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THE
Prince Edward Island Magazine

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

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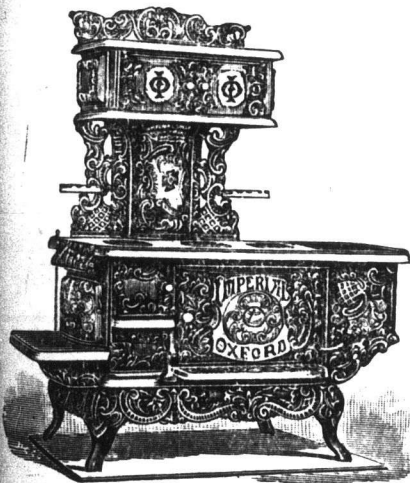
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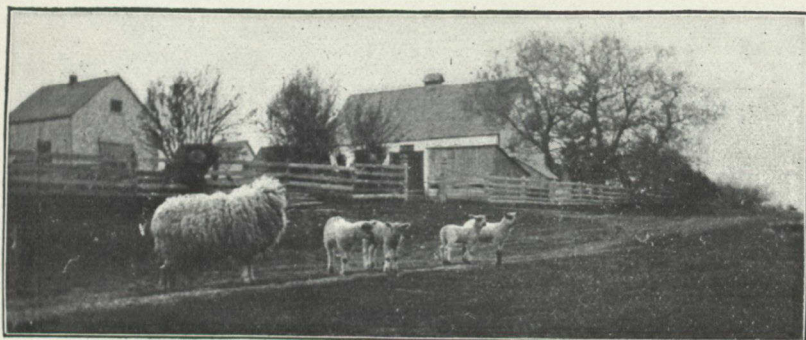


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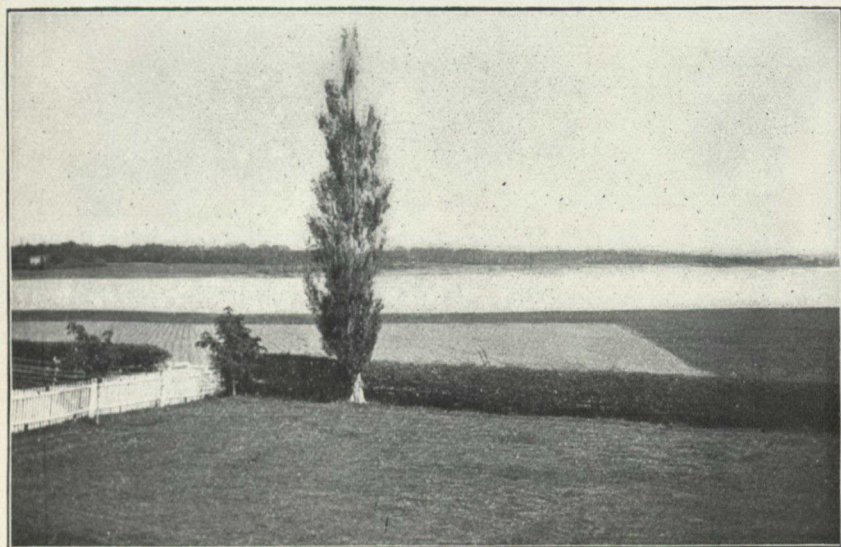


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ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD



PHOTOS BY W. S. LOUSON.

A "POPLAR" RESORT

THE
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
MAGAZINE

VOL. III

AUGUST, 1901

No. 6

Our School System—7th Paper.

THE words of Dr. Ryerson, with which I concluded, last month, the first part of this seventh article, were written over thirty years ago. They are as true now as they were then, except that there now appears to be a rumbling in the educational world, which means that the agriculturist is awakening, and is soon to insist upon his education being taken in hand. Let me quote further from Mr. James' excellent paper. He says :—

"The authorities of France are thoroughly awake to the situation, and are now carrying on the most thorough system of general agricultural instruction, in order to provide trained men to 'man the ship' in her perilous career."

Surely, if France, fertile France, with its thrifty agricultural peasantry, who do not waste as much as it takes to feed their families, as the Anglo-Saxon Canadian does, — France, right in the heart of the old world, with the world's markets at her doors, — sees the need of doing this, we in P. E. Island, with the one resource of agriculture to depend upon, ought to ponder this question carefully, and see to it that our schools give the rising generation of farmers that training in their profession, to which they are entitled, and which it is of vital importance to this Province that they receive.

Again :—

"We have associations of the owners and breeders of all the leading breeds of live stock. We have a fruit grower's association ; associations, also, of the poultry keepers, and of the bee keepers ; an association of experimenters ; two associations of the dairymen, and an entomological society. All these, through their many

meetings, and the hundreds of meetings of farmer's institutes, have quickened the minds of workers. Supplementing these meetings, reports and bulletins have been distributed, by the hundreds of thousands, in the past ten years. But the point that I wish to make here is, as I said before, that the persons principally benefitted by this work are the men and women of mature years. This is all very well, in its way. These men appreciate thoroughly what is being done. They recognize the importance and the necessity of this instruction; but is it not beginning at the wrong end? Why should the farming class of this country have to wait until they become men, before they learn that there is a science underlying their practice? If it is a good thing to educate a grown man, or a grown woman, in the principles of agricultural work, it is still more important, as far as practicable, to give the boy and girl some training in these principles, early in life, at the time when they will be of the most permanent benefit. I, therefore, have no hesitation in answering my first question by saying that agriculture, in some form, should be taught to the pupils of our schools."

Mr. James was speaking of Ontario, when he wrote this; but the sermon he preaches applies to P. E. Island, as well as to Ontario.

He goes on:—

"WHEN AND WHERE SHOULD IT BE TAUGHT?"

"Most persons, I think, are of the opinion that some instruction in agriculture should be given to pupils in rural schools, since they assume that these pupils are to be the future farmers. They are not, in general, of the opinion that the teaching should be given in town and city schools, because the pupils of such schools are likely to move out into professional pursuits, become school teachers, enter mercantile life, or follow some one of the many manufacturing lines. They are not quite sure that even all pupils in rural schools should be taught agriculture, as so many are yearly coming from the country to the town to re-inforce the struggling city classes with new blood and new physique. Right here, I would present a debatable proposition: If agriculture can be taught in our public schools, in a manner such as I will suggest in my next division, I am of the opinion that it should be on the course of study for town and city pupils, as well as on the course for rural pupils. Perhaps, in city and town schools, it might be made optional; but, in rural schools, it should be obligatory.

"If we can, by altering or re-arranging our system, keep more of the best rural pupils in touch with agriculture; and if we can, at the same time, arouse in some of the town and city pupils a sympathy for agricultural methods and agricultural life, we shall be looking to the best interests of the pupils, and of the country, as a whole. I am of the opinion that a course of agriculture can be given, in town and city schools, that will be interesting and beneficial, and that will be in harmony with the best educational methods or system. I would put a course in the science of agriculture within the reach of every pupil in all of our schools; and I would, therefore, begin the work in the public schools, rural and urban alike. It might be better to begin the work here, by making agriculture a compulsory subject in the fourth form of our public schools, and from this, as a starting point, work out, in time, a system of instruction adapted to our conditions, prefacing it, first, by a simpler course in the third form, and adding an advanced course to our high school work. I believe that agriculture can be taught just as well to the public school pupils as are some of the subjects at present on the course, and I believe that the pupils, themselves, will come to the subject with as much eagerness."

This looks very much like that rare article in educational and other affairs — common sense. Would it not be better for the majority of the pupils to devote their time to this science, which would be of future use, than to some of the subjects — such as Latin — over which they now waste so much time to no purpose? Certainly, this study would tend to develop their thinking — their mental power — more than the effort to acquire a useless and superficial smattering of a dead language can possibly do.

But let Mr. James go on: —

“What should pupils learn in a public school?”

“**** They should be stimulated to a love of order and neatness and pleasant surroundings. This should be acquired from the arrangement and condition of the school building and the school grounds.”

How nice it would be if this were made the rule in the “Garden of the Gulf!”

**** It is quite possible, that, in time, something may be done for our rural schools, as has been done in France, Germany, and other European countries, in the way of adding small gardens and plots, wherein some of the lessons of the school-room may be applied, and where illustrations may be found in the growing trees and shrubs, and the development of the seeds sown by the hands of the pupils themselves.

“The science of agriculture is eminently adapted for school instruction, and a student of natural science could not lay a better foundation for his future work than by first mastering the general principles of the various sciences, which, together, form what we call the science of agriculture.

“**** And so we might sum up, by saying that A STUDY OF THE SCIENCE OF AGRICULTURE IMPLIES A BEGINNING IN ALL THE NATURAL SCIENCES THAT ARE AFTERWARDS, FOUND IN OUR HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. The study of the science of agriculture is, to a large extent, a course in ‘natural study;’ and, since the illustrations are taken from plants, soils, insects and animals, with which all boys and girls are more or less familiar, the subject may be made to appeal to the every-day observation of the pupils.

