

T B C  
Prince Edward Island  
MAGAZINE

VOL. I

AUGUST, 1899

NO. 6



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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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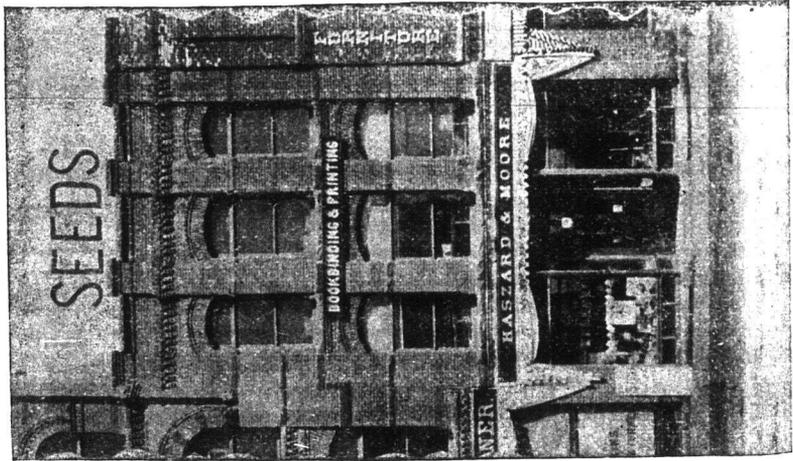
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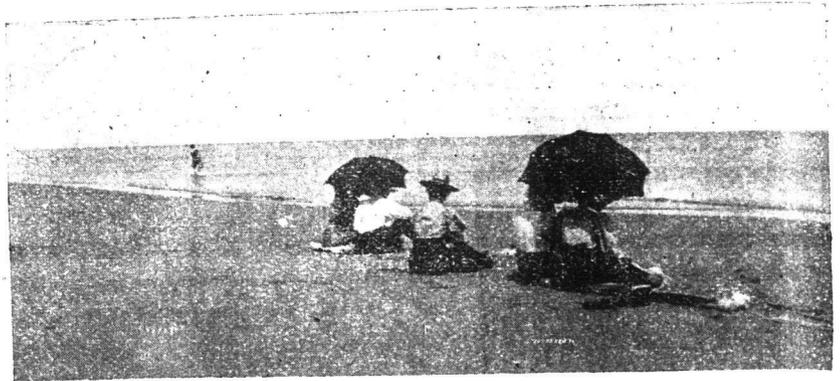
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- THE -  
Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. I

AUGUST, 1899

No. 6

A Plague of Mice.

BY JOHN CAVEN.

TO the early settlers on the Island of St. John, the field mice were the cause of much suffering and anxiety. Their inroads on the cultivated fields meant destruction to the crops, and this again meant starvation to the settler. The time of their coming was undefined, and in consequence always feared; the result of their visitation was always the same, hunger and destitution. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if the settler, while entrusting his cleared land with seed, should feel some ominous misgivings, lest his labors might turn out to be not the means of feeding him and his, but a preparation for pasturing vermin.

Between the years 1720 and 1738, three invasions of great severity took place. The invasion of the latter year may be outlined in order to convey to my readers some idea of the miseries inflicted by such inroads.

For ten years the mice had confined themselves to their forest haunts, multiplying in their abodes with their wonted prolificacy. In the summer of 1738, however, the enormously increased population had exhausted in all their vicinities the means of subsistence. The manner in which these famished creatures swarmed from the woods and rushed upon the cultivated lands resembled more the action of some savage tribes carrying out some preconcerted scheme of vengeance, than the doings of irrational animals. Every field of grain from Three Rivers (Georgetown) to Malpeque, was made desolate by their ravages,

and the settlers all of a sudden found themselves face to face with starvation. Animated with a spirit of destruction keener than they had ever been known to exhibit in former inroads, these invaders when the cultivated fields were laid waste, swarmed down upon the grassy flats that lay along the estuaries, and after devouring there the food of cattle, as they had devoured the food of man, hurried onward, as was their wont, over the protecting dykes in search of further spoliation and so found a watery grave. So numerous were these destroyers, that vessels sailing along the Island shores, encountered, more especially off the mouths of large inlets, huge masses of drowned mice.

After this the prospect of misery on which the settlers looked drove many of them to the verge of despair. Old, superstitious dreads, that the land was accursed of heaven, came back in all its strength, and inclined many to abandon the devoted Island. The authorities of Louisbourg were, for once, prompt in their action, and came to the relief of a stricken people with something of a kindly air of generosity. Eighty seven quintals of flour from the stores of the fortress were at once forwarded to the distressed settlements, and guns, powder and shot, were distributed to those who could hunt, to procure game. From some settlements the terror-stricken inhabitants rushed to Louisbourg, to beg in person, for help against the starvation they saw awaiting them during the long winter. These, too, were supplied in a generous fashion, with flour, peas, pork, powder and shot, and returned somewhat contented to their homes. In this way excessive misery was warded off during the winter; but when the season came round when the fields were again to be tilled, and crops put in, the officials in Louisbourg had once more to come forward and supply the seed. Wheat, oats, and peas were purchased in Acadia, and distributed among the needy settlers, and by order of the home Government, six hundred livres were drawn from the treasury of Louisbourg to pay for these supplies. In this way the minds of the settlers were raised from gloomy forebodings, and encouraged to look forward to a brighter future. But for all this, the winter of 1738 was one of acute misery to many a settler, who, but for the disaster to his crops, would have enjoyed a self-won competence.

The Governor who directed the affairs of the Island in 1728, was named DePensens. He was a man of energy and enterprise. Among his undertakings for the good of his Province was a system of emigration by which he expected to transfer piecemeal from Acadia the entire population and settle it on new farms, on the Island of St John. The plan was working satisfactorily— young pioneers were busy clearing, tilling and sowing. Gaps in the forest let in the sunshine on virgin fields fertilized by the hand of nature. Along the river margins, and at the heads of tidal waters signs of cultivation began to show themselves. The log-house and the barn rose on the clearings, and ripening harvests promised to the toilers a remuneration sufficient to render them independent of Government subsidies. But this clearing prospect was suddenly blasted. Countless hoards of famished mice fell upon the ripening crops with the voracity of locusts, and like the locusts left behind them a polluted waste. The disaster was complete, not even the seed could be saved. But the consequences did not end here. The popular mind unable to account for the calamity on natural grounds, saw in it a scourge sent for some hidden reasons of Providence, to afflict the land for all time coming. This notion, were it allowed to establish itself in men's minds, would become a most serious obstacle to the work of colonization. Few could be expected to covet a home in a judgment stricken land. It was to meet this popular delusion, that De Roma, the manager of a fishing company which had its chief establishment on Brudenell Point in the harbor of Georgetown, set himself to study the habits of the field mouse. The result of his investigations was communicated in a somewhat lengthy document to the French Government. The following is his condensed account of the animal :—

