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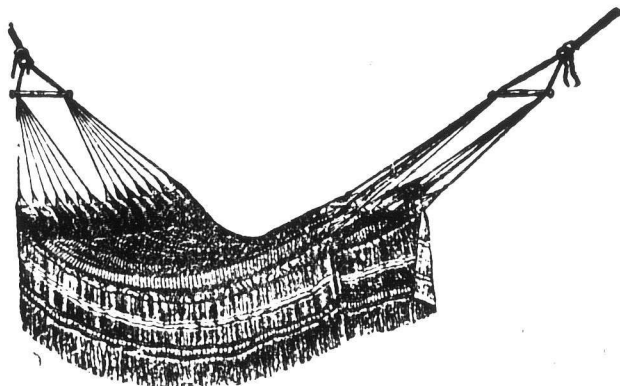
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SEA TROUT CAUGHT AT BAY FORTUNE, P. E. I.

Photo by W'm. Cumming

The
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Vol. 4

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Forest-Lore Series

I—The Finding of My War-Club.

[INTRODUCTORY]

THE night as I remember it was clear, though stray, fleecy clouds sometimes mellowed the moonlight which their presence could not wholly obscure; and, as each passed over after his fellows, and the moon broke out in full brilliance before another came, the fast-gathering dew-drops on every twig and grass-blade were lit up into innumerable diamonds, until there seemed a radiant pathway that led from my very feet upward toward the sombre orb of night. It was a vision of glory worthy of being marked by an ebenezer-stone, and a stone there was, but you must wait—for thereby hangs a tale.

As I walked along, enjoying that ever-shifting ladder of light, a host of crickets near at hand kept earth and air a-ringing with one continuous chirr, each black-coated worshipper pausing in modest deference as I approached, to take up the tune at the opening of the next bar as soon as my receding footsteps left him free to place his whole mind upon his song, and sing the praises of his King

to his little heart's content. But I was hurrying, and I could not stay, though my heart, too, was in harmony with the music of the spheres, and I could murmur with Bryant.

"Go forth, under the open sky, and list to Nature's teaching."

Suddenly, as I walked, my attention became rivetted upon an object which seemed to stand out like the head of an animal from behind a grassy hillock upon which the dew-drops glittered with dazzling splendour amidst the ladder of light; not only did I see a well-formed forehead and tapering front, but through the intervening grass-blades I plainly discerned wrinkles which gave every appearance of animation in the uncertain light; and, if for a moment a doubt entered my mind, it was dispelled by the consciousness of a presence near at hand; and I was irresistibly drawn on, until, though now I knew no animal was there, I crept close up and placed my hand on the moist, cool forehead; glad to enjoy the luxury of loneliness amid such surroundings at such an hour. My warm hand was chilled by the touch, for it rested upon a common looking dun-coloured stone, moist with gathering dew. I took it up at once with mingled feelings, and examined it closely to see what could have made it so attractive to me. I saw in a moment that it was no common stone, and from my knowledge of the early Micmacs. I was at at once assured that before me lay an ancient war-club of uncommon size and weight—he must have been a giant *kookwes* who wielded a club of such weight at the end of an arm-length shaft. All the enthusiasm of a discoverer thrilled within me as I held up the mighty war-club of some forgotten warrior—some *kenap* of the by-gone-days; a *boovin* too, no doubt, who had charged his club with a magic that it would retain down to the end of time. Now I understood the charm that drew me on. I had long known that the war-clubs, bows and spears of the Micmacs have always been regarded as animate; if you turn to their language

even to-day. you still find the distinction; and is it any wonder then that the warrior was accompanied by his animate utensils when his spirit took its flight to *Wasoak*, the land of the blessed.

But this charmed stone before me had lain idle for centuries, until it was gray and worn from exposure. It had no place to fill, in the economy of nature, as there was no soul toned to its pitch, and so it lay age after age a discordant element upon the face of nature as worthless as it had been before it had been chipped out of shapeless flint by pre-historic man perhaps soon after the first hunters came who called the land Megamagee—the home of the true men; before Leif the Norsa, the sea-rover wandered along these shores; a thousand years before Jacques Cartier came.

How that forgotten warrior toiled day after day to perfect his weapons,—his tools no harder than the flint he worked; how he had at last held it up in admiration, and dedicated it to the spirit of the storm with offerings appropriate, then lashed it with sinews to its shaft of toughest oak; and how shaft after shaft was shattered, while the thongs ever chafed their way more deeply into the adamantine rock through unknown generations of warriors—these were themes for speculation, as I rolled my treasure over and over in my hands, while the dew-drops glistened, and the crickets sang.

There was a deep gash at the point, and an unmistakable crack on the poll, which must have been received from a similar weapon at some moment in mortal conflict, for dural skull of wounded moose or beak went down before it time after time like an eggshell under a hammer. But the most marked characteristic about the ancient weapon was that mystic charm of animate presence, which no physical creature could reveal or explain.

This must be then a magic club, which retains its

“medicine” down the end of time, and whose silent voice speaks out to those alone who have through weary days of research and nights of labour developed the faculty of understanding its communications, or to say it plainly, those who have grown the ears that hear.

But I must hasten on my errand, as I was not free to wait, so I scooped a cache amongst the grass and pebbles of the dry bottom to hide my treasure until I might return to take it home. Fool that I was to hide it as one might bury a nugget, in the valley where it had lain untouched for centuries, a worthless lump of stone! but I could not leave it otherwise; I was a discoverer, and I could almost shout my delight. With anxious step I hurried back and brought my treasure home. For years I had it with me, until my home was burned, and among many other relics, including among others the invaluable manuscripts recording philological and ethnological work done by Dr. Rand, some of which I had not copied or made my own; it met a grave amid the falling timbers, at a time when I was a hundred miles from civilization among the Otchipwes of northern Manitoba.

But my magic war-club, though lost, has been an inspiration to me; it responded for years to my studied requests; and if you who read would learn of what it said to me, come with me at some future time, after our work is done, and I will endeavor to translate into lame English the wild sibylline chanting which it poured into my responsive ear in the soft accents of the Micmac tongue.

J. S. CLARK



The Cynic

THOU hast made thy life a sneer,
And thy voice is raised alone,
That a wearied public hear
Doubt and satire in its tone.

Yes, we know as well as thou
That Death reaches every life ;
That man breaks his holiest vow ;
That most joys with pain are rife.

And have known it for so long
That thy words awake surprise.
Dost thou think of all earth's throng,
Thou alone art passing wise?

Ill-grained skeptic, look about ;
Many things are fair to view.
If thou must abuse then doubt
Thine own judgment to be true.

Virtue, love and truth, I ween,
Live for him who knows their face,
If Life's sins are all thou'st seen,
Then must thou thyself be base.

FELIX N. GERSON

Some Active and Extinct Volcanoes.

THE terrible holocaust which has devastated the islands St. Vincent and Martinique takes rank in its appalling significance with the most frightful disasters of history. There was time to escape from Herculaneum and Pompeii, but never so far as known has an entire community been wiped out of existence on the instant in the manner illus-

trated at the southern islands of Great Britain and France. Anyone who has studied the sun spots and noted the vast outward rushes of fiery gas or material from the surface of the sun, projected thousands of miles into space, can imagine that at St. Pierre something of the kind, on an infinitesimal scale had happened. The fact that the volcano of Pelee had been "dead" for fifty years shows that there is an element of uncertainty about these splendid monuments to the hidden powers of the earth and suggests that those who insist upon living on the slopes of other "dead" or sleeping volcanoes, as Vesuvius, are acting with open eyes and taking the chance of death.

