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Prince Edward Island.

BY DELMAR J. VAIL, U. S. CONSUL.

AWAY "down east" beyond battlemented Halifax, the land of Evangeline, and the Loyalist City of St. John, lies Prince Edward Island, the most fertile Province and one of the loveliest spots of the Dominion.

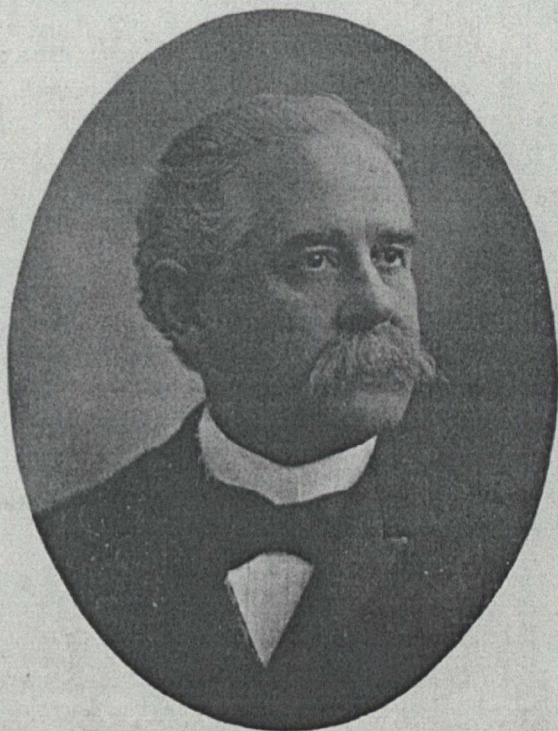
Apparently the most out-of-the-way of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, it is in reality but 24 hours from us by travel. Its beautiful climate—peculiar to itself—is yearly attracting larger numbers of our people and they find it to be a summer resort of such charm and novelty that they are enraptured. Sated with the noise of our bustling cities and eager to escape the superheated atmosphere, they hie away to this land in the sea and quickly regain tone and strength. In summer the delightful climate transforms everything, and

"Fills

The air around with beauty."

Verdant fields on every hand, with patches of forest here and there; prosperous farms and comfortable homes dotting the scene; beautiful arms of the sea cutting into the land in all directions; landscapes and seascapes of surpassing loveliness—this is the picture presented. The country is gently undulating and there is not a mountain or very high hill in all the Island. Stones are unknown and a Vermonter would miss his granite boulders. The soil is a disintegrated

sandstone of a distinct red color, which combined with the peculiar greenness of the grass and shrubbery, produces a



HON. DELMAR J. VAIL.

picturesque effect very pleasing to the spectator. The tourist on pleasure bent and in search of quiet and rest should come here. Numberless trout streams furnish sport for the angler, and deep sea fishing is easily obtainable. In season the disciple of Nimrod will find duck, brant, wild geese, plover, snipe, woodcock and other game birds plentiful, and good bags are not hard to secure.

Accommodation for holiday seekers is provided by several hotels and numerous farm houses in different parts of the Island, but more especially on the North Shore—an ideal place—where for 50 miles high sand-dunes bar the sea

from the land, and where the unbroken beach of hard white sand affords surf bathing that is unexcelled anywhere in the world.

The glorious feeling of untrammelled freedom which possesses the soul when staying for a short season at one of these hotels, "far from the madding crowd"—but not too far from civilization—is beyond expression. Here will the toil-worn find restful retreats;

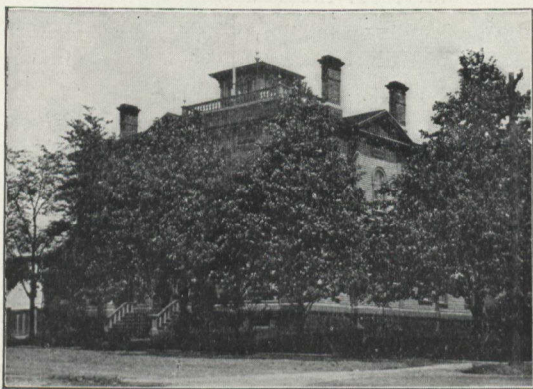
"The heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here."