It is somewhat larger and stouter than the ordinary mouse, of a blackish color, with short legs and flat paws, badly adapted for climbing. It lives in the forest, and feeds on herbs of different kinds. After the manner of the squirrel, it lays up stores of provisions against the winter: these consist of seeds, nuts, grasses and such like. Under stumps and rocks, in the hollow trunks of fallen trees, and sometimes in the fissures of standing ones, are found the dwellings of this destructive creature. Its

provident habits enable it to maintain its body in a plump condition, affording thus a dainty morsel greatly prized and sought after by its enemies. These were many. The dog, the cat, the fox, the marten, and every species of hawk, owl and crow were unremitting in their attacks on the foragers, as they sallied forth in quest of stores; and not infrequently the fox, the marten, and even the rat carried the war into their very dwellings, and left their homesteads desolate. The extraordinary fecundity of the animal, however, quickly filled up the gaps made in their numbers by such casualties. With the exception of the more severe months of winter, the females brought forth every six weeks a litter of ten or twelve. In seasons when their homes were kept warm and protected from the invasion of enemies by deep snow-drifts, the increase in the population was marvellous. Two or three consecutive winters of this description brought about those disasters to cultivated lands which in years not long gone by spread desolation round the cabins of the settlers. It would appear however, as if some feelings of a domestic character were interwoven with the nature of the mouse. He abandons his native haunts only when his numerous progeny fails to find sufficient support in the immediate neighbourhood, and when starvation is sure to be his lot. In such an emergency the march in quest of food was conducted in a long narrow column which, turning aside for no obstacle, went onward in a direct line, until the cultivated fields were reached. The column of march then became a line of attack, and in an incredibly short time energetic voracity converted rich harvest fields into barren wastes. This accomplished, the marauders resumed their route in quest of fresh pastures. Should a river, or the sea itself, cross the line of march, the intrepid leaders plunged confidently in, followed by their devoted adherents who fought to the death with the waves and currents. This in the early days of settlement was the usual termination of such incursions. In these times the cultivated lands generally lay along the seashore or skirted the margins of navigable rivers, which might either protect the crops from these fell invaders, or overwhelm them in ruin on their departure for fresh depredations.

Many were the devices resorted to by the early settler in

order to protect his pasture land and grain fields from the ravages of these dreaded enemies. The most effective remedy however has been the cutting down of the woodlands, which afforded them shelter until their voracity and numbers rendered them formidable. The race however, has not disappeared altogether from the land. Remnants of it are yet met in hayfields, and among the luxuriant grass of orchards. But the damage they cause is trifling when compared with the wide-spread havoc inflicted by their ancestors.

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## A Life.

BY MAY CARROLL.

A tiny babe on his mother's breast,  
 A frail, wee life from the realms above,  
 With soft brown eyes, and lips caressed  
 By the white-robed host in the Home of love.

A noble youth, with Ambition's fire  
 In the limpid depths of his flashing eye,  
 Lovingly clasps his treasured lyre  
 And with fearless heart seeks the goal so high.

An aged form with the laurel twined  
 'Mid the snowy locks that caress his brow,  
 Looks peacefully down the vista, lined  
 With the years of hopes fulfilled but now.

In the Silent City a lowly mound,  
 A poet sings his songs to God ;  
 And the world rolls on to the sad sweet sound,  
 Of the songs he sang when the earth he trod.

## The Inauguration of the Suez Canal.

BY FRED W. HYNDMAN.

**A**LTHOUGH well nigh thirty years have elapsed since the official opening of the Suez Canal, a short account of that historic event by an eye-witness may prove of interest to your readers. It was my fortune to belong to H. M. S. Newport, one of the squadron in the Mediterranean told off by the Admiralty to assist at that notable ceremony, which was most auspiciously conducted by Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of the French.

On the 4th of November, 1869, we sailed from Malta in company with the fleet, which consisted of the following:—H. M. S. "Lord Warden," bearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Alexander Milne, K. C. B.; "Caledonia," Captain Cochrane; "Bellerophon," Captain Marten; and "Prince Consort," Captain Armytage.

On the morning of the 11th of November, we arrived off Alexandria, and found awaiting our arrival H. M. Ships "Royal Oak," Captain Hillyar; "Lee," Com. Andrews, and "Rapid," Com. Wood.

Having steamed in as close as we could with safety, the rest of the fleet came to anchor, whilst we in the "Newport," (Captain Nares) were ordered to enter the harbour, and communicate by telegraph with the British Consul General at Cairo, and obtain all information concerning the opening day, and especially the movements of Her Majesty the Empress of the French.

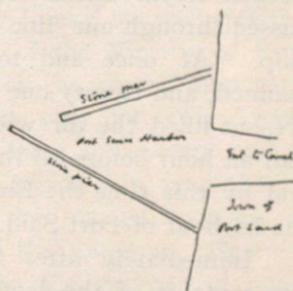
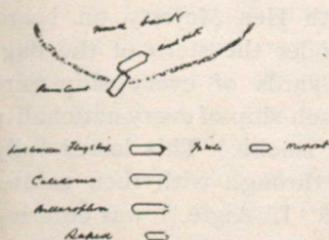
Having done so, and having communicated to the Admiral the information that the day fixed for the arrival of the Empress at Port Said was the 19th of November, the officers were glad to learn there was ample time to visit Cairo and the Pyramids. The opportunity was taken advantage of by a large number including the Commander-in-Chief. As I had already visited those interesting places a few months previously; I did not accompany the party, but learned they greatly enjoyed their visit. Returning on the 13th at five p. m. that day, the fleet weighed anchor, with the exception of the "Psyche," which

vessel was left at Alexandria at the disposal of the British Ambassador to Constantinople, who had been deputed to represent Great Britain at the opening ceremony.

On the following evening (Sunday) we had arrived within ten miles of Port Said, when orders were signalled the fleet to come to anchor.

At seven next morning the fleet weighed anchor and proceeded in line abreast towards Port Said. There were five ironclads, and the wooden sloop "Rapid." We in the "Newport" were ordered to take a position half a mile ahead of the flag-ship and signal the soundings, as the water was shoaling and no reliable charts were obtainable. Just as we struck five fathoms in the "Newport," we observed the "Royal Oak," which was on the extreme left of the fleet, changing her course, and almost immediately afterwards, it was noticed she had grounded, and the next ship to her, the "Prince Consort," changed course also, and collided with the "Royal Oak," smashing the quarter boats of the latter ship, and her own bowsprit and head-gear. Here was a pretty mess;—and in view of the fact that the Empress of the French and her fleet, as well as the fleets of the other European nations and of the United States of America, were expected to arrive early on the following morning, it may be imagined how deeply chagrined the Admiral and other Officers of our fleet felt, at this untoward event.

The following diagram will enable the reader to better understand our positions:—



On examination of the situation it was found that the unfortunate accident was caused by dumping the dredgings of

the harbor of Port Said on this spot, and of which no notice had been given to mariners. It will be seen, while we in the "Newport" passed the bank safely, and got no warning of the danger, the two ships on the extreme left of the line came upon it. No fault therefore, could be attributed to anyone in connection with our fleet; the only thing to do, was to set to work and get the ships off before the arrival of the Empress.

The whole fleet worked with a will to that end, and by dint of hard tugging, laying out anchors, running hawsers, etc. the "Prince Consort" came off about seven p.m. Yet the "Royal Oak" was more firmly on the ground, and was not to be got off so easily. All night long did the whole fleet work with desperation, the Admiral never leaving the deck of his ship, and the only cessation of the labour was, about one a.m., when the signal was flashed from the flag-ship to all the ships to "splice the main brace,"\* an act which I suppose our *Guardian* staff in Charlottetown would greatly deprecate; nevertheless, never was there an order more quickly obeyed, and the result was, at three a.m. the "Royal Oak," after renewed efforts, was hauled off the bank, and at once the whole fleet anchored in line ready for the coming of the Empress.

