. Dunstan's colleges placed Rugby upon their athletic curriculums in 1886. This, with the Abegweits continued success and their efforts to boom the game, proved a splendid stimulus to football. To the aforesaid old-timers the new-fangled method of play was, of course, mystifying and it was by them promptly placed upon the catalogue of innovations. They in their fighting days were never hampered by

the binding laws of the Rugby code, and their "pushful" proclivities were never called upon to advance the leather into an opponent's bailiwick. It was schism, glaring and uncalled for, to play the game in any other than the manner in which they had done when hopefuls. To their proscriptive minds the new way could, and would, not prosper.

But how false the reckoning! These scrimmages, line ups and pass-plays under the new dispensation did their work where the introducers of the "innovation" most wished them to bear fruit. The rugged youth always in search of new avenues of exercise found the game in thorough sympathy with the longings of his nature. Its fascinating tendencies imbued him, first with the desire to kick, and afterwards with that other desire inherent to youth—the ambition to follow in the victorious footsteps of his big brother. With these then as the spirits of their dreams the youngsters of the capital converted the vacant lots around the suburbs into football fields.

The taking up of the game by the colleges led to the commencement of inter-collegiate contests, and with but few interruptions the teams of both clubs have since met almost yearly to decide with which superiority lay. The rivalry engendered by these meetings has done much to keep the game alive within the walls of the respective seats of learning. September is not fifteen days old before the managers begin their quests for material to fill the gaps made in the previous year's team by graduation. Then begins the working out of the raw recruits and their whipping into shape before the day of battle.

Honors yet rest with St. Dunstan's College in the matter of these contests, it having the greater number of victories to its credit. Prince of Wales, however, is yet in the running, the lead of its rival being but a magnetic influence inciting it on to future endeavor. The footballer never knows when he is beaten. He is momentarily cast down by the reverses of to-day, but he has still faith in the morrow. So it is that the boys of Prince of Wales keep at it, buoyant with the hope that fickle fortune will not always smile in the one direction. If it had no other redeeming feature—but where under the heavens will you find a devotee with temerity enough to admit it has not?—this never-say

die, never-know-defeat peculiarity which the game infuses into its followers is, or ought to be, enough to enshrine it in public favor. Applied to the sterner realities of life who can measure the heights to which he who has this element in his make-up is liable to reach?

The first inter-collegiate match was played on May, 15th 1886. Prince of Wales drew first blood. Its team tallied fourteen points, while but a large-sized goose egg was vouchsafed its suburban opponent. It was a game in which science was pitted against strength, and science won. The Princes had a



1. W. Lea. 2. P. McLeod. 3. M. Sellers. 4. P. Crosby. 5. F. White. 6. H. Martin.  
7. D. Ross. 8. A. Campbell. 9. V. Shaw. 10. E. Grady. 11. M. Johnston. 12. W. McKie.  
13. H. Ritchie. 14. F. Haszard. 15. E. Crockett. 16. C. J. McMillan.

### PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE TEAM, 1896.

splendid team, and possessed a better knowledge of play. Four members of the Abegweits fifteen, namely: Percy Macdonald, Gordon, Shaw, and Cameron, had places on it. Of strength and avoirdupois St. Dunstan's representatives had a sufficiency, but how to use them to advantage they knew not. They were raw

and untrained—conditions not at all to be wondered at when it is considered that but three of the team had ever before seen a football, and that the whole fifteen were required to master the intricacies of the game and fit themselves for a contest in three short weeks. Yet, the records at hand say that the Saints fought valiently and well and that the strength of their scrimmage was amazing. Several good individual plays are also credited to them, the names of P. J. Hogan and A. A. McAulay being particularly mentioned in this connection.

The outcome of this first meeting has been the bringing together of the stalwarts of the clubs upon eight occasions. Four of the games went St. Dunstan's way, three were drawn, and Prince of Wales claims ownership upon the remaining one. The fortunes of war have been greatly against the club which so auspiciously opened the series, but it is nevertheless yet undaunted. If trying will assist it to even up with, or to excel, its up to date, more fortunate rival, that determination apparently occupies a foremost place upon the programme.