The United States, or that portion included in the continent proper, is comparatively free from such menaces to human life, yet there are many localities which show that the volcano has been in the past an active factor in the country. In New Mexico the traveller passes a number of old volcano cones, and miles of the country are covered with lava which ran in a fiery flood over the valleys, devastating the land. This is pointed out as the flow of an extinct volcano, and there is no legend or history to tell when it occurred. As a matter of convenience, an extinct volcano is one which has not displayed any activity for one hundred years, but this is no guarantee that is not liable to reawaken. The people who died at Herculaneum had been taught to believe that Vesuvius was an extinct volcano.

Volumes have been written about volcanoes and their causes, but in point of fact, very little is known about them beyond what we see. In the eighteenth century Humboldt tells us "225 volcanoes erupted," and this is known to be far below the actual number, and doubtless the "extinct" volcano is merely dormant. Etna, which towers 11,000 feet into the air and has a circumference of about 100 miles, has been active periodically for thousands of years—300,000 at least. For the past two thousand years it has had

eruptions about four times a century, or every twenty-five years. Etna is a typical periodic volcano; while Stromboli is an example of continued mild eruptions. The photographs of the moon exhibit a remarkable state of ancient volcanic eruptions, the face of the moon having the appearance of a pepper box, and doubtless from a great height the earth or certain sections would have a similar appearance, as volcanoes, ancient and modern, are more common than generally supposed. The Pacific Ocean, especially in the equatorial region, is dotted with them. The following groups are conspicuous volcanic centres: the Society group, Marquesas, Navigator, Feejees, Friendly Islands, New Hebrides and Ladrões. Many of these are active, as Tauna and Ambrym in the New Hebrides, Tafoa and Amargura in the Friendly Islands, Tinakora in the Santa Cruz Islands. Mona Loa, 13,760 feet high, is one of the splendid active volcanoes of the world, as well as Mount Hualalai, 10,000 feet, while Mount Kea also, on the Hawaiian Islands, is now supposed to be extinct. At least ten of the islands, including Martinique, representing the West India group, are volcanic and bear volcanoes. In the Mediterranean country we have Vesuvius, the volcanoes of Sicily and others in Spain, France, Germany, etc., formerly more or less active. Near Greece there are five volcanic islands. Mount Ararat, 16,950 feet, is an ancient volcano, and along the Red Sea are many volcanic cones. Passing on to Java we find fifty volcanoes, twenty-five of which are active, and the same is true more or less, of Sumatra and Borneo. About the latter over one hundred make life strenuous among the small islands. Madagascar, Mauritius, the Isle of Bourbon, and Comoro Islands, all have volcanoes, and as we approach the South Pole the smoke of Erebus and Terror suggests volcanic activity. Africa is not particularly famous in this respect, but the Bight of Benin and the various islands are volcanic, St. Helena, the

Canaries, the Cape Verde, Madeira, Iceland and the Azores are virtual volcanoes more or less ancient.

In the Philippines there are about fifteen or twenty volcanoes. Patagonia has its volcanoes; Chili can boast of thirty-two, Aconcagua being 23,000 feet in height, and there are a dozen in Peru and Bolivia. Quito is surrounded by nearly twenty volcanoes, none of which are under 12,000 feet, Cotopaxi (19,660 feet) being the center of interest. Coming up the coast the volcano seeker will find nearly forty in Central America, and in Mexico a number, large and small.

The volcanoes of America, or of the United States are of especial interest and they are found in the Western country, as a rule west of the Rocky Mountains. One of the most beautiful of these is Mt. Shasta, 14,440 feet high, which rears its massive twin cones in Northern California. Mt. Helena in Oregon, 12,600 feet in height, is a majestic peak, and Mt. Hood, 11,225 feet, has a world-wide fame for its beauties, little thought being given to its activity in the early geological history of the continent. Other famous peaks are Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Adams, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker and Mt. Lassen.

In the Aleutian chain there are twenty-one Islands with volcanoes. Kamtchatka has fifteen or twenty, the Kurile Islands thirteen, and the Japan group twenty-four. In a word, the world is fairly dotted with volcanoes more or less notable for their activity in ancient or modern times. The catastrophe of Mt Pelee calls to mind other famous eruptions. The extinct volcano of Maui, 10,217 feet high, not many centuries ago emitted a river of lava two miles wide. In 1779 Vesuvius tossed cinders 10,000 feet into the air. During the time of Christ Vesuvius was extinct; even its crater was covered with verdure and its slopes to the summit with vines and trees; then Pompeii was destroyed and one thousand years passed in silence until 1036, when

an eruption occurred. In 1631 towns about the base were destroyed, and it is known that the outbreaks have increased in volume and violence in time; yet people still live on the slopes, inviting the fate which is almost sure to come in some later generation.

In 1815 Tomboro on the Island of Sumbawa erupted, causing a panic in the Javanese group. Herschel estimated that the ashes if collected would have made a solid mass three times the size of Mont Blanc. For days utter darkness hung over the Island and explosions were heard in Ceylon, nearly one thousand miles distant. In 1783 Mt. Reykjanes threw out a mass of lava equivalent to twenty-one cubic miles. Perhaps the most remarkable flow was that of Kilauea, one of our own possessions, which in 1840 ejected a river of lava forty miles long; if collected it was estimated that it would have covered a square mile eight hundred feet in depth. The roar of the volcano of Cosequina, Nicaragua, in 1835, was heard at Jamaica, eight hundred miles northeast. That of St. Vincent in 1812 was heard on the llanos of Caracas. The volcano of Souffriere at St. Vincent, now devastating the island, and supposed for years to be extinct, has many times wrecked portions of the island, the eruptions of 1718 and 1812 being particularly terrible. The latter has been remembered as "Black Sunday." The inhabitants of Barbadoes thought the fleets of France and Germany were engaged, so loud was the continued roar, yet Barbadoes is eighty miles distant. This island was buried deep in gloom from the dust of St. Vincent and covered several inches deep, yet the St. Vincent islanders forgot the warning, and on the termination of the present outbreaks on this island and Martinique the places not covered with lava will again be occupied, St. Pierre will be restored and life, or what there is left, will move on until the next cataclysm.—*C. F. Holden in Sc. American*

The Wreck of The Haarlem

THE Dutch (the Netherlands) having thrown off the Spanish yoke towards the end of the 16th century became the foremost commercial power of the time. They had obtained Eastern products from Portugal, but Portugal then fell under Spanish rule, and her ports were closed to the Dutch, who then started to build up an Eastern trade for themselves, and in 1595 a Dutch fleet of four vessels rounded the Cape of Good Hope touching on the coast to procure fresh provisions, water, etc. This was the first intercourse of the Dutch (the Boers) with South Africa.

On the return of the fleet, several Dutch companies were formed for Eastern trade. In 1602 these were united into the Dutch East India Company with power to make treaties, build fortresses, enlist troops, etc. Its offices were in Amsterdam and other cities in Holland. As Holland and Spain were at war the Dutch made a prize of the Portuguese ships, factories, etc, in the East.

In 1619 the English company proposed to the Dutch to jointly establish a fort in South Africa, but the latter did not consent. In 1620 the English company instructed their captains to look for a suitable place for a fort, and two of these hoisted the English flag at Table Bay. This action was not confirmed and thenceforth the English ships made St. Helena their port of call.

Nothing of consequence took place till 1648 when the Dutch East India Company's ship "Haarlem" was wrecked near Table Bay. The crew were there for over six months. They had seeds and started a garden. They got meat from the natives. So fruitful did the soil show itself to be, that the officers reported it to the Company in Amsterdam, on

their return home. As a consequence the company determined to establish a station in South Africa. The idea was to provide a place where water, fresh meat and vegetables could be procured, and so do away with or at least curtail the ravages of scurvy which decimated the ships crews.

In this way the first Dutch settlement was formed. At first it suffered terribly from scurvy, but soon raised vegetables and other fresh food, got weatherproof houses and other necessities, and became more comfortable, and of course the scurvy was vanquished. A trade in copper bars brass wire and tobacco, also cattle, sheep and articles of native produce, was carried on with the Hottentots.

