

The  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
MAGAZINE

1902

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Through Tommy Hawk's Telescope  
Culled from Exchanges
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SEPTEMBER

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THE  
**Prince Edward Island Magazine**

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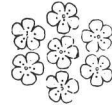
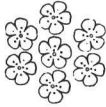
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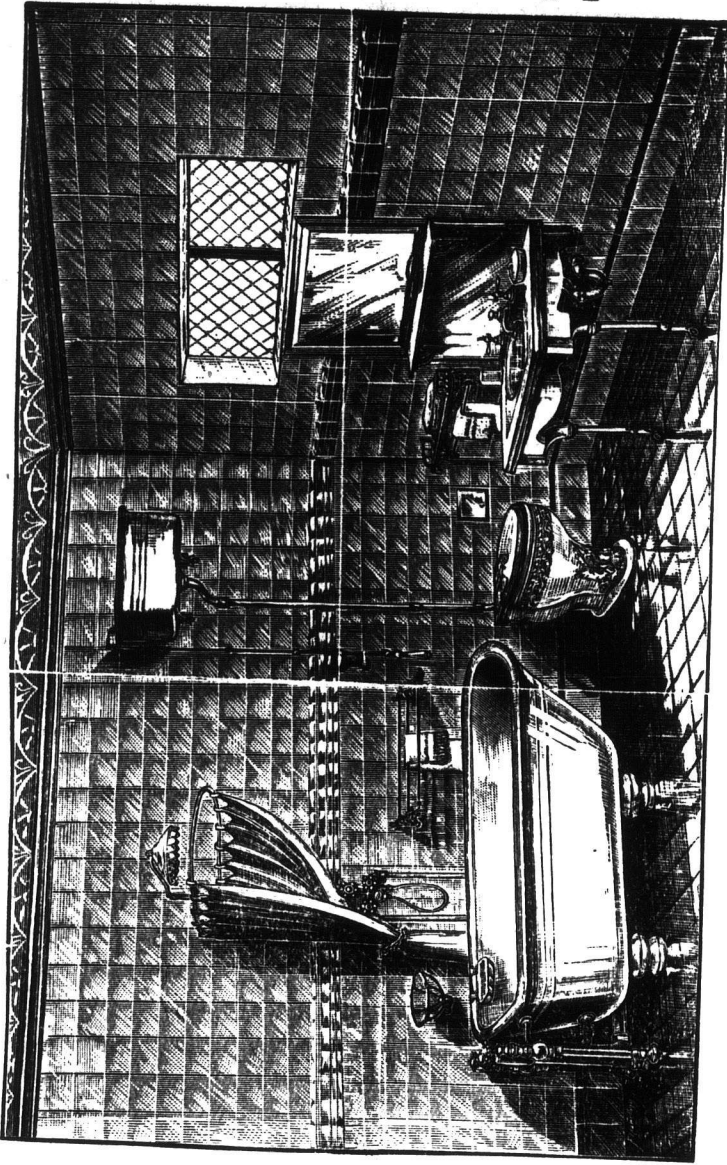
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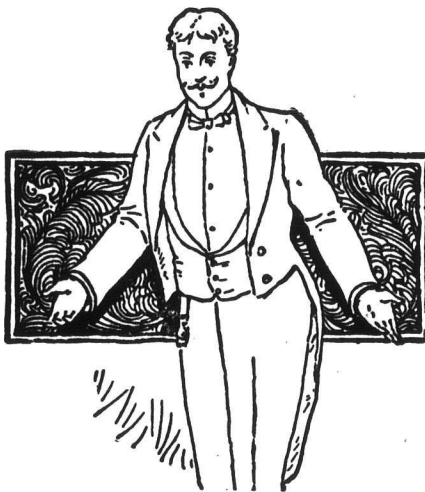
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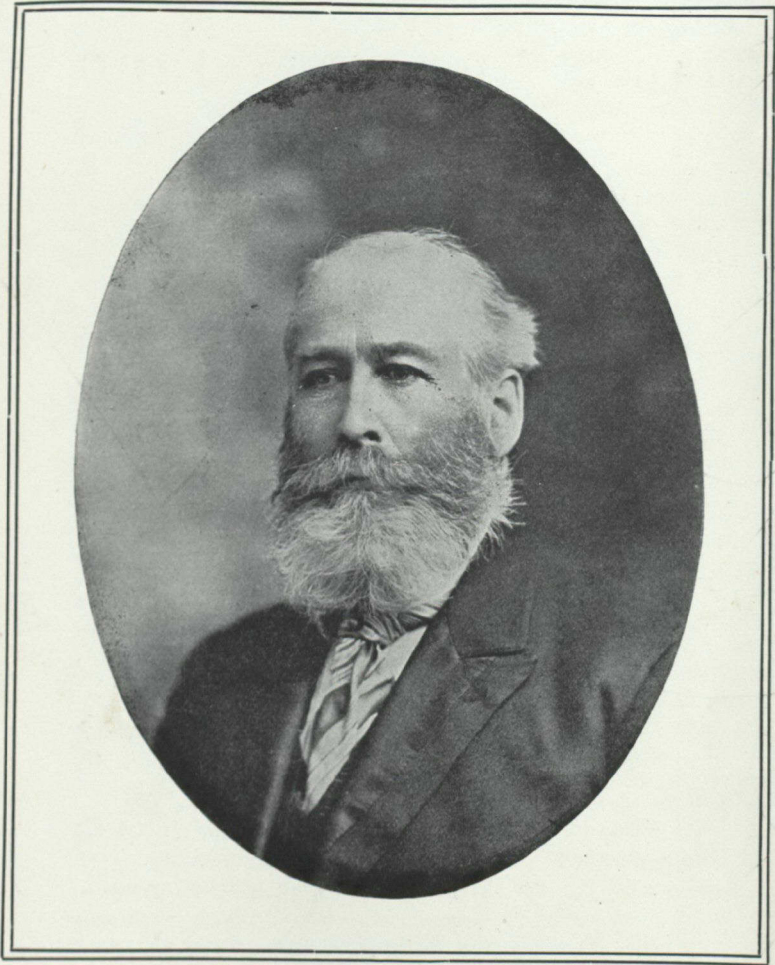
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The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

Vol. 4

September 1902

No. 7

The Great American Gale

**F**OR many years mackerel fishing has been carried on in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the north coast of Prince Edward Island is a wide stretch of the best fishing ground. A large number of vessels from the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia and New England are engaged every summer in this fishery. Usually the weather is favourable, but old people still remember the great gale of 1851.

The sun rose brightly on the morning of Friday, Oct. 4th, of that year. The sky was cloudless; the air balmy; the wind a gentle zephyr. The Gulf of St. Lawrence was "calm as innocence asleep." More than a hundred schooners with all their sails set—a magnificent sight—were standing in towards the Island which lies in "The Bay," as the American fishermen generally call the Gulf, in the form of a crescent, the captains of these schooners doubtless thinking that their prey was in the shallow water near the coast. Large catches were frequently made in those days late in the season, but few fish, if any, were caught that morning. As the day wore on the sky was of a grayish color and by the evening was black and wild-looking as if it betokened an impending tempest. At about four o'clock the

fleet stood off, the wind blowing freshly from the south-east.

But too late, alas! The wind veered to the east, then to the north-east, and blew terrifically, rendering it impossible for most of the schooners to work clear of the land or to lie at anchor and outride the storm.

After sunset a heavy swell arose on the Gulf. The sailors looked uneasy and the skippers watched their glasses with serious faces. Fortunately for many of the vessels the Island coast is not rock-bound, as it is for the most part on the Atlantic sea-board.

The following morning—Saturday—how memorable because so awful. What wind! What rain! What devastation! The water was convulsive; the beach a seething mass of foam; the roar of the Gulf deafening and its appearance terrifying but truly majestic, and the sailors in a life and death struggle with the raging winds and waves. And as the day advanced the storm grew worse. Towards evening the wind shifted to the north. The night that followed was indescribable. At ten o'clock the storm reached its height and continued with undiminished fury until four o'clock the next morning, the rain all the while falling in torrents. Continuing all day Sunday it gradually subsided towards evening. During its continuance it was impossible to see much beyond the offing by reason of the heaviness of the rain and density of the spray; consequently the landsmen were largely ignorant of the ordeals that were taking place at sea.

It is impossible to give anything like a detailed account or even to enumerate the many disasters that occurred, but a very few with their main features may suffice. Behind Cavendish, an agricultural district, situated about twenty-five miles to the north of Charlottetown, the capital of the Island, was a wreck in which could be seen the mutilated forms of thirteen men lashed to the rigging and almost

naked owing to the rigour of the breakers. Near by was a water-logged hull fast aground. When the vessel was boarded the crew—ten in number—were found dead in the cabin. In an adjoining cove still another vessel was aground, in which were fourteen men, none of whom had tasted food since the gale arose and it was then Sabbath morning. Starving and with no prospect of relief at hand, the men were desperate. As a last resort they made two empty casks fast to ropes and threw them into the water. Presently these came ashore and were secured by the landsmen. The ropes by the latter were quickly fastened to a tree growing upon the bank and by that means four were safely rescued. Soon after that a tremendous wave lifted up the hull and landed it hard by the cliff. Fortunately all remaining on board sprang to the land and ran up the slippery bank.