The days are never hot as we experience heat, and the nights are always cool; while the glorious fresh air, excellent food and a good appetite, induced by the breath of the sea, are factors in creating a happy frame of mind and a comfortable bodily state. All the products of the farm as well as the delicacies of the season are to be had at the hotels. And everything is reasonably cheap.

The writer has enjoyed many pleasant visits to the seaside resorts. The perfectly natural life which one may lead at these places is their chiefest charm. For a moderate sum per week one can enjoy living near to Nature in this happy holiday land, with miles of beach to wander upon, a beautiful country to walk or drive through; and fishing if you are so inclined. And the greatest charm of all seems to be the fact that the Island is only being "discovered." One has almost all the pleasure of a first-comer in visiting these resorts. The people are so kind, everything is so homelike, that the visitor soon feels quite at ease, and conventionalities and "form" bother him not at all.

The unbounded hospitality of the Islanders is proverbial. They spare no trouble to show you around, if they find you would like to see the Island. Do you fish? Well, if your friend cannot go with you, he has a friend who will, and you are forthwith introduced. Next day you have a

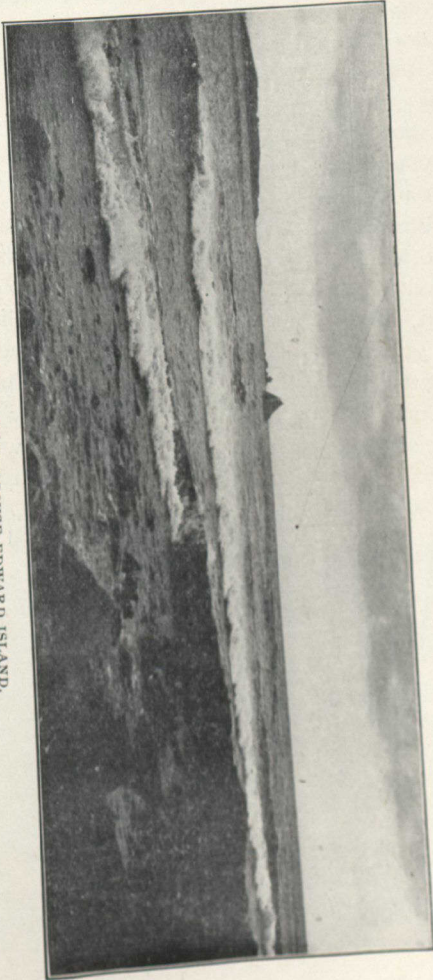
charming drive in the cool air of the early morn, and catch the lordly trout before the sun gets too high; returning to town to dream of the strikes you made and to feel again in imagination the 'swish of the line and the click of the reel.' Or it may be that you have driven over to the "North



U. S. CONSULATE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Side'—it is only fourteen miles across the Island—and there you have spent a delightful day, returning refreshed, sunburned, invigorated, and full of the ozone of the Gulf air.

Yes, the people take you as a matter of course, and are nice to you. They make you one of themselves, and you join in their social amusements. You go to Government House at the Lieutenant Governor's invitation when the British warships are in port, rub shoulders with the jolly sailors, and dance with the pretty Island girls, counting this one more joy added to the store. On other occasions too, is dispensed by His Honor and his lady that rare hospitality which seems indigenous to the Island, and always with a graceful warmth that charms the guest. Indeed, in every home is the same pleasing cordiality noticeable.



A SHORE SCENE. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



After the slight reserve common to all insular people has thawed, one finds the Islanders thoroughly sociable; and in common parlance "they're all right." Society in Charlottetown is represented by no millionaires, either in the blue-blood or money line; but it *does* consist of an extremely agreeable and prosperous middle class with which it is a pleasure to associate.

Perhaps like many others you will not take the trouble to go outside of Charlottetown during your holiday save for a day or so, because it will seem so quiet, so different, so emancipated from the constraints of the rapid life you have left behind, that you consider it comparatively tranquil, and spend your time pleasantly there. And that may be a good thing to do. Boating and bathing may be had near the city, and the country around is always within reach, two or three hours of driving taking one to any of the seaside resorts.