These collegiate kickers have by no means been satisfied with arguing it out between themselves. The city clubs have several times been their opponents, and on a few occasions they have exchanged ideas with some of Nova Scotia's exponents of the game. Many of the best and liveliest of our matches have resulted from these meetings of the collegians and the city men. St. Dunstan's record of matches in this particular numbers nine.

They have twice met the New Glasgow, N. S., club, the first time at Pictou on 24th May, 1887, and again in this city exactly a year later. Both were drawn games. The old Abegweits acknowledged their prowess and went down before them in the fall of 1888. The Crescents were their foemen in three games, the first and third of which were lost and the second one drawn. They have also met the present Abegweits in three games, winning one, losing one and drawing the other.

The Prince of Wales club has played half a dozen games of a similar nature. They include two victories, three defeats and a draw. On May 24th, 1887, at Pictou, they won from Pictou Academy by 10 to 0, and in October, 1895, from the present Abegweits. Of the three games lost, one went to the Crescents,

and two to the Abegweits, while the draw was also with the last named club.

The game has now a strong hold upon the students of both colleges. Though they may not annually exchange greetings or test the puissance of the city men, they nevertheless manage to prevent their feet from losing their cunning. They have one



1. J. F. Gallant. 2. A. A. Callaghan. 3. W. B. Cunningham. 4. P. J. Phelan. 5. J. F. Campbell. 6. J. Donahoe. 7. S. R. Burke. 8. J. F. McGillvray. 9. A. J. Donnelly. 10. A. A. Sullivan. 11. T. B. Foley. 12. A. G. Macdonald. 13. J. Blaquiére. 14. F. H. Blake. 15. P. F. Duffy. 16. J. S. Gallant. 17. L. M. Graham.

#### ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE TEAM, 1895-96.

failing though. It is of the administrative order; and its presence puts a damper upon competition. While fully aware of the havoc wrought in a team at each commencement, I am still of the opinion that it would tend more to the advancement of the game, and incidentally to the pleasure of the boys, if, even with the material at hand, the inter-collegiate contest were made an annual fixture. The tactics of Mr. Micawber are as damaging

to competition as is a monopoly of victories, and they should have no place with players or management. Get the best men available, train them faithfully, and then go forth determined to win. If successful, there is experienced all the pleasures of victory, and if the contrary, why—

"The rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Of the trend of affairs which resurrected the name of our pioneer Rugby club and gave us the Abegweits of to-day, I must defer the telling until a future occasion.

J. M. SULLIVAN.

### Isle St. Jean.

There's a little, lonely island  
Out in the western sea,  
And though void of vale or highland,  
It is quite a world to me.

Along its shores the sea-birds cry, "  
The fish in myriads teem,  
But oh, to see the blue of its sky  
And the green o'er its waters gleam!

It sleeps serene on the great gulf's breast,  
This child of an Empire wide,  
Its red lines stretch far into the west  
As the great ships homeward glide.

Its fields are rich with the food of a soil  
That never fails the thrifty man,  
Yield fair reward for honest toil  
Far more than golden Klondike can.

Far out on the big world's teeming tide,  
Our children pour from age to age,  
Till the wild West shines with their honest pride,  
Inscribes our name on history's page.

J. T. BRYAN.



NOTE—The following tradition comes from Lennox Island, Indian Reserve, and, if true (as weighty evidence makes it probable) throws light upon an important subject about which Ethnologists have as yet been able neither to satisfy themselves nor agree.

