

THE PRINCE EDWARD
ISLAND MAGAZINE

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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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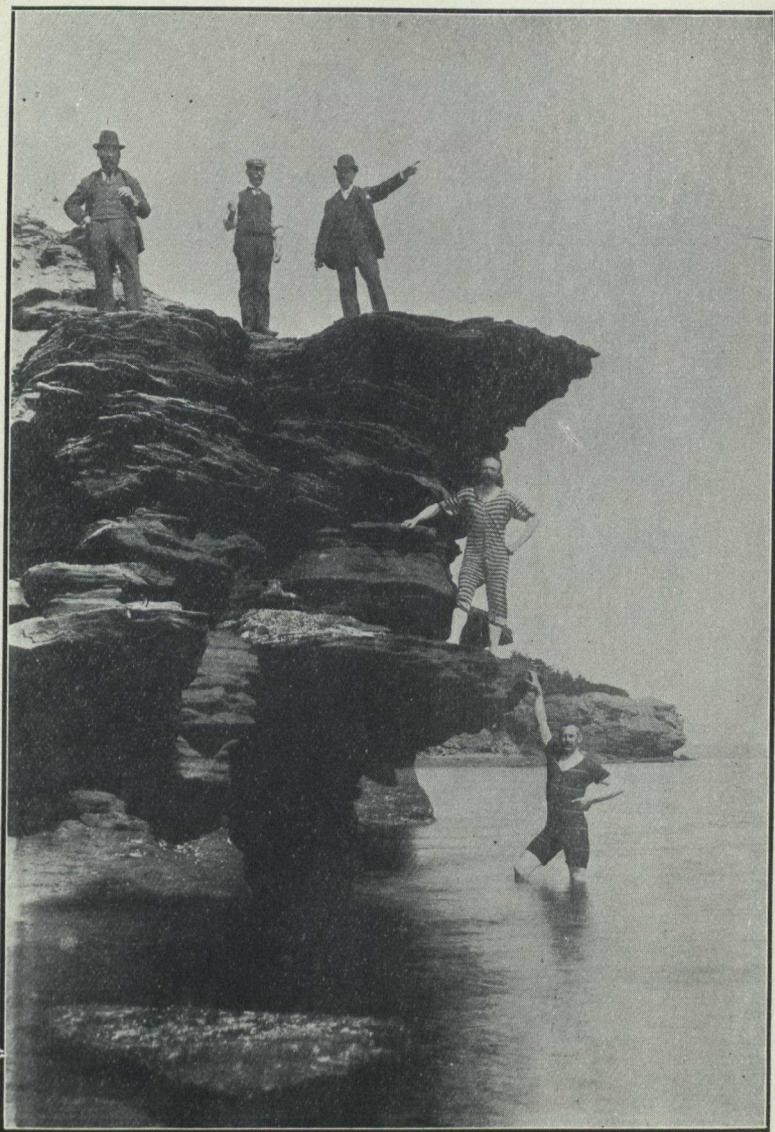


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"The Tailor"

Charlottetown



BATHING AT ROCKY POINT

PHOTO BY W. S. LOUSON

THE
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
MAGAZINE

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1902

No. 11

A Roadway

LET those who will stride on their barren roads
And prick themselves to haste with self-made goads,
Unheeding as they struggle day by day
If flowers be sweet, or skies be blue or gray :
For me, the lone, cool way by purling brooks,
The solemn quiet of the woodland nooks,
A song-bird somewhere trilling sadly gay,
A pause to pick a flower beside the way.

—Paul Laurance Dunbar in *Lippincotts*.

The Acteon Trial—Continued.

THE Acteon was a timber-laden vessel, that became stranded in St. Margaret's Cove, P. E. I. on the 30th October, 1835. In consequence of the extraordinary attempt made by two members of the crew to seize her, under the claim that she had been abandoned by her master, these two men with a number of others, were indicted for piracy. In our last issue was given the introduction of the account of the trial. What follows is self-explanatory.—[EDITOR.]

Continuation of the evidence of William Y. F. Routledge, chief mate of the Acteon :

“Next morning being Saturday all hands went on shore. During the whole of Saturday the gale continued to increase, and the vessel drove to the eastward. On Sunday morning about five o'clock she struck on the reef to the eastward of Bear River, and became a wreck; and she was afterwards sold, together with the cargo and materials, by public auction. Had the vessel been left at her original moorings, he had no hesitation in saying she would have rode the gale with both anchors ahead. There was no occasion to slip the cable, six men could easily have weighed the anchor, and there were considerably more than that number on board. His object in staying by the vessel after finding her in Burns's possession, was with the view of getting their own crew on board, and taking her round the East Point.

The captain seemed greatly distressed and agitated, and at times hardly seemed to know what he was doing. Witness did not like to say much. Did not see Burns and Whitty sign the articles; was on deck when they went below for that purpose. On their return Burns said to witness: 'At Bathurst I go by the name of John Burns, and I have signed the articles by that name.' The prisoner, MacPhee was one of Burns's party, and was all along aiding and assisting.'

After this witness had been examined, the Chief Justice remarked that it was his opinion, in which the rest of the court concurred, that the indictment could not be sustained, as it would appear to have been the intention of the prisoners rather to save the vessel for the sake of the salvage, than to destroy her, however reprehensible the means adopted for that purpose may have been, and which ultimately caused the loss of the vessel. He did not know what further evidence was to be produced, but he threw out the forgoing remark, under the impression that the evidence of the witness was that on which the Crown officers chiefly relied.

The Attorney-General stated his determination to go on with the case; and Mr. Binns proceeded to cross-examine the witness as follows:—

"Cross-examined by Mr. Binns.—Had no interest in the vessel—she was insured in a club. Never said to anyone that Burns and Whitty had not been informed of the real state of the vessel before they came on board. They were to have extra wages on account of the vessel being leaky. After dropping anchor on the 28th of October there was more than six feet of water in the hold; before all hands left her it was more than ten feet. Only took a few necessaries on shore that night; might have remained on board all night with safety. Left neither dog nor cat on board. Five cwt. of bread was left in the vessel, took about half a hundred-weight in the boats. Before Burns and Whitty deserted the vessel they had been pumping all the night before. When the first boat came off to them, the landsmen were frightened when they heard there was six feet of water in the hold, and refused to remain, thinking she was sinking. Neither Burns nor Whitty asked the captain nor witness to go or send on shore for assistance. At this time they were within half a mile of the land. When Burns came on board with the order, witness asked how could the vessel be abandoned when he was on board of her, and how dared he to come with such an order? Told Burns the captain was gone to Souris to hire a vessel. Burns asked witness if he would employ his boat's crew, which witness declined. Did not ask them to stop. Remained on board himself until near dark to watch the vessel. Witness is the captain's brother, and the elder of the two. The captain is upwards of twenty-four years of age. Had been master of the vessel for about three years. Burns might have had more experience. They had kept regular watch the night before they made the land; sometimes one pump was going, afterwards both. Before boarding the vessel after Burns had slipped the cable, the captain called out to them to heave back the main yard. They said they would not, she would not keep out of the wind. A vessel always does better when that was done. She was then about a mile from where she had been anchored, and worked very well. There was more sail put on her. His brother might have given orders. Witness and his brother were anxious to get the vessel nearer the shore, in hopes of picking up their

own crew. Saw his brother take the helm when she went about. Burns asked witness to take the helm while he lighted his pipe; witness did so. He was afraid; could not tell what the shoremen were—they spoke to each other in Gælic. They stood so close in shore that she touched as she was staying. Witness hove the lead and let go the anchor. The wind was off shore then. Burns and the captain both landed, and neither came on board again. The captain afterwards offered young McDonald a sum if he would take the vessel round to Souris.

To a question from the Foreman of the Jury witness answered that the long boat with the ship's crew had landed about eight miles to the eastward of where the vessel anchored.

"Avery Hornsby, examined by the Attorney-General—Is an apprentice and served on board the Acteon. Heard Peter Whitty say he had signed the articles. When the first boat came off to the vessel, the people in her seemed quite frightened and refused to remain. Burns and Whitty both jumped into the boat. The captain said he would swear his life against them, and Burns said they would swear theirs against him. At dusk they brought the vessel to an anchor, and went on shore. He went on board next morning with the captain and crew, leaving the mate to bring off the long boat. Found the vessel full of water. The captain and part of the crew went on shore, leaving the mate, witness, and some shoremen. Burns and Whitty came on board afterwards with five or six men—the prisoner McPhee was one. Heard Burns say he had a note to run the vessel on shore, to save the cargo. The mate refused to let them. They went off in about an hour after. Went on shore that night—saw Burns and Whitty there. Went off the next morning with the master and mate; the vessel was under sail. Heard the captain call to Burns to back the main yard. It was not done. The master and mate jumped into the chains. Witness also went on board. Did not pay much attention to what was going on; being hungry he went down to the forecabin to look for something to eat. During the time he was there Burns and some of the shoremen came below. Heard Burns say: "if the master said anything he would throw him overboard." Told the captain of this. Heard the captain ask Burns to let the vessel go round the East Point, which he refused. Witness stopped on board that night. Whitty and others remained, as witness thought, in charge. When Burns and Whitty first left the vessel, the rest of the crew were quite disheartened—thinks they might have made East Point with the wind as it then was.

"Cross-examined by Mr. E. Palmer.—Did not hear Whitty or Burns assign any reasons for not throwing the main yard aback. When Burns was below Whitty took the command, at least witness thought so. Did not see the mate do anything to the sails.

"Angus McDonald.—Lives at East Point. Was called upon by Captain Routledge to accompany him on board the Acteon, and went. There was sail on the vessel. Burns and Whitty were on board. The captain threw off his jacket when he got on board. Heard the captain talking to Burns about taking the vessel somewhere. Burns said no, he was master of the ship, that he had an order from a magistrate.