There is much to interest in the history of the Province



OFFICE OF THE U. S. CONSULATE.

and the glamour of a past romance still clings to many spots. Time was when the legions of France and the British troops fought for the possession of Acadie—1745 to

1758—and although the Island of Prince Edward (or St. John as it was then known) was not the scene of any actual conflict, it was garrisoned by the French, and one of the theatres of war was in the neighboring Island of Cape Breton. After the fall of Quebec and Louisburg, Prince Edward Island (with the rest of Acadia) was finally ceded to Britain. It was connected with Nova Scotia until 1768 when a separate government was granted. Responsible government was given in 1851, and in 1873 the Island became the baby province of the Dominion of Canada.

Like the rest "of the Maritime" the Island of Prince Edward received its quota of Loyalists. When Shelburne in Nova Scotia—that great city that was to be, founded after the close of the Revolutionary War by those who were not satisfied with the new order of things—collapsed, about one hundred of its inhabitants came to Prince Edward Island, settling mostly on the south shore. The Haydens, and many well-known families of today—thrifty and prosperous citizens of such fine farming districts as Bedeque, Pownal, Vernon River, etc.,—are descendants of those who in 1783 preferred George of England to his namesake of Washington.

Some years ago the little Province had its "Lords" and "Commons"—a Legislative Council of thirteen members and a House of Assembly of thirty. But this was really cumbersome and it was felt that some reduction might be made in the number of law-makers to the financial benefit of, and without any detriment to, the country. Accordingly in 1893, there was an amalgamation of the two branches, the new body being called the Legislative Assembly. It consists of thirty members—15 Councillors elected by the property-holders, and the same number of Assemblymen elected by the franchise vote. The arrangement has worked well, and money has been saved. All matters of provincial importance are controlled by the local parliament—the

regulation of trade and commerce, the railway and postal services, etc., coming within the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada. The Government is vested in a Lieutenant Governor appointed for five years by the Federal Administration and whose salary is \$7,000 per annum; an Executive Council of 9 members, and the above mentioned Legislative Assembly which meets every Spring at Charlottetown.

Since 1891, the Island has been under a Liberal regime. The present Premier is the Hon. Arthur Peters, who is able and well fitted for the high position he fills. He is a capable debater, a forcible speaker and popular with all.

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The excellent free school system dates from 1877, and is under the control of a Board of Education. There is a Chief Superintendent and three Inspectors—one for each of the three counties. The country is divided into school districts, and the school houses are rarely more than three miles apart. In 1901, the number of teachers was 589 and the number of scholars 20,799. The Prince of Wales College and Normal School is the leading Government Educational Institution, and there is an excellent Roman Catholic College—St. Dunstan's—which is attended by a number of boys from our own land.

Prince Edward Island's area is 2,133 square miles, and its population 103,258. It is a thickly settled Province—more so than either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick—and its excess population for the most part when dissatisfied with the farm, as they generally become after receiving an education at the excellent schools and colleges of the country, turn longing eyes to the fleshpots of the United States. And thither they move in numbers. It must be confessed that they give to us of their best—in the Island it is openly deplored. In many cases they rise to positions of great

prominence—one example being enough to quote: President Schurman of Cornell.

We do quite a large business with the Islanders and their produce enjoys an excellent reputation. Lobsters, mackerel, eggs, smelts, potatoes, oats, hay, live stock of all kinds, and pork in carcasses and cured are some of the commodities exported. The Province is a great farm, and it is rapidly taking front rank as a cheese and butter manufacturing country as well as a fruit-growing district.

Our Consulate was established in 1858, and since then we have sent to "the Island" (Prince Edward be it noted, not Blackwell's or Deer Island) for longer or shorter terms, the following Consuls:—

Albert G. Catlin of Massachusetts, Consul for P. E. I., March 30, 1858, on conf.

John M. Austin of New York, Consul for P. E. I., Sept. 5, 1861, recess.

Jay Haziell Sherman of Vermont, Consul for P. E. I.; Sept. 30, 1861, recess.

Jay Haziell Sherman, Consul for P. E. I., July 17, 1862, on conf.

Joseph Covill of Maine, Consul for P. E. I., Sept. 15, 1865, recess; Feb. 16, 1866, on conf.