Before the second winter had passed the settlement was fairly well established. This was found to be expensive, and the company then settled independent farmers, mainly old employes, on the land. As soon as a man could make his living, the company brought his family out. In this way began the Dutch colonization of South Africa. The descendants of those first settlers are to-day scattered over the whole country.

J. A. MACDONALD

The Boswall Family

THE family of Boswall is supposed to have been established in Scotland in the reign of David I. It obtained the Barony of Balmuto, in the county of Fife, in the beginning of the 15th century, by the marriage of Sir John Boswall with Mariota, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Glen. The grandson of this marriage, David Boswall was twice married. The son of the first marriage Sir Alexander, carried on the line of Bulmuto, which is in existence there at the present day.

The son of the second marriage, Thomas Boswall,

obtained from James IV, with whom he was in high estimation, the lands and barony of Auchinleck. He fell at Flodden and was succeeded by his only son David Boswall, who married a daughter of the first Earl of Arran. Seventh in descent from this David Boswall sprang Alexander Boswall, Lord Auchinleck, one of the senators of the College of Justice and a Lord of Session. This eminent lawyer had a self-opinion of his ability, and of his superiority over others. These peculiarities he imbibed from his aristocratic relations. His mother was a daughter of the second Earl of Kincardine. He highly valued his advantages as a good scholar, and an able lawyer of great estate and ancient-family. He was, moreover a strict Presbyterian, and a whig of the old Scottish caste. This did not prevent his frequent ebullition of feeling when occasion arose and great was the contempt he entertained, and expressed for his son James, the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages with whom he associated. To a friend, his Lordship once said: "There is nae hope for Jamie, he is gaen clean gyte. Whadae ye think he has pinned himself to nou man?" And here the old Judge summed up with a sneer of the most sovereign contempt, "A dominie mon; an auld dominie, he keepit a schule and called it an academy?" This great ornament of the Boswall family died in 1788, and was succeeded by his son James, the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson.

James was born in Edinburgh in 1740. He studied law in the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and was called to the Scottish Bar. He cultivated the friendship of literary men, and was introduced to Dr. Johnson in 1763. In 1790 he published the life of the great moralist, which obtained an extraordinary degree of popularity. He also wrote a work on the great Douglass Peerage case. He died June 19th, 1795, and was succeeded by his son, Alexander Boswall, who was created a baronet, August 16th, 1821.

He inherited a large fortune upon the death of his father. Sir Alexander fell the following year in a duel arising out of the political disputes of the period, by the hand of James Stuart of Duncarn. This duel made a great sensation and had much to do in making this custom odious in the public mind. Sir Alexander was the author of "Good Night and Joy be wi' ye all," "Jenny Dang the Weaver," and "Jenny's Bawbee."

Another branch of the Boswall family is now represented by Sir George Houston Boswall, of Blackadder, in Berwickshire. Sir George Houston married Euphemia Boswall, heiress of Blackadder, hence the assumption of the name, and blending of the arms and crests.

HOUSTON AND BOSWALLS.

First and fourth arg. on a fesse. sa. between two thistles, in chief, and a garb. in base ppr. Three cinque of the first for Boswall, Second and third or chevron, chequy, Sa. and arg, between three martlets of the second for Houston.

Crests, first a cubit arm grasping a sword for Boswall; second, a sandglass winged ppr. for Houston.

Supporters, (borne by the family in right of their being ancient hereditary barons of Scotland), on either sides a greyhound ppr; collared and chained.

Motto. Over the Boswall crest, *Fortiter*.

Motto. Over the Houston crest, *In Time*.

George Lauderdale Houston Boswall, late Captain of the Grenadier Guards, son of George Houston Boswall, Baronet, married Phœbe, daughter of Sir Hugh Allan, Knight of Ravenscrag.

The late Alexander Henry Boswall, M. D., being a near relative of the Baronet, for many years studied in Edinburgh, Scotland, and won for himself the highest degrees and greatest honor of his profession. Receiving his diploma he took a tour around the world, afterwards settling himself for many years in Somersetshire, England. Being dissatisfied with the treatment he received by

his relatives who by underhand dealings succeeded in wresting from him his rightful heritage he came to P. E. Island where he endeared himself to rich and poor. Dr. Boswall left a widow who only survived him six months, and four children: Ann Burston (deceased), widow of the late William S. McGowan, William James, Harriet wife of Robert Galbraith, and Albert.

BOSWALL ARMS.

Arms. Argent on a fess sable three cinquefoils of the field on a canton azure, a lymphad within a double tressure flory counter flory or.

Crest. A falcon ppr. hooded, gules, jessed and belled or.

Supporters. Two greyhounds argent, with liver-coloured spots, collared sable, each collar charged with three cinquefoils ar. and thereto affixed a leash passing between the forelegs and reflexed over the back, gules.

Motto. Fortiter.

The Dominion of Canada.

IN speaking of the Dominion of Canada, I am taking up a very large subject. We have a territory, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, capable of sustaining an immense population; in the latitudes of which have been nurtured men who for centuries have controlled the destinies of mankind. Canada has a population of five millions of hardy, self-reliant, intelligent people, inheriting no grievance, and shackled by no condition unfavorable to national growth. Our Dominion enjoys a connection with the most powerful empire in the world, giving the greatest security with entire exemption from the responsibilities of national defence. We have an unsurpassed railway system, unequalled facilities for internal navigation, and a shipping

interest only surpassed by Great Britain, France and the United States.

Canada has to-day resources unspeakably greater than those possessed by the original thirteen American colonies on the day they asserted their independence. Look at the provinces of Canada individually, starting with our "dear little Island" with its pleasant summers and cheerful winters, and with a soil of wonderful fertility, and waters teeming with undeveloped riches. "We may roam through this world like a child at a feast," and we will find no spot where the people are happier, or enjoy greater educational and religious advantages; or where men of different creeds and races live more harmoniously together than in Prince Edward Island. Take a passing glance at Nova Scotia, with her great mineral resources, her flourishing shipping interest, her magnificent orchards and her rich dyke-lands which the "sturdy hands of the Acadian farmers reclaimed from the sea with labor incessant."

Next under our observation comes the beautiful province of New Brunswick still abounding in the wealth of her forests and with undoubted agricultural capabilities. Then comes the grand old province of Quebec, watered by the mighty St. Lawrence and its lordly tributaries, and inhabited by the descendants of Champlain and Cartier, who, notwithstanding their French origin are not one whit behind their Celtic or Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizens in loyal and steadfast adhesion to British institutions and love for the Dominion of Canada. Reclining on the shores of the Great Lakes, Ontario, rich, enterprising and progressive, presents herself to our view with a territory large enough to support a population as great as that of France or England. In the gateway to the mighty west stands the Province of Manitoba, receiving the wealth, bone and sinew, to no inconsiderable extent, of the old world and the new. Passing Manitoba we enter a fertile

territory extending westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains and northward to the Peace River, as large as all the older provinces put together. In traversing what has been called "the great lone land" our tread is not over an "empire's dust" but "the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be." Last but not least British Columbia rises before us. In the bosom of her valley, winter can scarcely be said to penetrate, and there too the soil is rich almost to a fault, while the undeveloped wealth of forest and mine is great beyond description. We have also immense wealth in the Yukon gold fields. We have a right to place no mean value on these territories where even now

"The hunter's fair-haired children
Find a faithful home, where countless lakes are sparkling
And nameless rivers roam."

Is not a glance over our vast and beautiful Dominion calculated to inspire every Canadian with a love of country; and when he calls to mind that Canada is the home of freedom, he is impelled to exclaim with Fitz-Eustace when surveying the plains of Flodden: "Where's the coward who would not dare to fight for such a land."