"Cross-examined by Mr. Binns.—Burns had a rope in his hand to throw to the boat. When they got on board they were all busy. Thinks it was the mate who ordered more sail to be made. Before going off in the boat the captain told him to take an axe in the boat, which he did. Did not hear him say what it was for.

"Donald MacCormack.—Went in the long boat with the mate and

seven other men, on board the *Acteon*, when she was lying at anchor off the East Point. The captain spoke of going to Charlottetown to procure a steamboat to tow her into a harbor. Witness told him there was none there but the packet, and he would not get her; and advised him to go to Souris, and try and get a vessel or two there, which he accordingly did. Witness remained on board with the mate and others to prevent plunder. Burns and Whitty came on board. Heard the mate say the vessel was not abandoned, that she was left in his charge. On landing that evening, Burns and his crew helped them to haul their boat on shore. Next morning was rather misty; he could hardly see the vessel; her topsail was loose and she was wearing round. The captain and mate went off. He was desired to come off with the crew in the long boat; they put off but could not catch the vessel, and returned to the shore. The brig was well moored when he left her the night before. The water was rather rough. He did not like to stay all night, in case it should get worse.

"Cross-examined by Mr. Binns.—Knows the MacPhees; has nothing to say against them. Did not see the anchor that was out, but saw the chain. She was not adrift. They took a barrel of pork on shore in the boat, but nothing else. Saw nothing put into the other boat. Saw another barrel of pork left on board. Lives about three miles from where the boats landed; St. Margaret's is about seven miles to the westward. Knows nothing about the cabin chairs and tables.

"Alexander McDonald, Esq., J. P., examined by the Solicitor-General—Is in the Commission of the Peace. The prisoners, Burns and Whitty came to his house on the morning of the 29th of October. They said they had information that the *Acteon*, from which they had landed the day before, had been abandoned at sea, and asked if he had not authority to act in that case. Witness told them that by a law of the Island he had. At their request gave them a note in writing, authorizing John Burns, and others, to endeavour to save the vessel and cargo for the owners, if possible, or as much as could be saved, in case the captain and crew abandoned her. As they were going away, Burns said something about slipping her cable, when witness told him on no account to do that as that was a valuable part of the vessel's property. He had seen Burns and Whitty when they landed the day before. After the brig had been brought to an anchor in St. Margaret's Cove on the evening of the 30th, captain came to witness's house, and asked him if he had authorized Burns to slip the cable. Witness then explained to him what he had done. He said he would yet try to save her. Witness, being fearful that the wind would change in the course of the night, advised him if possible to get her further off land, and as his son's vessel was hourly expected, everything would be done to get her to a place of safety. He said he was afraid of those on board. Witness told him not to be alarmed, that he should be protected. Burns was also in the house. The captain stopped at witness's house all night. Next morning the wind was round to N. W. and blowing hard.

"Cross-examined by Mr. E. Palmer—Is shown the note which he gave to Burns, which he identified. It agreed with what he had stated. If his son's vessel had to come in, the captain was to give him one hundred pounds to take the *Acteon* to Souris. It was his impression that Burns wished to save the vessel. He asked witness what salvage would be allowed. On Monday the 2nd of November, the captain and mate came to him and noted a protest,

"Peter McCallum, Esq., examined by the Attorney-General—Was at St. Margaret's on Saturday, the 21st of October: observed a vessel at anchor in what he considered a very dangerous situation, near the

mouth of Bear River, and close in with the land. His brother lives in the immediate neighborhood of Bear River; went to his house. The captain, mate and some of the crew came to the house. The captain seemed greatly distressed, and together with the mate explained how the vessel had been wrested out of their hands, and asked witness if there was no remedy. Witness told them he was sure the law would protect them; he sent to Mr. MacDonald's for a copy of the laws. Mr. MacDonald came with it himself, when witness explained the law to them as well as he could. On going out soon afterwards he was informed that a person wished to see him in another room. On going there he found it was the prisoner Burns. He stated that he considered the vessel his property. Witness asked him if he was not one of the crew, to which he said he was not; that he had not signed the articles and was merely a passenger—that in what he had done he had acted under authority, and that he had taken the vessel as a lawful prize on the high seas. Witness endeavoured to combat his opinion but Burns told him that he would find it in page 409; and that he knew the law. Witness then left him; in coming away in the evening saw Burns again outside. He still persisted that the vessel was his. He said: 'I expect to see her on those rocks (pointing towards them) before morning.' Witness remarked that if such should unfortunately turn out to be the case, that he hoped he would do all in his power to assist the captain and mate, for the preservation of the property, to which he replied: 'Never disobey orders.'

"Cross-examined by Mr. Burns—The captain and mate appeared to be younger men than Burns. He did not appear to yield to the arguments used by the witness. He seemed to think that he had a right to the vessel.

"Re-examined by the Attorney-General—Burns said the wind was springing up, and he expected to see her on the rocks in the morning, adding, 'I ought to know something about it after twenty years experience.'

"Donald McCallum, examined by the Solicitor-General—Went on board the Acteon the evening she came to an anchor in St. Margaret's Cove, and remained on board all night, with the wind on shore; and as the gale continued to increase all hands left the vessel and went on shore next morning. Burns was on the beach when they landed. He asked his crew, as he called them, why they had left the ship, and told them to get ready for going on board again, as he would go with them. He then called witness aside, and said, 'when you see the ship driving on shore, I will throw over a keg or a buoy with a line to it—do you stand by and make it fast on shore.' He then got into the boat, and with his crew attempted to push off to the vessel, but could not reach her owing to the surf, and had to put back.

"Cross-examined by Mr. Binns—Cannot say what Burns meant by asking him to make fast the rope when he saw the vessel driving—it might have been to save their lives. Witness left the vessel, fearing to stay longer on board of her."

Here the Attorney-General intimated that the case for the Crown was closed.

Mr. Binns trusted there would be no objection to his addressing the jury on behalf of the prisoners. By an Act of the last session of the Colonial Legislature, persons charged with criminal offences were to have all the benefit of Council, the same as in civil cases. To be sure, the Act did not go into operation until August next, but he

trusted the Court would not refuse him permission to proceed in the present instance.

The Court doubted if it had power to grant permission.

Mr. Binns then proceeded to make some objections to the indictment, in the course of which he ingeniously contrived to make a few comments on the evidence, which answered all the purpose of an address to the Jury.

The prisoners being asked if they had anything to offer in their defence, MacPhee said he did not know he was doing wrong. He went by orders---to be sure they were Burns' orders. Burns said he had used every means in his power to save the property, and he only went by the authority he had received. As to any criminal intention he was innocent as the child unborn. Whitty said, after the captain and mate came on board, he went by their orders.

Exculpatory evidence:

"Alexander McDonald, Esq., J. P., recalled and examined by Mr. E. Palmer.---Is shown a paper; recognizes it as being the copy of a protest which Capt. Routledge had made before him. It was in witness' handwriting and was copied from his book. It had been sworn to by the captain, mate, and carpenter. He had given a copy of this document to Mr. Cullen, when he came to St. Margaret's to sell the wreck."

Some objection was made to this document being received in evidence, as it was only copied from another copy; and even after copying it from his book the witness acknowledged that he had not compared the two copies together. The Court decided that if the reading of it would tend to elicit any fact it ought to be read.

The document thus periphrastically introduced was then read by the Clerk, but was found to differ in no material respect with what the mate had stated in his evidence.

"Lauchlin McDonald.---Went to Souris with Capt Routledge; on his way there the captain said he was afraid it would be of no use. Finding that he could not get a vessel, he said: 'All I have to do is to run her on shore.' Had gone on board the vessel with the mate that morning.

"Cross-examined.---He seemed distressed; had very little to say.

"Michael Morrison.---Thinks he will not be able to tell it in English. Was in the boat with the captain and mate on the 30th of October when they went off to the vessel. When the captain asked Burns what he was going to do, Burns replied, 'to save the vessel and cargo.' As soon as they went on board the captain threw off his jacket and assisted in working the vessel. Did not hear him give any orders. Witness remained on board till next morning, when he landed with the mate. Does not think the captain took the command---thought those that were on board before them seemed to be masters.

"Lauchlin McDonald, called back---Heard the mate say something about taking an axe with them in the boat when they went on board the vessel off East Point. He told witness to take it, if for nothing else, to cut the masts overboard.

"William F. Routledge called in and confronted with the last wit-

ness. Denies having used any expression of the kind. He told him to take an axe in case it might be wanted.