About eight o'clock, or two hours after our fleet got into decent shape after the hard work of the night, the booming of cannon from the Austrian fleet which had arrived and anchored a considerable distance outside, announced the arrival in sight, of Her Majesty Eugenie, Empress of the French. Soon after the French Royal Yacht "L'Aigle," with Her Majesty on board passed through our line and close under the stern of the flag-ship. At once and together the yards of every ship were manned, and twenty one guns from each ship of every nationality present filled the air with noise and smoke. This lasted fully half an hour before all the ships got through with their salute, and by this time the Empress' yacht "L'Aigle," was entering the harbour of Port Said.

Immediately after this the Commander-in-Chief signalled the captains of the fleet to repair on board our ship "Newport,"

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\*Which, being interpreted, means "issue extra allowance of grog."

and he having come on board, we steamed into Port Said, where they paid their respects to Her Majesty, and the port authorities. Meantime the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and several other notables, including Frederick William, then Crown Prince of Prussia, arrived in their yachts, and entered the port. Arrangements having been completed for landing, at three p.m. promptly, the Empress disembarked, accompanied by her suite and as brilliant an escort as probably was ever seen except at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Besides the Emperor Francis Joseph, there were Crown Prince Frederick William, and nobles and representatives of all the great and small nations, as well as all the officers of the several fleets in attendance.

From the landing, a beautifully decorated avenue of perhaps one hundred yards, carpeted the whole way, led us to three canopies of costly and beautiful construction, erected for the religious ceremony arranged as a preliminary to the occasion. One of these was the Mahomedan service which consisted of the reading of some document in Arabic or Egyptian, the substance of which was quite unintelligible to me. Another canopy contained the Bishop of Paris who delivered an oration in French, and wound up with prayer for the success of the undertaking. And the third canopy was for the Empress, the Viceroy of Egypt, the Emperor Francis Joseph and the representatives of all the other nations. Amongst them I noticed Abdul Kader, the celebrated Arab Chief.

An incident occurred during the ceremony which has impressed itself upon my memory, and I may as well relate it. The Empress was sitting on the left of the Viceroy of Egypt, I stood about ten feet in front of her on the ground amongst the officers of the fleet. The weather was very hot. The Viceroy, during the oration of the Bishop of Paris fell asleep, and was nodding and snoring. Her Majesty seeing this, pressed his toe with her parasol, and immediately he started, awoke, and smilingly bowed most respectfully to the Empress. Everybody smiled. This ceremony over, under the roaring of another royal salute from the fleets, the entire party re-embarked on board their several ships and yachts, and thus ended the day's proceedings.

Next morning (Wednesday) very early, all was astir in Port Said and amongst the fleet. Our iron-clads being too large to enter the Canal at that time, all the officers from our fleet, who wished to witness the procession through the Canal came on board of us, our bulk-heads all being taken down to make room for them; our ward-room and Captain's cabin were thrown into one, and for a time we became a passenger ship, restricted of course to officers of the fleet. About eight o'clock the Empress in her yacht "L'Aigle," began to move slowly toward the entrance of the Canal. Each yacht and ship was allotted a *number* by which to take her place in the procession. After the French Royal Yacht, H. M. S. "Psyche," having on board the English Ambassador to Turkey who represented Great Britain, and Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, followed. The number given our ship was 21, and the "Rapid" 35, but by some mistake in the signal these figures were transposed, and we had to take the "Rapid's" place. It was nearly noon when we entered the Canal; all went well, and about nine o'clock we arrived at Ishmalia a town on the west bank of the Canal, and about forty miles from the entrance, and here all came to anchor for the night.

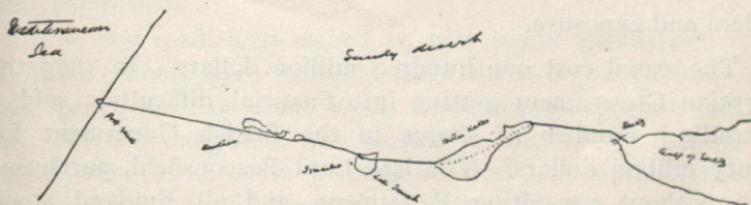
All the next day we lay at Ishmalia\* where arrangements had been made for entertaining the visitors with camel races and Arab games, some of which were very amusing. At night the Viceroy Ishmail Pacha, the Khedive, who has a palace here, entertained all visitors as well as the officers of the fleets, and yachts, at a state ball, which as a function, owing to the picturesqueness and brilliancy of the assembly and many notables present, has rarely been equalled. Dancing commenced about ten o'clock, and the Empress Eugenie and the Emperor Francis Joseph led off in the first quadrille, and an exquisitely handsome couple they were. I may mention that during this day, thousands of visitors as well as the officers of the fleet, were entertained by the Viceroy in large, long sheds, with tables set from end to end, and covered with every delicacy that Egypt could produce—not omitting champagne and Bass' bottled beer.

The next morning the procession started in the same order as on leaving Port Said, and without special incident (except

that our captain loosed top-sails when crossing the Bitter Lakes, to be able to say he had "made sail in the Desert,") we arrived at Suez about three p.m., and anchored in the Red Sea.

After the vessels had come to anchor the Empress of the French held a levee on board her yacht, at which nearly all the officers of the fleet attended, and had the honor and the pleasure of an introduction, not only to her Majesty, but to M. Ferdinand Lesseps, the eminent engineer who brought this great undertaking to completion. In the evening Her Majesty entertained at dinner on board "L'Aigle" all the nobles present, and also the British admiral and captains of H. M. Ships.

Thus ended one of the most memorable events of the nineteenth century, and one of the most delightful experiences of a life-time.



The Suez Canal, (although strictly speaking it is not a canal—having neither locks nor gates,) dates its origin away back as far as 600 B. C. At various times since then, leading men of Europe and the East have contemplated its construction, and about the year 800 A. D. a small water communication between the Mediterranean and Red Sea actually existed, but was allowed to fall into disuse and filled up. Traces of this we saw at a later period when making a survey of the canal.

It is said the Emperor Napoleon I. was the first to interest himself in the present canal, but owing to the great expense, and conflicting opinions as to its possibility of construction, it was abandoned until the year 1850, when the then Viceroy of Egypt employed M. Lesseps to consult with him as to the advisability and possibility of connecting the two Seas. The introduction of steam-ships about this time gave the project a

greater interest, and Lesseps thought it was quite feasible. Finally the work was commenced about 1860 by "The Universal Suez Canal Company," under the direction of M. Lesseps. Half the capital was found by the Viceroy of Egypt, the other half was taken up in Europe, principally in France.

The canal is about eighty-nine miles long, and is simply a ditch, or artificial strait, about one hundred and eighty feet wide at the water surface, and about eighty feet at the bottom. The Timsah and Bitter Lakes, previous to the letting in of the waters of the Mediterranean, were mere dry depressions in the land, and when flooded saved some thirty miles of excavation. The whole of the excavating was done by about thirty thousand natives, who carried the sand out in baskets on their backs. We were told that about twenty thousand of them died during the time the work was being constructed, from cholera and exposure.