Can it be that the tread of pioneers is to be no more heard in the plains of our mighty west; can it be that the beautiful rivers of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan are to be forever monopolized by the canoe of the savage or can it be that the children of the men who "quelled the savage and spared the tree" are unequal to the task of carrying forward, in the days of peace and plenty, the work which has had its foundation firmly laid in the midst of toil, danger and privation. No! above the hoarse, uncertain growl of political disputation may be heard the clear, confident ringing voice of enterprise inviting the men of Canada to go up and possess the magnificent heritage which God has given them. Can there be a man amongst us, who has no faith in the future of Canada, who has no

word of cheer for our brave fellow Canadians who helped to fight in South Africa, who have shown to the world their loyalty by their hearty response to the call of the Imperial Parliament for aid when British territory was disputed, who left the comforts of home to fight for their King and country.

EVA MCEACHERN.

A Walk in the Country in Spring.

“**W**HAT is so rare as a day in June?” sings the poet, and no one can deny that Nature is in her very brightest and sweetest mood during the “month of roses.” But who does not acknowledge that “perfect days” are not unknown in other seasons than in leafy June?

It was one morning late in May, when we set off on a botanizing excursion into the country. A beautiful day it was, a veritable golden day, set with the jewels of fresh, green grass and early flowers. There had been a slight rainfall the previous night, and in the morning everything was bright, fresh and sparkling with drops of moisture like diamonds. The air was filled with the sweet, spicy smell of the woods mingled with the salt breeze blowing in from the sea, not far distant. The sun looked down from an almost unclouded sky, and it was unusually warm and summer-like for so early in the year. In short, it was just such a day as to make one exclaim, with Browning: “O, good, gigantic smile o’ the brown old earth.”

We followed the railway track, which lay along a cliff, from whence could be caught glimpses of the ocean shining in the sunlight like a sheet of silver, and the whitecaps further out, ever changing, and yet ever the same, while far, far away on the horizon could be distinguished certain

tiny specks, which to the initiated eye meant craft of some kind, either stately sailing vessels or ocean liners.

Along the track, on either side of it, lay fields and low alder woods, into which we frequently plunged to obtain the botanical specimens which we were seeking. Such riches of "green things a-growing," as were to be found when one looked with eyes sufficiently keen. Little, soft, feathery ferns uncoiling their delicate fronds: pure-eyed star-flowers, holding up their white blossoms to be loved, admired and gathered; the bright, happy faces of the dandelion and sweet coltsfoot; the tiny, white flowers of the goldthread, so small and unobtrusive as to be almost passed unnoticed; the lovely wealth of the wild cherry blossoms, scattering a fragrant shower of white blossoms on the ground beneath, like a miniature snow-storm, while

"The sweetness of the violet's deep, blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies."

Though frequently pausing in our fascinating task to listen to the measured beat of the surf on the shore below us, and to enjoy the cool breezes, we nevertheless accumulated treasures galore, and at last turned faces homeward, our botany cans filled with specimens, and our spirits overflowing with satisfaction and the consciousness that we had spent the time both pleasantly and profitably.

ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY

How Roderick Visited Europe.

SEATED around the fireside one cold winter evening, the conversation, gliding from one topic to another, at length turned to the supernatural. Most of the young people openly avowed their disbelief in anything like an apparition; their chief argument being that they had never

been waylaid, assaulted, or carried off into higher latitudes by any ghostly visitant, and therefore they concluded that the spirits of those who had gone before them were either satisfied where they were, or were not permitted to cross the boundary line.

Suddenly an old gentleman who had been sitting by, enjoying his nightly smoke and scanning the columns of the daily paper, looked up and said: "See here, boys, there may be ghosts or there may not; but if there are none, then there are fairies, and they are worse. Just listen while I tell you a little story."

Eagerly we all gathered around him, and as he sat there in our midst his comely countenance beaming with pleasure and good will, he seemed as one inspired, for never was he so happy as when recounting to the young folks some tale of the time when other forms played an active part in daily life. After laying aside his pipe the old man began:

"I remember when I was quite a young fellow there lived not far from my father's house a man by the name of Roderick M.—He was a married man, and with his wife and small family lived comfortably on his farm. In meeting and conversing with him, one would not notice anything to distinguish him from other men of his calling; yet there were whispered tales of strange occurrences in connection with his life, and of remarkable absences from his home.

"For a long time we were inclined to credit all this to the imagination of the village gossips; but one night an event occurred that fixed the truth of these rumors so firmly in our minds that I, for one, have never since for a moment doubted them.

"On this night, a crowd of neighbors, both old and young, gathered at Roderick's house for a dance, Everything went on merrily, and all were enjoying themselves to

the utmost. About ten o'clock Roderick lit the lantern and went out to the barn, as was customary, to see that everything was secure for the night.

"When he had been absent about an hour the company became anxious concerning his whereabouts; a party of us determined to investigate, and we sallied forth in search of Roderick; but Roderick was nowhere to be found.

"On the further side of the barn we discovered the lighted lantern on the ground, the sole occupant of the place; and, as it had snowed during the early part of the night it was quite easy to discover any tracks. We soon came upon Roderick's footsteps leading down across the field away from the barn.

"At first we concluded that he must have gone to one of the neighbor's houses; but some of the party following up the footprints noticed something very peculiar about them.

"For the first few yards there was nothing to be remarked; but going a little farther we perceived that the steps were farther apart, as if he had been running, and that the impression in the snow was becoming fainter; proceeding further we found a step only here and there.

"On coming to a fence we noticed that the snow had been brushed off the top rail in two spots about three inches apart, as if the toes of two boots had rubbed over it, and beyond the fence the snow was undisturbed.

"The party returned to the house; but their mirth was dampened, and time hung heavily on their hands. The old people shook their heads in silent significance, and recalled all the old stories they had heard of people being carried away in some mysterious manner; but nowhere could they find a parallel.

"About two o'clock we heard steps coming to the door, and eagerly we all pressed forward to see who it was. Imagine our joy and surprise on again beholding Roderick

M—; but such a spectacle as he presented. I can see him yet as he burst into the house. His clothes were soaking wet from head to foot, and were coated over with a white crust, which upon further inspection proved to be salt spray. His long hair hung down over his forehead, and his face, deathly pale, presented a wearied and ghastly appearance. After the first few moments of surprise some one ventured the question. 'Roderick, where have you been?'

"O, said he, those cursed fairies have been after me again. They plague me incessantly. I cannot rid myself of them by any means. To-night, just as I was coming in, two of them seized me, compelled me to drop my lantern, and then took me off to some foreign land. I think it must have been across the Atlantic Ocean, for I never saw so much water before.

"After hurrying me through many strange places they at last turned westward again; and crossing that vast ocean, one of them who seemed to be the leader asked if I would go with him the next time he came. I told him no, and all at once I was immersed in the billows beneath me; and each time I refused his request he ducked me in the briny ocean, and threatened me with many and more terrible punishments, until at length I was fain to give in, and tell him yes I would go again.

"Very shortly we reached P. E. Island, and they dropped me down just where they had taken me up. So you see my friends, I have had quite a long journey since I left you; but do not envy me—for those fairies are the most cruel and wicked beings that have ever been created.'

"The old man's last words as he finished his story seemed to have broken the spell that bound us, and some one exclaimed: 'What nonsense!' but a stern look from

the old man prevented any further remark on the question."

J. M. K.

Your Eyes and Mine.

SWEETHEART! I seek your gentle eyes
When for your grace I sue;
I cannot tell what there I read
To anyone but you.

Your eyes and mine! how fair they meet
And yet how different they;
For yours are dark like shadowed lakes
And mine are palely gray.

I wonder if you read in mine
The things I know so well;
The heart's intenser, fuller speech
My lips have tried to tell.

For yours, are Oh! so plain to me,
But yet I beg once more,
Their same old tale, a sweeter one
Than e'er was told before.

WEBSTER ROGERS.