The Solicitor-General then addressed the Jury, observing that this was a most important case, not only as respected the prisoners at the bar, whose lives depend upon their verdict, but to the future character of the Island. It was of the highest importance to a young colony, with an increasing commerce, that it should maintain in the eyes of foreigners a reputation for justice and humanity; and that when ships and mariners were driven by the accidents incident to navigation to take refuge upon our shore, they should find that there was both the will and the power to protect them from spoliation or injury. One could hardly believe that there were men so totally lost to all the common feelings of humanity as to consider the ship-wrecked mariner as a legitimate object of plunder, but the fact, however disgraceful to our nature, was acknowledged in the various statutes that had been from time to time passed in all countries for the repression and punishment of this odious and appalling crime. It was on one of these statutes recently enacted in this Island that the prisoners were upon their trial. In order to constitute crime there must be a criminal intention, and if he failed to convince them that there was such an intention on the part of the prisoners, or at least on the part of one of them, Burns, he admitted they must be acquitted. But in order to judge of the intention of the prisoners it would be necessary to look to their acts, and the mode and manner of their perpetration. Let them be tried by this rule, and how would they appear? The ship arrived off this Island in distress, stood into the land to procure assistance, a boat came alongside, and the crew when they perceived the state of the vessel refused to grant any assistance and prepared to push off. What then was the conduct of Burns and Whitty in this emergency? Instead of standing by the vessel and assisting in rescuing her from distress, as they were in duty bound to do, regardless of the orders of the Captain, or the entreaties of their fellow-seamen, they in the most heartless, cowardly and cruel manner, desert and join with the wretches who had previously refused their assistance. They go on shore make themselves acquainted with the law of the Island, and follow up their infamous intentions by proceeding to the magistrate, and by giving him a false description of the state of the vessel and which they knew to be false; obtain from him an order to enter on board and save the property if they found her abandoned, What was then their next step? They on the same day visit the vessel, but finding the mate and several hands on board they are foiled in their notorious attempt, but even then Burns, with unblushing effrontery tells the mate that it was his intention to have slipped the cable if he had not found him on board. He waits on the beach until the mate and other persons came on shore for the night, and inquires of them was any person left on board—he is answered by the carpenter in the affirmative, and the

sersion, though a falsehood, is confirmed by the mate—and if a falsehood could be justified in this case. He is informed that the vessel was not abandoned and cautioned not to go near her. In defiance of all this however, he does go again on board, and what is the first act of which he is guilty?—an act of violence and wrong, an act in the very words of the statute, “tending to increase the danger and distress of the vessel.” I call your attention, said the learned gentleman, particularly to this, as clearly indicating the mind and intention of the prisoners; had they been honest men with the desire of acting for the preservation of the property, would they not have hove the anchor up and preserved it and the chain, instead of slipping them and letting them be lost? Would they have kept their boat alongside for the avowed purpose of jumping into her in case the vessel would not wear? Take this in conjunction with the directions of Burns to McCallum, to keep a lookout and he would throw him a buoy or a small keg with a rope attached to it, when the vessel was driving on shore, and you will see that from the first to the last, from the inception to the completion it was at least his intention to cause the vessel to be stranded. When the captain and the mate came on board, what was the conduct of Burns? Did he give up the vessel to them? No! he claimed her as his own; stated in the heaving of the buoy that the vessel was his prize, and that if the captain attempted to interfere he would throw him overboard. He persisted in bringing the vessel into the shore, though she might have weathered the East Point, and got into a harbor, and contrary to the will of the captain moored her in seven fathoms of water, and that too with a short scope of chain. The storm came on, and Burns remarked to Peter McCallum that the vessel would soon be on shore; he had foreseen it. He knew that so long as the vessel was afloat he would have no claim for salvage. When the men who were on board quitted her for fear of their lives he attempted to get on board, but before he went he took Donald McCallum aside and gave him directions to make fast the rope which he would send him to the shore. For what purpose? Doubtless that he might be enabled to save his own life with greater certainty. What would hinder him, when once on board, from lengthening the cable, or even casting it loose altogether, and thus making sure of the destruction of the vessel? Taking all these facts together, and coupling them with his own avowal to the mate “that he had all along been unlucky, and was determined to make it up some way or another,” to what other conclusion can you come, but that he intended to make salvage of the vessel in some shape or way, he was careless how? If such, he said, were the opinion of the Jury, as it was his, they were bound to find the prisoner Burns guilty, although they might think it their duty to acquit the others, as acting ignorantly, and under the direction of Burns. In the conclusion of his address he reminded them that from that day's verdict people would form their opinion of the state of

society and law in the Island whether the unfortunate mariner, who was compelled by distress to seek refuge on its shores was to meet with hospitality and protection, or be subject to have his miseries aggravated by the danger of robbery, and, perhaps, murder.

A. J. MCADAM.

To be concluded next month.

The Escape of the Deserter

AT the time of the Russian War, the British garrisons in the smaller colonial places were called in to join their regiments, and take part in the siege of Sebastopol. On the 25th of September 1854, the transport Osprey, Captain Hunter, called at the port of Charlottetown, and, without any delay, took on board the company of the 76th Regiment which, under Captain Senhouse, had been stationed here for some months prior to that date.

When the roll was called it was found that three of the men were missing. A request was at once sent to the local authorities to have them arrested, and lodged in jail until a guard could be sent to convey them to the Citadel at Halifax, and it was stated that a reward of five pounds each would be paid for their apprehension.

Two of them were soon captured, but the third man George Bowlin, who had been orderly at Government House, had many friends in town and country and had not been taken when a petty officer and soldier arrived to take charge of the prisoner and convey them to Halifax.

It seems that the orderly who deserted was engaged to a respectable young woman in the City, and desired to marry her, but could not get leave from his superior officer to do so. When the company was ordered to embark he went to bid farewell to his sweetheart, but it was hard to part, and there was a struggle between the claims of love and duty. Love prevailed; duty was forgotten and he became a deserter. All the efforts put forth by the constables who arrested the other two had signally failed in his case

and no trace of him had been discovered when Corporal Casey and a soldier from another regiment at Halifax arrived to take charge of the prisoners.

One lovely evening in October just as the sun was setting, an immense concourse of the citizens might be seen hastening to Pownal Wharf. It was then the most fashionable evening promenade to be found in the city, but there was evidently more than the usual inducement to cause all classes to hurry there on the occasion here referred to. It was known that the deserters were to be taken on board, and it was rumoured that the missing man would be of the number. Besides, many Island merchants were leaving by this trip of "Lady Le Marchant" to lay in their autumn and winter stocks for they could not import any additional supplies from the first of December in one year until the opening of navigation in the following spring, and this sometimes did not occur before the middle of May. A trip to Halifax was then a more important event in the business life of an Island merchant than would be one at the present day to London or Paris. There was no railway between Pictou and Halifax at that time and the journey by stage frequently extended into the second day, except in midsummer when roads were good. If the passenger did not return before St Andrew's Day he had to depend upon the uncertain passage home by sailing vessel for the steamer would not sail any later.

One of the first passengers to step on board the steamer was John Roach Bourke, High Sheriff for Queen's County, who was to take passage by one of the Cunard boats from Halifax, bound to the old country; as well as Patrick Walker, John Rigg, D. McIsaac, A. A. Macdonald, Jas. Reid, of Oak Hall; Neil Rankin, James Romans, Pierce Gaul, and many other merchants followed. Their friends and families had congregated there to see them off and wish them a safe return. But the arrival of Corporal Casey and his prisoners had more interest for the bulk of the assembled crowd than any thing else. A murmur of relief passed through them when they found but the two deserters there who had been in jail.

There was some delay in taking freight on board and it was dark before the *Lady Le Marchant* left the wharf. Just at this moment many of those on the wharf saw a man push through the crowd, spring on board, and go directly below where he wrapped himself in a railway rug, stretched on a locker turned his face to the wall and very soon appeared fast asleep, but so quickly had this taken place that none of the other passengers had seen him. Those on the wharf who had observed the man's movements asked each other if that could be the orderly giving himself up but no one could say and all remained in doubt.

Sometime during the night Corporal Casey seems to have suspected that this was his man, and kept a close watch on him, hoping to see his face but the sleeper never stirred.

It was about four o'clock, on a very cold and drizzling morning, when we landed at Pictou; where the horses were being harnessed to a large mail stage, which would leave for Halifax as soon as we were all on board. Twelve of us who had engaged places before had got seats inside and six or eight others had to mount on top outside, and there face the drizzling sleet on a very cold and disagreeable morning. The roads were so bad that the horses could only walk with such a heavy load to drag, and we made slow progress.

Corporal Casey had an inside seat but we found him a very unpleasant and unwelcome companion and a scheme was quickly concocted to get rid of him before we had been long on the journey. We knew that he suspected one of the outside passengers to be the man he was looking for and at a suitable moment we turned the conversation to that subject.

"Mr Sheriff," said Walker "did you know George Bowlin, the soldier of the 76th who was the Governor's orderly but who cut stick before they were taken away.?"

"Yes; yes, certainly I did," said the Sheriff "I found him a very obliging and civil fellow too when I had to go to the Governor's office where public business often called me."

"I have seen him frequently in my store" added Rigg, "and a very nice, respectable-looking girl with him."

"She is a table maid at the Victoria Hotel," said Romans, "and the orderly wanted to make her his wife but the Captain could not permit him to marry."

"I hope that he may make good his escape," said another.

"Could you identify the man, Mr Sheriff," said Corporal Casey, addressing Mr Bourke.

"Yes, yes, I am sure I could if I saw him in his uniform standing at the Governor's door. Certainly, certainly."

"Did you see the passenger in the steamer whom we found sleeping all night there with his face to the wall? Is that the deserter, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Like yourself, Corporal, I could not see his face, and took very little notice of him," said the Sheriff.

By this time the stage coach was slowly drawing up the ascent of Mount Tom, and the outside passengers determined to get down and have a run for a mile or two to Nancy Stewart's—the first stopping place—to lighten the load and get their own blood into circulation. Corporal Casey called the Sheriff's attention to an active young fellow who was bantering the others to race to Nancy Stewart's, where we were to stop for some refreshments, and asked if he thought that was the man who had been orderly.

"It is precisely his height and figure, said the Sheriff, but he may now take to the woods here, as soon as he is out of our sight. Good heavens! Corporal, you should have been beside him all the time. If he escapes now I shall report you to the Colonel at Halifax as soon as I get there. Stick close to your man but don't arrest him without letting me know."

Corporal Casey lost no time in getting out and following the others, now a quarter of a mile ahead of the coach; but he was no match for them and they were soon out of his sight. When the coach arrived, we found the Corporal puffing and blowing seated on a log outside. He informed the Sheriff that all the other passengers were safe inside,

but that he had a lively race to keep in sight of them till they got there.

It did not take Nancy Stewart long to get up a steaming hot breakfast for us— to which we all did ample justice. Before leaving there the Sheriff advised the Corporal to stick closely to his man and was assured that he intended to do so. He gave up his seat inside to one of our party who had at first to take an outside seat and we were now a very pleasant party inside the coach—all friends and Islanders.

