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# THE Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

VOL. II

OCTOBER, 1900

NO. 8



SCENE ON THE WEST RIVER, P. E. I.

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# The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is published about the first of each month of date of issue.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS**—The subscription price is fifty cents a year, for which it will be sent post paid to any address in Canada or the United States. Remittances may be sent in stamps or by postal note or money order.

**ADVERTISING**—The rates for advertising are: Three dollars for a whole page; half page and quarter page in proportion.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is printed at The Examiner Job Printing Rooms, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

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The Prince Edward Island Magazine,

P. O. Box 698,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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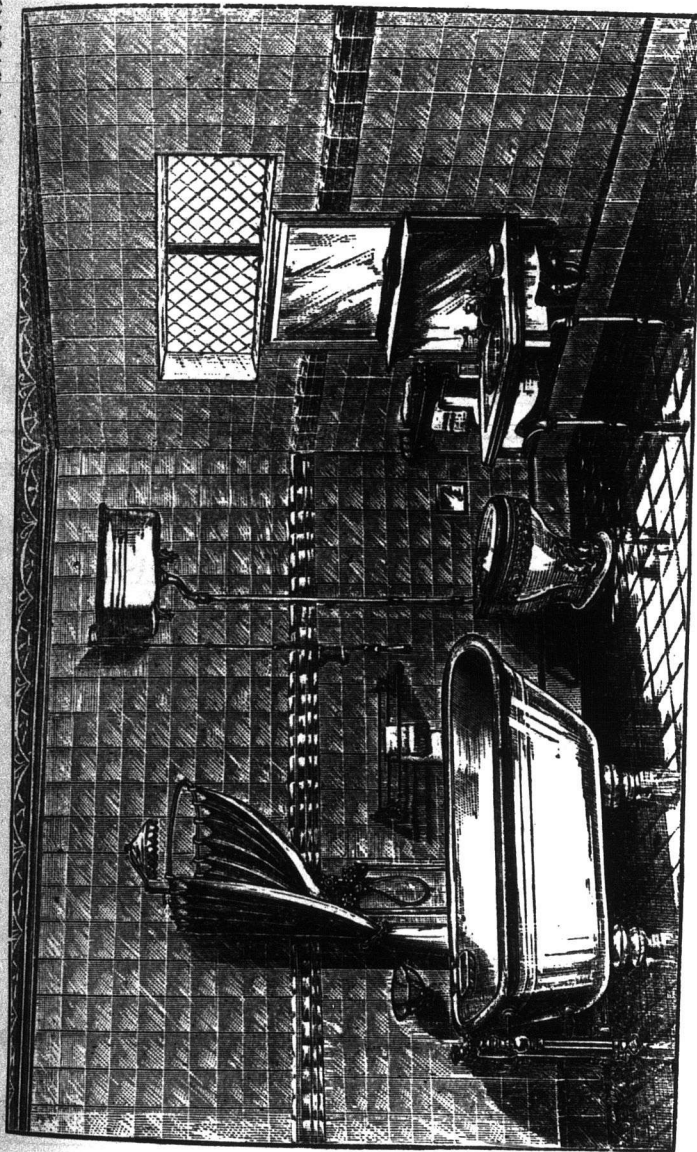
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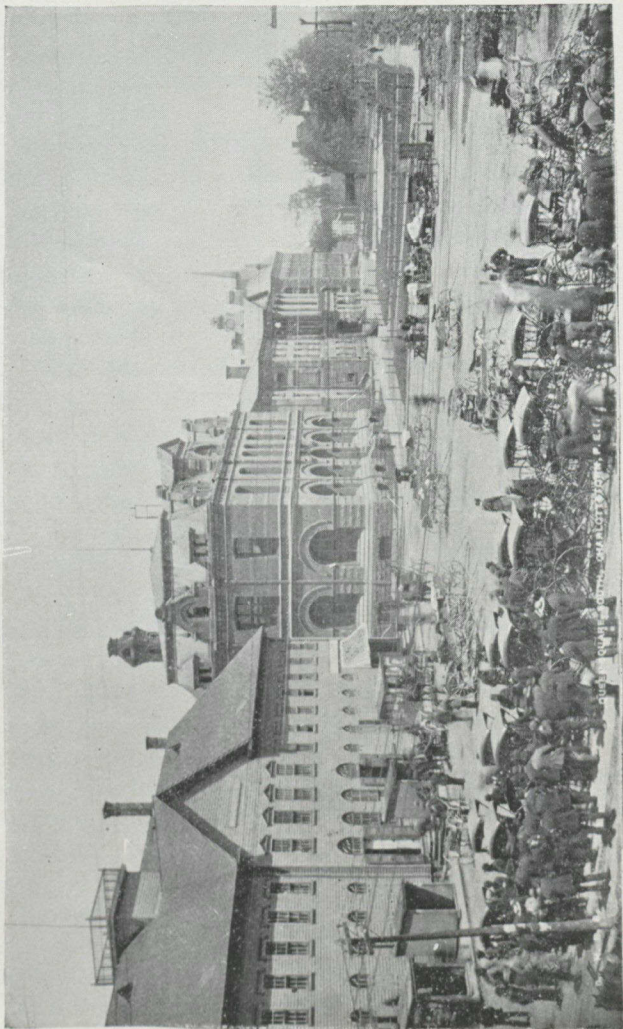
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- THE -

# Prince Edward Island Magazine

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Vol. II

OCTOBER, 1900

No. 8

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## A Journey from Port La Joie to St. Peters in 1751.

(CONTINUED.)

BY JOHN CAVEN.

LEAVING the house of Madame Gentil, the road bent away from the river in a north easterly direction, leading through an extensive stretch of blackened and charred timber, relicts of the great fire which consumed the forest from the sources of the north east river to St. Peters. Plodding along under a burning sun, Franquet and his companions picked the blue berries, which grew in great plenty along the route, and found them in the heat of the day a welcome refreshment. The road leaving this burned track approached the southern waters of Savage Harbor, and crossing the estuary of a small stream, which at high tide was covered with two feet of water, it entered thick woods, from which it issued to plunge through another creek, which was always filled with water, and having a soft mud bottom was most difficult to cross. At this point the gray sand dunes began to appear on either hand, then came a succession of ponds along which the road skirted. In heavy floods these ponds overflowed, covering the roadway and causing, not indeed danger, for the bottom was hard, but much inconvenience to the pedestrian. Leaving the ponds, the travellers soon arrived at the enclosed lands of the settlers, through which they passed till they reached the entrance to St. Peter's harbour.



Franquet observes that the settlement was entirely composed of old residents. The stream of Acadian emigration had only touched the remote boundaries along the right bank of the north east river. The houses of the fishermen clustered along the breast of the slope at the foot of which stood stores and warehouses, and on its rounded summit rose the large and strongly built church dedicated to St. Peter. Owing to the extensive land grants the houses of the farmers stood far apart. Nothing, in Franquet's eyes, had ever surpassed the beauty and abundance of the harvest. He traversed field after field forming, as was his wont, comparisons in his own mind, between the crops he had seen in the most favoured provinces of France, and the crops he saw there waving under his eyes from soil only recently reclaimed from the wilderness. A grist mill was greatly needed in the settlement and he urged the Government to erect one in a locality as central as possible for the farmers.

From the dunes which thickly studded the sea-shore on the east and west side of the harbour, there grew a species of wild grass which made good fodder for cattle. No settler's deed of concession contained any mention of these sand hillocks, and the commandant, no matter how carefully he exercised the rights of the Government in granting to settlers permission to cut the grass, never failed to be accused of partiality. Hence, angry altercations and feuds disturbed the peace of the community. To put an end to these unseemly quarrels, Franquet suggested that the grass should be cut by common labour, and the hay distributed among the workers in proportion to the number of cattle possessed by each.