## The Origin of the Melicites.

### A TRADITION OF THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MIC-MACS.



LONG before the French had come, while still the Mic-mac was the only monarch in fair Epagweit, "resting on the wave," — he and the wild beasts against which he strove,—the Indians had come together for pow-wow and for feasting on the bank above the "bold, steep, sandy shore" of Caskamkek<sup>1</sup>. And as they feasted here, two dogs, the petted hunting companions of as many stalwart braves, first snarling over the bone each hungered after, then maddened into fury, for that neither could secure the tempting feast already tasted of, fell into savage struggle, and rent the air with howls of rage and pain.

The Indians, with the keenness of their hunger satisfied, hastened to the scene, some in curious mood or speculative, some delighting in the varying fortunes of the struggling beasts. And first of those to reach the spot was he who owned the dog which at that time appeared to be the weaker of the two. In pity for his canine friend, in angry humiliation at his sad defeat, he struck the other hound a staggering, savage blow, whereupon the owner of the stronger dog remonstrated, saying, "Let them alone; leave them to fight till the stronger wins; he risks his life who strikes a friend of mine." To whom the other answered: "You and your dog are one," and dealt him, all unguarded, a

1. Cascumpec, Prince Edward Island.

swift and heavy blow. The smitten athlete, quick upon his feet, closed upon the other, and a mighty struggle then began.

Each warrior had his followers and his friends, who, praising now his tactics or his skill, now shouting taunt and challenge to his panting antagonist, gradually stirred up those around them into sympathy and support, until one side slowly weakened, driven inch by inch towards the woods, and the plain was strewn with dying braves and dead.

Victory gave the vanquishers strength as they pushed the weaker, disordered band far into the lengthening shadows of the thick spruce wood. Like hunted deer the fugitives fled, until at last, worn out by battle and retreat, they halted, taking council as to how they should proceed.

It was determined to reach, if possible, and to follow an old abandoned footpath leading to the south, as the victors, having rested, would, no doubt, hasten by the newer, wider trail to where the bark canoes were beached and made secure by strips



of hide to stakes fast driven in the sand. Fear furnished strength; the fugitives hurried on,—slow through the thicket, swift in the pathway, southward and seaward, on to the shore.

To embark was the work of a very few minutes, when out from the land shot the birch-bark canoes, swift as the arrow from the bow. Well did the fugitives know the strength of the arms which would speed the light craft of the eluded pursuers.

On, on they sped, on to the east, past where the sea-cow herded

in Buslooakade<sup>2</sup>, on to the inlet which still tells the story, for men call it yet by the name Canoe Cove. Here, disembarking, they made a portage northwards to a river flowing from the west<sup>3</sup>, down which they paddled, passing on the left the point of land on which Charlottetown now stands. Still further onward, over the course of the sister stream flowing from the north-east, on to its head, where a second portage brought the weary ones to the north shore again near Boogoosumkek, as the Indians later named St. Peters's Bay. Thence, skirting the shore towards the rising sun, the voyagers continued till they rounded what the white man now calls East Cape, whence, setting out to sea, they made for the mainland, Cape Breton Island, (Oonamagik), and landed at Weukuch, "the place of red ochre."<sup>4</sup> Here they first dwelt, but in process of time increasing in number they spread to the south into many new stations.

Yet so sore their defeat, so deep-rooted their fear, they changed their speech in such a way that the Mic-mac could not understand them when they spoke. And they taught their little ones to dread the coming of the Mic-mac and to answer when a stranger questioned only this—"I do not understand." In after years some Mic-macs, more daring than their fellows, crossed the Strait of Northumberland to the mainland on the south, whence returning home they brought the curious tale of how they there had seen a race of men, in face and customs as themselves, but understanding not their language. "For," said they, "to every question which we asked they answered nothing more than this—I do not understand you."

But the old men dreamed at night of mighty battle and of hot pursuit of erstwhile friendly kinsmen fleeing eastward till they passed from sight before they reached the point "where the current flows close in by the shore" at Wejowitk<sup>5</sup>.