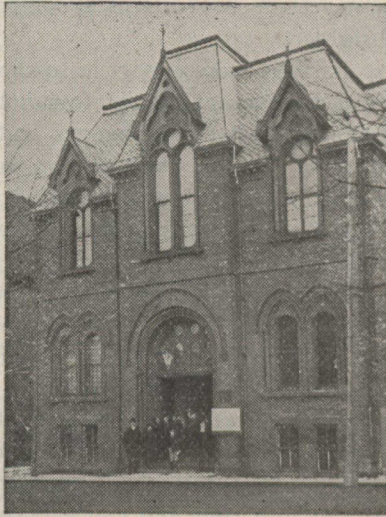
The Y. M. C. A.

SOME forty years ago there was started in Charlotte-town a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, with a reading room in connection.

It was with the most laudable objects in view that the

institution was established, and those who were the chief movers in its establishment were men actuated by most admirable motives.

As to its welfare during the first thirty years of its life the writer has not much to say. It has been said by the men who were young men at the time and whom it was designed to help, that the institution did not come up to expectations. There was no doubt about the earnestness of its officers, but to use the the expressson of one man



Y. M. C. A. Building, Charlottetown.

the institution did not seem to "take" with the young men. This failure to adequately fulfil its high purpose was deplored on all sides, and was a source of bitter disappointment to those who had identified themselves with the Y. M. C. A. The young men of the town were not attracted.

About ten years ago it was recognized that a change

had to be made, and it was decided to add a gymnasium, and to make athletics a prominent feature in order to attract the young men of the town. This was a sensible move, for at that time athletics were popular and justly so, but much harm was being accomplished by several athletic clubs where youthful morals were being deteriorated while physical improvement was being encouraged. So an instructor and secretary was secured, who did excellently well; worked hard, formed several athletic classes, had baths built in the association, and generally woke people up. A first-class lecture course was provided, and things looked much brighter.

But it was hard to make a start in so short a time and the enthusiasm died down again—yet fortunately, was not wholly extinguished. All these changes had cost money; the institution was in debt and the situation that confronted the President and the Executive Committee up to a very recent period was one that was quite sufficient to cause a great deal of worry.

And then came the beginning of an agreeable change. Whether it was that the valiant efforts that had been made, and the experience gained had given a right direction to the ideas of those in charge of the institution it is difficult to say, but affairs took a turn for the better, and, almost suddenly, it seems as if the Y. M. C. A. has found its place.

There is no doubt today about its popularity with young men. Go at any time and you will see them there, the very class whom it is designed to reach and benefit, and whom *it does benefit*.

The reason of the change is after all not far to seek. The young men of to-day need different methods of handling to those in vogue a generation or even a decade ago. To attract them to the Y. M. C. A. was a difficult task; once attracted the greatest difficulty was overcome. Now it looks as if success would be the result of past work.

And this success has been accomplished because pains have been taken to bring the young men in. Profiting by experience the Executive Committee have carried out many changes, and have been well supported by the secretary who is—without any reservation whatever—the right man in the right place. Providence seems to be favouring the work of the Association. The old order is changing. The finances—though they might be better—are in a more satisfactory condition. The reading room is splendidly supplied with leading newspapers and magazines and is comfortably furnished. There is a cozy parlor, the gymnasium is well-equipped; there are hot and cold baths and the nucleus of an excellent library has been obtained.

Good work is being done, and all thinking people will learn with satisfaction that the institution is gaining rapidly in popularity.

And above all the young men are not now ashamed as they once were of being thought Christians. They have recognized that the young man Christian can be a more manly man than any other. X.

“Robbing Peter to pay Paul.”

CHAP. I.—SEPARATE MADE A CLUB.

“**Y**ES, gentlemen, you should strike a blow for liberty. Capital will always oppress you, and unless you band together and stand up for your rights you will always be slaves. The bloated manufacturers and all that hire labor always have power on their side and unless you organize yourselves and stand together they will down you every time.”

Such were the words of a ‘silver-tongued orator’—a labor organizer who had, in his peregrinations, come to the

town of Thisyde. He had been addressing a meeting of workmen—a meeting called to institute a labor union. And his rough and ready eloquence had its effect. The workmen expressed themselves as willing to band together and so the constitution was read, the name picked—Thisyde Labor Union—Bill Snooks chosen president, Thommy Noody vice-president, Sammy Pillygreen the secretary, and Jake Horay the treasurer.

CHAP. II—A SHORT RETROSPECT.

Thisyde was the chief town of the peninsula of Natura. This peninsula jutted, like a narrow tongue, far out into the sea. A ridge of low hills, steep, rocky and rugged, began at the extreme point of the headland and extended the whole length of the peninsula, meeting, in the interior of the country, with the main mountain ranges. Thisyde was on the southern side of this tongue of land and was the place where the first settlers gained a foothold.

But as the interior became known, as parties of various kinds—some for pleasure or the love of adventure, some for the valuable timber that was found here and there in the dells—pushed inward, paths threading the lowest parts of the passes, began to be made: and some more venturesome than others, even pushed to the shore on the other side of the frowning hills. Next, some saw the desirability of settling over the hills and, through course of time, a rival town grew up. And the name of it, custom through time settled upon was Thattsyde, so Thisyde and Thattsyde were the names of these two towns.

Gradually, as industry enriched the community, vessels were built and the chief highway for the transportation of commodities between the towns grew to be by means of the sea—a very roundabout way, since they were only a few miles apart “as the crow flies” if that bird of raven hue only made a sufficiently round circle upward to clear the hills in making the journey.

After the labor organizer had completed his work at Thisyde he, as was meet, visited Thattsyde also and was equally successful there.

CHAP. III—HOW THE CLUB IS USED

A large part of the skilled labor of Thisyde was employed in the manufacture of pulhol of all sizes, there being a large manufactory in the town for that purpose. Shortly after Thisyde Labor Union had got into smooth working order the workmen in the factory got it into their heads that their wages were not high enough. They were getting only a dollar a day—they were up-to-date in the peninsula of Natura and the decimal currency was in vogue—and surely a dollar a day was too small pay. So the question was talked over, first by one of the labor union men and then by another, until every one of them, by having their attention rivetted upon the matter became unswervingly convinced that the injustice was unbearable. The subject was discussed at the union meetings and after considerable debate (some of it relevant and much of it otherwise) at regular meetings and, as the matter became acute, at special meetings, a resolution with many whereases was brought in that the regular workmen in the factory for producing pulhol should have \$1.25 per day. A committee was also named to interview the managers of the factory on the subject. A strike too was even mooted by a number, if redress of their grievences was not speedy and complete. After a number of conferences between the committee and managers however, the matter was finally settled that the men were to get \$1.20 a day; but the managers were obliged to charge more for the goods they sold to enable them to do so.

And so the burning question was settled.

CHAP IV.—MORE OF IT

At Thattsyde the laborers were engaged in the production of shadowe. One night at a regular meeting of the

Thattsyde Labor Union, when the order of business "sense and nonsense" was reached just before the close, a member arose and addressing the chair said :—

"We generally hev this order of bisness for th' nonsince"—the 'boys' usually took charge of this part of the evening's proceedings and with song and merriment had "a real good time"—"but I perpose t' divote my remarks to th' furst word an' to talk since. I've bin noticin' that the prices of the things we hev to buy here in Thattsyde is gettin' dearer all th' time an' I move that we should get more wages. A dollar a day is all we've bin gettin' an' sinse the rumor has come over th' hills that th' b'ys ov Thisyde thru th' union hev got an advance in their wages, why shud we not get th' same."

This speech set the other members on fire. Everyone seemed to have had the same thought in his mind and speech after speech was made. The final result was that a committee was struck whose duties were to go to the managers of the industry they were engaged in and demand that there should be an inerease of wages from \$1.00 to \$1.25.

Much the same steps were taken as was the case at Thisyde and the outcome was almost identical only that the workmen at Thattsyde, being more persistent, got the whole of the increase they demanded, namely \$1.25 per day. But the managers felt compelled to and did, in order to pay the increase, put a higher price on the goods they sold to the outside world.