For the defence of the settlement Franquet designed a piquet fort of four bastions, and recommended it to be built on the crown of the same eminence on which the church stood. By placing it on the shore, it might, he argued, better defend the entrance to the harbour, but an enemy making a descent might effect a landing at some distant point of the coast, occupy the eminence and thence completely command the fortress. On the other hand the guns of the fort from the crest of the eminence, would protect a wide range of country, and yield shelter to the inhabitants and their property. Even in the event of an enemy



effecting a landing the fort would be a rallying point, from which the defenders could be driven only by cannon, and after all the formalities of a regular siege.

All now being finished there was nothing to detain Franquet longer at St. Peters, he therefore set out at once on his return journey. Plodding among sandy dunes and over rugged ground, wading through swollen streams, and miry creeks, when he arrived at the dwelling of the widow on the north east river, the road appeared to him a great deal worse than when he travelled it only a few days previous. Personal experience of the grievances that afflict a people is sometimes a strong incentive to officials to devise a remedy. Franquet, during the time he rested at Madame Gentil's set himself the task of planning some other route by which travellers could reach St. Peters with less discomfort than he had endured. He traced the course of the stream which fell into the river near the dwelling of Madame Gentil, and in less than a mile came upon a spring from which by many outlets a copious volume of the clearest water boiled up and gathering together formed a brook which stole away in limpid purity between grassy banks to meet the great river below. Hemmed in by ancient trees it was such a spot as a pagan poet would have made the haunt of Naiads or the buskined followers of Diana. The French called it "La Grande Source." Franquet, after examining the country through which the alignment would run came to the conclusion that with very little labour a good road could be constructed in an almost straight line from the Grande Source to the height on which the church stood near St. Peters' Harbour. He was also assured by residents that the tide made its way up the channel formed by the waters from the Grande Source in sufficient volume to carry shallops at half tide well up toward the fountain head. Here, therefore, in Franquet's opinion was a site adapted in every way for the shipment of merchandize passing from St. Peters to Port Lajoie, and he sent his plans for all this to the Government, and supported them by vigorous argument.

Having finished his survey of this locality, enough of the sunshine of an August day still remained to show him as the



barge floated down the stream, the quiet farm-steadings surrounded with every appearance of comfort and plenty, and the rich fields of grain that adorned the banks on either hand. The night was spent at Sieur Gauthier's.

Early on the following morning nearly all the settlers from both sides of the river were collected to represent their views and hear Franquet's decision respecting the site of the proposed church. With regard to expenses and other details perfect unanimity prevailed in the meeting, the only point in dispute was on which side of the river the church should be built. Franquet, having heard the arguments of either party, called to the notice of the meeting the fact, that were the church to be built on the southern bank of the river, only the inhabitants who lived on that bank could be reckoned upon to attend it, whereas were it built on the northern side the settlers around Tracadie which was only two leagues distant, would come there to Mass oftener than they would go to St. Peters. Besides, said he, Sieur Bugeau has generously offered a free gift of land on which to build the church, his orchard he offers for the site of a Presbytery, and his garden for a cemetery. Franquet added yet another consideration which in our days may be regarded as trivial, but which possessed weight among a people of simple tastes, and easily satisfied with natural enjoyment. At the foot of the slope, on the summit of which was the proferred site of the church, a spring of water called Bel-air spring, and renowned all over the district for its purity and freshness, gushed from the yellow sand in cool abundance. There, continued Franquet, those who come from a distance can rest and refresh themselves after their long journey. The cogency of these reasons healed all differences, and it was agreed to build the church on the site offered by Sieur Bugeau, and to call the new parish that of St. Louis. It was further stipulated that for the accommodation of those residing on the opposite side of the river coming to church, a ferry boat should be provided and maintained at the expense of the parishioners on both sides of the river. Finally, Franquet promised to use his influence with the Government to obtain from France a bell for the new church.

Although more than a century has passed since this meet-



ing of settlers was held on the banks of the north east river, and many changes have taken place in the landscape, the site where stood the church of St. Louis is yet easily found. The train that carries the traveller from Charlottetown to Mount Stewart, after leaving Tracadie Station passes on the left at a place now known as Scotch Fort, a small piece of enclosed land completely covered with a thick undergrowth, from the midst of which a massive cross of white marble rises conspicuously to tell the uses for which the little plot was reserved. This was the garden which the generous *Sieur Bugeau* made over to his fellow settlers for a cemetery. It lies on the breast of a slope which falls gently back from the highway leading to St. Peters. Proceeding up this slope through the tangled graveyard and turning a little to the right, you will be shown by the present proprietor of the land a spot where his grandfather saw the deep foundations of a large building, the only memorial, now a tradition, left to aid the searcher in discovering the site of the church of St. Louis. The house of the clergyman stood in *Sieur Bugeau's* orchard among the apple trees. The last of these was cut down in 1887. Turning down the road which leads to Mr. McKenzie's house from the post road, and lower down crossing the railway track, you come upon the famous spring of Bel-air still boiling up and throwing its sweet waters forth into the sunlight, just as it did a century and a half ago when wearied groups of church-goers frequented its margin, and drank from its cool stream.

Eight months after *Franquet* had taken leave of his kind host, *Sieur Gauthier*, the Rev. Patrick La Gree, chaplain of the garrison at Port Lajoie received an urgent message to set out for Bel-air. *Gauthier* was approaching his last. The chaplain administered to the dying man the last sacraments, and on the second of April, 1752, *Joseph Nicholas Gauthier* was laid in the cemetery of St. Louis, if not the first, certainly one of its first occupants.

*Gauthier* was a native of Rochfort in France, and came to Port Royal in Acadia when a young man of twenty three. He lived there for forty years, until the despotism of Cornwallis drove him to seek on the Island of St. John a home beneath his country's flag. His allegiance cost him seventy thousand livres



in property, which he was forced to leave behind him. But he did not come alone, his influence induced between two and three hundred families to follow his example and settle on the Island. He was well known to Gallissoniere and Admiral Hocquart as a devoted patriot, and these officers agreed to present a memorial to the Minister asking that he be appointed harbour pilot at Port Lajoie.

When Franquet and his party returned to Port Lajoie, they learned that the frigate, "Gracieuse," from Bay Verte, commanded by Lieutenant de Taurin, was anchored a good league away from the harbour's mouth. The commander it seems was in the belief that any nearer approach would be attended with risk. Franquet, with ready tact seized the opportunity to enlighten the commanders of French war-ships on the navigation of the waters that led into Port Lajoie. To a young Lieutenant on board the "Gracieuse" he set the task of sounding and preparing a chart of the course into the harbour from where his ship lay at anchor up to what is now known as the three tides. The work was carried out with a zeal and intelligence that drew words of high commendation from Franquet.

( TO BE CONTINUED )

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## Two Dreams.—I.