We agreed that we should have all the amusement possible at the expense of Corporal Casey. The day cleared up by the time we arrived at Clifford's or Fraser's, where we changed horses. The outsiders reported that there was open war between George and the Corporal and that whatever one said the other disputed.

When the Sheriff enquired of the Corporal if he had found out anything further about his man he replied : "He answered the description all right, barring one point, and that was in his spache: he does not spake English like Oi do, but talks just like a blooming Yankee ; but his name is George, and he is from a place called Cusemquie."

"That looks very fishy," said the Sheriff "for there is not such a place in the Island."

About this time some of the passengers told George how matters stood, but he was no way disconcerted and said that Casey would have a hot time of it before he knew more about him than he then did.

From this time on the fun outside seemed to be very lively and we learned it was all caused by the way George was stuffing Corporal Casey, but they now seemed to be quite good friends.

The roads were so bad that we made very slow progress, and soon after leaving Truro it became evident that we could not reach Dartmouth that night in time to catch the last boat for Halifax, and we decided to put up for the night at Woodworth's, some eighteen miles out. We were all very tired, as we had had little sleep on the previous night. The Corporal told the Sheriff that he thought it was time now to make the arrest, lest his man might give them the

slip at night, but the Sheriff advised him to wait until they got to Halifax, as the traveller was evidently going there. This, Casey, after some demur, agreed to do, as he had engaged a bed in the same room with the man he was looking after. This came to George's ears, and getting Casey to tell the Sheriff a story which he had before told to those on top of the coach, at the most interesting point of the narrative George went quietly to bed, first bolting the door very securely, and fastening the windows. When Corporal Casey knocked for admittance there was no response, and however much he shouted and hammered, the occupant was not disturbed until finally, having satisfied himself from the sonorous breathing heard through the door that his man was there and fast asleep, he stretched himself across the threshold and kept watch there all night.

We were all roused before daylight to continue our journey. The corporal was an angry man and would have arrested his man as soon as he appeared in the morning, had it not been for his promise to the sheriff not to make the arrest until we got to Halifax. He upbraided George with having locked him out of the room in which there was an unoccupied bed but the latter declared truly that he had never told him that he had engaged that bed, and he himself had taken the room and all that was in it for the night; and even if he had heard the knocking would not open the door even for the landlord, but he declared he was a very sound sleeper and was never disturbed by any noise at night.

We were soon again on the road and our six horses had good footing after a sharp frost and made quick time to Dartmouth. As we were crossing the ferry the outsiders came down from their seats on top of the coach and went into the side cabin of the ferry boat where Corporal Casey addressing George said, "Now, my crowing bantam, it is my turn, and I arrest you as a deserter from H. M. 76th. Regt." and he produced a pair of hand-cuffs to put on the prisoner. The sheriff observed what was going on and George appealed to him to identify him, but the sheriff was bound to have all the fun possible out of the case, so he told George that he could not positively identify

him as a deserter but if the corporal would dispense with the hand cuffs he would guarantee that he would accompany him peaceably to the Citadel where there were persons who knew the deserter and who could identify him. This was agreed to and they were driven to the Citadel in a cab which met us at the landing, while we proceeded to the Acadia Hotel kept by Mrs Dickson which was then the great resort for all commercial people.

As the corporal and his charge were approaching the gate of the Citadel they met Captain Bridges of the Regiment then occupying the Citadel. The corporal saluted and reported that he had the three deserters in the cab but one of them he only brought from the ferry boat to be fully identified although there was no doubt but he was George Bowlin the Governor's orderly. "I can soon decide that point" said Bridges "for he was also my orderly when I was at the Island visiting Governor Daly's sons this summer" and looking into the cab he turned on the corporal saying: "I thought I could identify your man, but you must be a blooming idiot to take him for a soldier; why this is the man at whose store my friend John Daly and I replenished our stock of ammunition when we were partridge shooting at Cascumpec; you better apologize to him for your stupid blunder." Corporal Casey was so much astonished that he was for the moment dumb, but George came quickly to his relief and told the captain that no apology was required as the affair was a lark put up by some Island merchants for their amusement on the journey to Halifax, and he was sorry that a countryman of his own had been the victim, for he thought an Irishman should have more sense.

When our fellow traveller appeared at the Hotel a few minutes later we received him with shouts of welcome. The sheriff declared he would put up the champagne in the evening to celebrate the happy termination of our pleasant journey. George proved himself a versatile companion, he could tell a capital story, sing a good song, was a fluent speaker, was possessed of a fund of information, had a retentive memory and ambition which enabled him in after

years to represent his adopted country in Parliament and to occupy the highest office in this province.

When we first heard of the real deserter we learned that his sweetheart had followed him to Boston, where Father Fleming united them in the holy bonds of matrimony and where they lived happy ever afterward.

Prince Edward Island.

ISLAND dear island spot! still I forget thee not;
Still can I see thy white rock-wreathing foam;
Still over hill and plain stretches the mystic chain,
Linking this heart to my infancy's home.

Ever my thoughts will fly, bird-like, to native sky,
Borne by fond memory's far-reaching flight;
Back to thy forest hills; back to thy leaping rills;
Island! sweet Island of love and delight!

Back where the dun rocks stand; fringing the verdant land
Shielding its green from the in-swelling blue;
Back, where the sunset-gleams fall on the placid streams,
Changing with alchemy softest their hue.

Worthy a royal name! worthy Affection's flame!
Spot where the friends that I love still abide;
Home those bright dreams of thee bring the old scenes to me—
Nearer and dearer than all earth beside.

Jewel of bright renown! fairest in ocean's crown!
Emerald set in a fair azure sea:
May thy encircling wave happy shores ever lave,
Washing rich gifts to the kinsmen of me.

W. W. ROGERS.

Our Feathered Friends, XII—Shrikes.

WE would scarcely expect to find, in the same order with the Vireos, Warblers and Thrushes, —birds of harmless and inoffensive character, —others such as the Shrikes which in their habits and mode of life are nearly allied to the birds of prey: the hawks and the owls. But structure and not habit forms the basis of classification, and in that the Shrikes are more nearly related to the Passerine birds than to the birds of prey. From the outward form, particularly that of bill and claws, we can estimate the disposition or habits with a good deal of accuracy. Even the attitude betrays to the expert much of the life history of a bird.

When we find a bird with a strong and hooked bill and feet adapted for seizing, we may conclude that it is carnivorous. Though the Shrikes have bills which they use as the Raptors or birds of prey do theirs, they have not the talons or claws for clutching and tearing; and on account of their inability in this respect, it is said they hang up their prey on thorns. From this habit the Shrikes have received the name of butcher-birds. Their food consists of insects, small birds, and such mammals as they are able to capture and overpower. The two species inhabiting Eastern North America are seen here, but they are seen only on rare occasions. One is called the Great Northern Shrike, the other is known as the Loggerhead Shrike. The first inhabits Canada; in the winter extending its range into the Northern United States; the other has a more Southern range which extends from the warmer parts of the United States north-wards into Canada.

The Great Northern Shrike has its upper parts grey, the wings and tail black, the former with a white spot at the base of the primaries and the tips of some quills white, the latter has the outer feathers white, others tipped with white; underneath it is lighter and barred with fine wavy, grayish lines. The black band on the side of the head ex-

tends but little beyond the eye. The length is from nine to ten inches.

The Loggerhead Shrike is smaller and measures in length from one to one and a half inch less. It is also lighter in color, white on the rump and between the shoulders, or more correctly on scapulars; white below with a few wavy black lines. The black bar on each side of head is extended to meet its fellow on the forehead.

I will conclude this paper with two quotations from articles in *Birds and Nature* which illustrate the habits of these birds, more especially the Northern Shrike:—

“One of the most interesting incidents of all my bird observations was that of the attempted capture by a Great Northern Shrike of a small brown creeper. The creeper was nimbly climbing a tree bole, industriously picking out insects, as is his custom, when a Shrike dropped down after him from its high perch on a tree which stood close and overshadowed the one from whose bark the creeper was gleaning its breakfast. The Shrike was seen coming. The creeper for the fraction of a second, flattened itself and clung convulsively to the tree trunk. Then, recovering, it darted to the other side of the bole, while the Shrike brought up abruptly and clumsily just at the spot where the creeper had been. The discomfited bird went back to its perch. The creeper rounded the tree once more and down went the Shrike. The tactics of a moment before were repeated, the Shrike going back to its perch chagrined and empty clawed. Five times it made the attempt to capture the creeper and every time the little bird eluded its enemy by a quick retreat. The last time the Shrike went back to its perch the creeper did not show round the trunk again, but instead flew away, keeping the bole of the tree between itself and its foe. It reached a place of safety unseen.”

The second quotation tells why the the Shrike impales its victims.

“As soon as the corn stook had been pulled away, they saw the butcher birds alight on the ground on which the corn-stalks had been, and catch young mice and moles. One of the birds took a mole to the wire fence near by and stuck it on a barb. His claws were not strong enough to hold the mole while he could kill and eat it, but if he hung it on the wire fence, he could use all his strength in tearing

it to pieces with his strong toothed bill."

SUMMARY OF DESCRIPTIONS:

Shrikes: Bill stout, compressed, hooked and notched; tail longer than wings.

Great Northern Shrike: Length, 9 to 10 inches; head stripes not meeting on forehead.

Loggerhead Shrike: Length 8 to 8½ inches; head stripes meeting on forehead.

OHN MACSWAIN.

My Friend "Willum."

OVER near the home-like town of Sackville, N. B., lies an immense stretch of meadow-land, known as the "Tantramar Marsh."