E. Parker Scammon of Ohio, Consul for P. E. I., May 4, 1866, on conf.

David M. Dunn of Indiana, Consul for P. E. I., March 15, 1871, on conf.

Peter S. MacGowan, Vice-Consul, December 16, 1870.
Warren A. Worden of New York, Consul at Charlottetown, July 20, 1883, recess; Dec. 20, 1883, on conf.

Henry M. Keim of Pennsylvania, Consul at Charlottetown, April 16, 1886, on conf.

N. J. George of Tennessee, Consul at Charlottetown March 24, 1887, recess; Jan. 16, 1888, on conf.

Isaac C. Hall of Massachusetts, Consul at Charlottetown, July 24, 1890, on conf.

Dominic J. Kane of Maine, Consul at Charlottetown, Oct. 5, 1893, on conf.

Delmar J. Vail of Vermont, Consul at Charlottetown, July 17, 1897, on conf.

Frederick W. Hyndman of Prince Edward Island, Vice-Consul, Dec. 10, 1880.

Frederick W. Hyndman, a British subject, V. & D. C., Oct. 9, 1883.

Daniel C. Hickey, a citizen of the United States, V. & D. C., Feb. 8, 1887.

John McEachern, a British subject, V. & D. C., Sept. 15, 1887.

John T. Crockett, a British subject, V. & D. C., Oct. 25, 1890.

THE CAPITAL.

Charlottetown, the capital of the Province, is a city of 12,000 population. It is beautifully laid out on a fine site and possesses a magnificent harbor. Along the water front are some of the chief residences of the city. Here from the United States Consulate the silken fold of our starry banner is one of the first signs to greet a traveller coming by steamer. On entering the harbor the beauty of the scenery on every hand impresses all who are making their first trip, and the good impression is confirmed with longer acquaintance.

Charlottetown is quite a wide-awake city, now. A few years ago it was not, but a great deal of improvement has lately taken place, and now it may rank as being fairly up-to-date. Its stores will be found splendidly equipped and stocked; one need not think that he will be cut off from the conveniences of modern commercial enterprise. The streets are wide and some of them are planted with shade trees, as all of them should be. Under the management of Councillor Paton, Chairman of the Street Committee, extensive im-

provements are everywhere noticeable, and great credit is certainly due him for the untiring interest he has taken in improving the streets of the city. There are some really fine public buildings, and very creditable gardens in the centre of the city, where on summer evenings band concerts are given and the people promenade. The city has both electric light and gas, possesses a splendid system of waterworks and is equipped with sewerage. It is almost as well managed as if it were in Vermont. Of course we would take more pride in it than the Charlottetonians seem to do. They cannot be persuaded to spend money in beautifying their town, though they have apparently taken some pains and made some outlay to keep in good order the prettiest natural park that can be seen anywhere. It is a perfect little delight and an adornment that any city should be proud of. But one cannot help thinking if the citizens of Charlottetown had the enterprise of our people they would have tourists coming to them by thousands, and be enriched by tens of thousands of dollars each season. It seems a pity for their own sakes that they cannot see this. This, however, is about the only fault that can be found with them, and they only are the losers by it.

The market at Charlottetown is a unique institution that fails not to please and interest visitors. Semi-weekly come from the surrounding districts market gardeners and women laden with the luscious products of this great garden, which they display temptingly in the stalls of the market building. Here are vegetables still bedewed and beautiful, there fruit; here baskets of delightfully fresh eggs, there butter. And such golden butter! One is tempted to eat it as one would ice cream. By all means see the market; and Mrs. Mallett, with her cheery "Good morning, my dear," will extend to you a cordial greeting.

Charlottetown is most quickly reached over the Boston and Maine Railroad via Portland, Bangor, St. John, Point du

Chene, and Summerside, P. E. I., the trip requiring just twenty-four hours. This journey may be varied by taking the steamers of the Eastern Steamship Company, from Boston via Portland and Eastport to St. John, N. B. The Yarmouth Steamship Line and Dominion Atlantic Railway and connections will land a passenger in Charlottetown via Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, Wolfville, Windsor and Pictou, N. S. The Plant Line Steamers make semi-weekly trips between Boston and Charlottetown stopping at Halifax and passing through the Straits of Canso and Northumberland.