The canal cost one hundred million dollars. In 1875 the Egyptian Government getting into financial difficulties sold a controlling number of shares to the British Government for twenty million dollars. The late Lord Beaconsfield purchased them without consulting Parliament, and all England stood amazed at his audacity; but the wonderful foresight and statesmanship of that great Conservative leader has been fully exemplified, when it is authoritatively stated that those same shares are now worth six times the purchase money; besides giving Great Britain a controlling interest in the canal, an immense influence in Egypt, and a means of reaching her eastern possessions from seven to nine thousand miles less in distance than formerly.

The consequences resulting from the successful completion of this great international work have been, and will continue to be, so momentous upon the political as well as the commercial relations of the world, that it may safely be said no man dares attempt to estimate them.

## Lot Twenty—From Forest to Farm—III.

BY J. A. READY, B. A.

THE waters around the coast and up the rivers literally teemed with fish; cod, mackerel, herring, lobsters, eels, oysters and gasperaux, being abundant. It is averred that once a man could stand on Constable's Cape (McLeod's), cast a line into the sea and catch as many codfish as he wanted. With boats of their own construction the settlers caught large quantities of fish which they exchanged for necessary supplies. They found a ready sale for their fish and other products at the stores of Ormsby & Chanter, Fish Island; Billings, Campbellton; or Capt. McKay, Yankee Hill; at which places trading posts were established.

The first roads were as bad as new roads usually are; and strenuous efforts were made to have them improved and new ones opened up. In 1827, when Governor Ready in company with his two daughters was making a tour of the Island, he visited some of the new settlements and was enthusiastically welcomed. He readily saw the necessity of better roads and in a few years the want was supplied. During this visit Governor Ready met James Sinnott, who is already known to you. But this was before Sinnott lost his heels! Now, Sinnott was a great boatman as well as "bear" man, so the Governor invited him to come to Charlottetown to take charge of his boat in a coming race. In this race the Governor's two daughters went aboard the boat with Sinnott and from the skilful manner in which he handled the craft they had every hope of victory. The race was a close one, so the story runs, and when nearing the line and seeing that another boat was pressing them hard, one of the young ladies snatched a silk shawl from her shoulders, held it up to the wind, and thus won the race.

As often happens the settlements took their names from some characteristic of their own. Third Pond, as before stated, was so named from the three large ponds it contained, and Sea View, its present name explains itself. Long River was so

called because through it flows the longest branch of the South-West River; Eel Creek tells its own story, while Irishtown, perhaps requires a short explanation. As may be seen from their names, the first settlers of Irishtown were from the "old sod." They loved to meet and talk of dear Ireland and the loved ones far away. One night when they were assembled in Moore's "Tilt," as his inn was called, some one proposed that they give the place a name; several were offered and were as quickly rejected, some one suggested Irishtown, and Irishtown it remains to the present day.

The first church on the Lot was a Catholic church built at Park Corner about 1825. Long River and Irishtown churches were built at a later date.

The pioneers of the different settlements were not slow to provide for the educational wants of their children. As soon as the settlement was well established and a sufficient number of children grown to school age, a school house was erected and a teacher procured. At Sea View the first school house was at Brander's, and the first teacher was a man named Larrisey. Other teachers were Arbuckle and Laskey. A man named Brennan was an itinerent teacher at Park Corner about the year 1805. Long River's first school was located on Power's farm, and the first teacher was Ennis Reid. The first school in Irishtown was built near John Bernard's and the first teacher was Arch. Campbell, uncle of Hon. William Campbell. Other teachers who presided over schools in various parts of Irishtown were Thos Hennessey, John Heron FitzGerald, — Tieson, Philip Murphy, John McLaughlin, John Foristal, and a line of ten others that reaches down to the present day. Hennessey, besides being a teacher, was a violinist. He owned a violin that was made in Ireland about the year 1778, and that crossed the Atlantic five times. One St. Patrick's Day that fell upon Sunday, Hennessey obtained permission to play in the church at Park Corner the air "St. Patrick's Day," but was to stop at a sign from the priest. When the time arrived Hennessey stepped forth with eyes dilated and heart beating high, and made the holy edifice ring again with the air that Irishmen love so well. At last the priest gave the sign to stop. Hennessey, transported

by the effect of his own music and by the associations which it called up, continued to play with increased animation, when the famous Joe Snake startled the congregation by exclaiming :

“ You no stop, me dance !”

This violin is in the possession of the writer, and it is stated that strange sounds are emitted from it certain times every St. Patrick's Day.

Another teacher whose memory still lives among the present generation was John Heron FitzGerald. He was also a poet. He is principally remembered on account of the severe punishment that he inflicted on his pupils, and his prolific poetry which he inflicted on everybody. His poetry still has a traditional existence and only awaits a McPherson to transmit it to future generations.

You have now, indulgent reader, followed the subject of our sketch from the advent of the ubiquitous white man to the dawn of its present prosperity. Could you see it now you would indeed behold a wondrous transformation. From forest to farm it has truly passed. You now see a community composed of 120 families, with a population of about 600, where a century ago there lived only twelve families with a population of 67. The thrift and industry of the people is evidenced by all the modern conveniences they possess. Churches, schools, stores, and mills are within easy reach of all ; lobster factories are in operation on every shore, and a creamery manufactures into butter the milk that is daily supplied from nearly 800 cans.

An appearance of utility is not its only aspect. It presents to the eye a scene that would inspire poetic feeling into the most prosaic. Taking your stand upon Mount Martin, the most prominent elevation in Irishtown, you behold a scene that fancy loves to recall ; hill and dale, meadow and woodland, cosy farmhouse nestling beneath some sheltering grove or crowning some rising eminence ; streamlets and rivers slowly wandering through verdant meadows and groves of deepest green, bays with placid surface, and the Gulf itself with its myriad craft riding peacefully at anchor or gracefully gliding o'er the deepening blue. With the poet you would surely doubt “ if Eden were more fair.”

## When Time's Wings are Clipped.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

WHEN spring makes blithe advance towards June, and dusk comes late and the noon-day grows hot, in every city men feel an almost irresistible desire to throw up the struggle and get away from nervous-eyed Toil to some place—any place where a man may gulp down fresh air, work when he feels like it and—be a boy again.

For three months to have no "business relations," to talk to whomsoever he choose, to be clear of the ubiquitous *diletante* politician—that porcupiny man bristling *cap-a-pie* with vagabond opinions upon church and state and everything known under the sun. That is bliss.

There must always be some who will have to stay, who will put their hopeless desires behind them with perhaps a muttered "confound it all," and then take the disagreeable inevitable quietly, in a way some men have, bringing the heroic into the commonplace.

But the heart of the Rover is perennial in the young man, and it is traditional among sets of bright young Canadians that there is nothing in the universe to compare with a canoe and camp trip for the summer.

And if they chance to be Ontario men their minds will turn to Muskoka's lakes—out of range of their hotels; to far Nepigon, if their purse is large; or to the northern highlands of the Ottawa valley behind the Gatineau and Du Lievre, to Nipissing, or better still, Tamagaming, and—O, rare! Abbittibi upon the height where even the vanguard of the "army of summer tramps" has not yet set foot.