CHAP V.—STILL MORE OF IT

After some months had gone by in Thisyde it began to dawn on some of the thinkers—some called them kickers—within the labor ranks that the \$1.20 per day they were now getting did not seem to buy one whit more of the necessities of life than the \$1.00 per day used to do. The consequence was that a second agitation gradually started, it being all the more easily set on foot since they had travelled over the

ground before and also that they had been successful. And so much the same steps were taken as on the previous occasion, a conference taking place with the management of the mill, but it was much more difficult to get the mill people to accede to their request this time. The latter had had considerable trouble in getting the price of their goods raised to enable them after the first agitation to pay the extra demands upon them in wages for producing the pul-hol. Their customers, the retail dealers, threatened to get the article somewhere else, since in selling to the consumer the latter had kicked like a mule at having to pay a higher price. But the union men would not for a moment listen to these arguments and a strike was boldly spoken of. The consequence was that the managers of the mill were forced to give way to the demands of their men, nor would the latter abate one cent of their demand for \$1.50 per day.

Success was crowning the efforts of the labor unions just as the the smooth-tongued organizer had predicted.

The workmen of Thattsyde also got dissatisfied and they made a demand for \$1.50 per day. After much argument pro and con, much bitter feeling engendered, much recrimination, they at last gained their point.

But the question of the "reasonable day's wage" was by no means settled. Demand after demand was made by the workmen, first of one town and then of the other, until wages climbed up bit by bit to \$2.50 per day of ten hours.

And yet the men were not satisfied. They declared that their comforts were not one whit more than when they were receiving only the bare dollar a day.

At last a committee from the unions of both towns met in a nook among the hills about half way between the two towns. Both towns were clean towns as a rule, in regard to drink, but some lawless individual had erected a kind shanty up among the hills and here the "boys" of both of communities used to hie to so they would be in a sense

unseen and where they could have a wild carousal.

It was here the committees met for conference. So after standing the drinks it was agreed finally — after exchange of opinions; there being scarcely any divergence — that both unions should make a demand for \$3.50 a day and if they could not induce the managers of their respective employments to grant what they asked then a strike would be ordered. And so they parted at that.

CHAP. VI.—THE DENOUEMENT

Each committee reported to their respective union and the demand was made; and the demand was refused; and the strike was ordered.

Of course there was suffering entailed. Of course there was some destruction of property. Of course there was bitter feeling, especially among the men and their wives, engendered. Of course things in both towns were at a standstill, generally. Of course everybody over the whole of the peninsula of *Natura*, and even inland was talking over the ruinous state of affairs.

Eventually the Public offered to arbitrate. The public were represented by the Rev John Goode and Phil Anthropol, Esq., both from up the country, since everybody—both in *Thissyde* and *Thattsyde* were either in sympathy with the workmen or with the mill people.

Rev. Mr. Goode was a man devoted to his pastoral duties and therefore gave but little attention to outside matters. Mr. Anthropol was a gentleman of means and, consequently, of leisure, but his delight was in his broad lands, his flocks and his herds; so, while taking note of the great world-movements, he overlooked doings nearer home, which while not so weighty, relatively, nevertheless from their nearness to us demand attention, equally at least to questions of more importance at a greater distance.

These two gentlemen held conferences, first with the

managers of the businesses involved—wealth and power tacitly demand that they shall be deferred to, and weak human nature concedes the point.

Then a meeting of the strikers was called. It was held in Thisyde as that was the older town, but a large delegation from the union of Thattsyde was present. Many of the workmen were secretly tired of the inaction and consequent loss of wages with its concurrent hardships. So the men turned out in force to the meeting. Messrs Goode and Anthrop were given seats on the platform and soon the meeting was in full swing. Speeches were made by many of the men, stating their grievances, that the necessaries of life were getting dearer all the time and that unless they got a higher wage they, their wives and their little ones would come to poverty, that their noses were at the grindstone all the time and that they were little better than slaves.

By-the-way," spoke up Rev. Mr. Goode, for information, "what is this pulhol that you men of Thisyde manufacture?"

It's a local name," the chairman replied, for rope and cordage and twine of all kinds."

"And pray," queried Mr. Phil. Anthrop, "what is shadowe?"

"Oh, that," answered an elderly delegate from Thattsyde "is a local name on the north side for shad. It began to be used a long time ago and is said to have been first used by one of our fathers when out fishing—he hauled up an extra big one and sang out 'a shad, O,' although some dispute this and say it was a kind of pun on one caught that was extra thin and poor."

"And, may I ask," again spoke up the minister, "who is it that uses the cordage?"

The men could not answer this question and so appeal was made to one of the managers of the mill who was present to hear what was said.

"The cordage, the pulhol"—he exclaimed, and after a moment's thought, replied: "Oh, eventually that is bought largely by the managers of the shadowe industry."

"Whew!" exclaimed Anthrop, as light began to dawn upon him, "and let me ask the men of Thattsyde who buys the shad—the shadowe?"

"The fish are loaded in schooners," the men replied, but where the schooners sail to with their cargoes we don't know."

A captain of one of the schooners was in the meeting.

"Why," he spoke up, "I have just brought a cargo of shad round from Thattside."

"And who consumes the shad?" Rev. Mr. Goode again asked.

"Oh, we eat the fish," replied the men from the pulhol factory.

Then Mr. Phil Anthrop rose to his feet to address the meeting and the chairman banged on the table to command order for there was a buzz arising from all over the hall.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, in the house-that-Jack-built style, "it is very evident to me where the trouble lies. The men of Thissyde produce twine and the various sizes of rope. This rope and twine is used for making the nets the fishermen of Thattsyde use to enable them to catch the shad and the more the twine costs them the more difficult it is for them to live unless their wages are increased.

"On the other hand the men of Thattsyde catch fish to sell and the men of Thissyde use the fish for their main food. If the fish become dear they must have their wages increased to enable them to get food enough so that they may be strong enough to make the twine from which the fishermen of Thattsyde make their nets with which they catch the fish they sell."

But the speaker was interrupted by first one laughing

a big laugh in one part of the hall and then by another with a big laugh in another part of the hall; and quickly the laughing spread from mouth to mouth until everybody was grinning for all he was worth. And in the midst of the merriment the hall was gradually emptied.

There is an economic principle hidden in the foregoing paragraphs, like the man hidden in the advertising pictures which you have to turn round and round to see. And, in that case so in this, we say "find it."

J. MOLLISON

❧ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❧

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

QUEER isn't it? The more we think of some people the less we think of them.



A little nonsense now and then is worth a ton of medicine.



Dyspeptic people have a hungry look in their eyes which comes of looking for a lost appetite.



Don't lose any sleep on account of slander. It will rub off when it is dry.



Iron in the blood is a common physical fact but the real man of mettle must have an iron will.



The charity of many a person consists of a generous impulse to give away something for which they have no further use.



Gossip is a good deal like butter, a woman never stops to count the cost when she starts in to spread it.

It's not always the man who looks the wisest that knows the most, but most people don't know this so it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can

Charlottetown has a new Automobile Company. Wonder have they received any applications yet from parties who would like the job of currying the horses.

The regret we feel regarding the postponement of the Coronation is doubtless great—but think of all the lesser jail birds who expected their cage-doors to be opened on that day.

Hot summer weather has not struck in but the cattle fly has, and when one of them perches on a cow's backbone and introduces himself to the animal the latter's actions are always put down by the ladies of near-by picnic parties as the manoeuvres of a "mad bull." There are more mad bulls now than in the cooler weather.

The "superior man" from the city has his composure sadly jarred when he goes forth with his rod, casts and flies, and his little country nephew, to fish in the "old home" creek; and the nephew catches all the big uns with a bean pole and a can of common garden worms. It costs but little however to shift the burden of proof so that the story can be reversed on return to town.