Hundreds of years ago, before John Bull had begun to realize the beauty and value of the "Land of Evangeline," the salty waves of the broad Atlantic disported themselves at their pleasure over this part of the country, and later, after the earliest French settlers had reclaimed thousands of acres by their stupendous system of mud fences and "dykes" it became the home of myriads of small game. Everything on the list was to be found within the fastness of the Tantramar, and wonderful indeed are the tales told of the enormous bags taken by the old flintlocks of the early inhabitants.

One morning, shortly after my arrival at Sackville, I was introduced to a most genial character, in the person of the village barber. He informed me that his name was "Willum;" and as I became better acquainted with him, told me very many other things, many of which are still fresh in my memory.

It was only a short time previous to the time I write of, that "Willum's" presence had graced the surroundings of Piccadilly; and I found it hard to understand why, as he shaved me, he should take such pains to explain that he

"owned" that razor himself. I mentioned the fact that I was not surprised, that, in fact I imagined he owned the whole barber shop. "Hi didn't say 'owned' Hi said '*owned*'" expostulated "Willum," growing very red in the face. I finally discovered that he wished to inform me that he lent his personal supervision to the care of that particular razor.

As the discussion had cost me a dainty clipping off one ear, and several little exclamation points impressed upon various parts of my countenance where "Willum" had emphasized his "explanationizing," I determined to avoid all such discussions in future, at least until I was at a safe distance, or until I was satisfied that he had got his "H" box properly sorted out. But it is just such decisions which pave the way to that town beginning with "H" and it was only a few moments later that I lost a cherished growth on my upper lip which I had nursed through many a long week, simply through attempting to agree with Willum.

"Willum" attempted to initiate me into the mysteries of the profession by explaining that if a properly "honed" (I made no mistake this time) razor was held under a powerful magnifying glass it should show innumerable little sawlike teeth.

I lost no time in agreeing with him, and in order to appear intelligent, I further remarked that his razor was more than properly "honed" as I could easily feel the sawlike teeth as he operated upon the almost invisible growth. But I got no further than this: "Willum" remarked very savagely that I was some sort of an "Hidiot" and suggested that I go somewhere else if his work didn't suit me. It was six Sackville miles to the next barber shop, and "Willum" probably knew it, but this little interview had cost me my upper lip adornment, and although "Willum" assured me that it was unintentional on his part, I had my opinion.

As is well known, Sackville is the centre of the Methodist educational institutions, and there is probably no part of the world that has not had a representative from its colleges.

Outsiders who find it hard to understand why one section of the country should be better adapted to the training

of divinity students than another, should visit Sackville some morning, and in the early gray of dawn, take a quiet stroll among the thousands of mounds of hay piled up upon the "Tantramar." Here they will see numerous ambitious theologues holding discourse with their audience of hay-ricks; gesticulating, pleading, threatening, and rehearsing every detail of the regular service, excepting possibly that very important part—the taking up of the collection.

Weak voices have been strengthened, bashful students been imbued with unlimited confidence in themselves, and sermons which the Faculty was expected to pass upon, have been most carefully presented to this uncomplaining audience.

Morning after morning these attacks have been renewed upon the defenceless congregation of meadow grass, and although the eloquent appeals to the sinner have signally failed to move these solid bodies, it has been said that later in life some of the speakers have met with wonderful success in this line—substituting wagon and hay-fork for argument and eloquence. This is a rather harsh statement, made, probably by some unsympathetic sinner.

Among the students, "Willum" was a great favorite, and many a time when one of them happened to catch a glimpse of himself in the mirror, he would recklessly throw all thoughts of economy to the winds, and make a rush for the barber's. Frequently he was confronted by the sign, "Gone a'gunnin'," upon the front door, and was compelled to reluctantly retrace his steps Mt. Allisonward to undergo the tortures of having his facial adornments removed by the college artist; who, despite all entreaties, refused to use any sort of anæsthetic in his practice, no matter how rough the growth had become. It is therefore no small wonder that there was rejoicing among the collegians when word went forth that Willum's "gunnin' houtfit" had been placed upon ice, with every prospect of a long rest. And thereby hangs a tale, as the historians say.

I must tell you about this "gunning outfit." Besides his complicated idea of just what to do with the bunch of "H's" that he had brought across with him, "Willum"

brought over a most exalted idea of himself, and a wonderful creation which he termed, as above his "gunnin' houtfit." According to "Willum" it was a wonder so deceptive, that the birds were liable to perch on the very patches if not shot in time. Still, I hardly think that "Willum" ever dreamed of it turning out to be the success that it finally did when put to the test on this side of the water.

Very early one morning, Willum started for the depths of the Tantramar, closely followed by your humble servant here, "Tom" the genial proprietor of the leading hostelry, and "Tom's" celebrated pointer.

"Willum" entertained us en route with accounts of the wonderful shooting he had done abroad, and of the success of his "houtfit" until we arrived at a most desolate wilderness of bogs, bugs, and tall grass, which made me wish that I was back in my comfortable little bed at the hotel. "Willum" informed us that as we had no hunting togs we could not come any further with him, as it would spoil the effect of his paraphanalina, so we had to separate.

It was not long before "things present—things past—and things to come" were all forgotten in the one burning thought—the "slaughter of the innocents."

Suddenly Tom's dog pointed—a slight rustling among the tall grasses just beyond the line fence brought Tom's old muzzle-loader to his shoulder, and before I knew whether it was a bear or a reed-bird, there was a bang-bang, and over the back of the statue-like pointer rushed hundreds of tiny leaden pellets on their mission of destruction. An instant's pause, and then, instead of the expected wild flutter of wings and cyclone of feathers, there came a most blood-curdling roar; and the tearing asunder of the rear view of the most wonderful combination of corduroy and canvas that these meadows had ever beheld.

"Willum's" "houtfit" had proved a success. It had fooled Tom, the dog, and, to a certain extent "Willum" himself.

"Ho, 'Eavins, h'im shot! h'im a-done for!" were the first intelligible phrases to reach us, as the smoke cleared away, and as I stood half paralyzed, wondering whether I'd

be arrested as an accomplice, or simply held as a witness to the murder of the barber.

I was too much frightened to speak; then I heard Tom call out in a stage whisper; "Shut up, you blank idiot—don't you know that you're frightening the game? one would think you'd been hit by a 6-pounder, instead of a few toy shot."

"But, Tom," persisted the woe-begone figure leaning upon the fence, "H'im a-shot! look at the blood—my leg is full of shot, Tom."

"Gosh, man, can't you keep still?" broke in Tom. "In this country no one ever pays the slightest attention to a little thing like that. Don't let anyone ever hear you mention it, or tell what a fuss you made; or they'll laugh at you."

It was sometime before Tom succeeded in convincing the barber that it really was "nothing" but finally, after Tom had, with the aid of his pen knife, extracted what shot was near the surface, and rearranged certain of his "hout-fit," Willum was calm and apologetically explained,— "But, Tom, don't you know, it's the first time I've ever been shot, and it did 'urt so. Just think what a disgrace it would be for me, an Englishman, to be shot from that direction if it were real shot."

So Tom had convinced him that it really was nothing to be shot, in this country; and if Tom could have kept a secret as well as Willum did, the world would never have known why the barber's celebrated hunting suit was laid away, nor why Tommy Horsler, the tailor of "Iniquity Hill" sent the bill for "Willum's" new breeks to the hotel across the street, instead of to the barber himself.

H. A. R.





The West End Rangers.

ACCOMPANYING this article is a splendid illustration of the West End Rangers, a hockey team, which, though only comparatively young, has a good record and a brighter future ahead of it, if their last year's performances are any indication.

The Rangers Hockey Club was started in the winter of 1899, with a large membership, and Mr. Thomas Mills as President. Mr. Mills has four fine strapping sons in the club who are a whole team in themselves—John, Bert, Lemuel and George—and of whose athletic prowess the worthy President must justly feel proud.

The other members of the team are, Al. Ryan, Edmund Byers and Harry McNeill. These men are all star players and are remarkably well-fitted for positions they hold in the team. The Rangers, when they first organized, held their practises on Government Pond, where they were not cramped for room; this fine expanse affording them ample scope to develop that form of play which has always been a grand feature with the Rangers—I refer to their lightning rushes. This is where the outdoor practise has shown to advantage.

The Rangers' first real game was played on New Year's Day, 1900, on the Pond. It was a contest between the single and married men of the club and from a spectator's standpoint was a great game. The game lasted about two hours and about forty members took part in it. The single men carried the day, although they were less in numbers than their married opponents; and that evening a goose supper was held in the club room, in honor of the occasion, for which the defeated brethren had to foot the bills, according to a stipulation previously agreed upon. It is estimated that this game sounded the death-knell of about twenty-three hockey sticks or hurleys, seventeen shins were barked, six teeth were knocked out, the claret flew from five different noses and one man had his skates broken. The outcome of this game was the formation of the present fine team, for it showed who were the best players and the part of the game for which they were best adapted.

We next find the Rangers in a contest with the Abegweits—that old athletic organization which has been so often associated with victory in all athletic sports in this Province. No one expected the Rangers to win—nor were they expected to make the excellent score they did against such great odds. They were up against players who had made the mightiest of Nova Scotia's warriors to tremble and they were defeated only by the narrow margin of 5 to 3½. No wonder the fair admirers of the Rangers delighted to wear the beautiful yellow and black colors of the club next their hearts. This slight defeat did not have the effect of discouraging the Rangers one whit; in fact, it rather encouraged them, and it was not long before they were enquiring of the Abbies for a date on which to play a return game, to which, it appears, the Abegweits have never yet given a reply. From that time on the Rangers held their practises in the rink and soon had accustomed themselves to the technicalities which confront players who have been used to playing in the open air.