Back among the hills close to nature's heart a man becomes more a man and less a "clothes-screen." He grows clear-brained, forceful, emotional, with mental faculties uncramped, a vigorous body, and buoyant spirits suggestive of windy hill-tops and racing mountain-streams.

One spring a band of young men met, smoked and held council over their usual summer trip. A map of the intended

route was debated upon and outlined—the details would be filled in when they learned them themselves.

And later they went—not with guides and fruit cakes or pjamas and canned peaches, as verdant amateurs at camping out have gone, but like men, with canoes and rods and rifles, and the hands and brains to find the way, and forage for extras and even necessities.

Gay as bobolinks and as care-free, they paddled and portaged and camped on one of those trips that beggar description, among green hills, and silent lakes, and shy, alluring game. They fished and hunted and swam; they smoked and spun yarns by sun or moon or fire-light. They steered their canoes through the swirl of white-capped waters in the rapids, with forms and hands as steady as the black crags above them. They ate prodigious meals, and everything they swallowed had a tang of forest-freshness on it. All the while they roamed the solitudes, scantily clad in cool, décollete fashion, and kept no memos. of "laundry." They commiserated the poor boys left behind in the heat, and a world of starched conventionalities.

Happy! They were bubbling over with happiness; it was shining through their tan; it rippled under their growing muscles. They only regretted that some day these hidden valleys would be stripped of their wild beauty and dewy shade, and overrun with the impetuous, restless crews they had fled from.

Sunday was always observed by them with the utmost propriety. In the morning they did not spring up from their spruce or hemlock beds with the sun rising over the purple hills, but "lay-to," and enjoyed a half-waking nap. And during the day they sauntered along the sun-checked runways or lounged in the shade, and lost each other in the company of tried pocket friends.

These long, quiet Sundays came around quickly and the canoemen enjoyed their peculiar charm, but each Monday morning they took up their gipsy advance again with impatient delight.

While they were on their way home and had come up to the borders of civilization; the leader of the band called a halt one night, and the tents were pitched and preparations made for an

"off-day" upon the morrow—which was Sunday. Monday morning, so they calculated, they would paddle down to the settlement they were approaching and get the mail they expected, and make some purchases at the village.

This particular Sunday was a long sunny day, and a pleasant one with a Sunday sunset, and a satisfying pipe and talk after the evening meal.

And early Monday morning they folded their tents and embarked, the canoes shooting down the river as if instinct with the life of the tawny arms of the voyageurs.

They were fresh for work, and made good time. When they landed near the village the captain of the crew volunteered to attend to the business "down town," while a snack was being made ready on the bank.

And though there were placid-eyed, full-uddered cows, pasturing near, and corn and potatoes growing in stumpy fields at hand, the foraging disposition did not tempt these voyageurs from the paths of rectitude, though the commissary purse was empty. Perhaps the spirit of the yester Sabbath lingered with them.

The canoeist sauntered up the one street of the village. He remarked with some surprise the quietness of the place. But he had just come out of lonely haunts of wandering men and forest denizens, and it may be he expected too much of a village. He spied out the store with its wooden platform in front, and the brooms and Alaska-socks and axle-grease and wash-boards in the big window. And he approached this centre of rustic life expectantly, while he thought of something bright and jocular as a greeting.

But the door was locked. He looked around awhile; then, hoping the fellow would not leave his store locked for long, set out again. This time for the post-office which he saw to be in a cottage near by. He knew that a man can usually get mail at all hours in a country office.

It was certainly hard luck: the office was closed too, and mighty rapping availed nothing.

He went back to the store; its keeper had not returned. Rapping again failed completely to bring the negligent owner to

his senses or to the store. There are times when a man thinks inexpressible things but wears a calm face. If the day is a rather sweltering one in late summer, and the man a stranger in an inhospitable place, there is reason for him to think very inexpressible things, and he is to be commended if he does not unguardedly express them.

This young man was an "Anglo-Saxon," and, as might be expected, he was endowed with the race's qualities. He was not going to be balked in his plans. He found out the store-keeper's house and went there and asked the man why his store was not open—the jocular greeting had slipped from his mind.

He was conducted to the store—through the side-door—and made his purchases. Then following instructions he went to the side door of the post master's house, and carried away letters and purchases in triumph to the camp.

He would have a good laugh on the boys when he got back, he said to himself, and chuckled over the fun between mopping-spells at his shining forehead.

For this was Sunday, and the boys had observed Saturday as a day of rest with Sunday-school decorum and had sent him rapping up decent people to trade on the Sabbath-day. He knew they were in excellent form just then, and keen for a quick paddle, but, willy-nilly, they would have to keep Sunday over again.

A splendid joke on the fellows!

Ah, yes; but—

Few men can see two sides of a matter at once, and he forgot that he had been, and was, foremost among the boys. But they did not, and the laugh ran all the other way when he got to camp.

There was much rejoicing over the day that had been lost and was found. And with the lesson in reckoning Time's whirligig of days, cheques came that day to line the commissary-purse. Time and Money—indispensable in the civilization to which they were returning, but things to be laughed at on a canoe-trip. We are told that in Paradise we shall not know these finite conveniences: perhaps that is one reason why, east or west, a canoe trip suggests paradise.

## Among Our Orchids.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.

THE very mention of the name orchid seems to have a pronounced effect of some kind or other upon everyone except the entirely ignorant. The but slightly-educated know

that orchids are among the most wonderful and beautiful of flowers; the better-informed, at the mention of the name, see visions of wondrously-shaped, exquisitely-scented, fleshy floral beauties, adorning and filling with heavy, rich perfume, the conservatories of wealthy and refined lovers of flowers, or growing in natural luxuriance, with all the advantage of native environment, in the tangles and meadows of tropical lands.

But it is not uncommon to find even the fairly well-educated citizen surprised to learn that here in native haunt, in fair Prince Edward Island, orchids grow as sweetly fragrant as their more gaily dressed sisters of the tropical Orient, and though often of modest mien, still bearing the stamp of the family royal, in development and structural beauty,—aye, and in fragrance as well,—not a whit inferior to many of the more conspicuous and better known favoured ones of this aristocratic tribe.

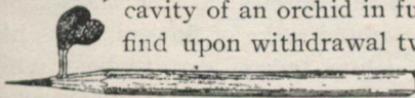
But to the botanist what delights are revived by the mention of the name! He sees in imagination the structural wonders which make this family of flowers pre-eminently great, sees the acme of development and adaptation associated with a sublimity of subtile and characteristic fragrance, and he recalls the delight of his first introduction to each individual of this noble race, whether in the cool, shadowed cloisters of some vast sylvan sanctuary, or the warm, sunny stretch, where, among hosts of denizens of fair flower-land, rank and advantage gave undisputed priority to the aristocratic, high-born scions of royalty.