**** What I am trying to lay before you, as my idea of how agriculture might, and should, be taught in our schools, has been more clearly and forcibly put by that MASTER-TEACHER, HUXLEY, who, in addressing a farmer’s club, in England, on the subject, spoke as follows:—

“There are some general principles which apply to all technical training. The first of these is, I think, that practice is to be learned only by practice. The farmer must be made by thorough farm work. I think I might be able to give you a fair account of a bean plant, and of the manner and condition of its growth; but if I were to try to grow a crop of beans, your club would probably laugh heartily at the result. Nevertheless, I believe that practical people would be all the better for the scientific knowledge which does not enable me to grow beans. It would keep you from attempting hopeless experiments, and would enable you to take

advantage of the innumerable hints which Dame Nature gives to the people who live in direct contact with things.'

"And this leads me to the general principle which, I think, applies to all technical training of all school boys and school girls: and that is, that they should be led from the observation of the commonest facts to general scientific truths. If I were called upon to frame a course of elementary instruction, preparatory to agriculture, I am not sure that I would attempt chemistry, or botany, or physiology, or geology, as such. It is a method fraught with the danger of spending too much time and attention on abstractions and theories; on words and notions, instead of things. The history of a bean, of a grain of wheat, of a turnip, of a sheep, of a pig, or of a cow, properly treated, would give all the elementary science which is needed for the comprehension of the processes of agriculture, in a form easily assimilated by the youthful mind, which loathes anything in the shape of long words and abstract notions, — and small blame to it.

"Every rain that falls; every tiny stream by the roadside; the shooting of the green blade, in the spring; the nodding butter-cups; the golden-rod; the ball bull thistle; the early-dropping apple, with its worm-hole; the ball of black-knot upon the cherry; the jumping grasshopper; and the hundreds of Nature's children, should attract the attention of children, out of doors, and arouse in them a love that is not born of ignorance, but of true knowledge. Nature, in the country, in the village, in the town, and even in the city, lies before our children as a great, unnoticed, unmeaning book. Our children, by their natural sympathy with Nature, and by great God-given faculties, appeal, through us, to the great Creator of Nature. 'Open, Thou, mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law.'

"Instruction in agriculture, in our schools, may be very limited; but if nothing more be done than to start our rural pupils thinking; to give them an impetus, or a turn in the right direction; to develop in them a taste for agricultural study and investigation; to arouse in them a desire to know more, and to read more, about agricultural affairs; and, especially, to increase in them a respect for their work, and a pride in their calling; then, the most important end of their education will have been attained.

"What benefits may we expect to result from this work?

"(1.) Our pupils will be learning in school, in simple principles, of their work at home; their school work and home work going hand in hand — the science of school, with the practice of home — they will make more rapid progress in both; their educational development will be more certain.

"(2.) Their pleasure in home work will be quickened; the dreariness of dull, farm labor will disappear; farm work will assume a new aspect."

I have made these very lengthy and numerous quotations from Mr. James' paper, because, when I read it, I was impressed with its excellence, and I think it cannot be too widely read. He is an authority, and a good one, on this most important subject.

Professor Robertson is a man well known, not only in Canada, but in America, and in Europe, as well. His services to Canada, and to this particular province of Canada, cannot well be over-estimated. When he speaks, he speaks

with an authority that few will dispute. I find in an address of his, reported in the *Montreal Weekly Witness*, of 2nd April, last, the following:—

“He (Professor Robertson) suggested, for the rural school, practical lessons in preparing the plot, sowing the seed, learning what the seed is.”

Surely, with the weight of these men's authority in favor of such teaching, and of its practicability, it cannot be contended that agriculture cannot be taught, both as an art and as a science, in our schools. It cannot be so taught, under present conditions. It can be taught in the amalgamated schools.

This most important subject cannot be so taught, under present conditions; but it could readily be taught in the suggested large, consolidated schools; and, with an acre or more of ground, the “art” might be brought in to illustrate the science. It would require very little time, and very little ground. For instance, let the children take a handful of beans and plant them. Then, let the youngsters dig up and examine one each day, to see how they are progressing, how the seed is changing; and, when the remainder appear over ground, watch their daily growth.

The fact is that Nature, since Adam's time, has always been trying her utmost to teach her lessons in this way; in fact, has been trying to force the children to so learn, and their parents, or others in authority, to so teach; but we of the 19th and 20th centuries, as of all other centuries, refuse to allow her to have her way. Why is it, that if a child puts a few seeds or plants in the ground, it wants, almost at once, to dig them up, to see how they are growing, or what is happening to them? This desire is usually attributed to the child's natural propensity for mischief, or destructiveness. It is nothing of the kind. It is an instinct, implanted by the Creator, in the child's disposition, to make it learn the “why,” the “wherefore,” the “how.”

It may (and often does) readily develop into mere mischief, or wanton destructiveness, and, so, needs guidance; but the intention with which that instinct was implanted in the child was not destructive. It was to make the child learn, and to develop its reason. A child's endless questioning, on all kinds of subjects, is due to the same cause, and is the result from a wise provision of Nature. The All-Wise knew what He was about, when He implanted that instinct into the infant mind. We, *wiser mortals*, do not, in practice, admit that fact; but it is true, all the same. We are somewhat in the position of a Sunday-School teacher, (a very excellent man, though not learned in the Bible), I once knew, who was teaching his class, when one of his pupils remarked that what the teacher said was contrary to what St. Paul laid down. The teacher's explanation was that that was true, but this was a point on which he differed from Paul. We seem to differ from a greater than Paul, in this matter of the children.

I saw, in a newspaper, a few weeks ago, that, in the Toronto Normal School, where they have planted all the trees they have space for, they have now gone in for flower-beds, as a means of studying plant life. School Gardens, or Garden Schools, intended for instruction in agriculture, and in kindred subjects, are not new things. In Europe, there are, I believe, many of them. We must bear in mind that this Island can never hope to become a manufacturing province, except in the line of agricultural products; therefore, our technical training should be especially in that line, and, if so, it must do good.

Why is it that Germany has made such progress in manufactures, other than agricultural? Is it not due to the fact that, years ago, the Germans introduced technical training into their school system? So that their artizans, now, are skilled workmen, instead of being unskilled, and not only understand the *art* of the manufacture in which they

are engaged, but have, also, acquired a knowledge of the science.

Here, in Canada, this principle has been recognized by the manufacturers—some of the shrewdest and most level-headed business men in the world. In the *Toronto Globe*, of 29th Dec., 1900, I saw a statement of what the manufacturers wished, in this line. The Report of the proceedings of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, as published there, makes interesting reading, in view of the fact that their well-grounded argument, as to the employees in manufacturing lines, applies with, at least, equal force to the more important industry of agriculture.

Here is part of that report:—

"At the last annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, a resolution was adopted, calling upon the Ontario Government to appoint a commission to enquire into the subject of technical education. A special committee of fifteen members was appointed to pursue an inquiry on behalf of the association. It (the committee, in its memorandum to the association) refers, first, to what has already been done, in the form of reports, by different bodies and by the Government. The lack of progress, it is stated, has been due to a want of unanimity and concerted action. The lack of technical education, it is claimed, is especially lamentable, because the industries of Canada are, just now, in need of educated employees and junior managers. Canada's commercial future, it is urged, depends upon it.

"What the association wants is 'a commission to thoroughly investigate the subject of technical education, with especial reference to the needs of Canadian industry. This commission, after hearing the views of all parties interested, should submit a definite report, outlining what subjects should be comprised in a course of technical education in our province, what the relation of such a course should be to the Public School System, and how far the Public School System should lead up to the proposed technical schools, the relation of the province to such schools, and, also, the relation of municipalities. In short, to prepare a definite report that would form an authoritative basis for action by your Government and the municipalities.'

"In conclusion, the memorandum points out some general principles deemed essential: First, that technical education should be an integral part of the general system of education. Second, that there should be day, as well as night, instruction in technical schools. Third, that the training should be as practical as possible. The manufacturers, it is stated, would lend every encouragement by drawing their employees from among the pupils of the technical schools,—the best positions to be prizes to the best pupils,—and by making the pupils welcome to visit their establishments."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dual Existence Suggested.

IT seems almost superfluous to relate ghost stories, unless there is in them some element of mystery which invites, and even requires, thorough investigation. We know so little about the psychological side of our nature, that all of us have become more or less superstitious, whether we admit it or not. It is well-nigh impossible to persuade some people that there is such a thing as an optical illusion. With such a phenomena confronting them, they flee to their "city of refuge" — the Supernatural. Hence, the source of many ghost stories. Other senses can be as easily deceived as that of sight; and, in this fact, we can find a solution for those mysterious sounds and voices which often constitute the onus of many so-called ghost stories.

The strong and beautiful search-light of scientific investigation has laid bare the props which have long been the support of the fairy tales, and hobgoblin stories, carefully remembered and handed down by our progenitors.

Yet, there exist mysteries which seem to baffle our best attempts to reduce them to natural phenomena. But, certainly, our "best attempts," in-so-far as we know how to investigate, are not final, — and, why? It may be from lack of witnesses, or lack of *reliable* evidence; or it may, also, be because our spiritual vision is not yet clear enough to make a sweep through the realm of mind, and aid the solution by, perhaps, observing that each soul is not a separate and independent unit, but a part of the Great Soul, with which it is ever in touch, and ever feeling, more or less acutely, the vital throbbing of the divine source of life. This would, necessarily, establish unbroken communication between all individuals.

This theory, if correct, may help us to understand some

of the phenomena which cannot be explained away as apparent mysteries in conjunction with coincidence.