Funny thing, but I've noticed often that big men are furnished with small voices and *vice versa*. Now out at the militia camp I had to smile one evening. Quite a large military looking gent had charge of a squad, and the proceedings were dignified until he essayed to shout his commands. The sons of Mars in the ranks were so surprised that they mixed up their right feet with their left feet and completely lost their ability to steer in conformity with the words of command. Result: more vel e nen' squeaking, and more amusement in the ranks. And all because the "sojer in charge" was gifted with a voice that did not fit him.

Out at the Exhibition grounds L. Squadron of the Mounted Infantry are in camp. They have taught their horses not to run away from under them but a great deal of the animals lack ginger. They are getting more drill than the troopers, and the poor quadrupeds that have their tails cut short and spend most of their time on parade vainly trying to switch off the flies, probably regret that L. Squadron are not not mounted on automobiles or some other kind of hobby horse.

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

While doubt stands still confidence can erect a skyscraper.

Like the frog, the pessimist hibernates and then wakes up only to croak.—*Sat. Ev'g. Post.*

The British Submarines.

DURING the last few weeks Submarine No. 1, one of the five submarines now being constructed by Messrs Vickers Sons & Maxim for the British Admiralty, at a cost of £34,000 each, has been submitted to exhaustive trials at Barrow. The vessel was taken off Molney Island, where she maintained a speed of eight knots an hour, and when travelling with her turret awash the speed is considerably over that. Afterward she was submerged to the depth of 15 feet and for six miles the submarine ran under these conditions. The submarine was accompanied by the Furness Railway's twin-screw tug-boat "Furness," with divers on board in case of emergency. The trials were conducted by Captain Baron, R. N., D. S. O., and Capt. Cable, the celebrated submarine expert, who represents the inventors. The engineer officers and men attached to H. M. S. "Hazard" have been instructed in the construction and mechanism of the submarine by Capt. Cable and Mr. Monell. The boat is of the improved Holland type, the patent rights of which throughout the world—except in the United States of America—have been purchased by Messrs Vickers. The boat has a length of 63 feet 4 inches, with a diameter of 11 feet 9 inches and a displacement of 120 tons when totally submerged. The hulls are divided internally into water-tight compartments by steel bulkheads. A 160 horse-power four-cylinder Otto gasoline engine is used for surface work. A 70 horse-power dynamo

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**SIMON
W.
CRABBE**

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

is run by her gas engine to store electricity when the boat is on the surface, and when going under, the gas engine is thrown out of gear and the dynamo is used as an electric motor, taking current from the cells it has stored. Should a torpedo be discharged from beneath the surface, trimming and ballast tanks, working automatically, compensate for the lessened displacement and maintain the ship in horizontal position. The submarine is capable of travelling 400 miles without exhausting fuel supply, and to remain under water 48 hours at a stretch. Selected crews are to be trained this summer for the working of the new craft. Capt. Cable has left for America.

—*Scientific American.*



Much in Little.

To me the most interesting historical object in all Europe is a simple shaft of granite which rises from the roadside near the town of Wilna on the western boundary of Russia. It bears two inscriptions in the Russian language. On that side of the shaft which faces the west are these words :

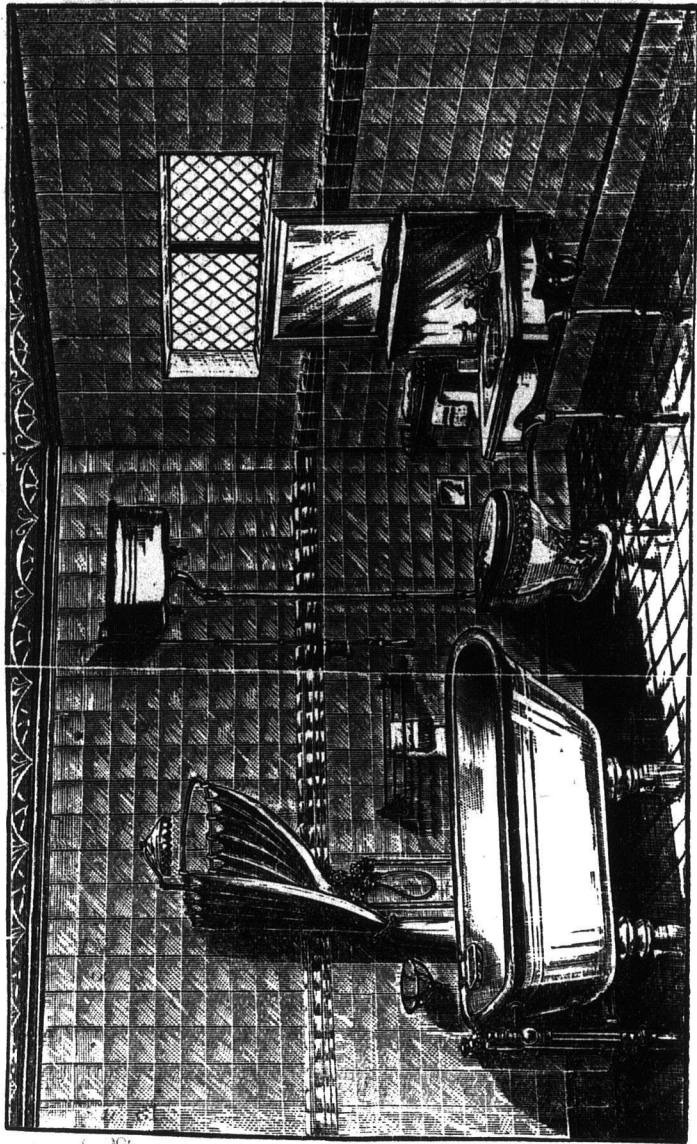
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
PASSED THIS WAY IN 1812
WITH 410,000 MEN.

On the other side, facing east :

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
PASSED THIS WAY IN 1812
WITH 9,000 MEN.

The history of the most disastrous military campaign ever undertaken is told in these two sentences. — *Chicago Record Herald.*

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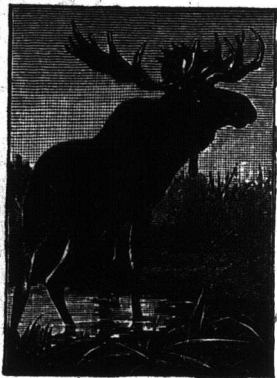
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THE tender green of willows by a stream
In springtime, or the impressionable pools
That duplicate the streaks of yellow sky,
At sunset, give me food for many a dream,
Instruct me more than cunning of the schools,
Bidding me kindly live, and calmly die.
—Richard Burton

Holgar Dansk.

I WILL return, when on the southern headland
The battle signal flares upon the night—
I will return as ye have dreamed, my people
I will return to fight the final fight!
The centuries be heavy on my spirit,
But through my slumber I have heard your prayer;
I will awake upon the day of danger
And lead ye unto triumph from despair.
I sleep remembering, slumber unforgetting;
Like days the generations dawn and fade;
I wait in darkness underneath the castle;
And no man knows wherein my bones are laid.

Through my long dream I listen to the voices,
The centuries that whisper through my sleep;
I hear the laughter and the sounds of sorrow,
I hear the bugles and I hear ye weep.
I hear the tread of nations, and the passing
Of ships out in the sunlight of the Gate,
I hear the sentries' steps upon the ramparts,
I hear the seagulls crying—and I wait.
—R. V. RISLEY in *The Criterion*.

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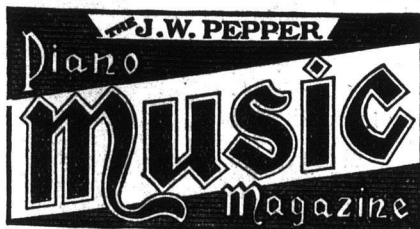
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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

The Ornithologist and the Ichthyologist

AN Ornithologist invited an ichthy-
ologist to walk in the woods with
him, and the ornithologist said: "I sup-
pose you know that the crow——"

"I know nothing about birds."