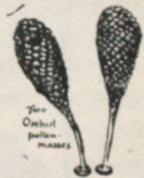
*Cypripedium  
acaule.*

'Tis a fair and lovely family, high-favoured and profligately rich; of wondrous grace too, and bearing the hall-mark of exalted rank. And we have not a few of these nobles and ladies among us; not in the cities or villages, 'tis true, for some of them live in the greatest seclusion far from the haunts of man, while few of them deign to mingle with the crowd on roadside or meadow, in bog-land or marshes. They live in an atmosphere of the wild flowers' breath, where the insects, free-flying, are the marriage priests, where moisture abundant quenches their thirst, or the grasses give shelter, the wood-lands shade. But wherever they are it is usually easy to test the genuineness of their lofty pretentions. First let me initiate you into this secret, and then introduce you to some of these floral grandees.

It is almost needless to remind my readers that flowers have been given suitable form to woo the winds to waft the pollen, or have assumed shape, and colour, and perfume to invite insects (and birds) to carry it to other blooms of the same species and thereby secure the continuance of the kind. This is not the place to enter into a description of the structural peculiarities of orchid flowers; suffice it that this order is the most fantastically modified and has the ordinary floral structures most wonderfully adapted to attract insects by form and fragrance, to repay them for their services by a liberal reward of honey, and to secure in return that their visitors transport the pollen for the benefit of the race. Pollen, as everyone now-a-days knows, is usually a yellowish powder, though sometimes more or less coherent; but in the orchid, (with rare exception) it is agglutinated by a connective tissue or web into masses, in shape like little Indian-clubs, which may generally be removed with little trouble from the full-opened flowers. What a bee does naturally you may in most cases imitate artificially by thrusting the point of a lead-pencil, or even a pin, into the cavity of an orchid in full bloom, when you will likely find upon withdrawal two or more of these little club-



Small masses withdrawn on pencil

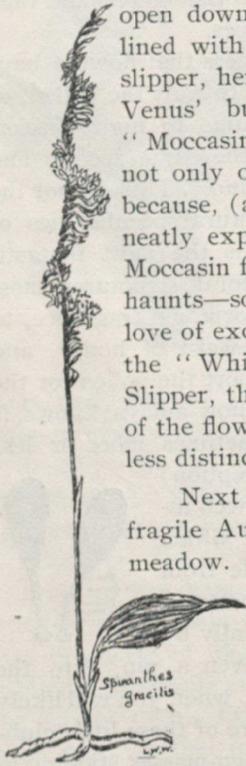


Two Orchid pollen masses

like pollen-masses sticking to the point of the intruded article.

And now for a few of the plants of this order which graciously dignify and embellish our flora.

First, the best known, the Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium acaule*) is in many ways among the most striking of our flowers. You find it in early summer in bogs or damp woods, a solitary bloom on each flower-stock, rising from between a pair of oblong, light green leaves, the summit capped by a greenish bract under which the flower hangs. The several parts of the latter are inconspicuously coloured, except one petal which is expanded into an inflated pendant sack, two inches long, in colour pink, with darker veins. This pouch, (which is open down the front, with edges rolled inwards and lined with long white hairs,) suggested the idea of a slipper, hence the Greek name *Cypripedium*, meaning Venus' buskin. But it always seems to me that "Moccasin-flower" is a much more appropriate name, not only on account of the shape of the pouch, but because, (as the author of "Wild Flowers of Canada" neatly expressed it) "Something in common has the Moccasin flower with the Indian who once shared its haunts—something of his spirit of freedom and his love of exclusion." We have also in rare localities, the "White," the "Queens," the "Showy" Lady's Slipper, the most beautiful of the race. All the parts of the flower are white, the pouch decorated more or less distinctly with purple stripes—a truly lovely plant.



*Spiranthes gracilis*

Next we have the "Ladies' Tresses,"—sweet, fragile August blooms, children of the road-side and meadow. Their technical name, (*Spiranthes*—a coil or curl of flowers,) well describes the most striking of their characteristics,—the florets are arranged in spirals on the slender flower stalks. The species *S. Romanzoffiana*, with its 3-rowed spike of flowers, looks like a creamy-white, twisted ear of wheat, while *S. gracilis* suggests a grass stalk with a piece of white wool twisted loosely around its upper part. But a magnifying glass

discloses orchid beauties, and a most delicately bewitching fragrance betrays the locality of the bloom. To me this is the most exquisite of scents, incomparably fascinating.

Time forbids my describing in detail our less conspicuous orchids,—the diminutive, green Tway-blade (*Leparis Læselii*), the green-flowered Adder's-Mouth (*Microstylis Ophoglossoides*) with its single oval leaf clasping the flower stem near the middle; the dull colored Coral-roots (*Corallorhiza innata*, *C. Odontorhiza*, *C. multiflora*) naked of leaves and hiding in the seclusion of the deep shaded woods; the Lesser Rattlesnake Plantain (*Goodyera repens*) known most readily by its white-pencilled leaves resting close to the ground; and others it may be, for space at our disposal (unless we be selfish, those of us who love the wild flowers) forces me to hurry and mention in conclusion the Rein-Orchids, the *Habenarias*—"having a rein," so called from the honey-secreting spur of some of the species. Of these we have several, but I may not speak of many in detail. First the "Fringed" Orchids; such as the White-Fringed Orchis, (*Habenaria blephariglottis*), and "the Ragged Fringed Orchis" (*H. lacera*), all more or less alike, suggesting at a distance a long-stalked, diminutive-flowered hyacinth spike, the various floral parts greenish-yellow or white, and small, excepting the "lip" which is to a greater or less degree fan-shaped and spreading, ragged or fringed. In all these the leaves are unattractive, but not so in the next on our list, the Large, Round-leaved Orchis (*H. orbiculata*) with its two shining, green, circular leaves measuring four to eight inches across, lying prostrate upon the ground, their under surface rivalling the sheen of a trout,—silvery, perfect, exquisite, entrancing, in beauty far surpassing the flowers. To happen upon this elegant plant in the deep seclusion of some sparsely flowered wood is a delight to even the most callous and unemotional.



*Habenaria*  
*pycnoides*

But one more specimen and we bid farewell to our subject. And this easily the most lovely of

all. I have found it along the railway track about Morell, and flaming among the grasses of field-borders at Suffolk :—the Smaller Purple-fringed Orchis (*H. psycodes*) with its thick, many flowered raceme of short-fringed lilac flowers. A handsome plant of surpassing fragrance, embodying all the characteristics of our Orchids,—size, wealth of bloom, form of flower, perfume and that indescribable individuality which is peculiarly their own.

### First Settlers of St. Eleanors.

BY HUBERT G. COMPTON.

**S**T. ELEANOR'S of to-day extends from the road leading to the Linkletter settlement through the village so named northward a distance of four miles to Washington Carr's, a descendant of the Ramsay family who emigrated to this Island in the year 1770, who also built and operated the first grist mill in Lot 17, which stood a little distance above the bridge crossing the Ramsay river.

Not any of the property remains in the hands of the descendants of the first settlers on this road namely ; Smith, Green, Hope, Schurman,—names very familiar to many of the present day.

This district is divided into south and north St. Eleanor's each of which comprises a school district.

For many years after Mr. Jenkins came to St. Eleanor's in 1824—he being the first Episcopal clergyman—there was no church ; the services were held in the Pavilion at Mr. George Tanton's, and also at Mr. Anthony Craswell's.