It will, perhaps, be interesting to here relate a remarkable, though, perhaps, not unique story, which attracted the notice of the American Branch of the Society for Psychological Research about a half-dozen years ago. Through Dr. Hodgson, its Secretary, the Society requested the writer to begin an investigation, which would be carried on by the Society, till all the available evidence was taken; but, unfortunately, the proceedings were stopped by the grim messenger, Death, claiming the chief remaining witness. Not having asked any of the family connections for permission to use the names of the persons identified with the circumstances, we will employ another device, and call one party Mr. C—— and the other Miss R——.

It was Hallowe'en, and around a merry fireside in Bedeque, upward of forty years ago, were being related some of the wonderful things performed by one or other of the family on previous anniversaries of that occasion, when the unseen powers are said to have unusual sway. Among the many remarkable possibilities which might be taken advantage of on that night, by those who were bold enough to undertake them, was a way by which a person might find out who was to be his or her life partner. An ambition seized one of the daughters of the family to make a test of these alleged spiritualistic powers that very night. Accordingly, when all was quiet, about "the 'witching hour of midnight," Miss R—— proceeded to a secluded up-stair room, and, by the flickering light of a candle, she carried out the formula of combing her hair before a mirror, at the same time eating an apple.

We would almost expect great nervousness on her part, at this point, when she would remember that if a coffin appeared over her shoulder, instead of the image of her future husband, it would mean that she could not live

another year. This, of course, had been proven to be terribly true, according to the testimony of others; and, no doubt, this young lady's mind was not free from the fear that the dreaded coffin might appear. It must have been a keen test of her courage. Everything was deathly quiet, and the comb was silently sweeping through her waving hair, when she suddenly beheld a man peering over her shoulder in the mirror. The exact features, and even the hat which the apparition wore, were stamped indelibly on her mind in an instant. Fright took possession of her, and she fled hysterically from the room.

The incident was almost forgotten till late in the autumn, when one day she met, at a friend's house, a gentleman whose face so forcibly brought to her mind the weird experience of Hallowe'en that she was almost prostrated again. The stranger's face seemed the exact duplicate of the apparition. This gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. C—, had left his home, some fifty or sixty miles away, and come to Bedeque in quest of a farm, and previous to this had not the slightest knowledge of, or acquaintance with, Miss R—; and she was, likewise, as ignorant of his existence. Mr. C— was successful in obtaining land, and it was only a short while till he and Miss R— were married and comfortably settled in their new home.

There are two sides to every story, and this is no exception. Mr. C—'s experience, in connection with the events, as narrated, gives the whole matter a more decided coloring.

We go back with Mr. C— to his former home, on that same Hallowe'en, and find that he, as well as the rest of the family, had retired as usual; but, about midnight, by some means or other, they became aware that there was something wrong with the above-mentioned member of the family. We have not at our disposal the particulars regarding his exact condition at this time; but he seemed to be in

an unconscious state, which was thought sufficiently alarming to warrant the attendance of a physician. One was at once got, but treatment was without avail, and he was forced to confess that he did not understand the case. Mr. C—— was taken from his bed, by a couple of his brothers, and, supporting him on either side, they walked him about the floor, and finally, placing a hat on his head, they took him out into the open night air, to see if its freshness would revive him. All efforts, however, failed to arouse him from his mysterious and profound sleep, and he was again placed in bed. Soon afterwards, he regained himself and passed into a sleep, from which he awoke in the morning, quite ignorant of what had taken place.

The matter was not mentioned to him in the morning; but, when his father insisted that he should take a rest that day, his curiosity was greatly aroused; for such unusual consideration, while in the best of health, he certainly thought, demanded an explanation. The trance-like condition he had passed through on the previous night was described to him, but he had no recollection of it, whatever.

More facts might be gathered as to the exact symptoms exhibited by Mr. C——, during his trance; but, perhaps, we have sufficient for the purpose.

Dare we suggest, in this enlightened age, that Mr. C——'s spirit took leave of his body, and, in some way, became visible to Miss R—— in the mirror? On the other hand, considering how really limited is our knowledge of things spiritual, dare we deny that such a thing is possible?

No one, who ever knew Mr. and Mrs. C——, could doubt their veracity; and we give the story, in substance, as often related by them. We are, then, left to conjecture: (1) Was the apparition wholly the result of expectancy? (2) Was the similarity between the face in the mirror and the stranger's face the result of imagination? And (3) was the apparent connection between the two experiences, on

that Hallowe'en, a mere coincidence? If not, then, there must be a means by which an influence may be exerted by one mind upon another, other than through the recognized sensory channels.

E. F. MOYSE.

Summer.

BRIGHT summer quivers on the fields,
 A million bees search long,
 A locust, where the stubble shields,
 Sounds on his scythe of song.

A sweet, wild smell of golden rod,
 A glow of rose, and more,
 The push of winds against the sod,
 The shade across the door.

A summer spell is on the land,
 A charm is on the sea;
 This peace is not of earthly hand,
 But of eternity.

BERT MARIE CLEVELAND.

Our Fur-Bearing Animals — The Mink.

IN my last contribution to the MAGAZINE, I wrote on fur-bearing animals, about the Otter and its habits. I will now say something about the Mink. I suppose it is scarcely necessary to describe its size, color, etc., as probably most all of your readers have seen the animal, for, unlike the Otter, they are still quite plentiful on the Island.

About thirty or thirty-five years ago, mink fur went up to a great price, single skins bringing from \$3.00 to \$5.00. Had this condition obtained long, the Mink, like the Otter, would be now almost extinct; but the price weakened, and, for years, the ruling figure has been about \$1.00 to \$1.50; consequently, the interest in trapping them has not been so great (for it is the money counts, every time) and the Mink has about held its own, of late years. The price of this fur has again gone up in the market, and may have something to do with again lessening its numbers.

I began to experiment with the Mink when quite a small boy, and I think perhaps one of the smartest things I ever did was connected with the first mink I caught. There was hired at my father's a Scotch girl, from the Murray-Harbor Road, and my brother and myself found out that her brothers at home were trappers. (I guess what we did not find out was not worth knowing.) So we got a description of how the traps were made, and resolved to try a hand at the business, too. I do not imagine it was a very artistic piece of workmanship, speaking along scientific lines, but it answered the purpose for which we made it, all right. We attended the trap (a large, wooden box, with slide door) for several mornings, but had no luck. One morning, I had occasion to go alone. On reaching the trap, I saw the door was closed, but concluded that the wind or something else had sprung it. As there was no sound of any kind, such as I had imagined to hear had a mink been inside, I lifted the door away, stooped down and looked in. But, lo! my surprise. There was a large mink lying against the back of the box, eyeing me quite calmly. That door went to its place, I believe, quicker than any door ever did, before or since. The mink had ample time to escape, but he missed his last chance. I hurried off to the back field, where my brother was at work. We came and held a counsel of war, and decided to drown the poor

mink in his own element — water. We caught five more that fall, and found the net proceeds quite helpful to our finances.

The Mink generally gives birth to four young at a time. These she cares for somewhat after the fashion of a common house-cat; and, if occasion requires, will move them from place to place, in the same way one has seen a cat doing, seizing them by the back of the neck with her mouth, she will convey them one by one wherever she desires.

A gentleman tells me he once saw a mink leave the abutment of an old bridge, and following her were four tiny, little ones. She would turn at every few steps, and make a noise somewhat like the barking of a dog. This seemed to be an order for the young ones to return to their den, as they all scampered back, but one head-strong little fellow, who still persisted in following. Finally, the mother perceived that there was danger near, and hurried under cover, herself, leaving the disobedient little puppy to look after himself. On being approached, he set up a dismal wail, throwing his head about wildly, and yelping like a young puppy; but gradually quieted down and allowed himself to smoothed down and handled quite freely. After a careful examination, the gentleman named decided to let it go. Placing it on a stone in the middle of the brook, he stepped off, intending to watch results; but scarcely had he gone five feet away, when the old mink made a bound, took it by the back of the neck, and hurried off into the abutment again, and I have no doubt but the little fellow was severely dealt with for his disobedience.

Some of these animals make their home along the river banks, and seem to prefer the salt water as a place of habitation. Others live along the fresh-water brooks and ponds, feeding on fish and frogs, as they are flesh-eaters, I think, almost wholly. They seem to have no objection to visiting a

barn-yard and making a meal on a young gosling, duck or chicken, and will readily attack a full-grown fowl. They are very strong and supple, for their size. A friend once told me that his sister saw a hen flapping in a pool of water, and, as she seemed unable to get out, reached out her hand and took her by the neck. On lifting her out of the water, a mink was found hanging on to one of her legs, and so intent was he on his work of destruction that he held on until she placed her foot on his neck, giving him a good squeeze.

The Mink generally frequents brooks and ponds, but I have seen them quite a distance from either, and, if attacked on dry land, will quickly climb a tree. Once, when partridge shooting, I heard my dog barking, and supposed that he had treed a bird, but, on coming to the place, I saw a mink out on one of the limbs, about twelve feet from the ground; but one could readily see that he was not an expert climber, as it had thrown itself over a limb, and was trying to balance itself as best it could, but a shot in one end of him seemed to destroy his power of balance, and shortly after his pelt was outside of a drying-board.