Boats owned by the Quebec Steamship Company, the Black Diamond and Dobell Lines call at the Island from Montreal. The Steamer "City of Ghent" makes weekly trips between Halifax and Charlottetown.

Other transportation facilities (returning) are by rail from Charlottetown to Summerside, thence by steamer to Point du Chene; or by steamer from Charlottetown to Pictou, there making railway connections. During the winter season communication is maintained between Pictou and Georgetown, P. E. I., and between Cape Tormentine, N. B., and Summerside, P. E. I., by specially built steamers.

Prince Edward Island has two hundred and ten miles of railway extending from Charlottetown to Summerside and Tignish in the west, and to Souris and Georgetown in the east, with a branch line to Cape Traverse. From the last named point to Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick is the route of the celebrated winter ice-boat service performed with boats on runners. These are hauled over the ice by passengers and boatmen during the most severe weather when the steamers are unable to keep up regular communication with the mainland. The distance from cape to cape is 9 miles, and the trip is a most novel and exhilarating one.

The Prince Edward Island Railway, under the able and efficient administration of the Hon. A. G. Blair, late Minister of Railways, General Manager Pottinger, Manager Russell, Traffic Manager Tiffin at Moncton and Mr. G. A. Sharp, its Resident Superintendent, is making rapid strides in the way of service, and an improvement is noticeable in all its branches and departments. Large sums have been expended during the past year on its roadbed, new stations, etc., and this with the many additions to the rolling stock, has made

it an up-to-date railway in every respect. With its fine service and gentlemanly conductors, tourists can enjoy the scenery with comfort and pleasure. At the present time an extension of seventy-five miles long is being built to the Murray Harbor District in the southern part of the Province. The line will have a deep-water terminus, which will be of great value to the shipping interest as it will be a direct shipping point to Boston and New York. It will run through one of the best farming districts of the Island and will open up a very fine country for tourists.

The construction of the new branch necessitates the bridging of the Hillsborough River at Charlottetown, the estimated cost of the structure being in the vicinity of one million dollars. A new passenger station is also to be erected in the city, entailing with other expenditures, an outlay of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The writer would fain see more of the good people of our great Republic visit this land "compassed by the inviolate sea," and test its peculiar summer charms. Rugged mountain and roar of cataract, trackless forest and mighty river there are not. Apart from old ocean's thunderous surf there is no grandeur here. But who shall attempt to depict the sweet pastoral scenery of beautiful "Abegweit,"* its fragrant groves and velvet-carpeted fields abloom with an almost tropical luxuriance; the glint of its crystal waters or the health-giving breezes from the surrounding sail-flecked sea. And over it all, an atmosphere marvellously clear, and a sky as blue as that of sunny Italy.

Tourists receive a hearty welcome—the very air is redolent of hospitality.

*The Indian name for P. E. Island, meaning "Home on the Wave."

[we are permitted, by the courtesy of THE VERMONT, to republish the above article. ED]



The City of the Dead.

(DEDICATED TO CHARLOTTETOWN).*

UPON a wide and lonely street, I stood with fear and dread
 No sign of life around me, all active scenes had fled;
 Yet the sun in all its splendor a glorious radiance shed,
 O'er our sleepy little Capital, like a city of the dead.
 At the shrine of vestal worship, where an avalanche of light
 Should roll out with mighty power against the enemies
 of right;
 I saw the forms of worship; but the spirit long had fled,
 And taper lights made ghastly the city of the dead.
 In an audience room historic, in the halls of state I sate,
 Where the peoples' old time energy bowed to its cruel
 fate.
 For the noble band of statesmen by the silvery Whelan led,
 Bequeathed no adorning mantles to this city of the dead.
 I saw amongst the monied men enticing piles of gold,
 And everywhere in nature's fields lay mines of wealth
 untold.
 The poor man sought for labor; but all enterprise had fled,
 And the gold was left to rot and mould in the city of
 the dead.
 I looked for kindred feelings, where the greatest gifts were
 strewn,
 But the virtue of the Golden Rule from this trysting
 place had flown;
 And no spirit of benevolence with charity will wed,
 While aching hearts are breaking in the city of the dead.
 Will you rise above this stupor; will you build your city up;
 Will you elevate the fallen; will you empty sorrow's cup;
 Will you make your home a kingdom by the excelsior
 standard led,
 And leave behind this ghastly name, the city of the dead.
 From the great wide World's example comes the object
 lesson plain
 That exercise and effort will restore your life again.
 Then frame your laws with prudence by love and justice fed;
 And reclaim your city's honor from those regions of the
 dead.