At Rustico, another farming settlement adjoining Cavendish at its eastern side, three schooners were wrecked within five miles of each other—the Franklin Dexter, of Dennis, Mass, U.S., manned by a crew of ten; the Skipjack, N. S., by a crew of twelve, and the Mary Moulton, Castine, by a crew of fourteen. The Mary Moulton was smashed to pieces. The unfortunates lie buried in Cavendish Cemetery. The Skipjack was beached dismasted with a hole in her side and a balance reef in her mainsail, the supposition being that she was "laying to," and was run down by another schooner. The remains of those on board were buried in the graveyard of the Episcopal Church, Rustico. The Franklin Dexter was owned by Capt. Wickson but was sailed by Capt. Hall. Capt. Wickson's four sons and his nephew were on board. Three of the sailors forming the crew were found lashed to the rigging. Their bodies were horribly lacerated, their clothes being torn into shreds. The other members of the crew had disappeared. As soon as the aged parents of the Wickson boys heard of

their sad fate, their mother prevailed upon their father—an old gentleman of seventy—to hasten from Dennis to the scene of the disaster and bring home, if possible, their bodies for interment in the family plot. When he arrived at Rustico, Capt. Wickson recognized some of his sons' clothes drying on a fence. As most of the bodies of the crew had been found and buried it was necessary to have them exhumed. On the lid of the first coffin being removed, Capt. Wickson fainted, and on being restored to consciousness he fainted again and again, and little wonder, for the lifeless form of his son was then exposed to view before him. He soon identified two more of his sons and his nephew. As he searched the shore day after day for the body of his remaining son he became very despondent, having been unsuccessful. His case elicited such universal sympathy that the inhabitants generally joined him in the search. At length the body was recovered. The five coffins were put in a large packing case and placed on board the schooner *Seth Hall* which lay near, bound for Boston. Capt. Wickson proceeded to Charlottetown and took the steamer for that city. Reaching his home at Dennis, at the time expected, he met his relatives and friends, who mingled their tears with his as they listened to his touching story. But waiting and longing and hoping and praying for the arrival of the schooner with her precious freight brought her not, for the *Seth Hall* was lost at sea and never heard of more. The inhabitants of the port from which she sailed did not at all wonder at that, for, before weighing anchor, the Captain cursed the storm, and the devastation it made, and impiously defied the God of the wind and weather to prevent him from reaching his destination.

At the rear of Stanhope, another farming district, the writer's native place, fourteen miles from the capital; the schooner *Nettle*, of Truro, Mass, was stranded with four seamen washed overboard. Even yet some persons in this

locality have distinct but melancholy recollections of the survivors weeping over their fallen comrades. And people there, now up in years, well remember the nervousness of women and children, especially after night, on account of the dead bodies on the shore.

On Monday morning, between East Point and North Cape—the extreme points of the Island—in the long sweeping bay, a distance of more than one hundred and thirty miles, lay, it was estimated, eighty wrecks and about one hundred and sixty lifeless men.

The following is taken from *Haszard's Gazette*, then published in Charlottetown, dated Tuesday, November 10th, 1851:

“THE GALE AT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

“The *Herald*, Newburyport, U.S., of Friday, contains the following authentic account of the late disaster at Prince Edward Island:—

““The committee who went down to Prince Edward Island, on behalf of the owners of fishing vessels belonging to this port, returned last night and brought accounts of all our vessels except two, from which nothing had been heard on Saturday last, when they left the Island.

““We have been furnished by Capt. Robert Barley and Capt. George Knight, with a complete list of the vessels lost on the Island. Of the vessels belonging to this port, forty-four are safe and nineteen are lost, and two, the *Actor* and the *Augustus* not heard from.

““The masters of the schooners *Fulton Ruby*, *Montano* and *Griffon*, had chartered an English brig for \$1,050 to bring up their fish.

““The committee estimate that although some vessels have undoubtedly been lost at sea with all their crews, the whole number of vessels ashore and lost will not exceed one hundred and fifty. The following is a list of the lives thus far known to be lost and the names of the vessels to which they belonged:—

Vessels	Men lost
Statesman, of Newburyport	10



Traveller, of Newburyport	- - -	8
Balema, of Portsmouth	- - - -	10
Lion, of Castine	- - - -	6
Franklin Dexter, of Dennis	- - - -	10
Nettle, of Truro	- - - -	4
Harriet Newell, of Harwick	- - -	2
Fair Play, of Portland	- - -	11
Flirt, of Gloucester	- - - -	13
Mary Moulton, of Castine	- - - -	12
Vulture, of Newburyport	- - - -	1
Native American	- - - -	2
America, of Lubec	- - - -	9

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“ Several unknown vessels, it is supposed, foundered at sea. The committee visited the wreck of one of about eighty or ninety tons, a mile outside of Malpeque Harbor, but could not ascertain her name. She had an eight-square bowsprit, and from this they judged that she was either a Gloucester or Provincetown vessel. She appeared to have foundered at her anchors.

“ The News, Gloucester, Massachusetts, of October 29, says that the Lieut. Governor of Prince Edward Island, had issued a proclamation directing all officers of the Revenue, Magistrates and other subjects of Her Majesty to render all aid in their power to the unfortunate fishermen of the United States, who were wrecked on the northern coasts of that island and especially to exert themselves for the preservation of property and its restoration to the rightful owners; but it appears from what we learn of our fishermen who returned from the scene of the late disaster that this proclamation, though evincing the generous humanity of the Lieutenant Governor of the Island, was unnecessary. for they all speak in the warmest terms of gratitude of the universal hospitality and kindness which they and all the ship-wrecked men received at the hands of those generous and humane islanders. In the midst of the storm they were on the beach to render every aid in their power to save life. After it had abated they cheerfully offered their services to assist in the preservation of property. They bore from the wrecks the bodies of

those who had perished, prepared them for the grave at their own expense, and administered to them the last sad rites of humanity. Nor was that all; they opened their doors to those who had no shelter; fed and clothed the destitute, and bestowed upon the sufferers every possible assistance which could alleviate their misfortune, and every attention that humanity could devise. At the instance of many of our returned towsmen, our exchanges at Halifax and the P. E. Island papers are requested to make known to their readers the feelings of grateful remembrance in which the wrecked fishermen of Gloucester will always hold the generous hospitality extended to them in their misfortunes. ' "

JAMES D. LAWSON.

### The Shadows on the Wall.

**H**OW they form and fade and flicker, while the gloom is growing thicker,  
And the silence only broken by the owl's uncanny call;  
As the flamelight glows and glances, in its fleet fantastic dances;  
Where I watch the shadows gather on the rude, log-cabin wall.

Now the fire is burning lower and the lights are moving slower,  
And their faces wear the look of friends we've laid beneath the pall;  
While their waning edges shimmer with a grim and ghastly glimmer,  
And the sombre shroud of shadows slowly sinks along the wall.

There I seem to see the traces of a crowd of childish faces,  
In our old and cozy kitchen and the dim and dingy hall;  
When we threw upon the paper many a quick and curious caper,

Ere the lamp dispelled the shadows there,—the shadows on  
the wall.

Oh those shadows and those faces in my heart have held  
their places,  
And in fancy I rehearse the days when we were children all  
And with fond imagination I forget the separation,  
Though the years have fled like shadows—like the shadows  
from the wall.

Time has torn me far and friendless, but remembrance  
eager, endless,  
Points its feeling finger backward, to that band of children  
small;  
And their figures float before me, and the phantoms flutter  
o'er me,  
In the twilight time of shadows, of the shadows on the  
wall.

And I feel that each will cherish love for all, nor let it  
perish  
Till upon our little stage of life the curtain close will fall  
When our fitful lives are ended, and their lights and shades  
are blended,  
And we mingle with the darkness, like the shadows on the  
wall.

W. W. ROGERS.

---

### Ten Days in a Dog Cart Through the Rocky Mountains—Concluded.

**W**E did not always visit ranches; sometimes we went  
exploring, and the roads we travelled over were  
rather startling to one's nerves; leading as they often did  
along the ragged edge of a precipice, with rocks towering

above us, and a fall of several hundred feet for us to drop down should our wheels go a few inches too far on one side; said roads not being by any means level but inclining over towards the precipice at a very alarming angle. But, as Mrs. Gray took it all very coolly and seemed to have perfect confidence in the ability of the dog-cart to maintain its equilibrium no matter how far one wheel might be higher than another, I felt myself forced to show (outwardly) the same demeanor, tho' my heart often beat with very uncomfortable rapidity, and I mentally pictured what would be Mr. Hill's feelings should I be dashed to pieces and my remains left unburied among the rocks.

We did not always drive along such perilous places; sometimes we came to lonely glades and level spots, where grew such lovely flowers as I truly believe can only be found in Colorado. Such exquisite pink and crimson gillias, white and purple asters, Indian pinks, blue gentians, convolvulus, blue and yellow lupins, and the chosen flower of Colorado—the columbine; besides others too numerous to mention. The only fault to be found with this wealth of beauty is that it is, for the most part, void of perfume; with the exception of wild roses, of which we found a few late specimens.

We were not fortunate enough to come across any deer; the only animals we saw being prairie-dogs. We heard the cry of the coyotes at night several times, but did not see them. At some of the ranches we saw skins of very fine mountain lions made into rugs for the floors. I must not forget to relate one very remarkable incident or adventure, which happened the day before we started on our return trip. On arriving at a ranch, the lady of the house came up to meet us, and Mrs. Gray's quick eyes were instantly attracted by a rather peculiar, old-fashioned silver brooch, which she had fastening her dress at the throat. She asked the lady (Mrs. Fenton) if she might inquire where

she got it. Mrs. Fenton at once said that her little boys picked it up at the side of the road about two years before. It was partly covered with earth, close to the stump of a tree, and was almost black. Mrs. Gray then explained why she asked the question. About nineteen years before, just after she first arrived from England, their house was broken into one evening while they were absent, and a number of things stolen; among them a gold watch, a gold necklace and a silver brooch. The chain she recognized afterwards, being worn by the daughter of a neighbor, who was suspected at the time of being the thief, but owing to lack of legal proof was not brought to trial. Mrs. Gray had descried certain marks known only to herself which were on the necklace, and the wearer being convinced that Mrs. Gray was the owner, and also having some qualms of conscience gave it up at once, and Mrs. Gray lived in the hope that she might find the watch and brooch, which she was also able to identify through certain marks. Mrs. Fenton at once gave up all claim to it, so Mrs. Gray was possessed of the missing article, which, while of little intrinsic value, had a value of its own to her as being the first brooch she ever bought with her own money. She was about fifteen when this eventful purchase took place. The question as to how it came to be lying at the roadside so many miles from where it was stolen, was explained by the fact that the suspected burglar was in the habit of travelling over the mountains and may have dropped it from his pocket, or from some bundle or basket. At that time a great many persons had gone into the mountains prospecting or to cut timber and had built themselves houses, afterwards going elsewhere; leaving their houses securely fastened up, as they supposed, but on their return generally finding that their houses had been opened and any furniture, or articles of value left in them, abstracted. This old gentleman was known to make frequent journeys always by

himself—except when he had a pack-mule with him; while contrary to the usual plan of mountain travellers he went up the mountain with a very light load and came back laden with various things not generally considered to be indigenous to the Rockies, such as furniture, etc. The owner of the mule was always very reticent as to where these came from, so that putting these various matters together suspicion pointed pretty plainly to his being the visitor to the shut-up houses, and the abstractor of their contents. I could not hear, however, that any other person had been so lucky as Mrs. Gray was, to find any of their property after losing it for nineteen years.