And because the language of this tribe seemed to them a confusion of the Mic-mac tongue, the great Wabanaki race of Indians coming later from the west, gave to the stranger band

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2. Cape Traverse. 3. West or "Elliot" River. 4. In Mic-mac "Boosaal."  
5. Margaree in Cape Breton.

the name of MELICITES, which in their language signifies "a broken or corrupted speech."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mic-macs slowly waste away ; their camp-fires smoulder in fair Abegweit.

LAWRENCE W. WATSON.



### How to Make Ends Meet.

**P**OLITICS and partisanship apart, the present and future conditions of this Province must seriously engage the attention of every patriotic and thoughtful Prince Edward Islander.

On the 31st December last the Province owed the following sums :

Cash balance against the Province	- - - -	\$ 117,146.71
On debenture account	- - - -	189,936.06
On loans account	- - - -	159,855.50

Since the beginning of the present year the following additional liabilities have been incurred :

Annex to Hospital for Insane	- - - -	26,000.00
Prince of Wales College	- - - -	27,000.00
Bridge across the Hillsborough	- - - -	400,000.00
Debt and liabilities	- - - -	<u>\$ 919,938.27</u>

In the near future, it will be necessary to erect a Provincial gaol, and even if ordinary expenditures should not, as in the

past, be met by deficits, the debt of the Province must, ere long, amount to a round million of dollars—*i e* nearly \$10 per head of the population of the Province, or \$50 per family. This will be in addition to the share of the great and increasing debt of Canada which the people of this Province have to bear.

The importance, the necessity, of preventing additions to the debt and liabilities of the Province are evident. The assets in connection with our Land Office are all but exhausted. The care of the inland fisheries—thrust upon the Government of the Province—will cost as much as the receipts on account of leases and licenses will come to. We have no right to expect that a large sum of money will be paid into the Provincial treasury at Ottawa on account of the equitable claims of the Province upon Canada, because we have concluded to take public works,—railways, etc.—in settlement of those claims. The Province has no resources upon which to depend for revenue except agriculture. Our farmers and the Federal subsidy are all that the Province has to draw upon for means to pay interest on the debt and meet the necessary current expenditures of its Government.

The Federal subsidy amounts to \$181,950.95 per year. But if a heavy tax should be imposed upon the farmers of the Province, causing a considerable number of them and their families to emigrate, the subsidy will be decreased and the burden of debt and taxation made so much the heavier for those who may be compelled to remain. Nor would it be prudent to seek relief by union with the larger neighboring provinces,—except as a last resort.

All the conditions, therefore, demand the adoption of some plan to prevent the growth of the Provincial debt and to restrict the Provincial expenditures.

Any such plan must, in my opinion, have for its starting point an improved method of bookkeeping and an independent audit. I should advise the application of the admirable system, prescribed by the late Mr. Lewis Carvell, on which the accounts of the city of Charlottetown are kept. By this system, the assets and liabilities of the Province, together with the receipts and expenditures to any date, can be shown at an hour's notice. If, in addition, a monthly official statement of receipts and ex-

penditures and contracts entered into were published in the Royal Gazette at the beginning of each month, the people would be in a position at any time, to know how the account stands and to apply the brakes whenever Governmental extravagance may appear.

With a good system of bookkeeping it might be possible to consolidate the departmental work and conduct the public business efficiently, and yet cut down, somewhat, the expenses of the public service. It is possible that an economical readjustment of the duties of the several officials could be made and the salaries of two or three of them saved without overtaxing those who might remain. Officials in the Provincial service ought to be retained upon the same terms, strictly, as clerks in private establishments,—working the same number of hours and being remunerated upon the ground, solely, of their ability to perform efficiently their several duties. The reduction of the number of members of the Legislature to fifteen would, also, in my opinion, be a step in the direction of more careful and more economical management of Provincial affairs in respect to both legislation and administration.

Having, in this way, reduced expenditures to the smallest sum that will secure efficiency in the public service, it will still be necessary either to obtain increased revenue or provide that the Provincial treasury be, to some extent, relieved.