The minister came from England in the year 1820 or '21 sent out to St. Matthews' church in Quebec. The ship in which he sailed was driven into Charlottetown harbor by contrary winds. While there he married Miss DesBrisay, daughter of the Rev Mr. DesBrisay, who was rector of St. Paul's in Charlottetown from 1775.

After his father-in-law's death which occurred in 1823, Mr.

Jenkins was sent for, but as travelling was in those days very slow, when he arrived Rev. Mr. Aden, an English clergyman was in St. Paul's.

Mr. Jenkins was sent to St. Eleanor's in 1824, and boarded at George Tanton's until 1825, when he moved into the rectory and remained in the parish until 1827. Then he moved to Charlottetown and took charge of St. Paul's.

He was succeeded by Mr. Walker, who boarded at Mr. Smith's. He was in the parish until 1831, in which year the first church was finished. Bishop Ingles consecrated the ground in 1826.

Mr. Wiggins next followed and had charge for many years.

The first church was burned on Sunday morning 26th Nov. 1835, through the carelessness of a servant in carrying coals to light the fire in the church.

The second church was begun in 1838. It was finished and the first sermon preached by Mr. Wiggins, in Nov. 1842.

The Ness Hotel was built in 1834, by Major Hooper.

The Jail was contracted for and built by George Tanton in 1833.

The first school was opened in St. Eleanor's by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pope in 1820. Harry C. Green Esq., was one of their pupils.

Mr. Sherlock was the next master, he taught in the proverbial log-cabin, which stood on the corner where Montgomery has his warehouse to-day.

In 1838 H. N. Hope Esq, opened a store in the Hooper house and was the first to pay the farmer two and six pence per bushel for oats.

In 1848 St. Eleanor's was and continued to be a thriving and pretty village. Many visitors came and found good accommodation in our hotels, of which there were two, the Ness being the great attraction. At this time, and for many years previous the supreme court was held in the court house here; this brought strangers from all parts of this county and other parts of the Island.

The judges at times boarded with Mr. Benjamin Darby, a

fine, genial old gentleman; also at Mr. Hugh Smith's. Both of these fine worthy men have long since passed away.

The property of the latter has since been purchased and is now occupied by George M. Compton, nephew of the writer.

At a future time I may give an account of the first settlers in Summerside.

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## A Day's Trout Fishing.

BY REV. J. W. GODFREY.

"The fisherman lieth in wait to catch fish, and lieth in weight when he catcheth them."

IT seems to me that every properly constituted man; when he beholds all about him the evidence which goes to show that summer is at hand; when he sees nature beginning to awake from her winter sleep and put on again the garb of summer; when he sees the hitherto silent woods peopled again with birds, and melodious with song, and listens to the whisper of the trees and rustling grass, as they respond to the soft touch of the south wind; feels within him an impulse of that instinct which doubtless has come down from the days when, bow in hand, our forebears wandered through field and wood in search of prey: an impulse which drives us to leave behind the artificial surrounding of the town, and seek recreation and refreshment from nature's breast.

So it is that when Spring comes round, year by year, and nature woos us to her side, we look around for some pursuit which will lead us afield.

Some of us, like the apostle of old, "go afishing"; and to me, a humble but devoted follower of old Isaac Walton, this seems the ideal way to commune with nature.

Others, like a friend of mine, prefer to wander through the country, (accompanied if possible by an unsuspecting companion, whom they use as a beast of burden) and from

moist river-bank and shady hedge-row, gather those jewels of nature, the wild flowers. However, each one to his taste. Mine is to go fishing, and my purpose here is to set down, shortly, the story of a day spent after trout, in the hope that some of those worried by daily cares may be moved to follow in my steps.

It happened that, one day towards the end of May, a friend and I were moved to go fishing. Ever since the melting snow had begun to reveal again the brown earth, that impulse had been struggling in our breasts; restrained only by a better judgment which said we must bide our time. At last our patience was rewarded, and a day came on which we felt we might cast a fly without being considered harmless madmen by those who saw us.

The sun had not long risen when we started for Big Pond, some eight miles from Souris. The wind was blowing strong from the north east,—no desirable quarter as all anglers know—however, better an east wind than none at all. When the shores of the Pond came in sight it needed but one glance to show that the trout were in from the sea. All over the lake we could see the widening rings and little dimples which betokened rising fish. Hope was strong as we put our rods together and made the initial casts; but gradually our spirits sank till soon they were at zero. Though the trout were rising all around, they deigned not to notice our flies. Time after time did we cast into the whirl left by a rising fish but it was vain, he would have none of us. We eyed each other with blank looks. Here was a sad case—fish all about and not one would rise to our flies—something must be done.

There is no better rule for the angler than that which tells him to fish with imitation of the fly on the water. Both of us appreciated the soundness of this advice, but neither saw a way to find out the fly on which the trout were feeding, unless we received a sudden gift of wings on which to pursue them.

At last however, I happened to look down, and there on the bank saw a number of brownish yellow flies buzzing about. A gust of wind swept some of them into the water, and away from the shore. As I watched them half unconsciously, one after another they disappeared in response to an urgent invitation

from a hungry trout to come in out of the wet. Here was the mystery solved at once. But it was one thing to know what the trout were feeding on: another to find the proper fly in our books.

At length, after much searching, I brought to light a cast which had seen service in the north of Scotland; on it was a solitary yellow fly which was soon transferred to my line. The first throw showed that fly to be what the trout desired, they came to it with a dash which I have never seen equalled, and soon my basket began to weigh heavily on my shoulder.

So far the fish caught were of medium size only. Suddenly when the fly had sunk a few inches below the surface there came a tug which seemed to promise something better than usual. A strike was followed by a rapid rush out into the pond, followed by a succession of sharp jerks which threatened destruction to my slender tackle.

The trout preferred to fight low in the water and never once showed himself. But at last the steady never-slackening pressure of the rod began to have its effect: slowly and reluctantly with many backward darts he approached the bank. The sight of a broad tail showed the trout to be a good one; one gallant rush more and his strength was spent; over on his side he rolled and lay with gasping gills and slowly waving fins, and allowed himself to be drawn out on the gently sloping bank, where a sharp blow on the head relieved his misery. When weighed some hours afterward he tipped the scales at 1 lb. 15 oz. Curiously enough the next cast secured another trout of 1 lb. 9 oz. And so the day wore on, till lengthening shadows and a sinking sun gave warning that the day was far spent and evening close at hand. Somewhat reluctantly we unjointed the rods and turned our backs upon the fast rising trout, resolving that not many days should pass before our flies should again light gently on the bosom of Big Pond and lure from his watery home the dashing sea-trout.

I suppose that those who read this article will desire to know the number of our catch: mine numbered sixty-three; my

friend must speak for himself—it may not be safe for me to reveal his doings.

Such in short is a day which anyone who really loves nature and fishing may enjoy on our Island. Should the trout refuse to bite, he has still many other pleasures to engage his attention. Where in the world can he find such colouring, such vivid reds, such tender greens and blues as we see here in nature. Where is it possible to breathe a balmier air, or enjoy sweeter scents and sounds than within the sea-girt shores of this, the garden of the Dominion.

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## A Story of Newfoundland—Continued.

BY BENJAMIN DAVIES.