The last morning of our stay we took a long walk with Mr. Alberton to several picturesque spots not easily reached except on foot, and we were certainly well repaid for our exertions by the magnificent views that he showed us. After an early dinner we said good-bye to our host, and turned Charlie's head towards home. The return journey was made more rapidly, as it was down hill, and before dark we were again at Green Mountain Falls, where I was made happy by finding a letter from my husband awaiting me; and though it was four days old, it was nevertheless very welcome, being the first news we had from the rest of the world since we left Manitou, ten days before.

Our journey next day was devoid of adventure. At Cascade, about ten miles from Manitou, we saw a party of tourists setting out in carriages for the top of Pike's Peak, and on arriving at the Cog-wheel depot encountered another party just come down on the cars.

Arriving at our house we were warmly welcomed by Mr. Hill, who said he thought we deserved a medal for our courage and independence in taking such a trip all alone, without the necessary (?) incumbrance—a man—to take care of us. But as this is the happy State of Colorado, as

in Wyoming, we women are on the same footing of equality as men, it is quite expected we should feel equal to taking care of ourselves, it having been proved that we can vote quite as intelligently as our husbands and brothers, and perhaps a little more so—our vision being less apt to be obscured by the promises of candidates (or their bribes).

So ended one of the pleasantest ten days of travel I ever spent. And if the account of our trip through some of the most beautiful scenery in this most grand and beautiful scenery in this most grand and beautiful State of Colorado, should inspire any other two ladies to follow our example, they will have something to remember with pleasure during the remainder of their lives.

E. M. P.

---

### Mother's Hymns.

**H**USHED are those lips, their earthly song is ended;  
 The singer sleeps at last;  
 While I sit gazing at her arm-chair vacant,  
 And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music,  
 As, singing soft and low  
 Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation,  
 She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph  
 Or loud-toned trumpet's call,  
 Bidding the people *prostrate fall before Him,*  
 "And crown Him—Lord of all."

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture,  
 That leaned upon His word,

Rose in those strains of solemn, deep affection,  
    *"I love thy kingdom, Lord."*

Safe hidden in the wondrous "*Rock of Ages*,"  
    She bade farewell to fear;  
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,  
    *She read her tittle clear.*

Joyful she saw "*from Greenland's icy mountains*"  
    The Gospel flag unfurled;  
And knew by faith "*the morning light was breaking*"  
    Over a sinful world.

"*There is a fountain*," how the tones triumphant.  
    Rose in victorious strains,  
"Filled with that precious blood, for all the ransomed,  
    *Drawn from Immanuel's veins.*"

Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded,  
    Safe in God's fostering love.  
She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus  
    Of those bright choirs above.

There, where no tears are known, no pains nor sorrow,  
    Safe beyond Jordan's roll,  
She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,  
    *The lover of her soul.*

—*Boston Journal.*





## Auchinleck House

THE traveler who visits Affleck House (Ayrshire), or "Place Affleck" as Auchinleck House and grounds are called by the country people, by the ordinary route from Auchinleck Village, will probably find the Barony road to be long, wearisome and oppressive. Not that it is so really, the distance being little more than three miles, while the road itself is margined by rows of knotted and gnarled trees, and here and there bosky woods which give it the appearance of a pleasant avenue. The dreariness of the road arises from its running for about three-fourths of the way in a straight, undeviating level line—forming a perspective monotonous to the eye and of seemingly interminable length. In other words he can see too far before him. This we found to be our experience. But it is an untoward circumstance that cannot point a moral while it adorns a tale. So we found ourselves musing on the wisdom divine by which the future is veiled from our vision, when a far view of even the earthly path before us wearies the eye and depresses the mind. Extracting a ray of hope however from the homely proverb that "It's a lang lane that has nae turn" we trudge along noticing the aspiring village of Ochiltree away to the left. Passing Ochiltree road-head the path makes a somewhat abrupt turn to the right, and after one or two other windings, skirting a wood of stately trees and under a more graceful avenue, we enter the approach with its well kept borders of greensward and shrubbery, and emerge upon the lawn where, amid a scene of floral beauty and sylvan grandeur, stands the "mansion fine" of Auchinleck. It is a fine, neat, square-looking edifice of the Grec-

ian style of architecture, and was erected by Lord Auchinleck towards the end of last century.

For well nigh four hundred years the respected family of Boswall have held the estate and from this and the still more secluded shelter of the old mansion witnessed the eventful acts of the world's great drama. Nor have they been mere onlookers.

Thomas Boswall, the first of Auchinleck, accompanied James IV and fell with that chivalrous monarch and the flower o' the nation on the fatal field of Flodden. His descendants have rendered themselves illustrious in wielding both the sword and pen. Lord Auchinleck, already referred to, distinguished himself as a Lord of Session, as an eminent Jurist and a literary antiquary. He beautified the estate and enriched the Auchinleck library by the collection of many rare and valuable works. A man of judgment and good taste he entertained none of the respect or admiration which his son had toward the burly Dr. Johnson of dictionary fame. On the contrary he is said to have had a positive contempt for the sage; and to have quaintly expressed himself so, by styling him "a dominie. an auld dominie; he keepit a schule and called it an academy." James Boswall, the author of *Corsica* and the well known biographer of "Dictionary Johnson," (he used to be called), will long be remembered as the prince of biographers. "Amid great names can Boswall be forgot.?"

He possessed what is an essential to all good authorship, an intense love of his subject, admiring, almost idolising the great lexicographer. He anticipated Captain Cuttle's advice: "When found make a note of" and by keeping voluminous notes of his table-talk, conversational remarks and correspondence, extending throughout a friendship of many years he has succeeded in portraying the man and revealing the mind of the great lion of literature in a way as yet unequalled, and which is regarded as the great model

for all future biographies. Sir Alexander Boswall, son of the latter, succeeded him and like his predecessors gave his attention chiefly to literary pursuits. He kept a printing press at Auchinleck, by means of which, says Paterson, the literary world was favored with exact transcripts of some of the rare books preserved in the library. He latterly sat in Parliament for a small English burgh and obtained for himself a baronetcy by his energy and activity in suppressing Radical outbreaks among the people. He is better known as a poet and humorist, and in 1803 he published a small volume of lyrics entitled, "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect." These obtained considerable popularity, a few even finding their way into some editions of Burns. Many of his jokes and humorous stories, some in verse, are still current about the country-side. On one occasion, taking a stroll in his grounds he came upon some youthful trespassers amusing themselves climbing trees. One little urchin he caught up a tree, who—on being ordered—refused to come down, alleging he would "meddle him." Sir Alexander solemnly declared "upon his honor" that he would not touch him. "A snuff for your honor" replied the young parleyer, "say 'as sure as death,' and I'll come down." The baronet, amused by the precocity of the boy, took the required oath, and let the little fellow off, himself brimful of mirth that his young prisoner had got him to yield to his conditions of peace. His courtship of the muses latterly brought him to an untimely end. For publishing a satirical poem reflecting on the character of James Stuart, Esq., of Duncarn, he was drawn into a duel which ended fatally for him. This unhappy event happened in 1822, and is sadly interesting as the last of these fights for "honor" once so common in Scotland. Sir Alexander was a youthful contemporary of Burns, and in a preserved but unpublished MS. of the bard appears a vignette of

Auchinleck House and its illustrious possessor. It occurs in a MS. of the "Vision":—

Near by arose a mansion fine  
 The seat of many a muse divine,  
     With holly crown'd,  
 By th' ancient, tuneful laurell'd nine,  
     From classic ground.

It is well perhaps that Burns refrained from inserting this verse, for not only is Corla's Mantle rich enough without it, but in describing the poetical abilities of even tuneful Boswells, we are afraid he has overdrawn the picture or underestimated his own poetic genius. The poetic baronet was succeeded by his son, the late Sir James Boswall. He was a gentleman of large abilities and local liking, but early obscured his talents and impaired his usefulness, by an absorbing "passion for field sports and other physical exercises." He died, leaving Lady Boswall full executrix of his affairs, a lady who by her kindly disposition, deeds of benevolence and unstinted liberality has secured the esteem of all.

RAMBLER.

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### Old St. Jean.

THE following account of the Island of St. John was translated from the French by Miss Amy Pope, if I remember aright, and appeared in a supplement of the Charlottetown *Herald* some twenty years ago. The author of the work, from which the extract is taken, was Thomas Pichon (*alias*) Thomas Tyrrell—for his pursuits in life made an *alias*, if not dignified, at all events exceedingly convenient. He was a native of France, and was brought up

at Marseilles. His scholarly attainments were considerable, and in early life he had studied medicine. When Count Raymond was made Governor of Louisburg, Pichon accompanied him as his Secretary, and acted in this capacity from 1751 to 1753. He was then transferred to Fort Beausejour as Commissary of Stores. Here he formed an intimacy with Captain Scott, and the British officers of Fort Lawrence, which stood at the head of the Bay of Fundy opposite to the French Fort, and only two miles distant from it. "What private griefs he had, that made him do it, I know not," but Pichon became a traitor, and kept the enemies of his country well informed in everything regarding the fortress and its garrison. When in 1775 the place was taken—Pichon became, to all appearance, a prisoner of war, and was conveyed to Halifax. Even here his treachery found remunerative occupation. He wormed himself into the confidence of the better class of French officers who were prisoners of war—learned their designs, and reported them to the Halifax Government, receiving in exchange, fashionable raiment and money. In 1758 he went to London, and there died in 1781. He wrote a book anonymously on Cape Breton and St. John Island, published in London in 1760. The section of the work relating to the Island of St. John is as follows.