The Mink is an inquisitive animal, and I have often been amused to see him watching me from behind a root, or some other object, with those sharp, round, little eyes. I have also noticed that they like to be about on a snowy day. Why it is, I do not know, but, if I want to have any success hunting them, I always prefer a day when there is a light snow falling.

They are trapped in a great many different ways. The Indians generally use the dead fall. Some use snares. I saw one, a few years ago, with wire round his neck, and it seemed to have been there a long time, as it was embedded in the skin. Others use iron traps. I have found the wooden box, with slide or trap-door, about as good as any.

They are easily caught until about the time of mating, when it requires a good deal of skill to catch them.

I have not any more to say at present. This article, I trust, will be only introductory to more extended remarks by others who can speak with more experience and knowledge than the writer. I was much pleased with the information given by the esteemed Editor of the *Guardian*, on my last article on the Otter. It seems he said as much in a few lines as I said in my whole contribution. It will be a pleasure to me if some one does the same in this case.

R. JENKINS.

Our Feathered Friends. VIII.

NUTHATCHES, CHICKADEES AND KINGLETS.

IN my last paper, I gave some account of a few of our winter birds. Of those which are described in this paper, some are resident here in winter, also.

Two Nuthatches, two Chickadees and two Kinglets may be seen, at one time or another, during the year—one of each kind or genus—namely, the White-breasted Nuthatch, the Black-capped Chickadee and the Golden-crowned Kinglet often pass the winter with us. The other three, the Red-breasted Nuthatch, the Hudsonian Chickadee and the Ruby-crowned Kinglet are spring and autumn visitors, and are not seen here in the colder portion of our winters. All are interesting birds, and do not so readily become alarmed and take flight on the approach of a person as most of our other birds will. This trait of permitting a near approach seems to pertain to winter more than to summer birds. One realizes this when he endeavors to get a close view of a Thrush, Warbler, Cuckoo, or almost any of

the birds which come to us in summer, only, or in late spring, and when he finds how difficult it is to get near enough to be sure of the identity of most of the latter. Severe cold certainly makes a difference in this respect, for even birds which are somewhat familiar become more so, when the severity of the cold increases, and food is consequently scarce and difficult to obtain. It may follow that the habit of familiarity, created in seeking refuge from extreme cold, or in securing food when rendered scarce by rigorous winter weather, is retained under more favorable conditions.

These birds live chiefly on insects, and the insects are found on the trees which they frequent. They industriously examine the chinks and crevices in the bark, where are the winter retreats of insects and their larvæ. When snow or ice covers insect retreats, the birds which feed upon them are forced to seek seeds or nuts. Then, Nuthatches, Chickadees and Kinglets will betake themselves where the seeds of weeds or other plants can be found, and will often, under such circumstances, forsake their usual haunts, — the forest, — for the field, garden or orchard.

The Chickadees derive their name from their call-notes, which sound somewhat like *Chick-a-dee-de-de*; but the name *Nuthatch* has quite a different origin, — one which is associated with a habit said to be characteristic of Nuthatches. As the following passage, by Prof. Lynds Jones, in "Birds and all Nature," accurately describes this and other habits of these birds, I transcribe it here: "The habit of climbing head downward, sidewise or any way, is common to all Nuthatches. They feed upon the insects, their eggs and larvæ, which inhabit the bark crevices; but, also, sometimes vault into the air, in pursuit of a flying insect, after the manner of the fly-catchers. In the North, where the Red-breast sometimes tarries well into the winter, rarely remaining all winter long, they fasten nuts and seeds in cracks or

crevices, and hatch them with the beak, eating the meat, of course. It is this habit of hatching nuts that gives the group its English name." I have not seen anything indicating the reason for the name *Kinglet*; but, for want of a better, and although without any authority for it, I will venture the inference that this diminutive royal title was given on account of the golden and the ruby crowns which distinguish these little birds.

The Hudsonian Chickadee is said to be a more northern bird than the Black-capped. But the Hudsonian is frequently seen here in summer. The Black-capped rarely; it is here in winter, only. The Hudsonian, as far as I have seen, is not here in winter. Where does it winter? I suppose it passes the winter farther south, and comes here in summer to nest; while the one that winters here goes north, for the same purpose. This supposition is in accordance with the laws of migration. If correct, how can the Hudsonian be a more northern bird than the Black-capped Chickadee? There is, apparently, in regard to the presence of these birds here, a contradiction of the statement made in works on Ornithology: that the Hudsonian Chickadee is a more northern bird than the other. This variation in the relative nesting locations of the two species may be limited to a few birds, and this is the most probable explanation of the residence here, during the summer, of the Hudsonian Chickadee.

NUTHATCHES.

One Nuthatch is called the White-breasted Nuthatch; the other, the Red-breasted Nut-hatch. The White-breasted Nuthatch has the crown and back of his head black; the outer tail feathers are black, and there is a spot of white about the middle of the feathers on each side of the tail. The back and middle tail feathers are ash or bluish-ash. The wings are black, blue, and white. The sides of the

head and all under parts are white. It is about the same length as a song sparrow.

The Red-breasted Nuthatch is smaller and has the crown, back and tail, like the same parts of the white-breasted. Black lines extend from bill beyond the eyes. Underneath it is a brownish-red. The form of the head and tail and the absence of a black patch on the throat will indicate a nuthatch, and the color of the under parts will distinguish the two species.

CHICKADEES.

The Black-capped Chickadee has the crown, back of head and throat, black; other parts above ash; and the under parts are white.

The Hudsonian Chickadee is about the same size. The upper parts including crown and nape are an ashy-brown; the throat is marked with a black spot. A narrow band of white separates the black of the throat from the brown of the head; chesnut along the sides; the under parts are lighter or of an ashy-white.

The Chickadees are about the same size as the Nuthatches. They are stouter or plumper in form, have longer tails and rounder and larger heads.

KINGLETS.

The Kinglets are smaller than either Nuthatches or Chickadees. The prevailing colors above and below in both species are the same. They are greenish-olive above and whitish below; wings, dusky with white bars. The Golden-crowned Kinglet has a golden spot on the crown which is almost encircled with a black band; the Ruby-crowned Kinglet has a bright scarlet patch on the crown and no black.

SUMMARY OF PRINCIPAL DESCRIPTIVE MARKS.

Nuthatches: Tail, short; crown, black.

Chickadees: Tail, long; throat, black.

Kinglets: Crown, golden or scarlet.

Nuthatches.

White-breasted: White underneath; length, 6 inches.

Red-breasted: Reddish underneath; length, 5 inches.

Chickadees.

Black-capped: White underneath; crown, black; length, 5 inches.

Hudsonian: Gray underneath; crown, brown; length, 5 inches.

Kinglets.

Golden-crowned: Crown, golden; length 4 inches.

Ruby-crowned: Crown, scarlet; length 4 inches.

JOHN MACSWAIN.

Noon.

ALL Nature's realm is hushed; no sound is heard
 To mar the peaceful concord: all things listless rest.
 From yonder twig with single chirp that little bird
 Drops down with new-found morsel to its hidden rest;
 The wild-rose petals are now left unstirred
 By droning bee, in nectar-plundering quest.
 Closeby the zig-zag fences seem vibrate, and too
 The heated landscape; the deepening hillside green
 Is lost in purple mist that fades to silvery blue.
 The cattle rest beside the stream, whose glassy sheen
 Seems loath to flow its shady pathway through.
 The tired reeds droop down; no moving thing is seen.

The very air stands still, save when some zephyr wakes
 To sink from pleasure's dream to deeper restful sleep ;
 Sweet odors aidless spread ; no misplaced tincture breaks
 The gilded beauty of heaven's blue arch,—its sweep
 Is trackless but for yonder sun-dyed fleece that takes
 Its way from out horizon's fold o'er pastures steep.

Peace reigns supreme ; e'en on my fever'd mind I feel
 Its calm suasion ; blended sweet with cricket's croon
 Or streamlet's bubbling charm : the subtle whispers steal
 And speak in silent accents, yet one blissful tune,
 Most tranquil hour, time most ethereally real,
 Quiet's own calm hour,—an August day at noon.

A. J. MCADAM.

Selkirk, P. E. I. August 2nd, 1901.

Old Jack.

“**J**ACK” lives with his aged mother in a small brown house by the roadside. In summer, vines climb over the house, and of a quiet evening Jack may be seen under the vines, sitting in an old-fashioned rickety chair, gazing at the passers-by with the abstracted air of a person who is living in the past.

There are a few bunches of flowers by the door, the mother's special pride ; and a small vegetable garden right in front. At one end of the dwelling is a little sod-built hut, where a few hens are kept, and one often sees Jack with a basket or tin can filled with eggs, marching to the grocery store, to exchange them for tea, sugar, and perhaps tobacco, but he says he never smokes only to soothe the toothache, which troubles him frequently.

He helps the farmers in harvest time, and on threshing

days, and does the rude repairing of farm implements, for which he is liberally paid in grain, (with which he feeds the hens,) butter, meat, or money if he desires.

He is old, now, and silly, and loves to wear tattered trousers, fastened by a stout cord around his waist. His head-gear is an old sailor cap that he found on the shore, it having drifted in with the tide ; and he points with pride to the gilt letters, H. M. S. inscribed upon it. When he enters a neighbor's house, (which he does without any ceremonies) he takes off the cap, rolls it on his knee into as small a bundle as possible, then puts it in his pocket, and takes a seat in the remotest corner of the room.