THE night was far advanced, the clock down stairs had already struck two, and it seemed to me in its cheery little tick, tick, tick to be quite satisfied with the progress that it and the night were making. I was half dreaming and something made me wonder how it is that the same "Night Spirit" can harass the minds of men and women with the most horrible nightmares, and give to them the sweetest and most delightful visions of peaceful and unalloyed happiness. From this I seemed to sink into a more lethargic condition and things grew darker. Still the ticking of the clock broke the otherwise absolute silence. Gradually however, this grew fainter while at the same time the darkness was beginning to be less palpable. I fancied that I



could see little figures flitting about in the blackness and soon could distinguish the shapes and forms of some of them. Still however, paying little attention to their antics I was surprised when one approached me and thus spoke. "I am one of the dream spirits, I see that thou wouldst be a dreamer and am come to serve thee." It did not seem to be for me to express any thanks for, and much less, any protest against this offer, so I was passive and simply waited in an uninterested way for what would happen. Again inky blackness palled my view, the air seemed to get thick and heavy as one finds it when in a descending cage, he is nearing the bottom of a deep shaft reaching down to the vaults where lie the treasures which are to warm the houses and drive the engines of men above. The idea of a coal-mine shaft was further brought home to me as I seemed to be gradually going down, getting lower and lower, drawn by some unseen force. And now again my sight pierced the darkness. I could see a wall of some kind on either side of me and could tell how fast I was descending by watching the jagged rocks which jutted out from a very smooth surface, where multitudes of little streams were tracing out a net-work on the red stone. In front and behind, however, I could see nothing; there was no foreground or background to the view, but blackness. I was going down slowly at first but soon the descent seemed to become more rapid. And now I could distinguish strange, fantastical shapes floating about. I saw horrible, derisive faces, ugly bony limbs, and anon a fiendish laugh would ring out and seem to fall in descending echoes down and down until it lost itself in the depth. A terrible fear came over me and I could only shudder as a hobgoblin face was thrust close to me and a skeleton-like hand stretched out to shove me against the wet stone wall of this terrible abyss. Often one of these demons would perch upon my shoulders from above in a crouching posture and then, like an immense catapult, would fling me fathoms and fathoms at such a tremendous rate that the heavy air cushioned the fall until I was making approximately the same speed as before, only faster after each fresh impetus. Faster always then, farther and farther down I went never stopping, with, it seemed, every sensation closed up and



benumbed by the awful, hopeless terror. Down! Down! Down! And at last I could hear something sounding as if from a bottom. It was a sound in which moans, and groans, and hisses, cries or rather incoherent sounds, of pain, of anger, of cold, derisive cruelty, were mixed into one fearful noise. As I came nearer I could distinguish the sounds, nearer still and I saw a struggling mass of shapeless, crowding creatures like to every kind of reptile I had ever heard or read about. There boas, and sea dragons, and other monsters were contending in dubious strife, and as I got closer to them I saw smaller breeds, snakes, and eels, and over-grown worms all crawling and struggling as if for existence, large ones swallowing those of a smaller growth, all wallowing together in filthy confusion. And now fright seemed to awaken in me: I tried to shriek but could make no sound, for this putrid, reptile atmosphere was not the atmosphere which carries the sounds that men make. I clutched wildly in the air to save myself from the awful sea of slimy life but only lost my balance and went down face foremost into the midst of it, felt about my eyes, and nose, and ears, and throat the clammy touch of snake whelps and worms, the spawn of the creatures that have been especially accursed; felt tighter round my legs, and arms, and body and neck the rough spirals of a black, hundred armed, ink-blooded sea dragon, and then awoke breathing gutturally and hard, panting, as only they who dream horribly can pant, trembling in every limb long after I had come to the happy, relieving realization that it was only a dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





## An Explanation of a Mystery.

BY D. A. W.

FROM the days of my youth old documents, journals, records, and all such relics of the earlier times have ever had for me the greatest fascination. Whenever I hear of the discovery of anything in this line that might be of any special interest, I always make it a point to see the document, and if possible, to obtain possession of it. Failing this, I generally manage to obtain at least a copy. In this way I have accumulated in the lapse of years quite a collection of manuscript, much of it interesting for its antiquity only, while a few of the papers are still valuable as having a direct bearing on some important questions which agitate the minds of some literary men even unto this age. To this latter class of writings in my possession belongs a copy of an old document found among the papers of a relative of a great-grandfather of mine—now deceased, peace to his ashes!—who, though not then feeling disposed to part with so interesting an heirloom, kindly permitted me to take from it a copy, according to my custom in such cases.

The document to which I now refer as having to do with a question still discussed among current topics in a certain locality relates to the origin of that apparently mysterious "phenomenon" which about sixty years ago caused such a furore among the denizens of Hollow River, and which, at a later date, has furnished Mr. Senachie with a skeleton for his "Legend," published in the ISLAND MAGAZINE for July, 1900, and of which he asks if anyone can offer an explanation. In response, the "copy" to which I have referred is hereby respectfully submitted, not only for his enlightenment, but also for the perusal of whomsoever may think the matter worthy of their attention.

Before giving my transcription I would detain the reader to say that the original of it bore every evidence of age and authenticity, and with the assurance of my friend of its genuineness added to this, I trust there may not be any great disposition to doubt the truth of what was recorded in so venerable a journal.



The original paper appears to be the remnant of a very comprehensive diary, and reads as follows :—

A. D. 1749, M. Sept., D. Sat. 2.

Some seasons by, while strolling along the shore at sunset, I espied glinting upon the water, some distance out from the land, what appeared to me to be a large bottle, slowly moving shoreward. I turned about my steps in a direction to where I thought the floating glass would reach the sands, and there I seated myself upon a rock. After some short period of wait I was gratified to see it cast upon the beach but a few paces from the rock whereon I rested. In thinking this object a bottle I had judged aright, but it was not of such a size as it at first appeared to my vision. It was a vessel with a capacity of perhaps some half-dozen gills, but on picking it up, I found to my great surprise, that it contained nothing except a small piece of parchment closely folded, and sealed well with a seal. In the orifice of this bottle was placed a cork, and over this a seal was also placed, which I adjudged similar to the one placed upon the paper enclosed within.

The inscription upon this seal, then somewhat defaced by the action of the water, I was unable to understand, for the reason that it consisted, besides some blossoms, of words writ in a language the which I do not possess the power to translate. I considered this language (as subsequently proved correct) to be of the French, for the reason that the letters resemble much the characters of our own alphabet, and furthermore, the words had a form in some instances, I thought, similar to those of the Garter on the Great Seal of His Majesty King George, imprinted on certain parchments the which I have seen. As I considered this curious parcel to be of some value, should I be able to ascertain its contents, I placed it beneath my cloak, and carried it home with me, so that I might examine it at leisure.

With some little difficulty I succeeded in removing the stopper with the seal upon it, almost intact, the both of which I placed carefully away. With trembling hands I then drew forth the packet, on the which the seal proved to be, as I had conjectured, similar to the first. It was a note written, to my great astonishment, not even in the French, but in a number of consecutive unbroken lines, the which, at first sight, reminded me of the characters in an ancient book of the Greek, owned by my friend the schoolmaster.

On closer examination the letters proved to be of our own, but it was impossible to know their meaning, for the reason that



they spelled no word. That my description may be better understood. I copy the note below herewith:—

e q E m e g u k O O o k A I k E		m u g O q E
i U k e u s k A y q E m E o A Y 10, 1738		k E A i M E y E u s m A U e q A i E
2=1.            1=3.            A=A.		I. u s i o
o q I u O m E q f U A q c E c e q e y O		g m o k A m w m m O y m I m s E m c y q
E e m u g I o s O O m A k k i U m u A m c s q E A u U q E J I c c e m k I m		
e i u E E I i g s u O m E g u m c q g c A m c E k E n E m Y e w w o u o A k k		
u s q g A o — k I m E g A k c k E m i s g m . y E u s e q O o u O u s g E m e — o		
I s u o I c c k k E u E e O m c . i e q O y u g A Y .		