JOHN CAVEN.

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#### Pichon's Narrative.

"St. John is the largest of all the Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and has even the advantage of Cape Breton in point of fertility. Its length is twenty leagues, and circumference about fifty. It has a safe, commodious harbour, with plenty of wood, and as great a conveniency for fishing as any place on the coast. It had been altogether neglected as well as Cape Breton, when necessity having shown the French the utility of the latter, their eyes were also opened

in regard to the former. They have since been at great pains to plant this Island, though not at enough, considering its advantageous situation. Having made a voyage upon this coast, I shall from thence, and not from second hand relations, which are frequently defective, give you a description of the country.

Though the Island of St. John is subject to a particular commandant, he receives his orders from the Governor of Cape Breton, and administers justice conjunctly with the subdelegate of the Intendant of New France. They reside at Port la Joye, and the Governor of Louisburg furnishes them with a garrison of fifty or sixty men.

It was from this place we set out in the beginning of the month of August, 1752. We ascended the river to the northeast up to its very source, from whence we proceeded to the harbour of St. Peter, after having made a carriage of four leagues across a plain, well cultivated, and abounding with all sorts of grain. Having sojourned some time in this harbour, of which I will give an account hereafter, we set sail for the south side, and arrived the same day at the creek of Matieu. This place is situate in the south part of the Island, within three leagues of the peninsula of the three rivers, and six of the east point. It is enclosed to the south by Cape David, and to the north by Cape de la Souris, distant from each other about a league. It runs about half a league west into the land, and is almost everywhere of the same breadth. The harbour of Matieu has no plantation. It is situated northward, and runs west a league up the country. Its breadth is very unequal, the greatest is half a quarter of a league, and that of its channel is about a musket shot, with nine or ten feet at low water.

The harbour of Fortune is situate at the other extremity of the creek of Matieu, and runs up a league southwest into the country. It may be about a mile at its greatest depth, and is seven feet deep at low water upon the bar. The

neighboring lands are exceeding good and proper for culture. We found several sorts of trees, with a prodigious number of foxes, martens, hares, partridges, which conceal themselves under ground. The rivers abound in fish, and are bordered with pasture lands that produce exceeding good grass. I confess there is no plenty of it, yet the quantity might be improved by carrying those meadows up to the rising grounds, which are well adapted for this purpose. The inhabitants came over here from Acadia during the last war and are about eight and forty in number.

We set out from the harbour of Fortune, directing our course towards the east point, and after doubling the point of Matieu, we proceeded somewhat to the offward of the harbour of De la Souris. The latter runs northward a league and a half into the country, and extends an area towards the eastward. The entrance is a practicable one for small boats, of the burden of three or four cords of wood.

From thence we proceeded to two small creeks, distant from each other a league and a half; one of these runs west, and the other northwest; you cannot get thither but in a shallop or a canoe. There is very little grass upon this spot; but the rising grounds seem to be very proper for cultivation. They are covered with all sorts of trees proper for building.

Within two leagues of these small harbours, we came to that of L'Escoussier, the entrance of which seems to be north and south. It is of a middling breadth and divides itself into two branches, which run east and west. The entrance of that to the right is a league in length, and a quarter in breadth, that to the left is three quarters of a league. This harbour is capable only of receiving small boats, but its banks are adorned with beautiful meadows. It was formerly no more than a creek, but the winds and high tides have raised the downs which part it from the

sea. After coasting for about two leagues, we doubled the east point, which we found deserted because a fire had obliged the inhabitants to abandon it in order to go and settle two leagues further up the north side. The place they have taken shelter at is a great deal more convenient than that from which they were burnt out. They may clear a good deal of land, which they have already begun to do, as far as their excessive poverty, occasioned by this incident will permit them. Their number is two and twenty in all.

We continued our course for six leagues till we arrived at Pool de Naufrage. The coast though very level, presents the eye with nothing but a country laid waste by fire; and further on it is covered with beech. We met with but one inhabitant, who told us that the lands about the pool are exceeding good and easy to cultivate; and that everything grows there in great plenty. Of this he gave us a demonstration, which afforded us a singular pleasure; this was a small quantity of wheat which he had sown that year, and indeed nothing could be more beautiful than the ears, which were larger, longer, and fuller than any I have seen in Europe. This place took the name of Pool de Naufrage, from a French ship that had been cast away upon the coast. The vessel was lost out at sea, but a few passengers saved themselves upon the wreck, and were the first that settled at the harbour of St. Peter. The pool runs a quarter of a league southwest into the country. Its breadth at the further extremity, may be about the reach of a four pounder. It receives a large rivulet, which derives its course from two springs, distant two leagues and a half west-south-west up the country. This rivulet is capable of supplying a sufficiency of water almost in all weathers, even in spite of the frost, by means of several mills constructed for that purpose.

The coast, from the harbour of Fortune to that of St.



Peter, where we arrived the fourteenth of August, after cruising six leagues from the time we left the pool, swarms with all sorts of game, and with variety of the very best fish. This abundance was a great relief to the poor wretches who were shipwrecked on that coast, as I have already observed ; but Heaven did not pity them by halves ; for the savages, at that time the only inhabitants of that place, became civilized for their sake, and helped them to settle and maintain themselves on the Island. They even gave them share of their game, which, at that time, consisted chiefly in otters and musk rats. The harbour of St. Peter is situate on the north part of the Island. The mouth is choked up by sands, and lies east and south. Its greatest breadth may be about half a mile. The channel lying north and south-east, is quite safe at high water. It is everywhere fifteen or sixteen feet deep ; consequently navigable for vessels drawing ten or twelve feet. In order to render this a commodious harbour, I think they should raise from the foot of the last downs to the borders of the channels, a causeway of sufficient height to force the waters of the currents as well as the river, through the chanuel, and prevent them from spreading over the lands ; to the end that the rapidity of the current might carry away the bar, which stops up the mouth of the harbour. The fishery is carried on here with the same success as at the harbour of St. Peter. The cod is even of a larger size than that of Cape Breton and is caught in greater plenty, but it is difficult to cure, which obliges the fishermen to carry a large quantity of it to the other islands of America. I think it would answer very well to salt and barrel it directly, and send it to Europe.

The plantation of the harbour of St. Peter is of great consequence, as well in regard to the fishery, as to the commerce which the inhabitants may carry on in the interior parts of the Island. But to render it more solid and durable they should attend to the essential part, namely to

agriculture and pasture, for the breeding and maintaining of all sorts of cattle, and especially sheep. By keeping them together in folds, the upper lands might be improved, and meadows and cornfields laid out, from whence the inhabitants would reap a plentiful harvest of all kinds of grain. For if they had not the proper means of making these improvements, their own lands would abundantly supply all their wants, and they would be beholden to foreigners for nothing but salt, lines, hooks and fishing-tackle. They might then dispose of their fish at a lower price, which would greatly increase their wealth. Here they have likewise a vast quantity of plaice, thornbacks, barbels, mackerels and herrings. In several pools and lakes along the downs, they have excellent trout, and such a prodigious multitude of eels that three men might fill three hog-heads of them in four-and-twenty hours. Lastly, you meet here, as well as in other parts of the Island, with great plenty of game, ortolans, and white rabbits of a most delicate taste. It is not therefore at all surprising that so plentiful a country should abound more than any other part with inhabitants. In this harbour only we reckoned three hundred and thirty-nine. It is true that some of these, though ranked among the inhabitants of the harbours of St. Peter's, have their plantations about the harbour of the Savages, which is distant only a league from the former.

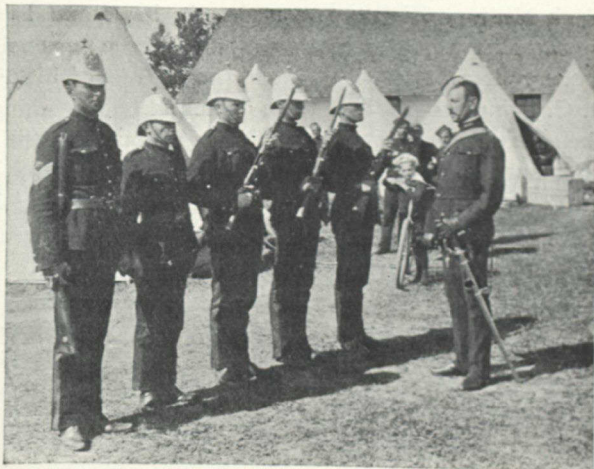
The harbour of the Savage advances half a league south into the country, and is divided into two branches. One runs a quarter of a league south south-west; at the further end there is a brook with a mill for the grinding of corn; the other runs half a league west north-west. Near this haven grows the best wheat in the Island.

From thence we proceeded three leagues further to the harbour of Tracadie and found the same convenience for fishing and agriculture: so that the inhabitants seem to be very much at their ease, the natural consequence of industry.

The entrance of the harbour of Tracadie is formed by a cut of the downs at both extremities, east and west. Their distance is half a quarter of a league. The breadth of the channel is sixty fathoms, and it runs north-north-east, and south south-west. It is of equal depth throughout, that is, sixteen feet at high water. At the mouth there is a bar of sand, which runs east and west, and prevents vessels that draw above eleven or twelve feet from entering. The harbour, however, is handsome and spacious running two leagues eastward behind the downs, and a league south into the country. The breadth of it is the same to the further extremity. The western coast is the only part inhabited, and has a very handsome causey. The neighboring country is covered with trees of all sorts : and the borders are also embellished with meadows, which produce abundance of pasture. In this harbour, and in the Shepherd's Pool belonging to it, we reckoned seventy-seven inhabitants. From thence we set out for Malpec. I believe, sir, I need not tell you that in these calculations I never included the savages. In all probability you will expect that I shall give you a separate article in regard to these poor people. Indeed you are in the right, and I have taken this step in order to methodize what I have to observe upon the subject. But I have said enough for the present, and since the compass of a letter will not permit me to finish the description of the Island of St. John, it is far preferable to defer the remainder of my talk to another opportunity.