Perhaps he will sit for an hour with closed eyes, paying no heed to any question that may be asked, and not deigning to answer any kindly enquiries as to his health. The last time I saw him, he was strolling about the plot in front of his house, (" my cabin" he calls it) and audibly repeating the Lord's Prayer.

But there was a time when " Old Jack " with all his silliness and peculiar ways, was young and wise, even good-looking. Who would think of him having a romance in his life? yet he had. Years ago he filled a position in a distant city, and, while there, met a charming young widow who made him a welcome guest at her beautiful home.

Jack was not then dressed in tatters ; he wore the finest black and the best quality of kid gloves; was altogether respectable and fair to look upon. He sometime, in his half-crazed way, talks of the days when he wore the " high beaver," and walked to church with " Agnes," sat in the same pew, and looked on the same hymn-book. His face lights up as he tells how they knelt together in prayer, and how when resuming their seats, he took out his silk handkerchief, " all perfumed," and brushed the dust from his knees. The old voice has a pathetic tone as he sings—" Nearer My God to Thee," for Agnes loved that hymn,

and the faded eyes fill with tears, when he tells us that she died.

He says "she is now wearing a robe, and a crown," and he hopes to meet her in Heaven.

'OI GIRL.

Scenes on a Journey.

ALADY being asked why she did not go to Europe, replied: "I have not yet travelled over my own country, but when I have seen everything of interest in it, then I shall go abroad." This was, certainly, a pertinent remark. Many tourists travel to the ends of the earth who must betray an unpardonable ignorance of their own country if questioned about it. There are many spots of interest to the nature-loving traveller even in the unpretending provinces of the British-American Sea-board. There may not be the sublimity of the Alps, nor the grandeur of the Rockies yet there are spots of simple beauty nowhere excelled.

A few summers ago I found myself driving across a piece of country not far from the immortalized home of Evangeline. It was in an afternoon in October, and the sun was veiled from sight by filmy clouds which seemed indeed much like a worn-out veil, for there appeared breaks in them at times which threatened at any moment to become larger. All nature seemed to rest peacefully. The innumerable barracks about the farm-yards gave evidence of a bountiful harvest which had all been gathered, save an occasional field of late corn stacked in picturesque fashion, here and there. The very bareness of the farms betokened rest for the farmer after his season of hard toil.

The still spirit of the atmosphere pervaded my being

and I drank in all the delights of the day with a quiet joy as I approached the woods in front of me. Arrived there the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" of primeval growth attracted my attention by their rich profusion and grandeur, and called from me expressions of admiration. Their great branches seemed to embrace each other over my head and then tower aloft to the nearing sky. As I proceeded, traces of an old Indian settlement were still visible, while the road itself bore a name clearly indicating the original settlement of the country.

On emerging from the woods, I descended a slope to a beautiful valley with farm houses nestling among the foothills, and a stream of limpid water rippling at their base. Following the windings of the stream a little way, I soon began to ascend a hill. So steep was it, that one could very easily imagine the horse falling backward into the carriage. No sooner was the top of the first hill gained than before me I saw another, longer, steeper and larger than the previous one. In ascending this latter, it seemed as if I was travelling skyward, for nothing could be seen in front but the road and the heavens above.

When the summit was gained I felt repaid for the hardships of climbing and resting my tired steed, I gazed in silent rapture on the scenes about me. The sun which had during the afternoon been struggling through the veil of cloud now burst forth, touching up the whole landscape with golden light. In the distance, small, white villages were to be seen. In some places nothing but a tall, white, church spire betrayed their existence. Quietly in front "Blomidon," rose like a cloud-picture portrayed on the canvas of the sky, while to its right glistened in the sunshine, the waters of Cobequid Bay.

I would fain have lingered here but was obliged to pass on and soon began to descend through a region of slate rock, where huge boulders jutted through the earth's sur-

face making it much unlike a farming settlement. I soon came to another shady valley which seemed as if it could produce something more digestible than slate. As I wound up the next hill, the sun was descending to the horizon in his most gorgeous state, such as no pen can ever hope to describe. Such exquisite, indescribable coloring, rich red now deepening into purplish-gray cloud, now brightening again into flaming red. The sky was of that delicate tint, that seems a mingling of blue, green and gold liquid. The golden-red rays darted out from the ball of fire in all directions until the windows of the cottages on the hilltops, and the tops of the trees, seemed a mass of fire. As it sank lower, its rays shot up further into cloud-land, tinging more of the heavens with its dying beauty. I gazed in rapturous delight, and, as the road I was travelling stretched away toward the sunset, could I help wishing that I might journey on until I had reached that sunset land? I soon turned aside into the shade, and thus lost sight of the vanishing orb of day. Ere I reached my destination the stars came out one by one, twinkling me a welcome to a strange land.

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape :
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch and melted and mingled together."

* * * * *

"Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai."

MONTAGUE.

M. S.

Poor Jack's Sweetheart.

She walks along the shore
And searches with her eye,
Along the distant rim
Of the low rounding sky.

Her hand is at her brow
That she might pierce the light,
And see her lover's sail,
When first it comes in sight.

Down ! Down !
Where the seakail brown
Sways on the rocks ;
Below the sky's black frown
And the billow shocks,
Sleep the crew,
The idle crew,
Captain and crew.

She sings a merry song,
One she has heard him sing,
Where pipings of the sea
Through all the measure ring.

The flocks of little birds
Along the sands at play,
Scarce heed her passing by
Or find her in their way.

Down ! Down !
Where the seakail brown
Sways on the rocks ;
Below the sky's black frown
And the billow shocks,
Sleep the crew,
The idle crew,
Captain and crew.

Her long bright hair is smooth
And braided up with care
And with the ribbon tied
He liked to see her wear.

The tide comes slowly in
Along the fringe of foam,
And from the distant fields
The cows are coming home.

Down! Down!
 Where the seakail brown
 Sways on the rocks;
 Below the sky's black frown
 And the billow shocks,
 Sleep the crew,
 The idle crew,
 Captain and crew.

A crane with boding cries
 Spreads out its supple wings.
 A church bell far away,
 Its peaceful summons rings.
 She watches by the shore
 Till land and sea unite,
 And like a burning star
 Shines out the beacon light.

Down! Down!
 Where the seakail brown
 Sways on the rocks;
 Below the sky's black frown
 And the billow shocks;
 Sleep the crew,
 The idle crew,
 Captain and crew.

J. S. B.

A Monument and its Story.

FROM an article entitled "A Monument and its Story," written by Jonas Howe, for **Acadiensis*, and published in the second and third numbers of that journal, we copy the following:—

At the Church of England graveyard, in the suburbs of St. John, in that portion known as the southwest division, there stands a large granite monument, its base surrounded by a strong iron railing.

*ACADIENSIS: A quarterly devoted to the interests of the Maritime Provinces. Published by D. R. Jack of St. John, N. B. \$1.00 per annum.

Memorials of the dead are there in every direction, but that monument never fails to attract the attention of the passer by. Like many others, it is a monument with a history. The storms of half a century have somewhat marred its outlines, and defaced the long inscription cut upon it, but with patience the epitaph may be read, surmounted upon the east side by the coat-of-arms of Macdonell of Glengarry, and on the west by those of Macdonald of Glenaladale.

The story of this monument, as briefly told in the partially obliterated inscriptions, is of romantic interest. It is the old story of heroic constancy and unflinching loyalty which marked the early settlement of British America.

In the early summer of 1842, Her Majesty's 30th Regiment of Light Infantry arrived at Saint John, and relieved the 36th regiment in garrison. Colonel Harry Ormond commanded the 30th, and Captain Roderick Macdonald was paymaster. Both of these officers were born in British America—Colonel Ormond at Maugerville, New Brunswick, and Captain Macdonald at Prince Edward Island. Colonel Ormond was the only New Brunswicker who commanded an imperial corps stationed at Saint John. The 30th regiment became very popular with the citizens, and the officers assisted at all society events of those days. Very pleasant stories are yet related of many of their number.

Captain Roderick Charles Macdonald, with whom our story is more immediately connected, was an enthusiastic Highlander, and early identified himself with the Scotch residents of St. John. He was the fourth son of John Macdonald, chief of the Macdonalds of *Glenaladale, who sold his ancestral estate in the Highlands of Scotland, and in 1772 emigrated, with a large number of his clansmen, to Prince Edward Island. "After having finished his education in France, and his travels on the continent," Captain Macdonald entered the army in 1825. "There being no prospects of a war, and having no hopes of promotion without giving large sums of money for the purchasing of advancement," he accepted a paymastership. When serving in Scotland, he met and wooed Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Alexander Ranaldson Macdonell, chief of the Macdonells of Glengarry, a famous man in his day in the Highlands, where they were married. The Macdonells of Glengarry were Protestants, and Captain Macdonald was a Roman Catholic, but the difference in faith did not

*The Macdonalds of Glenaladale, one of the cadet branches of the great clan of that name, became famous in Scottish history for their devotion to the fortunes of Prince Charles Stuart during the rising in 1745. The banner of Prince Charles was first unfurled to the breeze on Glenaladale's estate, at Glenfinnin, where a monument marks the spot.

deter the ardent Highlander from forming the alliance, nor diminish his love for his wife.