Last winter the Rangers achieved crowning glory when they met the Victoria coloured hockey team of Truro, N. S., and gave them a complete "whitewashing," van-

quishing them by the big score of 20 to 0. This team claimed that they were the colored champions of Nova Scotia and naturally the Rangers felt anxious to rub up against them. They therefore deputed Capt. John Mills to go to Truro to make arrangements for a game. After he returned some difficulty arose, and Capt. Jack had to go over once more. He was delayed for some time in Truro and it was at this juncture that the President, with keen foresight sent his famous telegram to the Captain at Truro: "Push on with all speed to Pictou!" This telegram as regards conciseness and pointedness, has never been equalled, excepting perhaps by Nelson's signal at Trafalgar. Captain Jack immediately acted upon the advice contained therein and arrived in Pictou in time to catch the steamboat and get home. The Truro men were not so active, however, and did not leave for several days after Captain Mills had left. This is where they made the grand mistake, for when they boarded the Stanley at Pictou they were compelled to stay on her for two weeks, as the Stanley got nipped in the ice, and at the end of that time she managed to get back to Pictou, and the dusky rubber chasers returned home. The next attempt to bring them over was a success, however—for the Rangers at least, the result of the match being the crushing defeat of the Victorias, as mentioned above. The Rangers, however, like true sportsmen, compensated the Victorias for their defeat by doing all in their power to make them happy during their stay, by providing a big goose supper.

The Rangers this season intend going to Pictou to play the Victorias who are said to be much stronger (?) than last year. If they defeat them they will probably go to Halifax and try conclusions with the Sunbeams and Eureka's; the latter team, it is said, hold the actual colored hockey championship of the world. There does not seem to be any reason why the Rangers should not be victorious,—excepting that perhaps they may be defeated.

It's all very well—to talk about the Abbies :
And it's all very well—to talk about the Vics ;
But for tough old hockey fightin'—
The kind we take delight in—
Yer orter see the Rangers use their sticks.

TOM A. HAWKE.

Camping Out at Bay Fortune..

EARLY in the season, now some years ago, we had made up our minds to spend a few weeks of the summer camping out at Bay Fortune on the southern shore of King's County, in this fair Island of Prince Edward. The long winter and spring in Charlottetown had grown monotonous and this would be a complete change.

Except to a few sportsmen, tent-life on this Island is almost a novelty, though slowly coming into vogue. Yet a place better adapted for the purpose than the Garden Province of Canada, in summer time, would be difficult to find. Smallest but fairest of the sisters who make up the Canadian Nation, her attractions are unique, though not so well known as they ought to be. The sea-bathing is perfect. Hard sand-beaches, over which the salt waves from the Gulf of St. Lawrence roll, toss and break, creating a glorious surf, make the shores a paradise for bathers. Here the strong swimmer, who delights to breast the surges from the sea, as every lover of the salt water, who is also a good swimmer, does, may revel in enjoyment; while for the weaker or more timid, smooth water is found in innumerable bays and bends of the coast line.

The undulating face of the country, watered by many a stream, its grass fields green as those of Ireland, its woods contrasting the dark hues of spruce and fir with the lighter shades of birch, maple and beech is one of the prettiest to be found, while the deep red of the soil brings the varied shades out in relief. The fishing is good. Within a mile of our camping ground, mackerel, cod, haddock, pollock, halibut and other deep sea fish are caught in abundance. Nearer still, some of the finest sea trout in America—in the world—reward the angler's patience. Lobsters were to be had for the trouble of catching, and as they abounded, that was not much. Lovers of clam-bakes would here be at home, as hundreds of bushels of clams are to be had for the digging. The summer weather is usually delightful. Nature smiles a sunny welcome to admirers visiting her in this, her own home—and mosquitoes are unknown.

Our party was to be a large one. Numerous were the conferences to decide who were to be members. To begin with there were to be no grumblers. Now this is a species of biped not always easy to avoid, but we succeeded in doing so. Then we took no servants. Everyone understood that he or she would be expected to help in any work that was to be done. Again they must be sociable and not afraid of the sun which, at times, is disposed to take liberties with complexions. All was satisfactorily arranged and a very pleasant party got together.

We planned that some of the gentlemen would start from Charlottetown in the "Falcon," a small steam-launch owned by them.

They were to take the heavier baggage down the coast, some seventy miles to Bay Fortune, then pitch the tents and prepare for the other members of the party, who were to come by train and boat the following day. The "Falcon" resembled the bird in name only; in speed, grace and appearance she was somewhat different. This part of the arrangement was not a success. In fact it was, I grieve to say, a complete failure. The Falcon lay a couple miles up the Hillsborough River, where she was loaded until it became quite a matter of perplexity to know where her crew were to be stowed. There is really something marvellous about the quantities of "fixins," people imagine they require, even going out only for a few weeks. In this respect I believe we would have made a good fourth, if reports are correct, to some of the British officers in the Boer war; still it is well to err on the safe side and take enough. We took enough.

We were to start early on Wednesday morning, but when that morning came, "the stormy winds did blow," the rain fell after the fashion set in Noah's times, and no start could be made. Despite the down-pour a pleasant day was spent, and in the evening a good rubber of whist smoothed away any feeling of disappointment that remained.

The crew of the launch were got up in very water-dog style and consisted of the Surgeon, who, because of his medical skill, was appointed Navigating Officer. W. was a mighty hunter, if his accounts of goose and brant shooting, of hunting adventures from the Rocky Mountains to Newfoundland, were reliable, as no doubt they were; though sometimes a peculiar expression would steal over his hearers' faces, which would seem to indicate an unreasonable want of faith, as W. warming to his work, told some tale of peril and daring; of marvellous shots—surpassing anything chronicled in the pages of Cooper or Mayne Reid—in which he had been a prominent figure. But then they were not sportsmen and could not be expected to appreciate or understand the wild life of the hunter. It is strange how it sometimes happens that one's best and truest stories fall upon incredulous ears. I have been there myself and can sympathize. W. received the Commander's commission. The third was the writer, the only one of the crew who knew absolutely nothing about a boat, though a very slight acquaintance with one would have given him a high place among the practical men on board. Therefore in accordance with a time-honored rule in naval affairs he was made Admiral. The same rule seems, in recent years, to have been adopted in the army. Next came Moses, an obliging young fellow of sixteen. Now Moses carried an appetite. In addition he seemed to have a carpenter's shop, a blacksmith's forge, an electrical laboratory, and the tools of various minor trades stowed away in his many pockets. A most useful member of the party was Moses, a successful fisherman and always able to get up a fire. A shrewd, canny Scotch engineer of much sea-faring

experience completed the roll of the launch's officers. He did not appear to have that amount of confidence in his brother officers to which their merits entitled them. In fact he did not appear enthusiastically about going. Following the time-honored military precedents afforded by the United States army, the crew consisted entirely of officers.

Thursday brought no break in the stormy sky. Friday was fair but there was a heavy wind, and the launch was too heavily laden to face the Straits of Northumberland unless the water was fairly smooth. Still we were determined to try it and were up at the first streak of day. When we reached the jetty, the waves were rolling in from the harbor; the wind was stronger than it had appeared from our windows. The prospect looked blue—though the sky did not—for the launch, which was down in the water almost to her gunwales. A hurried consultation resulted in a decision to run her across to the railway wharf, there transfer cargo and crew to the train and make for Fortune by land. We would not wait another day. The fiat went forth, or rather it stuck there. The Falcon was to be abandoned. The ending of her voyage before it had begun was somewhat ignominious. Still the winds decreed it, and what could be done but obey. We steamed across the harbor, and as the waves came lopping over her sides we became reconciled to making our journey on *terra firma*. I would that one of our now-a-day nuisances, yclept "kodik fiends," had been there to catch the engineer's expression of almost seraphic joy, when the Falcon was safely moored to the railway wharf and he got his foot firmly set on its surface. A Raphael or a Michael Angelo might have done it justice—I am not sure—I have reason to suspect that he looks upon that as the "closest call" he ever had. He was with us no more. I have sometimes thought since that it was fortunate we were not drowned on that expedition. Others who were not so interested as we were, in fact were not on board, I have no doubt, expressed a different opinion. It all depends on the point of view.

At the wharf the Falcon's load was put on board the train. The engineer bade us good-bye with a heart whose lightness shone out in his face. Fortunately none of our friends, who were not going, happened to be about to extend their sympathy for the loss of the vessel. Later on we were criticized by one or two of them for leaving the ship behind. They were satisfied she might have been taken around. Is it not passing strange how often it happens that those who know nothing about a matter think themselves the most competent to pass judgment upon it, and do so with a calm and unblushing assurance that approaches, if it does not pass, the sublime.

We steamed slowly away from the station, under a now sunny sky, skirting the shores of the East River, though the village of Mount Stewart, past the snug farms and homesteads of the Island, through a pleasant land to Souris some five miles from our destination.

Souris is a scattering, prettily-situated little town with an open

harbor protected by a breakwater, in the shelter of which lay some fifty sail of Nova Scotian and American fishing schooners. They looked very graceful and pretty, their tall spars and clean, well modelled hulls standing out in relief against the blue background of water and sky, with, here and there, a sail of white duck spread by some which were making ready for sea. Across the harbor rolled the tones of many voices as the fishermen joined in the chorus of a lively song. The wind had gone down. Only a gentle breeze stirred a ripple on the face of the water; the morning sun shone clear and bright. In present enjoyment, the disappointments of the last few days were forgotten.

At the wharf lay a large seine boat belonging to Bay Fortune, and the owner's son, a fine strapping young fellow, offered to carry us and our belongings to the camping ground for two dollars. Certainly the charge for taking five tents, a couple of tons of baggage, provisions and camping utensils, besides ourselves, was not exorbitant. No delay was made in closing the bargain, so in a few minutes, the Surgeon, W., Moses and myself, with three cart-loads of traps were snugly stowed away in the boat and floating over the blue waters of Souris Bay.