*To be continued,*





FROM PHOTO]

"Mounting Guard" at Camp Brighton

[BY W. S. LOUSON

## The Prince Edward Island Militia

**T**HIS article is the first of a series, the following numbers of which will describe more in detail the various corps which make up the militia establishment of Prince Edward Island.

Previous to confederation of the provinces of Canada in 1873, the management of their respective military forces rested with the different Provincial Governments. In 1873 or shortly thereafter, all the military forces of the Dominion were brought under the administration of the Minister of Militia. He is responsible to the Government in all matters connected with his department.

The Dominion is divided into twelve military districts. The general management or supervision of the whole Dom-

inion forces rest with the General Officer Commanding, (at present Lord Dundonald) who is assisted by a large headquarter staff. Each Military District is complete in itself and is administered by the District Officer Commanding, whose responsibilities embrace every detail connected with the militia of his district; the D. O. C. being accountable to the General Officer Commanding for the efficiency and welfare of the men, and for the maintenance and condition of the materials under his charge.

Prince Edward Island, which forms Military District No. 12 of the Dominion of Canada is under the command of Lieutenant Colonel F. S. Moore, D. O. C. The military strength of the district is made up of the following:—

*4th Regiment of Canadian Artillery*, comprising four companies under command of Lieut.-Col. J. A. Longworth.

Companies 1 and 2 are stationed in Charlottetown; No. 3 in Souris; and No. 4 in Montague. Total strength, 244 officers and men, and three horses.

*Charlottetown Engineers*, consisting of two companies, under command of Major W. A. Weeks, and stationed at Charlottetown. Strength: officers, non-commissioned officers and men, 166.

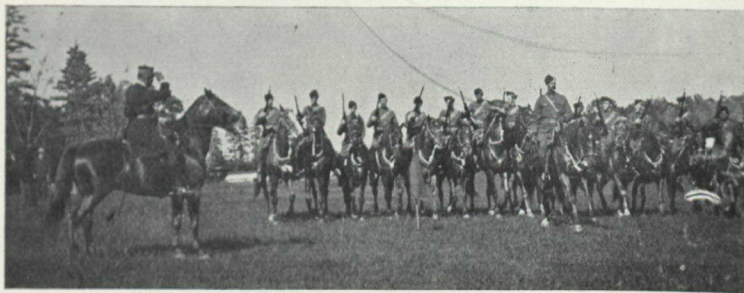


PHOTO BY]

I, Squadron "Marching Past."

[W. S. LOUSON

*82nd Battalion of Infantry*, consisting of eight companies, under command of Lieut.-Col. D. Stewart, with a total of 367 officers, non-commissioned officers and men; and 3 horses.

"L" Squadron Canadian Mounted Rifles, Captain John A. Macdonald, commanding, has a strength of 54 officers, non-commissioned officers and men, and 53 horses.

*Army Medical Corps and Field Hospital*—Total strength 24.

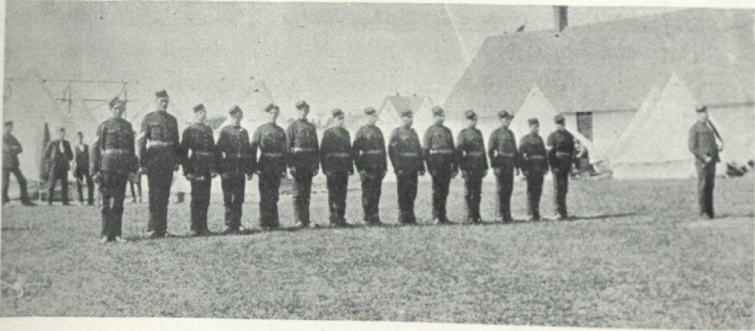


PHOTO BY]

"Shun." Men of the Artillery at Camp Brighton.

[W. S. LOUBON

The qualifications for enlistment in any of the various corps, are that recruits must measure 5 feet 4 inches in height and 34 inches chest measurement; that each must be a British subject either by birth or naturalization, and declare on attestation that on the best of knowledge and belief the answers made to the list of questions prescribed by the Militia Department to be answered by recruits are true, and that he is willing to be attested for the term of—, provided His Majesty should so long require his services, or until legally discharged. The recruit must also subscribe to the oath which is to the effect that "I——do sincerely promise and swear (or solemnly declare) that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty."

Having enlisted in the active militia of Canada the recruit is supposed to attend a total of twelve drills of three hours each. In the case of rural companies these drills are performed at the annual training in camp—it not being possible always to get the men together for drill at other times. The city corps generally perform their regulation drills (and a great many more purely

voluntary drills) at their regimental headquarters. This year only the two rural companies of artillery, Nos 4 and 5 encamped for training at Camp Brighton, near Charlottetown; the rural companies of the 82nd not being called up, owing to a new arrangement made by Lord Dundonald; whereby the instruction of a quota of officers, non-commissioned officers and men from the Battalion, at Sussex, N. B., took the place this year of the usual twelve days in Camp Brighton to which we have become accustomed.

The twelve days active training in camp or the twelve obligatory drills which are equivalent to the twelve days training wherever performed are paid for at the rate of 50 cents per day for privates, 60 cents for corporals, 75 cents for sergeants, 80 cents for pay-sergeants, 90 cents for quartermaster-sergeants, \$1.00 for sergt-major; \$1.28 for second lieutenants, \$1.58 for first lieutenant, \$2.82 for captains, \$3.90 for majors, \$4.86 for colonels. In the event of the militia being specially called upon for active duty

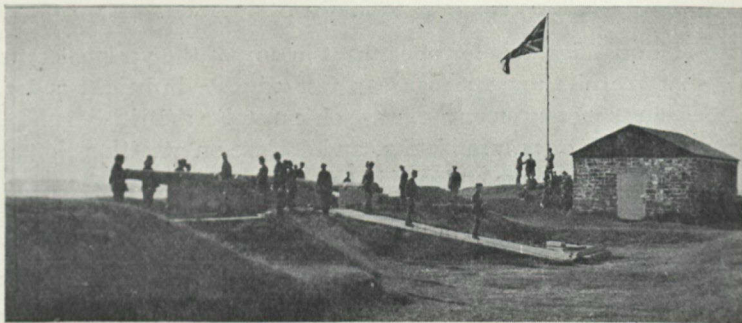


PHOTO BY]

Gun Drill at Fort Edward, Victoria Park

[WM. CUMMING

these rates of pay would at once go into effect. "L" Squadron of Mounted Rifles and the Army Medical Corps are only recently organized corps in the district. Members of Mounted Rifles are required to furnish their own horses, receiving therefore pay at the rate of one dollar a day as long as the horse is on service.

L Squadron this year went into camp for drill, and was

inspected by Lieut.-Col. Moore. They presented a very efficient and soldier-like appearance, as our illustration of the squadron in the march past will prove. The two illustrations showing guard mounting and a squad at "attention," were taken at Camp Brighton this summer where the Souris and Montague companies of Artillery were encamped for drill—the camp being under the command of Adjutant Carvell, who is shown directing the guard mounting in our first illustration.



PHOTO BY Lt.-Col. Moore, D.O.C., and Capt. J. A. Macdonald, of L Squadron C. M. R. Capt. Macdonald's medal is for the Boer War. [W. S. LOUSON

Our militia stands deservedly high in the records for efficiency and drill. A gratifying *esprit de corps* pervades all ranks, and officers and men work heartily to achieve a high standard. Nor is it in the duties incident to peace that our volunteers distinguish themselves. In the number and quality of the men who enlisted for service in the South African War our militia made a showing of which the people of P. E. Island may well be proud.



## Lord Selkirk's Settlers in P. E. Island

**I**N the year 1803, in the month of August, there arrived at Prince Edward Island, three ships from Scotland, conveying immigrants who had been persuaded by Lord Selkirk to come out and settle upon land which he had purchased from the original grantees. It is presumed that the readers of this Magazine are familiar with the fact that the whole of this Island, was, in the year 1767 divided into sixty-seven lots; and, with the exception of one lot reserved for the king, given away in one day to persons who had claims upon the British Government. The failure of these grantees to fulfil the conditions of their grants was the cause of their lands being sold. In this way Lord Selkirk became possessed of a large tract of land north and south of Point Prim, at the present day known as the Belfast settlement. It was here Lord Selkirk designed that the people, who came hither from Scotland in 1803, at his suggestion, should settle.

One of the three vessels was the famous Polly. To have had ones ancestors come out in the Polly seems to be considered quite a distinction by many Prince Edward Islanders. It is mentioned with much the same degree of reverent pride that marks the boast of so large a number of our cousins in the United States who claim that their forefathers came out in that marvellously large passenger ship, the Mayflower. One thing can be said with all confidence and gratification. It is that the settlers brought out by Lord Selkirk were, with but few exceptions, men that none need blush to own descent from.

Of Lord Selkirk it may not be out of place, just here, to say a few words. He was a man of ability, and was possessed of great ambition. When quite a young man he

became interested in emigration and identified himself with plans for the colonization of British North America. His ambitious schemes, in this connection, have left traces of him all over the Dominion in the many places that commemorate his name—for his exertions to settle his countrymen were not confined to the comparatively few whom he induced to come to Prince Edward Island. Going outside the scope of the article it may be pointed out that Lord Selkirk's ideas regarding the colonization of Upper Canada marked him as one of the most remarkable men of his time; while his connection with the Hudson Bay Company, and the events that transpired therefrom, make up no unimportant part of the history of Canada at that period.