The simplest plan of establishing the financial equilibrium would be the imposition of additional direct taxation. But this would certainly be objected to by many persons, while it might not be effective. Given money to spend, governments are apt to spend it,—and yet run into debt. The better plan is, I think, to limit the larger expenditures of the Provincial administration to a fixed amount per year, and let the people of each school district, by means of their local boards of trustees, supply and apply the balance.

For example, all but a hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year are now paid out of the Provincial treasury on account of education: suppose the amount for education be limited strictly to \$100,000 a year and that the people of each school district be

required to pay a proportion of the \$30,000, or other balance, either in the form of fees for pupils over a certain age studying the higher branches in their respective schools, or by a rate levied equably upon all,—I cannot think that the cause of education would be at all injured, while the interest and emulation of the people in respect to their schools would, without doubt, be excited.

As to the roads, it seems to me that aided by “road machines,” supplied by the Government, the people of each school district might easily, by their labor in front of their farms, or by commutation money paid into the secretary of the district school board, keep the country roads in order and save to the Provincial treasury every year a considerable sum of money,—leaving only the large bridges and main highways and routes of public traffic near the principal towns and shipping places to be provided for by the Government.

These latter ought, in my opinion, to be replaced or repaired, as required, by permanent structures and permanent macadamized ways,—a certain amount, not to be exceeded, being expended for this purpose every year.

Let us refer to the public accounts and see how this plan may be worked out when practically applied to receipts and expenditures:

RECEIPTS :

Dominion subsidy - - - - -	(yearly)	\$ 181,952.95
Taxes from various sources (say) - - - - -	"	46,000.00
Tolls paid at Hillsborough Bridge (say)- - - - -	"	5,000.00
Fares of ferries - - - - -	"	1,000.00
Fees, etc., paid at Government offices - - - - -	"	10,000.00
Total revenue paid into treasury - - - - -		\$ 243,952.95

EXPENDITURES.

Education - - - - -	(not to exceed per year)	\$ 100,000.00
Steel bridges - - - - -	" " " "	5,000.00
Macadamizing roads - - - - -	" " " "	10,000.00
To encourage agriculture - - - - -	" " " "	6,000.00
Forward, - - - - -		\$121,000.00

	Brought forward,	- - \$121,000.00
Administration of justice	- - - - -	18,000.00
Coroners' inquests	- - - - -	200.00
Hospital for Insane	- - - - -	20,000.00
Interest and bridge subsidy	- - - - -	*30,000.00
Inspectors of Licenses	- - - - -	600.00
Legislation	- - - - -	†8,000.00
Paupers	- - - - -	4,000.00
Poorhouse	- - - - -	3,400.00
Provincial Secretary's department	- - - - -	4,000.00
Provincial Auditor	- - - - -	1,200.00
Provincial Building	- - - - -	1,800.00
Registry offices	- - - - -	4,000.00
Stenographer	- - - - -	1,200.00
Public Works office	- - - - -	4,000.00
Ferries	- - - - -	7,000.00
Wharves	- - - - -	3,500.00
Miscellaneous	- - - - -	10,000.00
		<u>\$ 241,900.00</u>
Balance to go and come upon	- - - - -	2,052.95

It is not necessary to refer to the politicians or parties who are to be blamed for the existing conditions. The duty of good citizens is to try to improve the conditions. As a tentative effort in this direction, and in the hope that the subject may be discussed without reference to party politics, this article is published in the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.

W. L. COTTON.

\*The subsidy is not to be paid until the bridge has been constructed.

†If the members be reduced to fifteen, elected by ballot, this will cover the yearly average cost of voters' lists and elections.

## The Almighty Dollar.

IN this age the man who does not know a dollar when he sees it, is indeed unsophisticated, but very few people bother themselves as to just what kind of a dollar it is, so long as it possesses the purchasing power of one hundred cents. The object in writing this, is merely to point out to the average citizen who has never given the subject any particular attention,

some of the various species of dollar we meet with in our every day business transactions. The money with which we carry on our commerce may be said to consist of Canadian and American government notes, Canadian and American bank notes, gold, silver and copper coin—of course the American article has a comparatively small circulation.