"But surely you have heard that the
cuckoo——"

"I do not know a hawk from a hand-
saw, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so
common a thing as the fact that the
swallow never——"

"My friend I know less than nothing
about birds."

"They finished their walk, and the
ornithologist went home and said to his
wife:

"The man with whom I walked to-day
in the woods is woefully ignorant. How
can a man go through life with so little
knowledge of the things about him?"

The next day the ichthyologist invited
the ornithologist to walk along the sea-
cliffs with him.

So they walked together, and on the
cliffs a doltish fellow was standing.

"Good-morning," they said to him,
but he only stared at them, open-
mouthed.

"A fool!" cried both.

And the ichthyologist said to the orni-
thologist: "Of course you know that the
blue fish of these waters——"

"I know nothing about fish."

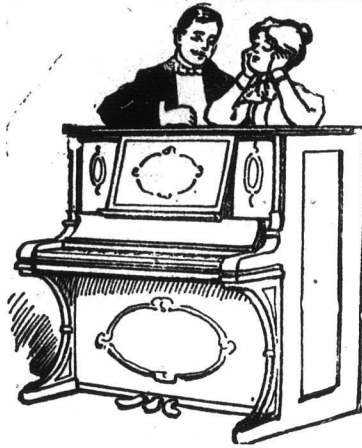
"But surely you have heard that the
sword fish——"

"I would not know a cod from a kid,
I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so
common a thing as the fact that a por-
poise never——"

"My friend, I know less than nothing
about fish."

At this point the ichthyologist, was so
impressed by his friend's ignorance about
common things that he did not mind his



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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

steps and fell off the cliffs into the sea, and not knowing how to swim he called to his friend for help.

"Alas, I do not know how to swim," said the ornithologist.

"More of his ignorance," said the ichthyologist as he went down for the second time.

But the dolt had been watching open-eyed, and he plunged into the sea and swimming out to the ichthyologist he saved him.

MORAL.—Each one of us has his special brand of ignorance,—*Sat. Evg. Post.*

The Black Sheep.

THE Black Sheep is a beast that all should shun;

He has no fleece, yet fleeces every one.

Though without horns, oft with a horn he's seen;

Though not a lamb he gambles on the green.

Perhaps he's not a sheep (as some suggest),

But a grim wolf who's in sheep's clothing dressed.—*Sat. Evg. Post.*

The Butler of Isaac Khan.

GENERAL Isaac Khan, Minister Plenipotentiary from Persia to the United States, is decidedly cosmopolitan in his habits and tastes. Even among his servants at the Legation several countries are represented.

His butler is a Persian, but the assistant butler is an Irishman.

One day the Minister happened to overhear a conversation between the Irishman and a tradesman.

The Irishman was discussing the language spoken at the Legation.

"Can you understand it?" asked the tradesman.

"Not at all, at all," replied the butler's

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

assistant, "but Oi make them think Oi do."

"Is that so?"

"It is so," he went on; "they think Oi know that Persian gibberish, and that Oi've thraveled in their country, but the fact is, Oi've niver been to South America in all me life."

Another Fable Founded on Fact.

THERE was a Man named J. Bull, and he had three sons who were Scrapers from Away Back. The oldest of these was Bobs, who looked about as big as a Minute, but when he Turned Loose you would think Several Centuries had had a head on Collision and been Ditched. Then there was Buller, the heavy-weight, who fought with Bulldog Tenacity, and could lick his weight in Wildcats, pound for pound. Georgie White was a comparative Unknown when the Occurrence we are about to Relate took place, but Those who Knew regarded him as a Likely Kid who would make His x Mark. And J. Bull sent them out to Do Up some Bad Men who were trespassing on His Property.

George Arrived on the Scene first and Sailed In, but he was outclassed, and in less than Two Shakes his Agile Antagonist, a Rough-and-Tumble Scrapper who cared not for the Aldershot rules, had him down trying to Pound his head in with a Rock. But Georgie clinched his Grim Antagonist like a Vise so he could not wield the Rock, and Georgie Hollered for Help. After stopping to be interviewed by the Reporters, and telling them what he was Going to do with that Bunch of Plug Uglies when he got there, Buller hung his Sweater on a Branch and waded in to Rescue Georgie. Now the Partner of the Plug Ugly who had Georgie down was Laying for Buller, and he too, was quite Ignorant of Aldershot

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

rules in Fighting. So it came to Pass that when Buller, the Heavyweight, put up his Jukes and made a Scientific Upper-cut at his Solar Plexus, the Plug Ugly came at him like a Cyclone of Heads, Hands and Boots. And he thrun Buller down, and Rolled him over and soaked it to him in half-a-dozen Places all at once, and then Stood Over him and Admired the Wreck which he had Wrought. Whereupon Buller scrambled out of the Dust and Reeled back out of reach, Stunned and Discomfited.

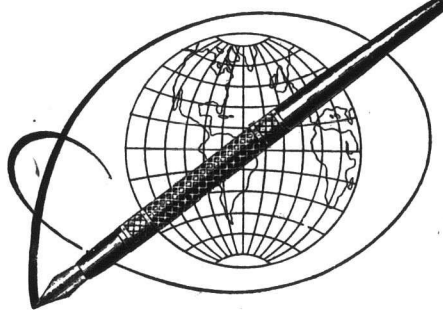
And Buller, the Grim Fighter, stood glaring at his Brawny Antagonist, while he mechanically picked Cactus Spines and bits of Rock out of his Anatomy. Then he lifted up his Voice and hollered to Georgie and says: "Are you alive?" And the Plucky Kid, having troubles of his Own, as well as being a man of Few Words, said: "Yep." And Buller says: "George, I'm up agin it. This Unprofessional Yahoo has thrun me up in the Air. If you're going to wait for me to Rescue you, you'll have to wait all Day. You better throw up the Sponge."

And George hollered back: "If I let go this Bunco Steerer he'll put a Lint in my Head, with his Rock, and then this pair of Plug Uglies Wón't do a thing but Whale you into Frazzles." And George got a Cinch Grip in the Whiskers of his Baffled Antagonist and hung on. Then he yelled to Buller to Buck Up and Get into the Game. So Buller waded in Warily, but on each occasion the Grim Fighter was Rolled Back breathless and mud-stained, yet Undismayed.

Then Bobs came along on the lope through the far side of the Orchard, and he ran up against another of the Gang named Cronje; and went at him like a Game Cock. After Bobs had given him a Flutter or two, Cronje threw his Hands and accepted the Bracelets with Becoming Resignation. Then the rest of the Gang thought it was time to Make Tracks, and they headed up the Pike, leaving Buller and Georgie somewhat Disabled, but still in the Ring. Then Buller Rescued Georgie. But the end was Peace.

MORAL: When a Man Gets Himself Rescued it is Pretty Hard to tell Who is to Blame for it.

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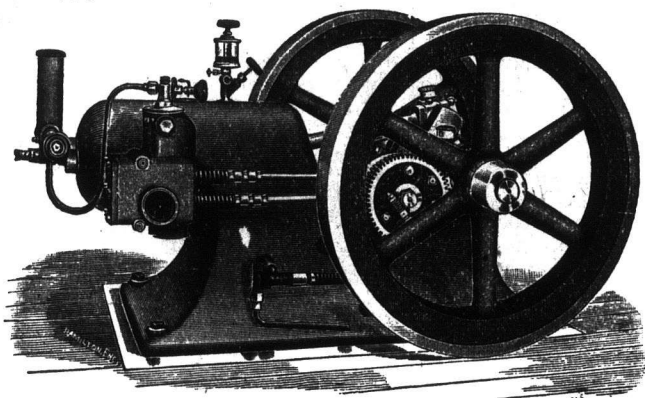
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