We are, however, most concerned with the settlers who were, by Lord Selkirk's efforts brought out to new homes in Prince Edward Island. These were, for the most part inhabitants of the Isle of Skye, Rosshire, Argyleshire, Invernesshire and the Isle of Uist. Selkirk, it may be assumed, commiserated their condition of life, for the time was just subsequent to the battle of Culloden, and these people were for the most part men who had lost all but life in their manful struggle for their king. So it may well be believed that this enterprising young nobleman may have been actuated by feelings more influenced by compassion than by personal gain; that some consideration for the hard lot of his less fortunate compatriots impelled Lord Selkirk to exert himself in matters evidently intended for their advantage when he proposed to these disappointed, desolate, loyal Highlanders to come with him to the New World, where they could win new homes for themselves.

The ships with their passengers left Scotland in the early summer of 1803, and in August they arrived at or near their destination,—Selkirk Bay was the name then given to the place where the settlers landed. In a diary kept by Benjamin Chappell, of Charlottetown;—a most

worthy man who had come to Prince Edward Island 1774, we find the following entries :—

“Aug. 7. Sunday. Arrived off the harbour the Lilley Sloop of War, also ye first ship of Lord Selkirk.

“Aug. 8. Offe done with ye wood leg of Mrs. Baker.\* The Lilley goes for Pictou, she could not get in here. Lord Selkirk's people at Belfast.

“Aug. 9. Tuesday. Lord Selkirk with Mr. Cambridge's brig comes at night into the harbour.

“Aug. 10. Wednesday. Last night in the night Lord Selkirk came to an anchor opposite the wharf being the second ship of these people.

“Aug. 13. In the evening arrived the Lilley sloop of war and overhauls ye men in ye other vessels, etc.

“Aug 18. Thursday. The Lilley sloop sails.

“Aug. 21. Many letters from Selkirk, bound out.†

Aug. 27. Saturday. Great talk of ships in ye offen but none appears.

“Aug. 28. Sunday. Arrived ye third ship of Lord Selkirk's people in pretty good health, bless God.

\* \* \* \*

“Sept. 9. Monday. Offe finishes with Mr. Cambridge and agrees to go to Lord Selkirk Bay. The squad Geo. Hops,‡ Geo. Bagnall, James McDonald and himself. They are to have £45, the building 18 by—

“Sept. 10. Chiefly taken up with Offe's journey to Belfast.

\* Chappell was a joiner and a wood-worker. Offe was his son.

†Mr. Chappell was postmaster of Charlottetown and thus the letters of the immigrants passed through his hands in transmission by post.

‡Query. Perhaps Hobbs.

"Sept. 12. Offe goes for Belfast.

"Sept. 17. Lord Selkirk goes for Halifax.

\* \* \* \*

"Oct. 15. Saturday. Offe comes home.

"Oct. 17. Offe settles and is paid by the agent Williams all amicably, bless God."

The emigrants in the Polly (which I judge to have been the first ship to reach its destination) when on the voyage across, were hailed by a British man-of-war in search of fitting men for sailors (those were the days of press-gangs as Mr. Chappell's entries about the Lilley will prove). The statement of the captain of the Polly, when hailed by the commander of the warship was of such a nature that the good-natured tars, instead of pressing any of the passengers did all they could to alleviate their supposed hard lot; for the Captain of the Polly, in order to save his company, had replied to the man-o'-war's hail that his crew and passengers were all down with ship-fever. This ruse of the Polly's captain, curiously enough, saved them for the time.

It has been stated that the settlers on reaching their new homes were greatly disappointed to find that Lord Selkirk was not at hand to receive them and arrange for their comfort; but, as will have been observed from reading Mr Chappell's diary it was only the immigrants by the first ship who landed on the lonely shore to find no one to welcome them. No doubt the prospect of the densely wooded country—for although some portions of the land about Point Prim had been cleared by the French it had again become covered with forest growth—was a disheartening one to the settlers, many of whom doubtless knew little of the clearing of forests and by reason of lack of knowledge of the fertility of the land could not conceive by what means less than a miracle the forest was to be made give place to well-tilled farms. But they were hardy Scots, whose occupations

had embraced almost every trade, from soldier to shepherd. Though they may have been dismayed at the prospect before them they were not of the class of men who yield without a brave fight. So they landed from the ships and put up what slight shelter was necessary at that midsummer season. The arrival of Lord Selkirk and his agents, some days after, imparted order and method to their efforts to make a home. Thenceforth, day after day, the trees were felled by the resolute pioneers—this time to make room for clearings that succeeding generations have transformed into the fairest farms it is possible to see.

M. A. C.

*To be continued.*

[Our contributor evidently makes a mistake in saying that the time was just subsequent to the battle of Culloden, and these people were for the most part men who had lost all but life in their manful struggle for their king. Culloden was fought in 1746, fifty-seven years before the emigration of the Selkirk settlers. While it is possible that among those who came to Prince Edward Island in 1803 there may have been some old men who had borne arms for Charles Edward Stuart at Culloden, it is probable that many of the settlers were sons or grandsons of Highlanders who fought for Prince Charles.—EDITOR]

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### A Load of "Old Junk".

**W**HEN one has played a leading part in some very ridiculous proceeding and feels very much humbled, it is usually some time before he can look at the laughable side of the affair, even in his innermost self; but it requires a still longer time before he can relate his experience to others, and join in the laugh.

In connection with this load of old junk, which I am going to tell you of, my feelings are of this latter kind.

About three years ago, bones, scrap-iron, and rubbers

were in great demand in our settlement, for a German was buying such things at a village near our home. He was one of these peripatetic Solomon Isaacs that occasionally travel the country, stirring up in the breasts of the young the ambition to be rich, and procuring the different species of old junk at a valuation that would wreck a healthy conscience, if engaged in the business, in a half a day.

I had the money-making spirit as strongly as all the other little boys, who were at once engaged in rounding up saleable junk. We took all the rubbers we could get, old and new, also all the metals of ploughs, etc., that happened to be broken or that we had to break for the occasion. It was rather curious how apparently good articles depreciated in value. I went into partnership with a friend of mine about my own age and we were to haul our collections to the village. He was to supply the waggon, I to furnish the horse. When we had collected all the goods we could find, he took me to see his pile and I returned the compliment.

We found we had about one wagon-load of bones and rubbers; and my partner bought my rubbers on speculation, to avoid getting our shares mixed.

In the circumstances that surrounded the acquisition of our hoard, the reader will, I trust, perceive that there was wisdom in our waiting, until a day when most of our people were away from home, before we hauled our collection to the junk-dealer. I easily secured a horse, but the animal was one that possessed some peculiarities; he had a very undesirable habit of suddenly turning to the right-about when journeying on the road—especially when "right-about" meant the homeward direction. What impelled him to do this I can not say; he may have had dreams of oats and a hay-filled manger, but he generally executed this homeward retreat when it was least expected or desired of him. I rode him down to my partner's house, as if such a thing as hauling junk had never entered my

head. Arrived there we managed, unobserved, to get a wagon, and then we drove to the place where, near the road, and hidden by some bushes, my partner's share of treasure lay waiting to be transformed into gold. Then with boyish haste and enthusiasm we loaded up, and went to my home, where I had my part of the collection stored behind the barn.

We were busily engaged—working harder than ever we did at farm work, and revelling in the anticipation of the wealth that would soon be ours. If there were occasional qualms of conscience—aroused by the thought that some of the “old junk” we were handling had its days of usefulness unduly shortened by our desire to acquire some of the world's riches—we stifled them with the thought that nothing had been said to us, and the things would not, probably, be missed. We had rather managed things so that this result would be accomplished.

Imagine then our dismay when an unexpected and strange voice broke in upon our reveries. Looking up, we were startled to see a clergyman watching us, and evidently much interested.

It was impossible to run away, much as we felt like doing so, and we stood our ground. He turned out to be a relation of mine, so he shook hands with us, and sat down. He asked us all about our business, and we explained every detail—being inclined to confidence by reason of his gentlemanly manner.

He told us that he had called at the request of my mother, who just then was visiting in his parish, and said he would have much pleasure in letting her know that I had sold her rubbers and killed all the cows on the farm to get their bones. With this reassuring information he left us. We finished loading and started for the junk-dealer's place of business.

When we arrived at the entrance of the village my

companion betrayed a generous consideration for the horse that was only equalled by a similar feeling on my own part. He suddenly thought that the load was too heavy—we were both riding in the wagon—and he insisted on walking ahead. He contrived in doing so to impart to onlookers the impression that he had no connection with our load of junk, which by this time was beginning to burden our consciences as well as the horse. As the same kind of philanthropy was animating me, I said I was the heavier and therefore it was I who should walk (the truth is that the street was a down-grade and there was no need for either of us to walk). However, as my friend was bent upon walking, I grabbed him by the arm and held him on the load; thus we proceeded.

But, "pride goeth before destruction." We had arrived just opposite a house where lived a little girl whom we both greatly admired. I was holding the reins with one hand, and with the other I was clinging affectionately to my shy companion; when, suddenly, and before I could prevent him, the old horse performed his famous flank movement and turned around, overturning the box with its contents.

Our mortification may be better imagined than described. Everybody who saw the display of junk, laughed when they perceived that we were not hurt. For myself I could have stood it all but for that laughing face across the street, whence She had witnessed the whole inglorious adventure.

Just then the junk-dealer came along. He offered us seventy-five cents for the lot as it lay. The market being in a state of depression we accepted his figure, and he realized a profit of about five hundred per cent.

I fancy the travelling junk-collector considered that he had secured a bargain; but if he had offered the same amount of money for the horse as well as the load, I verily



believe that, in the circumstances—and considering our feelings at the time with regard to the animal—we would have let him have the whole outfit.

We righted our box, and hastened homeward, enriched by three quarters of a dollar and firm resolutions to retire from the junk business.

IVAN BAMBRICK.

### Abegweit.

*(From the Canadian Magazine.)*

**A** SPECK of green in the restless sea,  
Its edge girt round with red;  
Fanned by the sea-breeze wand'ring free—  
A clear blue sky o'erhead.

Broad meadow lands with golden grain,  
And hills of rugged wood,  
And homesteads spreading o'er the plain  
Where late the forest stood.

Broad rivers winding onward slow  
To meet old Ocean's tide  
Bear up the wings that tireless go  
To bear her presents wide.

A land where Nature sits enthroned  
'Midst beauties all that please;  
Each innate charm by Art condoned  
Nor suffered yet to cease.