Mrs. Macdonald accompanied her husband to St. John, and, during the time that the regiment remained, the family resided in a small dwelling that stood on Germain street, near the corner of Queen street, and many years after was the residence of Colonel Ormond.

The first mention of Captain Macdonald, after the arrival of the regiment, occurs in Donald Cameron's paper, *The Weekly Observer*, of November 11th, 1842:

HIGHLAND SOCIETY. — We have been informed that at the late annual meeting of Saint Andrew's Society, in this city, Roderick Charles Macdonald, Esquire, chief of the Highland Society of Nova Scotia, attended, and produced a commission from the Highland Society of London, (of which he is a member), addressed to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Hon. John Robertson, authorizing the formation of a branch of the parent institution in this city.

This was the beginning of a society which existed for many years, until incorporated with the St. Andrew's Society. To the formation of societies of that kind in British America, Captain Macdonald gave much of his time, and contributed financially as well as his slender resources would permit.

At Prince Edward Island he formed the Caledonian Society, which is still in existence, as well as several branch societies in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. These societies were established not only to perpetuate a love of Scottish nationality, but more particularly to diffuse and further the cause of education, then in a deplorable condition among the colonists of Scotch descent.

"At Prince Edward Island alone," Captain Macdonald declared, "there were from ten to twelve thousand children, principally of Scotch descent, who then had no means, nor even a prospect of learning to read and write, and there were probably more than double that number in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Cape Breton in that melancholy situation." Under these circumstances we can understand and appreciate the generous motives that actuated Captain Macdonald. Nearly all of these societies have long ceased to exist, and the advance in educational methods has been so great that the difficulties which perplexed the philanthropic colonists of that day seem difficult to understand. But, nevertheless, they were the pioneers in a noble work, and deserve to be gratefully remembered by their countrymen.

In all the philanthropic and national measures in which Captain Macdonald engaged, he had the assistance and support of his wife,

who was as ardent in her attachment to the Highland race as was her husband, and both made many friends throughout the provinces. But an unlooked-for affliction came to the warm-hearted Highlander, and the closing days of the year 1842 brought sorrow. On the 22nd of December in that year, Mrs. Macdonald, after a short illness, died, and was buried on Christmas eve. The event is thus chronicled by Donald Cameron in the issue of the *Observer* of December 31st:—

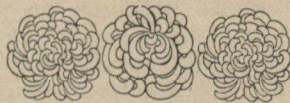
On Saturday last the funeral of Mrs. Macdonald, the lamented and amiable lady of Captain Macdonald, 30th Regiment, took place, which was attended by a large number of the most distinguished members of this community. During the whole of Saturday the flag of the St. Andrew's Society was hoisted half-mast high, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased lady. Among the pall-bearers were Captain Andrews, Sillery and Grant, of the 30th Regiment.

Captain Macdonald, who looked the picture of grief, was supported by Colonel Ormond and Major Poyntz. In the procession were the Saint Andrew's and Highland Societies with their presidents—Dr. Boyd and Hon. John Robertson.

Mrs. MacDonald was born at Glengarry, in the Highlands of Scotland, and was the eldest daughter of Alexander Ranaldson Macdonell, chief of the ancient clan of Glengarry, by his wife Rebecca, second daughter of Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire. "The clan Macdonald, or Macdonell," writes Burke in his *Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland*, "is undoubtedly of the most ancient in Scotland, and can, by incontrovertible evidence, be traced back to a period co-eval with that of any family in the kingdom." Mrs. Macdonald was an accomplished woman, and there are still living in Saint John those who have a very distinct recollection of her, and also of Captain Macdonald. The early life of this lady, with reminiscences of her family, has been related in an article published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1893, entitled, "Glengarry and his family—Some Reminiscences of a Highland Chief," the contents of which are based upon the unpublished autobiography of Miss Macdonell of Glengarry, a younger sister, and from it we get a vivid picture of life in the Highlands of Scotland in the early years of the century.

JONAS HOWE.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Varia

THE August *Canadian Magazine*, in keeping with the season, is devoted to sport, travel and fiction. Nonie Powell writes of the Birthplace of Napoleon, and the relics and mementos of him stored in Ajaccio, Corsica. S. Turner describes a record trip up the Matterhorn made at the close of last year's Alpine season. W. A. R. Kerr gives a history of "Golf in Canada," showing that the game was played in Montreal as early as 1824. These three articles are profusely illustrated, the latter being accompanied by eighteen photographs. C. W. Nash writes of "The Bass of Ontario," his article being embellished with three excellent drawings. There is a fine collection of short stories in addition to the two serials now running in the Magazine. A. T. Hunter makes some pungent criticisms of our militia camps, while John A. Cooper gives utterance to some observations on the progress of the Maritime Provinces.



These remarks of Mr. Cooper, have, by the way, excited the indignation of many Charlottetonians. It is rather a pity that Mr. Cooper did not, during his short stay in Charlottetown, extend his visit so that he could have included some sights and objects that would have counteracted the impression conveyed by the places he did write up. After all, even a Magazine editor, although he be from Toronto, cannot write up, or write down, Charlottetown from the experience of a forty-eight-hour's visit. When Mr. Cooper comes again to this Island, which we trust he will do, it is to be hoped he will let us know, in which event we predict that his stay will be made more pleasant than was evidently the case on the occasion of the dull visit that tempted him to write the words quoted below:—

"The number of tourists yearly invading the Provinces along the Atlantic shows a steady increase. A few weeks ago, the writer went by rail from Moncton to Point Du Chene on a train which carried nearly two hundred people from Boston and other points west — all fleeing to Prince Edward Island to escape the heat which was terrifying the inhabitants of the larger American cities. The S.S. *Northumberland* that evening carried over 300 passengers from Point Du Chene to Summerside.

* * * "In fact, the Maritime Provinces are overrun with tourists, from the Metapedia Valley to the Bras d'Or Lakes. Any sort of mind,

diseased, worn-out or healthy, may find an ideal spot where sport, pleasure and leisure may be found in any desired quantity. This trade, however, is hampered for lack of good summer hotels and similar conveniences. And this is where the Maritime Province conservatism shows itself. There isn't a hotel in Prince Edward Island that can accommodate a hundred people without getting dizzy. * * * I think I am safe in stating that, except for one small hotel on the north shore of Prince Edward Island, there is not a tourist hotel on the salt-water shores of the Maritime Provinces.

"Of course it is easy to criticize. Still that is no reason why any person should indulge it unnecessarily, or refrain entirely from it. Criticism should be helpful to all people, and the writer hopes that these feeble criticisms will be taken kindly, since they come from a well-wisher.

* * * "Charlottetown, P. E. I., is known throughout the land as 'sleepy hollow.' It is the dingiest and most unprogressive city in the east. The Provincial buildings are a disgrace to an enlightened community, while the whole place seems to have given itself up in disgust. Nevertheless it contains white people with blue blood, people with education and culture and wealth, people who might be great if they would take the trouble. The Dominion Government should guarantee the bonds of a good summer hotel on Charlottetown's beautiful harbour, and put it in charge of the Superintendent of the P.E.I. railway. The rich citizens of Charlottetown have been waiting for years for the Plant S.S. Co. to do this."

Many of our readers will note the injustice and the *untruthfulness* of nearly all the above statements, and the fact that these terms can be applied makes it regrettable that, as we have said before, Mr. Cooper could not have disposed of his time, when in Charlottetown, to better advantage.

The statement that there is only one small hotel on the beautiful North Shore of the Island is utterly false, and the remarks about lack of hotel accommodation in Charlottetown are grossly exaggerated. What is really wanted in Charlottetown is a Tourists' Information Bureau. The city loses money — by which we mean shop-keepers, hotel-keepers and other people in business fail to derive all the profit they should — by not furnishing visitors with detailed information as to hotels, boarding houses, trains, steamers and the means of going to and from points of interest in the Province. Instead of there being only one hotel on the North Shore, there are over thirty houses of accommodation, but this knowledge would not be in possession of the writer had he not had occasion to make enquiries that elicited the information. An inexpensive, printed folder, which the local government might get up for free distribution, would save Prince Edward Island from being slandered by visitors whose length of stay prevents them from acquiring reliable information about the Province.

Doom Castle by Neil Munro, author of "John Splendid" and "Gilian the Dreamer." Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

This is an ideal hot-weather book — a charming story to beguile summer hours. Victor Jean, Count de Montaignon, journeyed from France to Scotland, sought out Doom Castle in the Loch Fyne country; braved the dangers of a moat to reach the castle, then braved the castle itself (which had a haunted reputation) for purposes of vengeance. Count Victor was bent upon an adventure of knight-errantry on behalf of a fellowman in distress, and as this fellowman was none other than himself, the hunt for the culprit who wronged him was all the more keen. He found Doom Castle full of mystery, at times charming, at others terrifying; but a certain lady within the castle walls succeeded in dispelling all fear, leaving in its place only a beautiful faith in all things, particularly in human nature. The author thus describes this lovely inhabitant of Doom:—

In his after years it was Count Victor's most vivid impression that her eyes had first given him the embarrassment that kept him dumb in her presence for a minute after she had come upon him strangely esconced in the dark corridor. It was those eyes—the eyes of the woman born and bred by seas unchanging, yet never the same; unfathomable, yet always inviting to the guess, the passionate surmise—that told him first here was a maiden made for love. A figure tremulous with a warm grace, a countenance perfect in its form, full of a natural gravity, yet quick to each emotion, turning from the pallor of sudden alarm to the flush of shyness or vexation. The mountians had stood around to shelter her, and she was like the harebell on the hills.