T.

The Loss of the "Jessie."

ON Christmas Day seventy-nine years ago a ship called the Jessie set sail from Prince Edward Island, the ultimate fate of which became a matter of great importance and concern to the inhabitants of Charlottetown. The melancholy circumstance is recalled by a clipping from the Prince Edward Island Register, sent to us for publication. As the story of the loss of the Jessie may interest many we preface the clipping by an extract from McGregor's History of Prince Edward Island, which also deals with the unfortunate affair:

"There is scarcely a more melancholy catastrophe than that of the ship Jessie which occurred in 1823. This vessel with Mr. Donald McKay, the owner and some other passengers, and the master and crew, seventy-six in number, left the harbor of Three Rivers (Georgetown), in Prince Edward Island; and as the ship was observed off the coast of Cape Breton, near Cheticamp, during a snowstorm on the 27th of December, it is probable she struck in the night on St. Paul's Island. In the month of May following (no account having before been received of the vessel) it was reported that some fishermen had discovered the wreck of a ship, and a number of bodies on St. Paul's Island. On this report a schooner was despatched thence from Charlottetown, the people on board of which found the wreck of the Jessie and the bodies of eleven men, who must have perished by the intense cold soon after landing; the remainder of the crew, it is likely, were either washed overboard by the surf, or lost in attempting to get up the cliff. The bodies of McKay and the master were carried to Charlottetown; nothing could be more melancholy than their funerals,

which were attended by the greatest concourse of people ever known in Charlottetown to accompany the remains of any person to the mansions of the dead. I had for some years enjoyed the friendship of this gentleman. I was one of the last that parted with him on leaving the Island; and six months afterward I saw his body laid in the grave. When I say that few men have left the world more regretted by his acquaintance, that in his manners he was truly a gentleman, and that he possessed in an eminent degree all the kind and good qualities which gain the hearts and the esteem of men, no one who knew him will say that I exaggerate. He was born in Scotland, served His Majesty for some years, was taken on the coast of France and remained ten years a prisoner in that country."—*McGregor*.

"On Tuesday last, the Schooner *Feronia* arrived here from St. Paul's Island having on board the remains of Donald McKay, Esq., and Capt. McAlpin. The party sent on the melancholy expedition report that having reached the place of their destination, they disembarked at day-break and found within half a mile of the shore, eleven bodies, those of Messrs McKay and McAlpin included. Fifteen were yet wanting to complete the dismal list of sufferers, and for several hours they carefully explored the desolate rock in hopes of their meeting with them. Their search, however, was fruitless, not a trace of them being discoverable. After wrapping up the bodies of Mr. McKay and Mr. McAlpin in tarred sheets, they deposited them in coffins, well prepared for the purpose, and then proceeded to perform the last melancholy office over the remaining nine, covering them with earth and sods, which they procured with some difficulty at a considerable distance. In the absence of information a great latitude is given to conjecture, and a variety of opinions have been broached, as to the possible length of time that elapsed from the landing of

the unfortunate people upon the Island, and the period of their death. It appears however reasonable to suppose that their miseries were but of comparatively short duration, the cold having been very severe, and nothing found that could in any way have secured them from its effects. The *Feronia* called in at Margaree, where a writing desk, the property of Mr. McKay was found, and which was carried away by the persons who first discovered the wreck, it had been forced open; there was a great number of private letters and bills to a large amount forwarded in the *Jessie*. The wreck lies close to the cliff and is firmly wedged between two rocks. The sternpost and after part are entirely gone, but the bows and waist remain, and it is said that she has in her at least 250 tons of timber. On the *Feronia's* entrance into the harbour, the strongest sensation was excited, and crowds of people assembled on shore; a high breeze and flowing tide brought the vessel slowly up the river, her colours half mast high. She anchored opposite the residence of D. McKay, Esq., cousin to the deceased, and in the course of the evening the bodies were brought on shore. During the interval between the arrival of the corpses and the period of their interment, the whole town wore an unusual gloom. The vessels in the harbour hoisted their flags half mast high, and the countenances of even strangers were saddened by the mournful scene. On Thursday the funeral took place, attended by an unusual train of friends from town and country.