A land where Peace and Plenty reign,  
And all men equal stand;  
No vassal feels the tyrant's chain—  
All love their native land.

Where loyal children all unite  
To lay foundation broad,  
To rear a Country ruled by right,  
And guarded o'er by God.

Armada, P. E.I.

A. J. MACADAM.

## Editorial Comments, Etc.

THE shadow of the Trusts falling over our Province has caused some alarm. What is to be the outcome of the extending of the Trusts established in the United States, is a question that affords plenty of scope for thought. If they are to be operated after the manner attempted by the notorious Beef Trust, it seems probable that "the masses" will some day have a duty to perform in destroying these trusts. But while the trusts are looked upon with suspicion by nearly all except those who are "inside" them, they have yet to be given a chance before the public can fairly judge whether their power is to be exerted for good or for evil. If they develop for evil, they will no doubt meet with speedy and deserved punishment, and none will pity them; if for good—well, we would all like to wait and see.



In the meantime such a thing as allowing a Trust or anything resembling one to acquire unreasonable privileges in Prince Edward Island should be looked into by everyone having his own and his country's interests at heart. Both *The Examiner* and *The Guardian* are at one in warning the people of this Province of the evil that may be the result of our Legislature granting to any body of capitalists such powers as would enable them to establish business here upon the lines of a monopoly. Something of this nature is proposed to be submitted to our Legislature, and it will be well worth while for all to watch the matter closely. It has been said the trusts are the offspring of labor union. As we are likely to have some experience of both, the study of the subject near at hand may afford some speculation to all who study such matters.



An incident that was made the occasion of marking the retirement from active political life of Sir Louis H. Davies was the presentation to him by his many friends and old political supporters, of his own portrait, painted in oils by Robert Harris, C. M. G. The presentation took place in the Legislative Council Chamber, Charlottetown, in the presence of a large gathering, embracing all shades of political opinion. There are very few who do not feel that Sir Louis is deserving and worthy of the high honors he has been made the recipient of, and of the dignified position which he now occupies after a strenuous political career.

Sir Louis's life has been a busy one, when it is looked back upon. He was born in 1845 and was educated at Prince of Wales College. He studied law and finished his professional education in London, being admitted to the bar in 1866. In 1875-76 he was the principal counsel for the tenantry in the Land Commission which dealt with the Land Question in P. E. Island; and later his high professional reputation earned him the appointment to be one of the International Fisheries Commission appointed under the Treaty of Washington, which met at Halifax in 1877. For his services on this occasion Sir Louis received the thanks of Her Majesty's Government. Mr. Davies early became engaged with politics. He was elected a member of the Local House in 1872, becoming Premier and Attorney General in 1876. While in office he passed the Free School Act which governs our present system of education. In 1872 he was elected to the Dominion House of Commons, and in 1896, after the Liberals were returned to power Mr. Davies was made Minister of Marine and Fisheries. He continued to represent Charlottetown, and held his portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet until his appointment last year to the Bench of the Supreme Court of Canada. Sir Louis in 1897 was made a knight commander of the Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Sir Louis is succeeded in the Dominion House of Commons by Donald Farquharson, M. P., whose portrait is presented as the frontispiece of this month's magazine.

The interprovincial Agricultural Exhibition held at Charlottetown this month was so successful, and such a creditable achievement for Prince Edward Island, that we trust there will never again be a year without an exhibition being held. With the splendid grounds and buildings, now possessed by the Charlottetown Exhibition Association, it is possible for this Island to produce an exhibition in every way up to the standard. The exhibition this year was only made possible through the exertions made by the Directors of the Association to secure a grant from the Provincial Government. It is most desirable that the exhibition should be an annual event—especially when the officials who have the management of the affair succeed so well as they have done this year,

A correspondent asks for information regarding the steamboat "Maid of the Mist" which ran the Niagara whirlpool many years ago

and is supposed to have ended her days in Charlottetown. We shall be glad of any information that may be sent in.



The next article on our Prince Edward Island militia will take up the history of the Charlottetown Engineers since the formation of that corps, and will be written by Major Weeks.



In the next number of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE will appear an interesting account of the early history of Alberton written by Mr Allen F. Matthews, and illustrated from photographs.



The series of articles on the Lord Selkirk Settlers, begun in this issue of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, should interest a good many of the inhabitants of this province. We feel it our duty to point out that our readers do not avail themselves of the pages of the magazine to the extent we should be willing to allow in regard to publishing many of the interesting family details of early days. Such matter makes history and the preservation if it can be accomplished if those in possession of information will kindly communicate with the editor of the magazine. Our contributor "M. A. C." hopes in this way to secure much additional matter to that which he has already in hand and we ask our readers to assist, to the end that the early settlers, their names and the facts connected with the making of their homes, may be preserved, in detail. Our contributor is in some doubt as to the names of the two vessels which accompanied the Polly. Can any of our readers enlighten him.



Those settlers in Belfast brought with them "the Gaelic," in its full purity and power. As it is very likely that some of those who still know that language may read this page, we insert for their study a paragraph copied from the *Toronto Globe*. If any person will kindly send us a translation we will be pleased to reproduce it. It is the message, sent from the summit of Ben Nevis, by a company of Highlanders to King Edward VII., on the day of his coronation:—

Chum a Mhoralachd An Rìgh Luchairt Bhuckingham, Lunnainn Cruinn 'an Ceann a cheile air muilach na beinn a's airde 'san Rìoghachd so agus air Lach' aghmhor a Chrunaidh, tha Ceannard agus Luchd riaghlaidh Gearasdan Uilleam le cuid eile de Luchdaiteachaidh Lochabair, gu h-iriosal a' tairgse ceud mìle failte agus le mordhurachd a' guidhe gu'n ealbhaich 'ur moralachd re' lomadh

bliadhna Rìgh-Chathair Iompaireachd Bhreatainn, maille rì'r Teachlach Rioghail ann an sòrr-beachadh.—Sonas agus sith, Cailean Young Ceannard Luch-Raighlaidh a Ghearasdain.

This is pretty high-flown language it seems to us; but that is to be expected when we consider that Ben Nevis is a very high mountain.



*[The editor of the Prince Edward Island Magazine will be pleased to receive articles on any subjects of interest. The pages of this Magazine are open to all who desire to contribute — articles sent need not be confined to topics connected with the Island.]*

## ❧ Through Tommy Hawke's Telescope ❧

CONDUCTED BY TOMMY HAWKE

THE fly season is about over. The fly has been pretty prevalent this summer, but of course he had to make up for a late spring. This late spring business was a good thing after all, I believe, as it helped to prolong the summer by dovetailing it into a little autumn, and said late autumn will prove of benefit to everybody, and everything, especially farmers and autumn mobile drivers. A good many of the latter may have horse sense before next season; at least it is to be hoped so. Yes, summer is a good season while it lasts, but we don't think so much of it after that. Summer and I always get along well together and I only hope that during my little sojourn in this vale of—er—smiles, nothing will ever occur to jar the mutual understanding between us.



But I had enough to say about summer in a previous number of this great family magazine. I really didn't mean to take up so much of your valuable time on the subject again. It's true enough, that moss-embellished and sentimental ejaculation so often heard, "How time flies." Ah! that word "flies" that's just what I was talking

about when I took off my coat to write this instructive little paper for children and people who ought to know better. Did you ever hear the new proverb. It runs as follows:—

Spare the fly-paper  
And spoil the fly.

This little phrase was invented by myself, and a copyright will be applied for as soon as I hear from Mr. A. Carnegie. In the meanwhile anyone found using this phrase without sanction deserves all that they'll not get. The fly is altogether "too fly," if I must use such a flip-pant expression. Our domesticated insects, although having a very keen insight into some matters show poor judgment in other matters. For instance: I was watching a sheet of sticky flypaper the other day, when along came a fly. He swooped down and lingered a moment in the atmosphere. I wondered what "gave him pause," as the late Mr Shakespeare would say. I soon found out. He was trying to decipher some letters which read as follows: "Tangle-foot! made by the O. & W. Thumm Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A." Now if that fly had sense enough to pause to read that sign, why didn't he have sense to keep off it? I don't know why. Perhaps he didn't read it correctly. This is more than probable. Anyway he made a half circle round the paper and landed in the middle of that terrible abomination of desolation. I am half inclined to believe that the insect did this more for bravado than for anything else. Just like the boys skating sometimes; if they see a sign on a weak patch of ice with the word

DANGER

looming up in large letters they take it as a challenge and start to test the truth of the statement, and generally find such to be the case. Boys are like flies in matters of this kind and some don't seem to have half the gumption of the fly. The more you tell a boy that smoking cigarettes is not the thing for him the more he will smoke. If we don't want our boys to grow up puny and minus that look upon their faces, which makes us think that one of these fine days they will yield to the inclemency of the weather, I believe we will have to make a change of tactics and tell the boys that they must be good and smoke their cigarettes, so many per day, just for their health, you know. When they find that you want them to smoke of course they won't. All boys haven't got this nature of course, but I know a few in this world who are built along these lines. A crusade, however, would have to be started to pick out this few, another few would be

left, but I'm afraid another few would be a minority report. This new idea is hurled on the market free. I hope no bones will be broken in the general rush which is bound to follow by the people who always snap at something new.

A writer in the New York Sun has the following to say regarding our most common household pet. The Sun is a great paper, with lofty ideals, and never shines so brilliantly as when dealing with these things.

#### THAT FLY,

In fluent speech vociferous,  
You objurgate that fly;  
You style him most pestiferous—  
And still he hovers nigh.

With maddening pertinacity  
He lingers near your face.  
With confident audacity  
Settles ever in one place,

His appetite's insatiate;  
Upon your cheek he's glued;  
Apparently he never ate  
Of such ambrosial food.

You strike at him in frenzied ire  
With well-directed aim—  
Whizz! he's off like a house afire,  
But comes back just the same.

Your futile rage, oh, angry man,  
You'd better far resign  
And give, with all the grace you can,  
The fly a chance to dine.