Over this mysterious message, or whatsoever it may be termed I pondered and studied long. Every moment of my spare time I devoted to it, arranging in various forms the jumbled letters, with the hope that I might find a clue to their meaning,—but all in vain. When I had despaired of solving the puzzle alone by myself, I showed it to all persons whom I considered as likely capable of obtaining an idea of its contents. But all without success; none could understand any part of it but what I plainly saw myself, that is, what appears to be a date, the 10th day of a month, A. D., 1738. At length I began to suspect that I was being made the butt of some coxcomb's joke, and so judging I soon thought little of what had so lately absorbed my thoughts.

But yesterday I had a visit from an old friend whom I have not seen for many seasons. He is the captain of a ship, and has had many voyages to foreign parts.

Naturally our converse turned to things related to the sea, and the many curious incidents of a life upon the water. Suddenly I was reminded of my own curious find, and, as might be expected, I related the story of the long-forgotten bottle with its mysterious note. As a consequence I heard from my friend a story, romantic, it is true, but the which, notwithstanding, has increased greatly my interest and rendered me still more desirous of reading the secret message.

While on a voyage to the New-found-land and the islands of France in that quarter also, my friend the captain chanced to meet with, in the harbour of St. Pierre, a mariner who was about to cross the Ocean. This man, on learning that his new acquaintance came from the "Isle St. Jean," related him a wondrous story.

Born in the seaport town of Havre, he had at an early age taken to the sea. He had in early life he said, been possessed of an uncommon longing for adventure, and he was afforded abundant opportunity of indulging his desire in those turbulent times. After a short service in the navy, he deserted and went in search



of more exciting work. A position which promised to satisfy him he soon found on a privateer, "The Eagle," then about to sail for America.

This craft was under the command of a lawless being who acknowledged no overlord either here or in the Hereafter. Indeed it appears that of the latter he never thought.

The real nature of his duties the young adventurer was not permitted to know until they had reached to a distance some days out from the land. Then was he startled to learn that the occupation of this vessel was to be of the nature indicated by his name,—preying upon others. He had, all unwitting, joined a band of pirates. He was placed in charge of the guns, of the which they had four on board. (To follow them through their various exploits after crossing the Ocean, would require more time than I can now spare.) Hovering about the Gulf not far out of the way of the vessels trading between the colonies and the mother countries, they obtained by force not only everything they needed, but their ruthless chief, by many a heartless deed, added continually to his store of booty. Soon they became the terror of all mariners trading in those waters. By their deeds many a stout ship was sent a helpless derelict over the waste of waters, and many a harmless sailor was given a watery grave. About a year passed over, and the young pirate began to have longings for some position more pleasing to his tastes. He wished to be put on shore, but of this the captain would not hear, for the double reason that his naval training served him well in the handling of the cannon, and moreover that he feared report of their proceeding might by this means be spread abroad, and the names of all be known. But Providence came to the rescue. Early in the summer of the year 1738, the buccaneers fell in with a brig bound for the British colony of Massachusetts. The ship escaped without serious injury being inflicted upon her by the armed "Eagle," but they were obliged to leave behind as a prisoner in the hands of the pirates one who had proved to be over-zealous in the defence of his ship.

Once taken on board, this unfortunate was courteously relieved of everything in his possession, and though constantly watched by his captors, was then allowed the liberty of the ship. Furthermore, as the youngest of the crew (the man from Havre) discovered to the prisoner more feeling than was pleasing to his master, he was, as a means of rebuke, to be held responsible for the safe-keeping of the object of his commiseration.

Among other articles found in the possession of their captive, was a fragment of a paper published in the city of London. Although in the English, its contents was readily known to the



captain, for the reason that he was learned in both the languages. This qualification was possessed by the English captive also, although he very wisely took care not to disclose any knowledge whatever of the French. One thing in this paper that greatly interested and soon alarmed the captain was a proclamation of the king offering a reward of several hundreds of pounds for the capture of the very vessel the which he now commanded. He learned from the captive, with whom he conversed freely in the English, that the proclamation had only recently been issued, but that even then, several armed craft were on their way to the Western waters, all confident of obtaining the promised prize.

To flee with their treasure would be useless; defence with four small guns was impossible. A consultation was therefore held, and the course of action deemed most expedient was soon decided upon.

The captive, though always closely watched, was not prevented from being within ear-shot of the others as they formed their plans; the captain, as appeared strange, never seeming to suspect that he might understand what converse was being made.

What the crew had decided to do might easily be guessed. Their intention was to hide the guns and treasure on the land in some secluded spot, where they might return when all search for them had ceased. Once rid of their guns, and having on board no thing that was not necessary for all mariners commonly, they could never be suspected of being the breakers of the law.

The Eagle, having proceeded rapidly to the north after parting with her antagonist, was now not far from the town Louisburg; but as this land was adjudged unsuitable they resolved to pass through the strait of water some distance to the west, (the strait of Fronsac.) Once more in the Gulf, they were confident of finding a suitable hiding-place for their stores on the coast of the Isle of St. John.

Emerging from the strait they kept a course to the north, until they passed the east cape of this island on their left. Then they steered to the west, close along the northern shore until they arrived at a position neighboring to a settlement of the Acadians on the shores of a pond of goodly size. Here the captain, with one man, went upon the shore. Next evening they returned, bringing with them in the yawl a number of the implements used by the farmers in cultivating their land, and also in erecting the dykes upon the banks of the pond.

The captain then gave orders to proceed outward from the land. At nightfall they again steered to the west, approaching gradually to the shore until at a distance some few miles west of



the settlement they were as close to the land as it was possible to come, without having their ship upon the sands.

Here a small stream flowed into the sea, and along the banks was a luxuriant growth of bushes. Here they cast anchor, and the captain, with all his followers but one, went with their goods upon the shore. One was left, the young adventurer from Havre (who told my friend this story.) To his great chagrin he was entrusted to mind the ship, and guard from escape the Englishman. Anxiously did he follow with his eyes his comrades as they proceeded to the land, but they were soon lost to his vision in the gloom of the shore. Still did he gaze after them, paying little attention to his charge, who now wandered at will through all parts of the ship, and troubled his guard only to ask of him a flask of the wine with which his floating prison was well supplied.

But the plan of the men upon the land I had almost forgotten to record in this account of my friend's narrative. Even near Louisburg, before entering the strait, they had commenced their work. As it was their intention to bury in the earth their treasure, they very naturally thought necessary to have it, and the guns, enclosed in some manner so that they might not only be placed more easily in their hiding-place, but also more conveniently removed at the earliest opportunity. They therefore set to work to make boxes of wood in the which the guns would fit closely (one gun in each box.) This, as one familiar with the shape of a cannon-barrel knows, would give the boxes much the appearance of a coffin, wider towards the breech, and becoming smaller towards the muzzle end.

For the treasure no other packages was necessary than those which held the guns also, for the simple reason that, while the guns were round, the boxes enclosing them were necessarily of a square shape, so that a sufficient space would be vacant in the four boxes, both in and outside the guns, to hold all the treasure that they wished to place away. (This may readily be seen by taking a copper piece and placing about it a square, sufficiently to enclose it.) To dig pits and cover up the boxes would be simple work. But they intended to return at some future time, and take away what they were now placing here for safety. When everything was packed in the boxes, and the covers closed, they began to devise some means whereby the future work of unearthing might be most easily done. Soon they agreed upon a plan. Additional boxes to the number of four were soon constructed, of exactly the length and breadth of the smaller ones. They were about four feet in depth and without coverings. Their use was to be this. When the pits would be dug about six feet in depth; (that is exactly the added depths of a large



box and a small one) the small and valuable boxes were to be placed on the bottoms, and down over them the large and empty ones be lowered. Into the open boxes on the top the earth removed from the pits was to be returned, and the turfs then carefully placed in a position so as to conceal that they had ever been disturbed.

By this arrangement all that would be necessary in moving the treasure again would be to raise the upper box of earth instead of digging through the four feet of clay.