Souris was a place where the Canada Temperance Act, which prohibits the sale of liquors except for medicinal, mechanical or sacramental purposes, was in force. W. who was noted for his lively interest in the temperance question, improved the moments of our brief stay to gather information as to the practical working of the Act. He came to the conclusion that Souris was a great place for mechanics. Two of our boatmen had been on shore and came on board in a very happy mood. They explained that rowing was mechanical work and a little spirits made the oars work smoothly.

The boat was a beauty and a little more than an hour's rowing brought us to the landing at Fortune. As we reached the wharf a fishing boat with mackerel, cod and lobsters came to an anchor and we secured some of the fish for dinner. They were fresh from the water, some of the mackerel still alive, while the lobsters crawled about as if exploring the strange element in which they found themselves. Our traps were soon on shore. A horse and waggon were pressed into the service and everything speedily carried to the camping ground, a quarter of a mile distant. The road ran, at first, through a couple of meadows, then through a pretty wood redolent with the odor of spruce, the branches brushing either side as we passed. The *Linnæa*, in quantities, its pink twin-flowers already in bloom, lent variety of beauty. Ferns grew to right and left, their delicate green fronds temptingly bordering the path. The ground was literally carpeted with a thick bed of soft moss. Birds sang in the woods, squirrels chattered in the trees, an occasional hare fled almost from beneath the horse's feet.

The camping ground was a charming spot. A meadow, several

acres in extent, on a red sand-stone bluff thirty to forty feet in height, overlooked the bay to the south and out to sea on which the white sails were floating. At the back we were sheltered by a thick spruce and fir wood, the same through which we had just passed. At one end of the meadow the trees formed a perfect alcove, protecting the tents against every wind.

The spot was a charming one and soon the tents were pitched and everything made ready for our stay. A pretty sight the whole was. The clean white canvass standing out brightly against the dark-green back-ground, the smoke from the wood fire curling up through the trees, the smooth field stretching away to the left, with the sea gently kissing the beach in front made a fair picture.

Soon dinner was ready; dinner such as ye, O denizens of cities, dream not of. Fish, scarce an hour out of the salt water, cooked to a turn; appetites such as only dwellers in tents or toilers by the sea can boast were fully equal to the occasion, and peace and comfort reigned. "Boys" said the surgeon, as he lolled back in his camp-chair and lazily puffed at his pipe in calm contentment, "a child could play with me now."

The sun was fast sinking; the evening was pleasant and cool; not a mosquito or other insect marred enjoyment; over the glancing waters the last rays of light were dancing; in the harbor, boats were making for their moorings; further out the white sails of a score of schooners shone brightly in the dying day; while more distant, the smoke from a passing steamer dimly marked the evening sky. The shades were gathering close around tent, tree and shore. When night closed in the lamps were lit, visitors from the neighborhood came to see us, and many a yarn, with frequent laughs, enlivened our first evening under canvas at Bay Fortune.

"A little of something hot would make us sleep all the better," suggested W. We were all ready to sleep, in fact could scarcely keep our eyes open. But we were all out for a camping holiday. The experience to some of us in that line was a novel one. We were not of those who cannot shake off drowsiness when there was a chance of gaining information, and were determined to act upon any well-considered and sympathetic proposition which, while adding to our experience, would increase our stores of knowledge. The suggestion therefore, met with unanimous approval. The task of mixing the something hot was left to the proposer. With the aid of lemons, hot water and a peculiar flavoring manufactured in Scotland, a beverage very pleasant to the taste was soon brewed. We found this mixture much easier to take than the surgeon's concoctions and, as a result, to the mixer was at once assigned the duty of preparing it during our stay. Thenceforth, each night, as the huge bonfire blazed up, lighting the whole encampment, he might be seen carefully discharging the functions of his new office. Never did a departmental officer take more kindly to his duties. He never wearied of well doing. His "lemon-

ade with flavoring" became popular and as song went up or story passed around, the chorus lost nothing in cheeriness nor the tale in zest, because of its social charms.

That first night, wearied by a long days journeying our sleep was that proverbially enjoyed by the just. When we awoke the morning sun was already high in the heavens. Birds were piping in the bush. We had had no idea of the number of feathered songsters to be found here. Hermit thrush and winter wren made their clear notes heard out over the glade. The American gold-finch the white throated sparrow and black throated warbler introduced variations into the music of nature's concerts. The robin, of course, was everywhere, while the king-bird and golden winged wood pecker, were interesting to watch. Seaward the gulls circled, making a great clatter; flocks of wild duck flew by, but as the season was the close one, they flew in safety.

A plunge into the sea made an excellent beginning for the new day. How a good dip in the salt water, when there is a fair surf on, braces one up.

Breakfast over, rods, lines and landing nets were brought out. The best fishing ground was at the ferry where we had landed the previous day. The channel there, narrowed to a stone's throw in breadth, and winding in many twists and turns made numerous eddies and ripples, such as delight the angler's heart.

The ferry formed the entrance from the sea to Fortune River, and at this season the trout were still coming up from the salt water. On our side was a firm sand-beach with not a stick or bush to catch the lines and so they could be thrown in comfort. At each side of the ferry were rough timber wharves, and on our side a lobster factory converted into a storehouse, gave the place a picturesque appearance. Seine and other boats anchored out in the stream, with some score or more people and a dozen skiffs on the clam beds a little above the wharf, lent diversity and an air of animation to the scene. The clam diggers consisted of men, women and children, who, every low tide, sought the clam beds to procure bait for cod fishing. The clams were so abundant that fisherman even from the other provinces, came here for bait. When the tide went out, leaving the beds bare, it was amusing to see the pigs making for these beds always accompanied by a lot of crows who fed on the fruits of the Messrs. Pigs' labors.

But we had something else to do besides looking at the scenery, and watching clam-digging pigs and crows. The other members of our colony would be here through the day. They were sure to be hungry and preparation must be made to receive them. What better could there be than a good basketful of sea-trout? Soon we had them; they were landed bright and flashing in silvery beauty. A couple of dozen, ranging from half a pound to three pounds in weight, made a basket which, could he have seen them, would have made old Isaac Walton turn in his grave. Taking them "home" as we called our camp, we were ready to receive the most epicurean of visitors.

Early in the afternoon voices were heard through the fir-trees and soon the owners of the voices appeared. The arrival created quite an excitement. The quiet of the camp was broken by cheers of welcome to the ladies, and the welcome was well merited. Seldom is a party blessed with chaperons more kindly and thoughtful than ours, or more thoroughly in earnest in enjoying their own happiness and in promoting the pleasure of others. With these came two other ladies, one of whom, owing to her having come from abroad, was deprived of the name given her by her god-father and god-mother and instead was styled the "Fair Furriner." The other, with a keen eye for Nature's beauties and with fingers skilled to use the pencil, but entirely too diffident in her estimate of her own powers became "The Artist." F. accompanied them, a lawyer, and a bit of a carpenter, never more happy than when hammering a nail or sawing a board.

How hungry they were. It was well the basket of trout had been a good one. They vanished with wonderful celerity, and no wonder. The rich, deep pink flesh of the fish cooked to perfection would have tempted the appetite of a jaded epicure, let alone people who had made a journey since breakfast.

That night we had a glorious bon-fire, there was no lack of dry wood to be had for the taking, and the logs mixed with the boughs of dead spruce and fir made a blaze which lighted up the darkness away out into the night.

There is something very pleasant about a large fire, lighting tents, shore and woods. As story passed around or song went up all felt glad to be camping out.

On the sea-coast the evenings get pleasantly cool, and W's hot mixture before turning in was very enjoyable. Each night during our three weeks stay the fire was replenished and a happy group gathered about it. At first the neighbors thought the woods were on fire, but our encampment soon became known and the flames ceased to alarm.

The bathing was perfect, a clear sand beach with just enough surf to make it exhilarating as the salt sea waves rolled in, made a bath of the most invigorating kind. In spare hours we built a flight of rough stone steps from the beach to the brow of the cliff and so made an easy path to the water. We found our "stairs" very useful and were not a little pleased with our work.

The days passed quickly in that glorious sunshine, surrounded by those lovely woods and sparkling waters. The end of our three weeks came all too soon, but all did not end there. The "Fair Furriner" has made her home in this Island and every Sunday she and "The Artist" may be seen in regular attendance at church and—they do not go alone. The chaperons enjoy an outing as much as they ever did.

The Navigating officer is still to the fore, but as I have not heard his name mentioned in connection with any drowning accidents, I take it he has given up active sea-life. The Commander's hand has

lost none of its skill. F. still delights to spoil good lumber and is, I believe, more jealous of his character as a worker with saw and plane than he is of his legal reputation. And he does know law. Moses is still to the fore and as skilled in various trades as of old, while the writer is just as well qualified to fill the position of "Admiral" as ever he was.

ANON.

Sorrow Comes to All.

In memoriam : James McLeod, M. D., who died in Charlottetown
on December 22nd, 1900.

THE mid-day sun makes glad and bright
Each vale and mountain tall ;
But night's dark pinions dim the light—
So Sorrow comes to all.

The summer flowers the cottage decked,
Lie withered round the wall—
Like long-loved faces gone to rest—
So Sorrow comes to all.

Ah cruel Death,—unwelcome guest
In mansion, cot or hall ;
Our best-beloved escape thee not—
So Sorrow comes to all.

I had a friend—a bosom friend—
"A noble soul" would men him call :
Alas he's gone—and I lament—
Yes, Sorrow comes to all.

Charlottetown

JAMES MACDONALD.

V a r i a

IT is, we think, only due to Mr. J. S. Clark, that we should publish the following, which ought to have prefaced his poem on The Acadian Exile in last month's issue of this magazine. As a matter of fact the introduction accompanied the manuscript, but was omitted because of lack of space:

THE writer has long been trying to carry out a purpose decided upon when first his boyish mind compared the thrilling history of Acadia with that splendid poem "Evangeline;" for he felt and still feels that popular opinion has been based upon a one-sided view which was never meant for history.