The net this beautiful lady wove, though of finest fibre, was strong enough to bind our hero hand and foot, so that he all but forgot his errand of vengeance. However, Fate aroused Count Victor, and tangled the threads into many a twist, which he, though skilful, was long in unwinding.



To the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, we are indebted for a copy of Bourinot's *Manual of the Constitution of Canada*, a new edition revised and enlarged. It is brought quite up to date, and at the end of the book will be found the text of the British North America Act, and of the amending imperial statutes. This is a valuable book for those who have not time, when looking for a reference, to search through the more elaborate volumes on the same subject. A very convenient, analytical index makes the information contained in the book easy to find.



Mr. William Allen White has just returned from Lawton, where he went to write for *The Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, the

story of the "opening" of the Indian lands. Mr. White's vivid account of the mushroom city that sprang up in a night is of striking and timely interest. Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, and Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, will contribute to an early number of the same publication a paper of official significance on Carnegie's Gift to Scotland. Lord Balfour is one of the trustees of the millions Mr. Carnegie has given to the Scotch universities.



From the W. J. Gage Co., Toronto, comes a volume entitled *The Kidnapped Millionaires*, a most sensational account of the capture and marooning of four American millionaires. These men, whose operations on Wall Street had practically given them control of nearly every industry, were kidnapped by a wealthy newspaper man and taken in his yacht to a tropical island where they talked over trusts and underwent adventures by land and sea. The story is an interesting jumble and the author's point is made clear when the exciting narrative nears its end. By the man who is interested in the question of trusts the story will be appreciated. The incidents of the daily life of the marooned millionaires afford a pleasing change to the rather abstruse discussions of the money market and Wall Street talk which forms much of their recorded conversation. Their final escape from the Island and their return to their excited friends in New York is well told.



Of *Cinderella*, by S. R. Crockett, one can say nothing but what is good. It is a tale that fastens upon one's mind and probably occupies the attention till the last page is reached. It is no whit behind any of this great story-teller's other books in the charm and goodness which made his stories ever welcome.



Heart and Soul from the W. J. Gage & Co's Publishing House is one of the books that one pauses before passing an opinion upon. It is different; there is real ability in the delineation of characters, and the style is fascinating. The story grows in interest, and, in the end, disappoints only because there is much more the reader would like to know. It is by Henrietta Dana Skinner, author of "Espiritu Santo," and is decidedly a story that may be recommended.

We have been asked to enquire for copies of the following:—

Prince Edward Island, by Geo. Sutherland, Charlottetown, 1861.

Progress and Prospects of Prince Edward Island, by C. B. Bagster, Charlottetown, 1861.

Travels in Prince Edward Island, by Walter Johnston, Edinburgh, 1824.

In and Around the Magdalene Islands, by A. M. Pope—a pamphlet.

Manual of Botany for North America, by Professor Eaton, 1836.

If any persons having copies of any of the above wish to dispose of them, they will probably find a purchaser by communicating with the Editor of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.



Will contributors, when forwarding articles for publication in the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, kindly send their names in to the editor at the same time. If the writers do not wish their names to appear to their articles their wishes will be respected, but their manuscripts should be accompanied by a confidential note giving the name of the sender.



From Old P. E. Island Newspaper Files.

INFANT SCHOOL.

About a fortnight since, the Building lately erected on the South East Corner of the land connected with Saint Paul's Church, was opened as an Infant School, under the management of a Committee of Ladies, by Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, from England. The number of scholars already enrolled is 120, and it is fully expected that a very large accession to that number will take place after the present pupils and their monitors are sufficiently trained. It is certainly a most pleasing sight to see this Institution in a fair way of becoming a blessing to the town, and it is cheering to reflect that very many of the rising generation who have been hitherto but too much neglected, will receive a useful moral and scriptural education. The building is neat, substantial and commodious; having, in addition to the large room for the school, four rooms and a cellar, in one end of the building, for the accommodation of the teachers. On Sundays, the school, which was formerly held in the church, occupies the building, and

comprises about 150 scholars, most of whom are well advanced in reading, &c. The average attendance is about 110. — *Gaz.*

— *The Colonial Herald, July 22, 1843.*



THE ROYAL WILLIAM STEAM SHIP.

On Wednesday, this elegant and substantial vessel touched here, on her way from Halifax to Quebec, *via* Miramachi. Her arrival was greeted with the firing of cannon, and the cheers of the numerous spectators, whom the novelty of the sight had attracted to the wharves and other convenient sites for viewing her approach, as she dashed into our beautiful harbour against wind and tide. She had hardly dropt her anchor before she was surrounded with boats, filled with young and old, all eager to gratify their curiosity by inspecting her interior arrangements; and it is but justice, both to officers and men, to say, that all who went on board, and they were not a few, were received with every mark of civility. After remaining about four hours, she again got under weigh for Miramachi — where she arrived safely next morning. The ship was built at Montreal, for the conveyance of passengers and goods between Quebec, Halifax and the intermediate ports. Her accommodations for passengers are of the first description. Her cabins are elegant, and the sleeping berths, of which there are about 50, admirable. The round house contains a spacious dining-room, handsomely fitted up, capable of accommodating 100 persons. The steerage also is roomy and comfortable, and there is ample space on deck. She can stow away about 200 tons of goods in her hold. The engines, which are of 180 horse power, are certainly highly finished, and finely polished; her rate of sailing we have not learnt; but as her engines are of an excellent construction, we should think them capable of propelling her with ease and comfort at a rate of at least ten miles an hour. This noble vessel measures on deck 170 feet long, with proportionate breadth.

— *Royal Gazette, Sept. 13, 1831.*



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"Bon Ton" Shape

Kibo Kid, handwelted sole, fashions favorite

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

Trusts may keep on grabbing, but so long as hooks are two for a cent and earthworms are free they can never monopolize the happiness of the world.



To keep up with the average small boy in these swift times requires sixteen hours of exercise daily, a bicycle, an encyclopædia, and all the latest editions of Ready Replies to Instant Inquiries.



Recent steamboat accidents in different parts of the world show that the life-preserver is the right thing almost always in the wrong place.—*Saturday Evening Post.*



At Last.

Credo in Remissionem Pecadorum.

Lord, it is late---I know,
And I have come oppressed,
With the great weight of my sad past,
Burdened and heavy laden---O! at last
I've come for rest.

My patient Lord whose loving yoke
So easy is and light---
I have left all and come to Thee;
To struggle longer with the world
would be
But an uneven fight.

I thought I was so strong and brave
In years gone by---
I marked my flaming banner "Vic-
tory,"
But ah! 'twas for my foes---not me---
So weak was I.

Yet, Lord, I come, though it be dark
and late
Oh! let me in.
Vanquished and humbled, yet I
would
Make some poor reparation, if I could,
For what has been.

Summer Reading.

The latest works of Fiction, the popular Magazines, the leading newspapers of Canada and the United States. Reading matter always up-to-date and a varied supply of novels always on hand to select from.

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

So I leave all for Thee. And yet there
are
Memories that cling
To the old life that I shall live no
more,
Of love and parting, death, and suffer-
ing sore
To me--that bring

Anguish intolerable! Yet still
I do resign them to Thy holy keeping.
'Tis right and just--and I the whirl-
wind reaping,
But do Thy will.

I see the altar lamp is burning yet,
Just as in days gone by;
I see the crucifix of silver gleaming
Above that lamp, unwearied beaming,
Waiting for me.

All is the same--'tis I alone am
changed
By care and sin,
Oh, from the bitter ways of wrong and
strife
From the dark memories of a wasted
life,
Lord, let Thy Pilgrim in.

Oh! holy calm through my unquiet
soul
Comes gently stealing.
I have come back, O great, unchang-
ing One,
With darkness past, and a new life
begun
Where I am kneeling.

Kneeling in hope before thy blessed
shrine,
In hope at length,
And with a rain of sad, remorseful
tears
I wash away the burden of past years
And pray for strength.

Strength to be faithful to the very
end,
Thy grateful, loving slave forever
more to be,
And so beneath Thy feet my heart I
lay--
In night or morning life or death I
pray
Thy holy will be done in me alway,
Through all the ages of eternity.



How happy She Looks - - -

and why wouldn't she? Her papa is just after buying a piano—she was pleased when she heard she was going to buy one—she was doubly pleased when she saw it was a

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to have you call and examine our pianos. Come in and pass your opinion

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read the test

superiority.

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It gives pleasure to the Housewife

For sale by

Fennell
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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

The Correct Canadian Flag

The Dominion statistician, Mr. George Johnson, of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, in connection with the action of the British Consul at Bahia, Brazil, in ordering the captain of a Nova Scotia vessel to lower the flag which he was flying, said that it was possibly due to the captain using the wrong flag. The true Canadian flag we have hardly ever seen flying. The true Canadian flag should have the arms of Canada and nothing else on the fly. It is a poor device, but, such as it is, that is it.

There should be no white spots, no wreath of varied flowers and leaves, no lion, no crown, no beaver, nothing but the arms. Moreover, it should be the Canadian arms, which it never is.