Now, after an absence of several hours, (hours of hard working for the one party, and of anxious waiting for the other) the men returned to the ship. Everything that might give the Eagle an appearance different to trading vessels was then either thrown overboard or concealed. Once more they set sail for the East,—but to follow further is of no interest.

The adventurer from the port of France was left, with the English sailor, at another seaport in his native land, and the Eagle continued on her course down the Mediterranean. Some years after he had visited the Isle of St. John, in hope of finding some trace of the treasure he had so well helped to obtain, but all his search was in vain. He had trusted to his memory to find the place, but was disappointed. He was then leaving St. Pierre to settle in the land of his birth.

Such was my friend the Captain's story. Incredible as it appears at first, it has set me a-thinking. May there not be some connection between it and my untranslated note? The year he says, was A. D. 1738: my note clearly shows the same number. The vessel was from France: the seal is of the French. The mariner remembered of giving the prisoner a flask of wine: may not this be the very vessel in the which the note was borne to my hands? The English prisoner had abundant opportunity of preparing and sealing such a message, the which he might afterwards have lost or intentionally cast into the water.

My earnest hope is that, by favor of Providence, I may yet be enabled to understand this message, and, if not, that my heirs may not lose any interest in its contents, but strive as earnestly as I have done to obtain its meaning. If successful they may be rewarded with becoming possessors of all this hoarded and hidden treasure of the buccaneers from the shores of France."

This record with its "romantic" tale leaves little to be explained. That the money was buried at Hollow River, "a small stream a few miles west from a pond," etc., is quite evident. Were the cryptogram deciphered it might "make assurance doubly sure," but this work the writer does not now intend to



undertake. He leaves it to some indulgent reader blessed with more skill and patience than it is his fortune to possess.

Whether or not the meaning of this "mysterious message" be ever ascertained, we have in the other record—if true—a very satisfactory explanation of what gave rise to the "Legend" of Hollow River.

And what makes the account more interesting is that we have it all as the result of the contents of a bottle.

### Ah, Why Does That Memory Stay.

Back from the past and its long buried years  
 Filled with their triumphs, their smiles, and their tears  
     Comes the memory of a day.  
 Of a fair summer morning while life was still young,  
 When I listened entranced by your silvery tongue,  
     Ah, why does that memory stay!

It comes to me ever mid pleasure or woe,  
 That dream of the past of the long, long ago,  
     Of that never forgotten day  
 When I lived as in heaven with you by my side,  
 With you who have long gone beyond the dark tide  
     Ah, why does that memory stay!

I cannot forget it, that gleam ever bright,  
 Cast over my heart by your eyes' magic light,  
     As we wandered together that day.  
 And now like the surges that ceaselessly roll,  
 Its memory rushes o'er senses and soul,  
     Ah! why does that memory stay!

Ah! sweetheart, I mourn when I thus think of you,  
 My loved one, my gentle, my tender, my true,  
     My faithful one now far away;  
 And the saddening thoughts that forever arise,  
 Fill my heart, flood my soul and o'erwhelm my eyes,  
     Ah! why does that memory stay!

M. W. M.



This illustration is from a very old photograph and depicts the western end of Charlottetown near Richmond St., where now is situated the residence of Sir L. H. Davies and the adjoining houses.

## Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago.

BY E. L. M.

IT is said that when people grow old their thoughts revert to the days of their childhood; and, as Charlottetown at the present time is different to what it was fifty-six years ago, our recollection of it may be interesting to some of the young people of to-day.

Charlottetown, as we first remember it in 1844, or about that time, was a garrisoned town—or we might call it so—for then we had a company of soldiers, with their captain, one or two lieutenants, an ensign, a doctor, a commissary, and an ordinance store keeper. The barracks were two long, low buildings, situated on the ground reaching south from the jail square, Sydney Street to Water Street, including Union Street westwardly to the water. All along that part now called the Esplanade and the lower corner of Water Street was The Battery, of nine guns. Earth works were thrown up six or eight feet high all around, on the bank, or water front, and any one passing along the shore could see the muzzles of the cannon pointing towards the harbour. The soldiers' quarters backed on and closed up the end of Dorchester, King and part of Water Streets. The ordnance and noncommissioned officers building



reached from Water Street northwardly toward Sydney St. The whole of the land was surrounded by a high, pointed picket fence. There was a large double gate opening on the jail square and a sentry marched backwards and forwards continually. Some of the houses in which the officers lived are still standing, Commissary Lamont and Captain —— resided in the houses now owned by Mrs. J. D. Mason on the west part of Richmond Street, and Doctor Poole lived at Frogmore, on the corner of Rochford and Euston Streets.

Charlottetown at that time, although the dwellings and places of business were very scattered, seemed of more importance than now. A number of retired naval and military officers, also English, Scotch and Irish families were settled here; some were comparatively wealthy, others had good positions under the English government, and there were also many descendants of the old Loyalists, who came to this Island from the United States many years before. The poor were more industrious than they are now, and it was an unusual thing to see a corner loafer or a tipsy idler on the street. Those who seemed to have little to do were the soldiers who always walked about in twos, dressed in their trim uniforms and looking as if their buckles and buttons had just been polished and their white belts and gloves newly pipeclayed.

Government House, at that time, was not exactly as it is now. The main building was, but there was no verandah then, and the portico was supported by four handsome round pillars, standing on stone supports and reaching above the second story. There was sufficient room for a horse and carriage to drive or stand underneath, as the carriage drive passed along close by the front door and underneath the portico. Any stranger coming in the harbour could see at once that it was a building of some importance. General Edmund Fanning, the second English Governor of this Island knowing the necessity there was for a proper residence for the Lieutenant Governor, granted one hundred acres of land to the Governor General for all time, on which a suitable residence should be erected. The present Government House was built on this land about 1830 or '31. Governor Ready, the then governor, planned it after one he had

lived in at Barbadoes, and helped to superintend the building (so we have been told.) When the house was completed, in 1834, furniture, and everything necessary to make it comfortable and fit for the residence of His Excellency, was sent from England at the expense of the British Government, fuel and light were provided, the Governor's salary paid, also that of his private secretary, the orderly and one or two servants of minor importance. The Aides de Camp were chosen from the Military, a position much thought of. A sentry marched backwards and forwards before the front door and another at the lodge gate. No one

dare enter the grounds without permission, or so it appeared to us children, for if by any chance we went as far as the Governor's Bridge we did not dare cross it for fear we should be bayoneted by that formidable-looking soldier.



BEALES' CORNER, NORTH SIDE QUEEN SQUARE

From a photo taken fifty years ago.

His Excellency, Sir Henry Vere Huntley, was the Lieutenant Governor from 1841 to 1847, appointed by

the English Government, or by the Queen, as it is generally stated. He, being the Queen's representative, kept up the state his position required. Every year on the Queen's birthday he held a levee at Government House. The Bishop, Chief Justice, Premier, the Military and Naval Officers, and some other officials, had the privilege of the entree, and stood with the Governor whilst he received all those who were presented to him. Generally a large number of gentlemen attended the levee and it was looked upon as the proper thing to do on the Queen's birthday. There was always a state dinner or ball at Government House in the evening.

The 24th of May was always proclaimed a holiday ; everyone



who had or could borrow a flag hoisted it, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired at the Battery at twelve o'clock, midday. If the weather was warm enough there were picnics and drives in the country and everyone was bent on enjoyment. The Queen's coronation day, June 28th, was another public holiday, with very much the same program.