The bodies were carried into the church, where an appropriate anthem was sung by the choir, and the desk service read by the Rev. Mr. Aden. The procession then moved slowly on to the burial ground, and the Rev. Mr. Jenkins performed the remainder of the service."—Prince Edward Island Register, June 26th, 1824.

"Launch:—On Tuesday last, a fine brig was launched from the yard of Messrs. D. McKay & Co. A great con-

course of ladies and gentlemen were present, and we are happy to say, she glided into her destined element to the delight of the spectators, and the satisfaction of those enterprising gentlemen and their builders. The Prince Edward Island Register, Nov. 8, 1823.

The Member from Senaraka—Concluded.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES (KAIANERENSTHE),

IT was toward the close of that session that the divorce court bill was brought before the house of assembly for its second reading. The year previous this bill had been introduced and passed through all its stages in the upper house, whose members had now sent it down to the house of assembly for concurrence. Although many members there were opposed to the bill, its first reading was followed by very little discussion; it had been pushed in at a moment when the house generally was absorbed in a heavy and lengthy debate on some railroad question. But when the bill came up again the house was freer to consider its principles, and interest centered very generally upon it.

The bill provided for the establishment of an especial court to grant divorces, on the ground that this would offer a more convenient and less expensive means of obtaining divorce than was possible under the old system of bringing each individual case before the house.

The introduction of this bill represented a crucial period in the social life of a young nation that had always been conservative of the good in its statutes. To thousands of thoughtful men and women the possibility of its passage

meant a first step in thrusting Watha down to the level of other nations with a quite unsavory reputation in regard to marriage laws.

One day Mrs. Poyntsett met Geoffrey Smithson at a crowded reception at the First Lady's house. Smithson was an old political opponent of her husband, John Poyntsett, but a warm personal friend of the family.

"Is it true," she asked him, "that the divorce court bill is gaining adherents all the time?"

"I am afraid it is. The fellows behind it are subtle and they are working with an energy worthy of a better cause. Its backers in the upper house are at work for it too. What does John think of it all, now?"

"He thinks it would be rejected if its opponents in your house would take up the battle with more vim. Who is 'booked' to speak before the close of the debate?"

"No one of importance, I think. It may close any day now. We are all tired of the endless threshing and re-threshing. After all, there are very few arguments for or against the bill, but each side claims its arguments are irresistible."

"Do you know I have an idea?" Mrs. Poyntsett said, as she reflectively tapped his sleeve with her fan.

"Ah, indeed!" Smithson said with a note of inquiry. He was smiling, but he meant to give her idea serious consideration. Mrs. Poyntsett's intuitions were marvelously correct.

"Listen! Ask—command—beg Aniatariio to speak against it. He will do what you ask."

"But what business," said the member, with his quizzical smile, "has an old bachelor like me to interest himself so actively for or against divorce?"

"Because you should always be about your Father's

business," the little lady returned promptly. "You legislators are not, I hope, spurred to activity only when personal interests are at stake."

"And what are Aniatariio's views?"

"I am sure his sympathies are on the right side. I have heard him talking it over with Mr. Poyntsett. There he is now, standing by the fire-place. Drive home with him and talk it over."

CHAPTER III.

Two days later it was rumored in Kanatio that a division would be taken on the divorce court bill some time during the after-dinner session, and when the speaker took his place in the chair that night there was a remarkably well-filled house before him, while the galleries were so crowded that people stood in the aisles.

The debate was a heated one. It afforded entertainment to some humorous members and to the galleries, but it was so plainly the dregs of old arguments that no one was impressed.