Strange to say, on no flag and nowhere else is the true Canadian escutcheon ever seen. The escutcheon of Canada consists of the arms of the first four provinces, in the four quarters. This has never been altered by authority, yet even on the letter paper of the public departments and of the premier's own office it has been departed from by the introduction of the so-called arms of all the other provinces. Not only is the escutcheon thus paraded not the appointed one, but, as constructed, it is heraldically an impossible escutcheon. This may be considered a very small matter in these days, when heraldry is looked upon as mere child's play, though, by the way, grave institutions go sufficiently into this child's play to arrogate bearings to themselves which were never granted them by the Herald's College. But no one can question that flags are important. Flags are necessarily matters of heraldry, and to convey true meanings should follow its rules. We shall be glad to see the day when the whole menagerie of our provincial arms shall be banished from our Canadian flag and replaced by a simple emblem which all men will recognize and understand as representing Canada.

That emblem should be a golden maple leaf.—*Montreal Witness*

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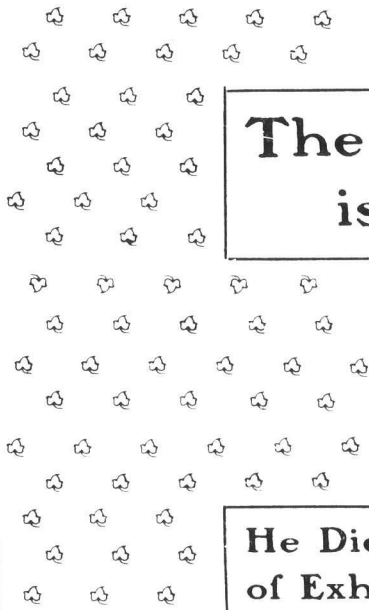
A Summer Stew.

A fat and jocund British man, who always reads his Punch, Dropped in a Baptist "social" in New Hampshire for his lunch. He ordered him an oyster stew; they served it in a minute; It was very full of water, but it had no oysters in it, Said he, "Ba Jove, ha ha, you know how can an oyster stew Be called an oyster stew unless it has some oysters too? Some oysters to the water you should add to make a stew— The stew that I am making now is for some oysters too." The waitress was a pretty lass. Said she, "My dear sir, do I understand you're stewing here about your oyster stew? As a general proposition, why, I must admit it true That a stew to be of oysters must contain of oysters two, And here are your two oysters for to make your oyster stew." "Two oysters!" said the British man—"a most amazing joke! Two oysters for an oyster stew!" and he began to choke. "Two oysters ARE some—oysters too—to—make an—oyster stew; I really—never—heard of any—thing so—good—did—you?" They say that subsequent to that he never caught his breath, But laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed himself to death. — *New York World.*

Summer in Town.

True

Brisk blow the breezes from cool blue waters,
Loud beat the waves on the headlands brown,
Sweet are the days where nothing matters—
Or so they fancy who summer in town.



The Man is Dead

who said he would go out and
look around a bit to see
if he could find some-
thing a little bet-
ter than we are offering

He Died of Exhaustion

Fall Top Coats . . .

are here and waiting for you, newer,
nicer, better, cheaper than ever
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Better still we bought a lot of heavy
winer suits for boys, didn't pay the
regular price for them and wont ask
for more than two thirds their value

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

But

Sharp is the bite of the marsh mosquito,
Fiery the sand where the sun beats down;
And the "view" grows tiresome, the farmhouse ditto—
All this they remember who summer in town.

And after all

There's ice and comfort and lone bleak leisure
When streets are empty and friends are flown;
And his desolate days bring a dreary pleasure
To the sun-scorched mortal who summers in town.—*New York World.*

❖

Nature does not rest all summer to produce a big crop in the fall.

—

The great American dramatist and the great American novelist come to us every Autumn, but somehow they seldom last through the Winter.

—

Trolley-riding will never be entirely comfortable till there are special cars with end seats for all fat passengers.

—

King Edward is doing fairly well in the matter of securing desirable offices considering the fact that he was not born in Ohio.—*Saturday Evening Post*

❖

Returning Guests

When joy goes forth and leaves us desolate,
We plead for her return, oftentimes in vain;
Yet oh, how soon unto the heart's closed gate
Comes back, unbid, her sad-faced sister, Pain!



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If there's such a thing as absolute perfection in Corsets it's to be had in these new straight front P. D. Corsets we've just opened

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

Science Note.

In 1900 in the Punjab, a section of India, where about one-half a million persons die annually, only 893 were killed by snake bites. Their bite is more often inflicted in houses than either in the fields or in the Jungle. During the year in question 1,374 wild animals were slaughtered, including 11 tigers, 186 bears, 184 leopards and 99 wolves; 13,272 snakes were killed.

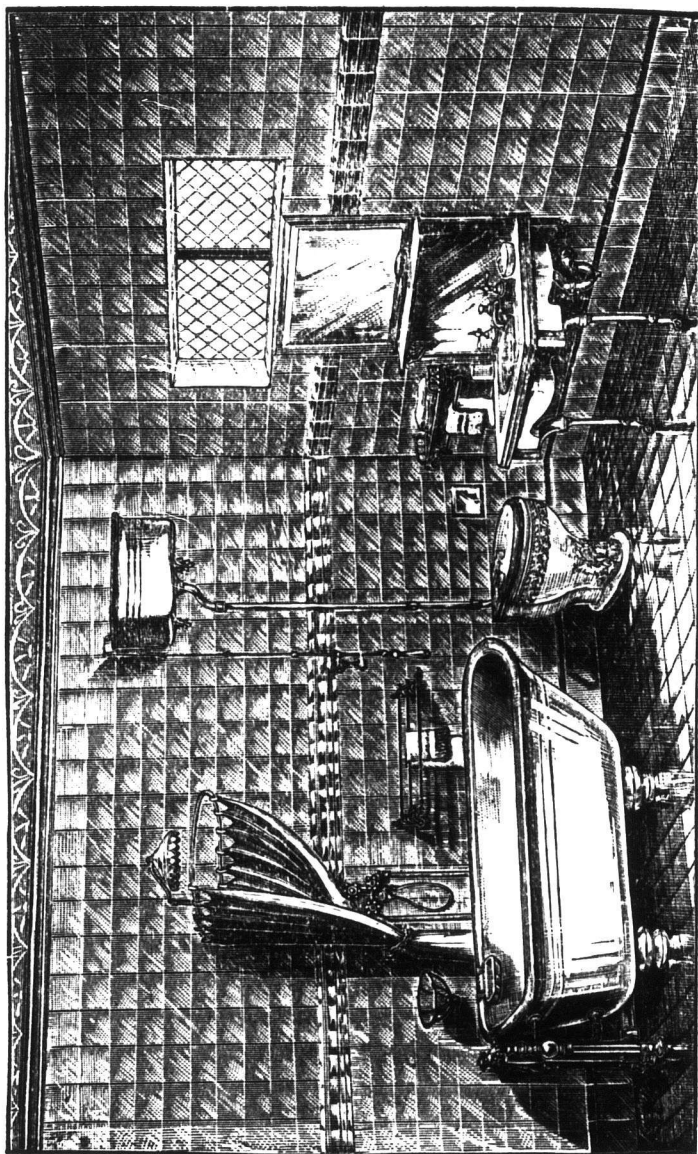
An expedition to Kolynsk, Russia, is being made by Russian scientists in order to bring to St. Petersburg the mammoth which has recently been discovered. It is unique of its kind, its hair, skin and flesh being entirely preserved, and there are remains of undigested food in its stomach.

The Small Art Palace, one of the permanent buildings of the Paris Exposition of 1900, will be used as an Art Museum for the city, and will receive the collections of works of art which are at present scattered in various places, says The Builder. A special architectural gallery will be provided in which drawings and models can be preserved.

An effort is to be made to remove a large red oak tree from the wildest section of Arkansas to Forest Park, St. Louis, for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The tree is 160 feet high and 12 feet in diameter at the base. A double tramway will be built from the tree to the river, where it will be floated and towed to St. Louis. It is estimated that this will occupy six months. The tree will be dug up by the roots instead of being cut, and none of its branches will be trimmed, so that it will appear on exhibition just as it now stands in the woods.—*Scientific American*.

There are more murders committed than are ever published in the papers—murders committed by the tongue. The power of deadly poison is in it.—*August Ladies' Home Journal*.

Bath Room Supplies



See opposite page

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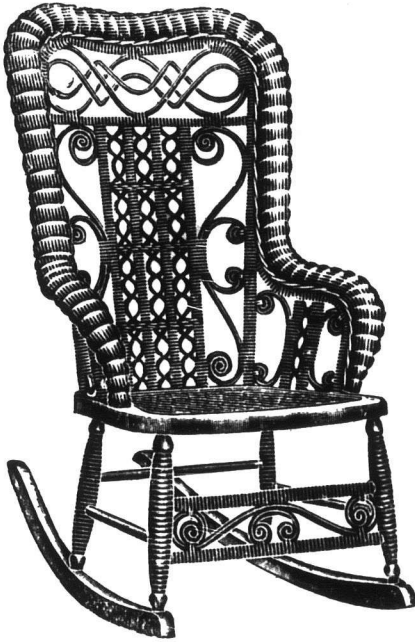
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