Sir H. V. Huntley was a fine-looking old man, with ruddy complexion and white hair. One amusement he took great interest in was the Tandem Club, as it was called, and in winter he was often seen driving his pair of horses at the head of a procession of sleighs driven tandem by the officers and young men of the town. The bright trappings of the horses, the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, and the bright colouring of the ladies' costumes, along with the comfortable sleigh-ropes, made a pretty picture to be remembered. Some would say Sir Henry was eccentric, perhaps he was. One rather amusing incident is told of him. When he came to this Island he brought a very handsome laudau with him. When winter came, finding the coach-house too small for his carriage, he had the wheels taken off and the carriage, wheels and all, put into one of the recesses of the large hall at Government House, where it remained till the next spring.

The second Gulnare was built in the summer of 1845. She was a two top-sail schooner launched from a shipyard on the shore, between Prince and Great George Streets; her tonnage was 170 tons burthen. It was considered a grand sight to see a ship launched and crowds flocked to see and to be seen. Many ladies came out in their pretty summer toilets. All were interested in the Gulnare, or appeared to be, and each one stood watching for the moment she should begin to move, and particularly to see the bottle of wine broken upon her bow and to hear her name given. It was generally a lady's privilege to christen a ship.

The naval officers in Charlottetown at that time were Captain Bayfield, Commander Bedford, Lieutenant Orlebar, Mr. Forbes, master, and Dr. Kelley, who were all Royal Navy Officers. The sailing captain was named Mavor. In the autumn of '44 Captain Bedford returned to England with

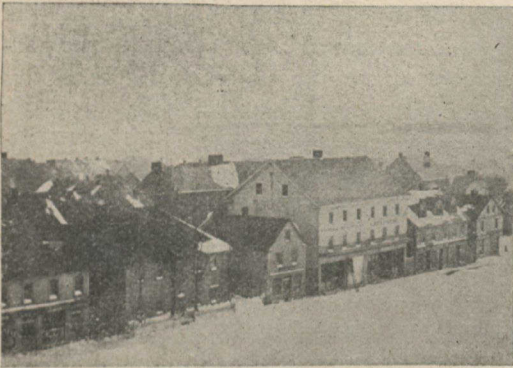
his family. Captain Orlebar took his place, and Lieutenant Hancock came to this Island. He and Dr. Kelley were unmarried, the older officers were married. Captain Bayfield took the house on the corner of Euston and Queen Streets, which had been occupied by the Countess of Westmoreland, and her daughter Lady Jane Georgiana Fane, both of whom had returned to England. The Countess, being a landed proprietress, had been living here to look after her estate. Captain Orlebar lived in the house on Kent Street, owned by the late Henry Palmer, Esq., near the present City Building. He afterwards moved to the house on Prince Street now occupied by Mr. John Higgins.

The opening of Parliament was a very grand function. The Lieutenant Governor, dressed in his military uniform, with his outriders, aides-de-camp and secretary, the officers from the garrison and the naval officers all in full uniform, preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, drove from Government House to the Parliament Building, where the soldiers from the barracks were drawn up in line. The booming of cannon announced His Excellency's arrival, and crowds lined the streets to see the show. The Provincial Building was rather unpretentious. Its arched windows and doors were the only indications of its importance. It was a wooden building about fifty-five feet long, and about thirty-five in width, situated on Queen Square at the north side of the present market house, and about thirty feet in from Queen and Grafton Streets. This building was divided into two rooms, the Council Chamber and Assembly Room, with a hall about eight feet in width between them, and an ante-room off each chamber. Over the hall were the galleries for each House, and as they were small, few people could be admitted to the opening. This building was afterwards used for post office, court house and police court. It was eventually moved to Euston street and made into tenements. The other buildings on Queen Square were the round market house, St. Paul's church and St. Paul's Sunday and week-day school. The fire engine house, as represented in the late Mrs. Bayfield's drawing, was not built then. In the May of '43 the corner stone of the present provincial building was laid, and by the next spring the stone work had risen only to the lower window ledges, the portico was not the



same as now, the heavy stone work and arches were not there, but there were four handsome round pillars on each side, front and back ; they were then only half way up, apparently they are the same pillars that are now on the balcony. The building was finished with only the portico, but changed some years after, which improved its appearance very much.

There had been a few brick houses built in Charlottetown previous to this time, but nothing so grand as a stone building had before been contemplated. The stone had to be brought from Nova Scotia and also the stone cutters and builder. Many watched it with pleasure, and at last when the stone work of the



SOUTH SIDE OF QUEEN SQUARE,

Known in days gone by as "Cheapside." From an old photograph.

Provincial Building was completed, the ground was levelled off by a gang of criminals who were brought every day from the jail, chained to the cart they hauled along. But the most dreadful part to us was a woman who was chained to the cart. She carried a broom. The men not only leveled off the ground, but broke up the useless stone and spread it all around the building. Criminals had in the same way to keep the streets in order, and it was a much harder lesson to them and greater example to others than their punishment is now.

Everyone who has seen views of Charlottetown in the olden time, has noticed the round market house. It was situated on the north side and close to the present post office. The roof of the building was carried on fully seven or eight feet beyond the main wall all around, and supported every ten feet or so by posts. Around the main wall and fastened to it by hinges were flaps about two feet broad, which could be raised and made into

tables, supported by iron or wooden supports. Sometimes when the tables inside the market house were all in use some of the country people were obliged to exhibit their goods, such as butter, eggs, homespun country socks, etc., on the outside tables. Hucksters always used them for their gingerbread dogs and hens, beer and candy, and as the roof formed a verandah, any one sitting by those tables was protected from the sun or rain. Every year, late in September, a fair was held on the square round about the market house; then it was that the people from the country made a greater effort. Many from far and near came to town, bringing their fat cattle, horses, pigs, etc. Every available space inside and outside of the building was taken up. As there were no posts or fences to tie the animals to, owners of stock had to tie them to carts. Everything was primitive in those days, but Fair-day was a gala day for the hucksters. Everyone who could provide a semblance of a tent, even four posts stuck in the ground and covered with patchwork quilts, old sails or something of like nature, brought there her beer, cakes, apples and plums, for the refreshment of the hungry people. Places of entertainment and "good stabling" were few and far between, and as Charlottetown has always been famed for its mud, Queen Square on Fair-day was ankle deep. The streets in spring and autumn were something like the square, there were no sidewalks then nor for many years after; all had to walk in the middle of the street, both in summer and winter. Ladies wore trained dresses on the street for it was the fashion, and considered graceful, but the mud was destructive and many handsome dresses were destroyed. If persons attempted to walk close by the houses or shops, they were liable at any moment to pop into an open cellar hatch or go through a broken one, and in winter the snow banks were not cleared away excepting from the doors, so you may be sure the walking was dangerous. Children were often run over and badly injured by horses and sleighs, and as country people with their loads very rarely used sleigh bells, a law had to be passed insisting that every one who drove a horse and sleigh through the town must have a bell attached to the horse or sleigh. In spring and autumn our streets were very much cut up and muddy, and often a lady was



seen standing on one foot trying to extricate her rubber shoe from the mud; a few years later—when the American rubber boot was worn it often shared the same fate. The only good promenade we had was the Queen's wharf and ladies were often seen taking a constitutional there in the early morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## The Ambitious Man.

BY JOHN MACLAREN.

(CONTINUED.)