**I**N the July issue, Burin is spelled Burene wrongfully; read Burin instead; I have no doubt but that Burin is proper, because in the olden times it was famous for bears, and that it derived its name from that animal.

The commission was detained a length of time because of the difficulty of obtaining evidence. We used to pass our time during the long evenings in telling stories of a historical nature and sometimes at a game of whist. Our host said one evening: "I will tomorrow night tell you of a story of the battle between the 'Chesapeake' and 'Shannon,' showing that we colonists are entitled to some credit in the glory of that action."

### MR. BENNING'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

I was well acquainted with the brave captain of the "Shannon." He used to call in this port occasionally and always spent his evenings with me when on shore. One evening on his last visit to this port, he was sitting in the chair you are now in, sipping a glass of brandy and water. He said: "Benning, I am determined to wipe away the stain our arms have suffered

from the American navy. You know that in every action that has taken place we have been fairly beaten. Some people say it was because the American ships had heavier ordnance and better gunners. My opinion is, that as all the actions took place at a distance, the heavy ordnance of the Americans gave them the advantage.

"Now, I tell you I am determined to engage the American frigate 'Chesapeake,' one of the finest ships in their navy—one superior to my own, and that the action shall be at close quarters and decided by the sword. I want your help to enable me to do so," he continued, saying, "Benning, I have noticed in my different calls to this port, its fine robust population; and I wish to know if you think we could prevail on the young fellows—sons of the sea as they are—to join my ship." He added: "Before leaving England we had some difficulty in making up our crew; many of them are the sweepings of the gutters of Plymouth, and Falmouth, and unable to perform the work I am undertaking." I said "certainly, my dear sir, I shall do all I can, and I think we shall succeed." So I called a public meeting, made known to the men the captain's desire; and he spoke to them himself of its danger and its glory. The result was that forty-two of the finest of our young men became part of the crew of the famous ship "Shannon."

In a few days after this he sailed away. I never saw the gallant Captain Brooke again, and we wondered what had become of him and our forty-two brave fellows who had joined his ship. Reports came to us of the action that had taken place, but nothing certain, nothing to be relied on until some part of the crew returned home, then I had a full account of all that had taken place from the time our fellows joined the "Shannon," to the time of their return.

Captain Brooke drilled these fellows himself every morning in the broad sword exercise. The Newfoundlanders became strongly attached to the captain. He told of the dangerous encounter they were about entering upon and asked them if they were willing to join, when our fellows answered, "lead us on, sir, and you will see."

So the sailors said, "We sailed into Boston Bay, when our

captain sent his boat with his officer to the captain of the "Chesapeake," challenging him to come out and have a fair fight."

*(To be Continued)*

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## Our New York Letter.

New York, July, 1899.

These are the days—and nights—which make the P. E. Island boys—and girls also I expect—who are located in this vicinity, long for "Home, Home Sweet Home."

Prince Edward Island has been alluded to as "God's own Country" by many an Islander who has tried to convince himself that he was better off in the United States than he could be at home. Just now with the mercury playing tag with the hundred mark, a recollection of former cool nights, delicious breezes, etc., forces one to acknowledge the expression most applicable.

New York City, on the other hand, might almost be referred to, in the summer season at least, as being among the properties owned by his majesty Mr. Satan, were it not already proven that Tammany Hall had a clear title to it.

Either extreme in the weather line, means untold suffering among the poorer classes here. In the winter, the thousands of sufferers are huddled together in hallways, cellars, and around half-heated stoves, where they are out of sight to some extent; but during the summer months it is impossible to forget them or overlook their sad condition. They are pillowed up on fire escapes, stretched out on the roofs and gasping around the hot pavement in their efforts to secure a breath of fresh air. There are scores of public charities for their relief. The New York World controls a free doctor's fund which helps thousands of the little tots. The New York Herald dispenses charity in the form of hundreds of tons of ice, and the Journal and other papers send thousands of them to the seaside and country. But it still leaves so very many uncared for that the parks, bridges, and sidewalks are full from morning till evening, and also at every hour of the night.

But they seem to live through it, and take their troubles most good naturedly.

The poorer people buy their coal by the pail and pay at the rate of about \$15 per ton. They pay 15cts. for a measure of potatoes which would hardly fill a derby hat, and their rent bill for one dirty room would pay for a nice cottage in P. E. Island. Still they exist and make ends meet in some way or other.

One thing I have always admired about the Americans here, is their patriotism. The Republicans try to be aristocrats, and are loath to associate with the lowly-bred Democratic mob. The Democrats swear all sorts of vengeance upon the monopolistic soul-grabbing Capitalists etc. But the moment that a national issue arises and appeals to their patriotism, there is no party.

In the recent Cuban war, when a certain New York regiment undoubtedly exhibited lack of discipline, the New York World so far forgot itself as to call a spade a spade and accuse the officers of cowardice.

No one attempted to show how this condition of affairs did exist and was caused by political favoritism in promoting inefficient officers, etc., or how political jobbery was responsible for the black-smoke powder and short-range rifles which the volunteers were compelled to use. No! every one regardless of party, condemned the "World" for making such news public, and it took weeks of "explaining," and many a thousand dollar subscription to volunteer funds by the "World" management, before the matter was finally overlooked by the American people.

American enterprise forces large undertakings ahead despite changes in the Government.

Personal capital may have something to do with it, but if it were possible for Canadians to forget politics at times, and join hands as Canadians, first, last, and all the time, would it not bring such dreams as the "Tunnel" and other public necessities nearer to realities?

If such a thing were possible, it should be agitated; but it would in all probability end as in the case of the good Presbyterian deacon in Summerside some years ago, who allowed himself to be convinced that it was proper to permit an organ to be used in the church. Whenever the organ pealed forth its liquid melody, the deacon always remained seated, with his fingers suspiciously near his ears. I am afraid it would be a very hard matter for a graduate of the old school in Gritism or Toryism, to resist an opportunity to "turn down" an opponent. He would be strongly tempted to ask for a short vacation from all patriotic principles, for just long enough to square some old political grudge—even if the tunnel had to wait a few centuries longer.

I am patiently watching the Boston and New York publications for advertisements of Prince Edward Island summer resorts. I should like, if space permitted, to tell some of my experiences in endeavoring to select a pleasant place for a vacation up here. The advertised "lakes," dwindled into mill-ponds upon investigation, the "fishing and shooting" were altogether in the minds of the property owners, and the "pleasant rooms at reasonable rates" consisted in a 4x5 box at about \$3 per day.

Don't forget to advertise and let people know where "God's own country" is located.—H. A. R.

\* \*

#### **A Query.**

Dear Editor:—"Where could one get the names of the regulars who were stationed at Charlottetown and who helped build the wharves etc.

Would not a page on this subject be interesting? As you devote considerable space to such topics I hope you will write it up.

I think your Magazine fills a long felt want. Success to you."

—Can any of the readers of the Prince Edward Island Magazine supply the information? We would be very much pleased to have an article on the subject.

\* \*

#### **Back Numbers Sold Out.**

Both the March and April issues of the Prince Edward Island Magazine have been sold out. Copies of the May and June numbers are still available.

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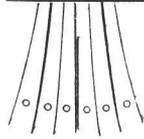
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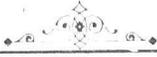
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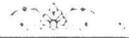
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