As we have no mint in Canada, we have our silver and copper coins struck off in the Old Country. There are no Canadian gold coins, but English and American gold has been made an unlimited legal tender in Canada.

Canadian paper money is of two kinds only, viz: Government legal tender notes and bank notes, the former being secured by specie and debentures, and is redeemable at the various the Asst. Receiver General's offices throughout the Dominion; latter are secured by the Dominion Government, the banks contributing certain amounts towards a fund held by the Minister of Finance for the redemption of such notes. The banks also provide agencies for the cashing at par of their respective notes at all the principal trade centres in Canada. All banks now doing business in the Dominion stand on the same footing as regard the security of their note circulation. American paper money consists of five different kinds, viz: United States notes (commonly called legal tenders), gold and silver certificates, treasury notes and bank notes. As space is a consideration we will not now attempt to describe the various issues or classes of American paper currency. Suffice it to say that it is generally agreed that the Banking and Currency system of the United States is by far inferior to ours.

P. N. M.

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### **Praise From a High Authority.**

The following letter from Sir John Bourinot, Hon. Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada, to Hon. Senator Ferguson is one that we have much pleasure in publishing:

Ottawa, 15th April, 1899.

Dear Senator,—Many thanks for sending me a copy of the Prince Edward Island Magazine, containing your interesting article on Old Times. Such papers have a positive value for general historians, who must find in local records their most valuable material. I hope you will continue in this line of thought.

Yours sincerely,

J. G. BOURINOT.

**Our New York Letter.**

New York, April 28.

New Yorkers are just now enjoying ideal weather. Spring with all its balminess is here. The days are just warm enough to make it possible to borrow a few dollars upon one's overcoat, without regret, and the nights are so gloriously cool and refreshing that one finds it hard to imagine himself in New York city. We are now being treated to what Prince Edward Island expects, and receives, month after month throughout the summer season. In a few weeks New Yorkers would exchange anything they possess for a comfortable night's sleep, and were there any mode of rapid transit between here and P. E. Island, why, property in the Klondike would not have a chance, as compared with a well-fitted-out summer hotel down there. As it is at present, with proper advertising, Prince Edward Island would very soon become one of the most popular summer resorts on the calendar.

Americans are the best people in the world to spend money if they get what they wish, and, they have no climate within two weeks' travel of New York to compare in natural advantages with your little Island. Hundreds could be attracted by proper advertising in Boston and New York publications. Every penny spent would bring back dollars, and P. E. Island would soon be looked upon as a regular life-saving station by over-heated, worn-out Americans.

As in every part of the world, New York has its quota of Charlottetonians. I had the pleasure, a few days ago, of meeting Bev. R. Newberry, who has an office in the most central part of the city, and I am sure that his many friends will be pleased to know that he has lost none of his old time pleasant personality, and despite the struggle against American business sharps, appears to enjoy the best of health. I also came across another of Charlottetown's "boys" in the person of George Webb. But George is no longer "one of the boys"—he is settled down in a little country home near the city, with his wife and boys, and has become a regular "home" man.

One of the cosiest little corners in New York is right up in the bon-ton quarter of Fifth Ave. in Miss Mary Doull's studio. Portraits of celebrated men and women, sketches of natural scenery throughout P. E. Island, and a most hearty welcome greet one upon opening the door, and, by appearances, I am sure New York has been kind to Miss Doull.

In case any of your readers have any intention of becoming suddenly indisposed, to such an extent that they require special nursing, I would advise their coming here and going direct to St. Luke's Hospital. It is without exception one of the grandest, most modern and perfectly equipped in the world. Miss Ida Henderson, one of Charlottetown's popular young ladies of a few years ago, has just passed a most brilliant final examination at this institution, and if appearances count for anything, I am sure it would be a pleasure to be run over by a trolley car or two, just to be nursed by such a nurse in such an institution.