THE ambitious man idolizes fame. To him its fumes are frankincense, forgetful that fame is smoke. He extols himself by his childish scintillations and puerile achievements. His fame, if he attains to it, is but a rush-light; it gleams for a while and then expires. His egotism and vanity are his chief stock-in-trade; and they soon render him distasteful to his fellows, for these vices detract from character as all ostentatious display diminishes the merit of even a worthy act. How much more so when one sees rashness which can lay no just pretension to merit? He is vain enough to cry himself up, and the silence of others towards such ambition, apart from every other consideration, should be his sole punishment. His vain-glory mars the beauty of an act and makes him contemptible. He is blindly urged on by undue haste to the pinnacle of ridicule. For when one is once blown up with idle conceits he is exposed to ignominious ridicule and led into the gravest mistakes, as he fails to avoid the arrogance of dogmatizing; hence he does not escape the recklessness which is most inconsistent with wisdom. So Cicero taught. He determines to be heard of beyond the circle of his acquaintances and the narrow limits of his own neighborhood. A further uprising of ambitious sentiment which, of course, he does not restrain, contributes to his temporary elevation by his surmounting obstacles and vanquishing difficulties; for 'tis true that he has many things against which to contend in his efforts to win fame; but he endures indefatigable exertions with the indifference of a Stoic, seeking to crown his brow with imperishable honors. He looks aloft at the overtowering eminence

and then views beneath his feet the almost invincible barriers ; but then he calls to remembrance that lofty mountains wear down by slow degrees ; that even the ocean in its vastness is filling up ; that Niagara has slowly eroded its limestone bed by pouring over it its thundering columns of water, and that ere long the great lake that now supplies its boiling chasm will be drained ; that vast portions of the Pacific are being gradually filled up by the labors of a little insect scarcely discernible by the naked eye. He has heard that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, notwithstanding the Roman Senate's decree devoting to the infernal gods whatever general should presume to pass the boundary which separates Italy from Cisalpine Gaul ; that Wolfe scaled the heights of Quebec against almost impossible difficulties ; that Napoleon climbed the Alps which lay between him and Italy—his much-coveted conquest. These recollections intensify his resolve to fix his gaze on the object beyond and to think nothing of the perils at his feet. He believes that where there's the will there's the way ; that nothing is impossible to him that wills. He thinks only of position and fame in the words spoken in fable of the clouds,—

“ How beautiful and bright their hue !  
I wish that I were up there too ;  
For, if they look so fine from here,  
What must they be when one is near ! ”

Then, forgetful, or rather neglectful, of what lies around and beneath him, he fixes his eye with steady gaze upon the dazzling eminence. Difficulties are to him like the lion which met Samson in the way to Timnath as he journeyed to seek a wife—at first they roar, gnash their teeth, and grin the while, but when subdued he fondly hopes to find in them a nest of honey ! He doubts the truth of the aphorism—“ Better to be the cat in the philanthropist's family than a mutton-pie at a king's banquet.” Evidently he would prefer being the cat in the king's family with the mutton-pie at the philanthropist's banquet !

The thought has dawned upon him that the field for performing great deeds is “ white unto the harvest.” He is the man for the hour ; he enlists in the race and hopes to write his name among the stars of heaven. Neither brilliancy of intellect,



sound or varied knowledge, wisdom to use knowledge even when possessed, nor invaluable experience has aught to do with his schemes and hopes. The over-weening desire of being thought progressive often shows him to be more solicitous of letting others see what knowledge he has than to learn what he needs. He fondly believes that he possesses qualities which mark him a being superior to his fellows. Official position, if he attains to it, does not secure to its possessor even an external and superficial courtesy towards his superiors, much less towards—shall we write it?—his inferiors (?)—unless his purposes may be thwarted by such supercilious behaviour. He fancies he has an aptitude for a particular pursuit, but he feels intuitively that his fitness must be supplemented by something else than intellectual ability in order to gain distinction. And distinction is his goal. Consequently modesty is no part of his make-up. Without experience, or at most with a very limited one, he assumes the role of a master-genius and tenders his advice very gratuitously, and very voluminously, to those of wider range of knowledge which has been gained by a more extended experience. Nothing will abash him, and he is as garrulous as a setting-goose. His ambition is not how much he can put into life, but how much he can take out of it—for himself.

( TO BE CONTINUED )

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## The Storm.

The drowsy air lies close along the earth,  
 It scarcely moves the feathery films that fall  
 From seeding grasses by the woodland brook.  
 Fear and expectation clasp their trembling arms  
 About the stately beech's pillar'd might,  
 For the storm is lurking there behind the hills  
 And only waits the coming on of night.

Grasp the rocks with all your anchor roots,  
 Ye stately trees that stand on yonder hill,  
 For ye will surely need the strength they hold  
 E'er morning's golden light comes back this way  
 To find your leafy banners torn in shreds,  
 And scattered on the meadow lands below.

Hark ! there's trampling in the boughs o'er head !  
 The storm is out ! The storm ! the storm ! the storm !

J. S. B.

## Bedeque and its People.—No. V.

BY L. U. FOWLER.

THROUGH the kindness of my friend, Mr. H. H. Hooper, of Detroit, I have been relieved of part of the—to me—pleasant task of chronicling the history of Bedeque. We will now take up the thread dropped at the close of chapter two, and resume the history of the Schurmans.

The children of Isaac—the second son—and Mary Baker, (reference was made to the marriage of this couple in one of Mr. Hooper's articles) were Mary, born 1803, married Isaac Darby; John B., born 1805, married first Annie Hooper, second Sarah Hyde (Charles S., the talented editor of the "St. Paul Daily Times," is a son of John B., and Sarah Hyde); William, born 1807, married Frances Wright; Isaac, born 1808, married Miriam Lowe, a half sister of Sir Charles Tupper.

The children of Isaac by his second wife, Jane Lefurgey were Jane, born 1813, married Thomas Wright; Annie, born 1815, married John Schurman; Elizabeth, born 1817, married Thomas Wright; Solomon, born 1819, married Maria Davidson; Ralph, born 1821, married Jerusha Schurman; Caleb, born 1823, married Frances Wright, a niece of his half brother William's wife; Helen, born 1825, married Samuel Bagnall; Joseph, born 1827, married Caroline Ellis; Peter, born 1829, married Phœbe Schurman. Of these Solomon, Joseph and Mrs. Bagnall are still living, the former being the oldest Schurman residing here.

The children of Jacob—the third son—and Penny McKendrick were Elizabeth, Sarah, Donald and two others who died in childhood.

Elizabeth married Francis Clark, of Darnley. Walter Simpson in his "Cavendish in olden times" mentions this marriage. Donald, who was born in 1814, is still living with his nephew at Kensington. It will be seen that he is five years older than his cousin Solomon, but as Donald was not born or



lived in Bedeque, it is quite correct to say that Solomon is the oldest Schurman living here.

Jacob lived at the northern end of the Lot 25 land. The settlement is now known as Norborough, and here the family above mentioned were born. He was a good man in his way but did not see eye to eye in religious matters with his wife who was a strict Presbyterian and a member of Rev. Dr. Kier's congregation. It is told that on one occasion Mrs. Schurman asked her husband for a shilling, as the next Sabbath was sacrament day. He told her that he would not give the shilling unless he found it. He was, at the time, making public roads, stumping the trees out, etc. One evening upon his return home from work he gave his wife the shilling telling her that he had found it in a hollow hemlock tree that he had taken out of the new road. Although there were those then living who did not believe this story, it has passed into the family history as a well attested fact and is firmly believed.

In addition to the land mentioned in my second article, Mr. Schurman, Sr., owned land in Lots 17 and 19. Part of the Lot 19 land was a grant to him as a U. S. Loyalist. Two hundred and thirty acres of the Lot 19 land was sold on December 18th, 1811, to Thomas Moyses, grandfather of the present Thomas Moyses of Central Bedeque. Mr. Gordon Huestis' farm at Wilmot is part of this land. Some of the Lot 17 land is still owned and occupied by his descendants, the Schurmans of North St. Eleanors. Mr. Schurman for a time was a member of the Island Assembly, and he told that he with other members helped Governor Patterson to build a barn, while attending a session of the House. This may not have been very dignified employment for M. P.'s, but was no doubt a wholesome outlet for the surplus energy, which possibly was a characteristic of our early politicians, as of those of more modern days.