The problem has been a difficult one, for even the best histories are not widely read. Careful students, who weigh evidence and walk circumspectly, are referred at once to the histories of Parkman and lesser lights, within whose chosen fields the writer need not trespass. And, though the matter does not lend itself readily to metrical expression, the writer had temerity enough to think that he might reach acceptably a larger public by distilling the essay and allowing it to fall into a metre and manner not altogether unlike that adopted by Longfellow in his great epic poem.

In its present form after many an upheaval, and fourteen years manipulation, during which time it has often seemed perfect, and as often been consigned to oblivion, the essay will not please every reader; yet it may appeal to many who have thought no hand would ever be raised to efface such a "blot" upon the history of Canada; feeling, as they did, that in the story of Evangeline they had not only the truth, but the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; while they but read a beautiful romance.

The writer has felt backward about exposing this *alumnus* on the public street, because he knows that readers of different races and religious beliefs must always view matters not only from different standpoints, but also in varying shades of light. On his part, since he may speak first, he would beg to say that if he is misinformed, he is anxious to correct himself as soon as he knows where he is wrong. The impatient reader is referred again to sections XX and XXI; and requested to remember that motives, though often imputed, are seldom positively known; and that we generally refer to their history, before judging the actions either of nations or of men.

A thousand times has the sun set behind the distant hills at the bend of the Valley, while the writer inhaled the evening air fresh from the meadows of Cornwallis and Grand Pre; and often, alone, he has hurried over the upland toward the Gaspereau's mouth, or watched the ebb of the receding tide from a suspicious mound in some forgotten hollow, until he knows the country, hill and dale; and here he would simply remark what he has often felt, as his eyes measured the far-receding distances: that if the Great American Poet had ever visited the scene of the Exile, certainly he would have not been impressed with the height or nearness of the neighboring mountains, on whose lofty pinnacles "Sea-fogs pitched their tents, but ne'er for a moment descended into the happy valley."

Surely he who is mistaken in one conception, so evident to the

observer, may both give and hold impressions otherwise misleading.
Dear spirit of Longfellow,—if such familiarity of address be not considered sacrilege :—

“ A schoolboy wandering through the wood
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.”

Kirklaw, Bay View, P. E. I.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Exchanges.

The gradual reconstruction of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet lends a direct and timely interest to an article which the Hon. Charles Emory Smith has just written for *The Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia.

Cabinets and Cabinet-making tells how Presidents choose their official advisers; how nice political considerations influence their choice and reduce to lowest terms the number of available candidates.

One of the most important conclusions reached by Mr. Smith is that most Presidents have followed one of two methods in forming their official families: that of Mr. Lincoln and his predecessors, who surrounded themselves with party leaders and former Presidential candidates, and that of Mr. McKinley, who appointed strong, broad-gauged men, regardless of previous political preeminence.

This article will appear in an early issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.



The novel of the month in *Lippincott's* for February is by the fertile and delightful John Strange Winter, who never grows dull and never deceives. “The Standings,” her latest tale, is about a poor painter (in all senses) and his poorer family of girls, one of whom marries another painter who really loves her sister. Anyone who has ever read a John Strange Winter tale will know what that inventive pen can make out of such a plot. It's rapid, romantic; and real all through.



The Maritime Homestead, published in Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B., is quite of the improved style of agricultural newspaper. It is full of valuable suggestions to agriculturists and the news from the different provinces appears extensively in each issue. Prince Edward Island is usually well represented.



The last number of *The Scientific American* contains a number of articles relative to the proposed Isthmian Canal and a comparison of the Panama and Nicaraguan route which is of much interest.



The Canadian Engineer is as full as ever of information for its special class of readers and its news notes concerning the trade all rough the Dominion makes an interesting budget.

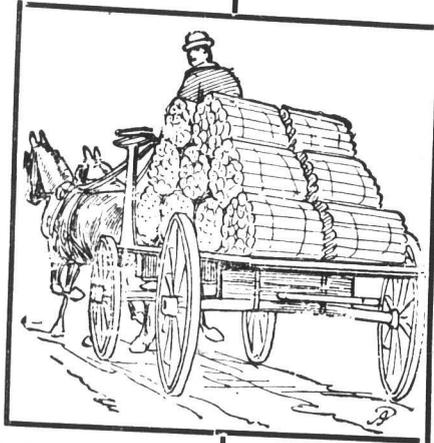
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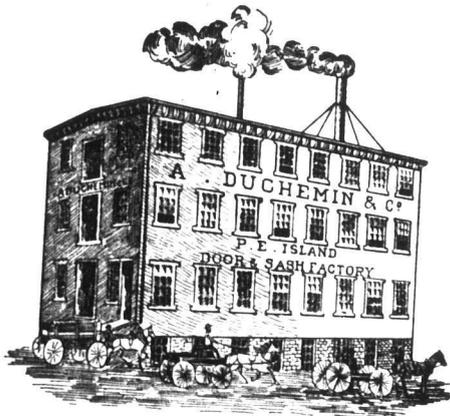


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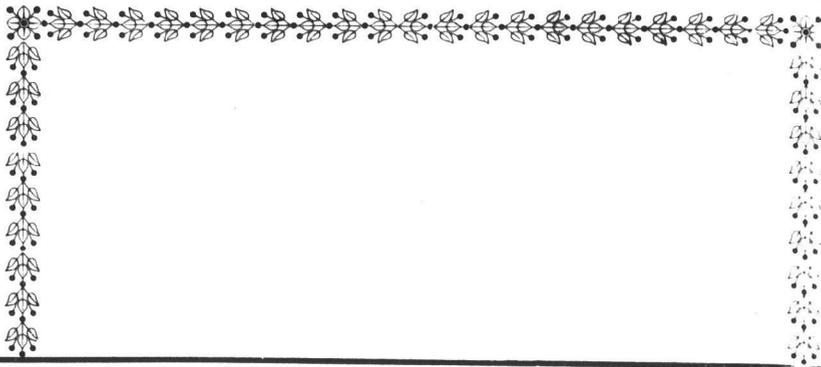
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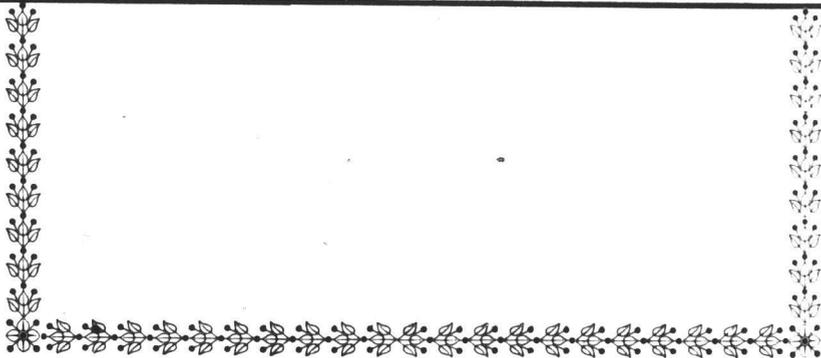
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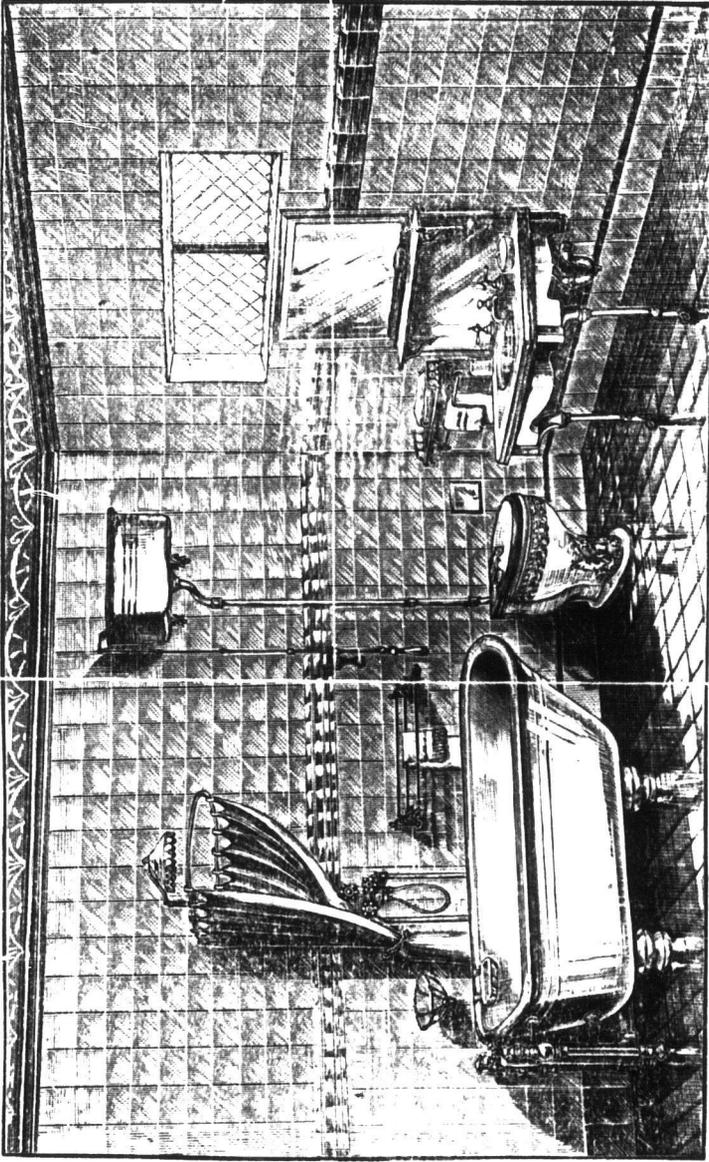
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imperfect digestion, and it's good for healthy people too.

12 lb. bag 50 cents

Jenkins & Son