A noisy buzz of victory,  
And lo, he speeds away,  
To come again in elfin glee  
And feast another day.



# "Wild Lily" FLOUR

This is an  
excellent Flour  
made by  
one of the  
best mills in  
Canada.

Price,  
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Only

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&  
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Selling Agents

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

### Lord Salisbury's Cat

Lord Salisbury's fondness for animals is well known but it is perhaps not general knowledge that he has a favorite cat. It is a cross between a Persian tabby and a Chinchilla gray, and has the name of Floss. It is sleek and well-bred, with fur as soft as down—just the sort of cat one would expect to find in the aristocratic atmosphere of Hatfield House. She is allowed the free run of the place, and, when she sees her master, displays all the signs of feline emotion which pleased and happy cats are wont to manifest. Then Lord Salisbury talks to her, and those who have been frequent spectators of the scene declare that the cat replies in its best language—a series of murmurs and soft purrs. As soon as Lord Salisbury sits down the cat takes possession of his knee, and there the ex-Premier will allow it to remain, stroking and talking to it. At home it is his most constant companion.

—*Boston Journal.*

### When My Cousin Comes to Town

CHERRY VALLEY'S finest raiment—  
Quaint, yet beautiful to see—  
Richly decks its fairest claimant  
To sweet femininity.

Miss New York, *au fait* in fashion,  
Smiles at Cherry Valley's gown—  
Smile half envy, half compassion—  
when my cousin comes to town.

Miles on miles of streets of shopping;  
How she revels in the sights!  
Every window finds her stopping  
To examine its delights.

And I join in her inspection,  
For two sparkling eyes of brown  
Shine in the plate-glass reflection  
When my cousin comes to town.

If she warms about the city  
In her healthy, happy way,





## Sheet Music .. ..

The very newest up to date music just received. Here you can find almost anything you want in that line. We are headquarters for everything pertaining to music.

If we have not what you want we'll get it for you.

# Miller Bros.

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APOT

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The stock  
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Chemicals,  
hold Remedies,  
ities, Stock  
Goods etc.

Toilet and  
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### Prescri

We use  
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Remedies, t  
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## APOTHECARIES

### HALL

DesBrisay's Cor., Queen Sq.  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

## A Complete Drugstore

The stock comprises everything for the sick room: Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Household Remedies. Infant Necessities, Stock Medicines, Rubber Goods etc.

Toilet and Fancy Articles innumerable. Our stock of Perfumes, Smokers' Supplies, Fishing Tackle and a large variety of other goods is worth inspection. We make a specialty of

### Prescription Work

We use only pure, fresh Drugs, and our prices are as low as perfect service will permit. Try Hughes' Special Remedies, they give perfect satisfaction in all cases: advice free.

# HUGHES'

The People's Druggist

### CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd

Miss New York politely witty  
Is about her *naïveté*.

But to men, such girlish rapture  
Is a far from common noun,  
And each day shows **some** fresh capture  
When my cousin comes to town.

Goes the maid to Seidl's, Sousa's,  
Horse Show Metropolitan—  
Over each one she enthuses  
As but Cherry Valley can.

Is it strange when breezes waft her  
Homeward, sorrow weighs me down?  
I am "broke" for six weeks after,  
When my cousin comes to town.

—W. P. BOURKE

### "Nearer, My God, to Thee"

**T**HIS touching hymn was written by Sarah Flower Adams, a gifted Englishwoman. She was of frail constitution, and, amid many bodily sufferings kept her pen at work on various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose *that one immortal hymn*, which is now sung around the globe, has never been learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial when the bruised spirit emitted the odor of a child-like submission to a chastening father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics by Mr. Fox, in England, about the year 1841. The authoress did not live to enjoy the fame it was to bring, for she died in 1846, aged twenty-four years, and was buried near Marlow, in Essex.

**T**HE question is often asked, "Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had seen these birds at sea, far from



.. .. A HAT FIRST .. ..

**Y**OUR new winter clothes can wait a bit, but a new Hat you must have. Our new Christy's in hard and soft are being scattered all over the town.

Here are the styles of the world's leading maker to choose from.

Your fancy as well as your head can be fitted quickly.

The different grades in all the leading colors in every late shape here.

But you can't tell which black is most becoming you till you try on a few.

.. .. COME IN, THAT'S THE BEST WAY .. ..

**PROWSE BROS**

The Stylish Hatters.

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# Kumfort Slippers

Something  
New

Something  
Good

Something  
Comfortable

They are  
selling like  
hot cakes all  
over this  
Canada of ours  
for winter wear.  
They are  
unsurpassed.

Womens'  
\$1.10

Mens'  
1.25

Boys' 80c

Childrens'  
70c

**ALLEY & CO**

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—*Golden Days.*



### Another Fond Hope Shattered.

**T**HEY tell us faithful old dog Tray,  
Who used to pose as true,  
Is but a myth. One can't be tray  
And yet be faithful too.



### The Iron Duke's Parrot.

**A**N old lady, soon after the battle of Waterloo, determined to show her grateful admiration of the Duke of Wellington by the gift of a parrot, which she took with her into the Duke's presence. His Grace declined the gift with polite thanks. The old lady begged him to hear the bird speak once. She took the baize off the cage and said, "Polly, this is the Duke of Wellington." "*See the conquering hero comes!*" cried the parrot, flapping his wings. This was too much for the Duke, who heard the pet sing the national anthem, and accepted the gift. He afterwards kept the bird in his own room, and it won quite a reputation among its new friends.—*Quackell's Sayings and Doings.*

Book and Job

# Printing



The class of Book and Job Printing turned out at this office has earned a reputation for superiority that I am bound to maintain

Having a perfectly appointed office with modern types and presses, the latter driven by power, it is inevitable that better work can be done at moderate prices than with a less modern plant.

**ARCHIBALD IRWIN**

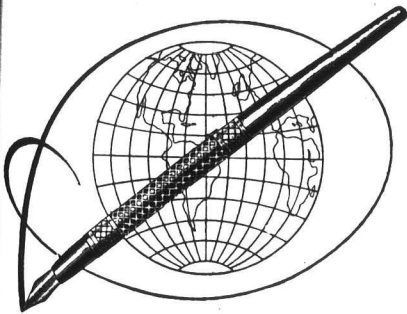
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Richmond St. west

Charlottetown

# MERIT ACKNOWLEDGED

"It is the first Fountain Pen I ever used which gave me perfect satisfaction. It's al-



ways clean and ready to use and never fails to write as soon as it touches the paper.

This was the reply of one of our prominent city clergymen, when asked how he liked the Waterman sold him. This is the universal verdict of users of Waterpen pens, everywhere. Re-member—absolutely guaranteed.

**G. F. HUTCHESON.**

Selling Agent.

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

### The Super-sense of Animals.

WHEN engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, Mr. James Camden, a civil engineer; was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his men were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again.

They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened, and the collie walked in. He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland, and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, that had become separated from the rest of the flock, and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us?—*Forest and Stream.*

Accept no substitute for work. There is none "just as good."—*Sat. Ev'g. Post.*

## Builders' Supplies

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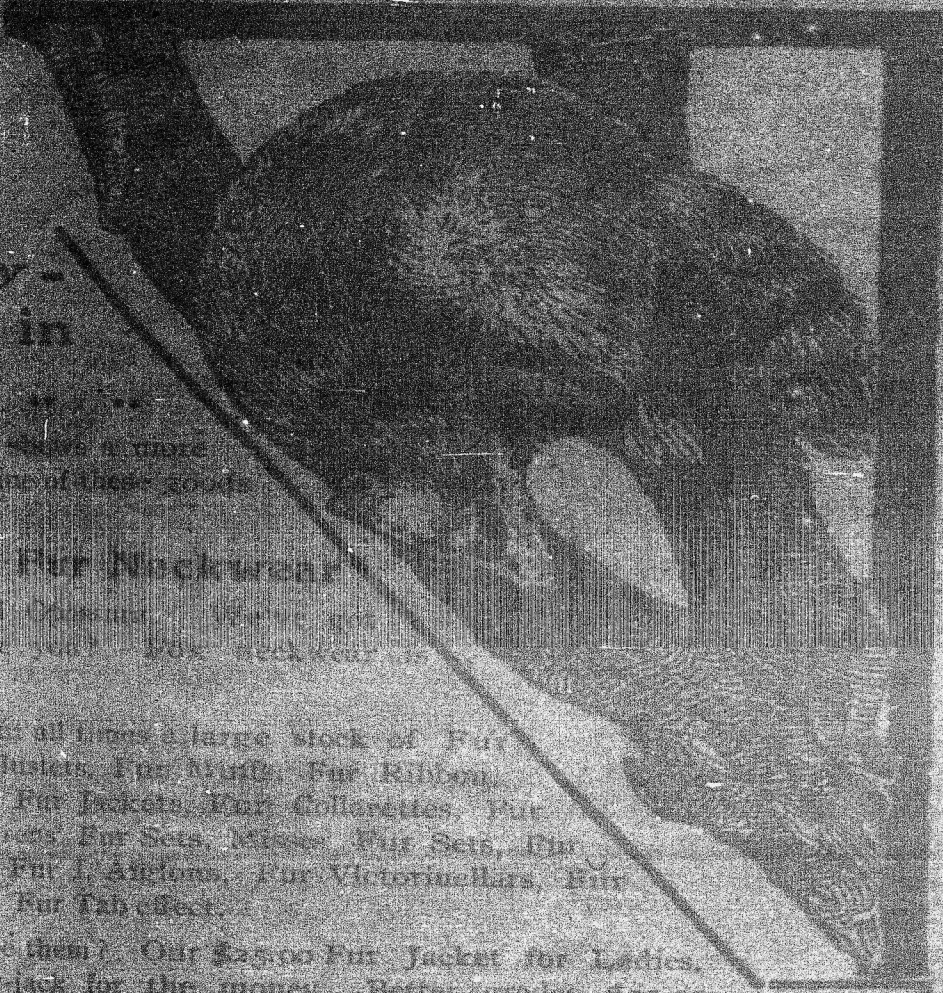
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