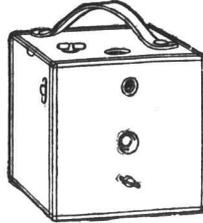
There are numerous others whom I might mention, but must postpone it for some future occasion, trusting that you may hear from them personally, as I have advised every one of them to subscribe to the P. E. Island Magazine, and of course they will.

One of the most enjoyable sights I have witnessed was at Forepaugh & Tells circus last week. All the orphan children of the city institutions were given free admission, and over three thousand of them, boys and girls, white, yellow, red and black, fat, thin, lame, deformed and undeformed children were let loose at once, and if ever there was an exhibition of supreme happiness, it was right there at Madison Square Garden. Such examples of thoughtful charity compel one to believe that the world is not growing altogether hopelessly bad.—H. A. R.



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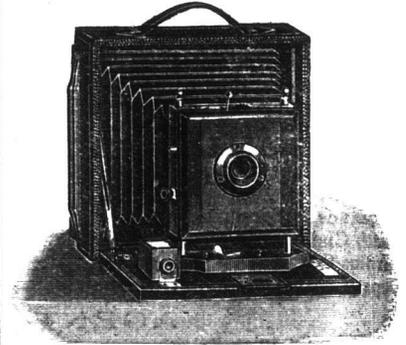
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**JUNE**

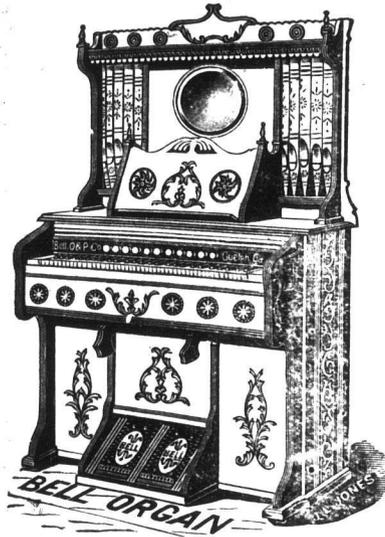
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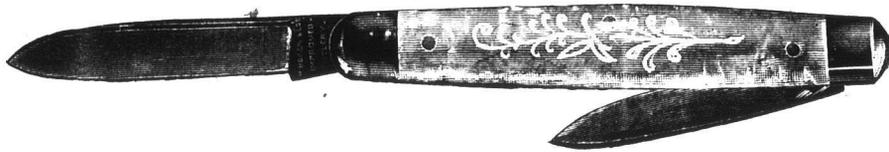
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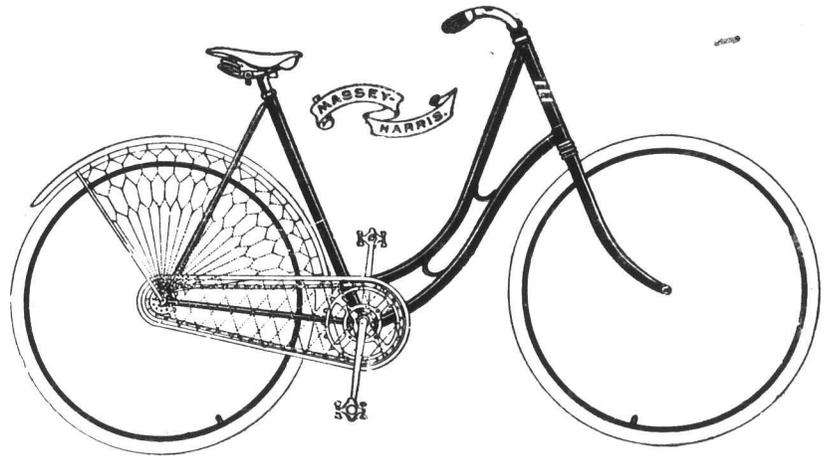
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