At the time of his death Mr. Schurman was quite wealthy, and to his energy and enterprise many of the descendants owe the valuable homesteads they now occupy.

The tombstone that marks his resting place in the Presby-

terian cemetery at North Bedeque bears the following inscription :

In this place are interred the remains of  
WILLIAM SCHURMAN  
Undeviating in honesty and sincerity, faithful as a magistrate,  
affectionate as a husband and father, kind as a friend  
through life. He exchanged it for eternity on  
the 15th day of September, 1819.  
Aged 76 years.

We will here give a brief account of what became of the two negroes whom Mr. Schurman brought from the States with him—Bill and Sook—whose full names were Bellinger and Susanna. Some people have told me that these two were man and wife, this however is not correct. Bill was quite willing, in fact very anxious at one time to have Sook for a wife. And he with that diplomacy so characteristic of him secured the consent of all the friends. After a time he was asked when the wedding would take place. Bill gravely replied that "it would never take place." "Why," he was asked "is not Mr. Schurman willing?" "Yes, everyone is willing but Sook."

This saying has passed into a by-word used by the present generation. When certain—particularly love—affairs do not come out as hoped for, some one may smilingly ask you if you have secured the consent of "Sook."

Bill remained with the Schurman family until about the year 1800; he then visited the United States, returned, lived and died in Charlottetown.

Sook, after the death of Mr. Schurman, went to River John N. S., and lived with John Schurman's youngest son. She made a visit to the Island, and old residents told of the nice, silvery haired old lady who had a kind word and pleasant smile for everyone, praised all her friends, especially Mr. Schurman who had remembered her so generously in his will. She was a beautiful singer, and for years she led the singing in the Presbyterian church, North Bedeque. She died at River Phillip.

In the year 1798 when a census was taken the following people lived in Lots 25 and 26. As at that time only the southern



parts of the Township were settled, it is quite likely that all those mentioned lived at Bedeque.

Heads of family.	No. in family.	Heads of families.	No. in family.
William Schurman	12	Benjamin Cole	8
Peter Schurman	4	Richard Price	5
Samuel Chatterton	7	Moses Hines	5
John Baker	10	Alexander Anderson	4
Major Hooper	4	Archibald McCallum	6
Joseph Selliker	4	Angus McDonald	5
William Barret	4	Ronald McDonald	6
Thomas Hooper	4	Samuel Rix	4
Peter Mabee	10	William Wright	8
John Strickland	6	Jesse Strang	5
Nathaniel Wetherall	4	John Murray	8
Widow Robins	7	David Murray	9

### Life's Little Absurdities.

BY GEORGE MCKENZIE.

“**O**H dear! oh dear! what shall I do? I have broken the looking-glass and now I shall have seven years of bad luck,” exclaims Mrs. Jones as she gazes with tearful eyes upon the fragments of a mirror, which she has accidentally knocked down from its hangings, while busily dusting the wall, and which now lies smashed into a thousand pieces on the floor. Poor Mrs. Jones is indeed to be pitied. She must—according to her belief—undergo seven long years of adverse luck to atone for the seemingly insignificant offense of breaking a paltry looking-glass. She has the sincerest faith in the belief that she must suffer this punishment and she accordingly proceeds to make herself miserable. We are so constituted that if we allow our minds to dwell constantly on something which we believe will come to pass it is more than likely we will not be disappointed. Imagination is sometimes very deceptive when allowed to run unrestrained. So Mrs. Jones is constantly apprehending bad luck. Every little disappointment, every petty annoyance, which would otherwise have remained unnoticed, assume hideous proportions to Mrs. Jones, in the light in which she now views them. Every untimely shower, insect pest, bad harvest, sickness, or accident are now carefully noted and placed to the credit of the bad luck which must invariably follow the

one who is unfortunate enough to break a mirror. What folly. What a blot on the much-vaunted civilization of the present time that traces of the dark superstition which clouded the minds of people two or three centuries ago may yet be found, taking root and growing in the minds of men and women who should know better. Why should the breaking of a looking-glass bring bad luck (if there is such a thing) any more than the breaking of a window? Who is responsible for the law, "Any person who shall accidentally or otherwise break a looking-glass shall be liable to a penalty of not exceeding seven years of bad luck for each and every offence." Such laws have their origin in the blighting superstition of past ages, yet how many bow down to their edicts at the present time. How many there are like Mrs. Jones, whose lives are made miserable by the many superstitious whims and fancies which they have allowed to become part of themselves. Indeed it would be safe to say that there are very few people even at this enlightened time who are entirely free from all taint of superstition. Educated and uneducated alike, all are superstitious more or less. For example, look at that gentleman hurrying down the street. He is a business man and is now off on a business trip. He does not wish to miss the train. Suddenly he stops and begins to fumble furiously in his pockets. He has forgotten his spectacles. Has he time to return? He glances at his watch "yes, plenty of time to return but I dare not, I would have bad luck." So he goes on his journey, consoling himself with the thought that it is better to undergo a little discomfort than to endanger the success of his business undertaking by turning back. We have all noticed the busy housewife preparing for the reception of strangers because the "herald of the morn" has had the audacity to hop up on the door-step to crow. Who has not heard of the numberless charms for tooth-ache, rheumatic and several other stubborn diseases, which, though they may puzzle the doctor, are bound to succumb to the magical power of some dark incantation. Then we have the many signs of approaching death or disaster, the evil effects resulting from spilling the salt, or crossing the knives at the dining table, the superstitious horror with which the number thirteen is regarded, and a thousand



and one more absurd notions for which there is no logical foundation, but which are responsible for a large part of the misery now to be found in the world.

## The Dawning of Thought.

BY LOUISE LAIRD.

IT was tea-day at the Park and besides, to make the attraction even greater than usual, there was a tournament of mixed doubles.

The verandah of the club house was crowded with those who had played, lost, and were now consoling themselves for their defeat with tea and cake. A large number of visitors were out, and carriages completely blocked the road behind the house.

The day was in August. An ideal day, warm enough, with a delicious breeze from the harbour to keep people comfortable.

The finals were being played off on the south-eastern court, so someone suggested that we go over and watch them. We sat down under one of those large trees behind the guard to watch the game which was being hotly contested.

My attention was drawn by a child's voice near me, and turning I saw a wee maiden of about four or five years of age, who was sitting on the ground near the end of the bench. The shade of those large trees is a favourite play-ground for children, but this child had wandered off from the others and was sitting alone, quite unconscious that anyone was near, and busily engaged in plucking some large leaves from an off-shoot of the big tree. As she plucked each leaf the little one said "Zank 'oo." I wish I could describe the expression of her voice. It was said so sweetly, she seemed to be saying it to someone, and I thought she was having a game of "make believe."

After I had been watching her for quite a while (for she picked the leaves very slowly, selecting the largest, and arranging them carefully,) she suddenly stopped, while a look of surprise dawned on her face. Then she said reflectively "I'se saying 'Zank 'oo' to nobody!"

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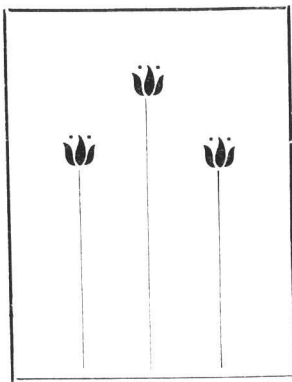
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