It was after midnight before several pages were simultaneously sent out with messages, and members who had previously tired of listening were seen coming back in groups. People braced their tired selves and promised one another a vote-taking very soon. They expected the traditional lively division that follows a heated debate, and they reckoned their fatigue as nothing with that prospect before them. For the assembly, when its dignity is relaxed, is an entertaining spectacle.

But the division was not yet. Geoffrey Smithson, and not the Whips, had despatched the pages to the smoking-room and lobbies.

Shortly after this Aniatariio rose. The Speaker greeted him with an encouraging flicker of a smile.

Men looked at their neighbors in astonishment for a moment; then every eye in the house turned to Aniatariio.

Now, men said to themselves, will come the burst of poetical language about sun and moon and flowing rivers, a speech, perhaps, with the wonderful combination of dignity and freedom that there is in an old forest.

It did not matter to them what bearing his words had on the bill; nothing new could be expected; but they were curious to hear an Indian speak in the white man's great council-house.

When Aniatariio began to speak he made no display of rhetoric, natural or acquired; in so far his hearers were disappointed. But his voice had the deep musical tones and dignified calm of an Indian orator, and he was in himself a striking picture for appreciative eyes. Still, what he said seemed common-place enough.

That was in the beginning.

Soon his grave face and speech and glowing eyes took irresistible hold of the house. Here, after all, was oratory in the deep resonant voice, in the soul speaking through those persuading eyes; above all, in the simple, convincing speech that dwelt on the sanctity of the home and the responsibility of parental ties. By the time he had left ordinary grounds of argument and taken his stand as an Indian representative, every man and woman in the great chamber was listening eagerly to his every word.

"I am alone here tonight to speak in the name of my people," he was saying. "They are ignorant of what is passing in this legislative hall. They have never before had any voice in its government. But in their most sacred interests I protest tonight against the passage of this bill. For years you have preached the doctrine of morality to the Christianized Indian; here we find the inconsistency of another doctrine being preached to your own people. More than ever will the thoughtful Indian be puzzled by the sublimity of Christianity in precept and the weakness of its interpretation in the lives of many who profess it.

"Instead of advocating a law to make divorce easier I would beg you to abolish altogether the granting of divorces by parliament. Let Watha keep the reputation she has made for upholding the honor of the home. Let my people not lose faith in you.

"For you, white men, are the chosen people. Christ revealed Himself early to you, and you have a sublime past of chronicled martyrs, heroes and saints up to which you must live.

"My people sat in darkness. You gave us the light. You taught us the glory of the Infinite Being, whose great Father-heart knows no distinction of race or color, and we still look to you for guidance.

"The precepts most profoundly impressed upon my people since your advent here have been these: Love your enemies, and put not away the wife of your youth. Your missionaries would cheerfully have given their lives to uphold these teachings. Tonight we are asked to repudiate one of them.

My Iroquois forefathers were a hardy and chaste, if primitive, race. Even they did not in their councils, permit divorce without what they considered sufficient cause. Yet you are asked here tonight to legalize in the highest tribunal of the land the customs of our pre-civilized days, in which stage men are pleased to describe us as savages."

The burst of applause that marked this point was almost instantly hushed, as Aniatariio continued his speech with more feeling than he had yet shown.

"If every member present tonight could see the spirit of his mother beside him as he rises to declare his vote, and if he would be guided by her wishes, I know that not one vote would be recorded in favor of this bill. . . . Yet surely I have not to plead with you to protect the rights of the wives and children of your people. It can not be that the descendant of a race so lately pagan has to remind you.

my Christ-favored brethren, of a Divine Word spoken to the multitude on the coasts of Judea beyond the Jordan, this,—‘What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.’

“The heavens and the earth shall pass away, He tells us, but His word shall not pass. And because He has set me and you also, honorable members of the house, in a high place to govern our country, no slightest word of mine shall ever—ever controvert the words of my Master.

“Here, again, is the word of guidance—strong, clear and definite, as every Godlike emanation is—‘What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.’

“And now, my honorable colleagues, for God and the home, for the wives and babes of Watha, let our words in the Division tonight go to uphold the Word of Christ, the God of Love revealed by your people to mine. Let us vote against this bill. Onen!”

* * *

For a moment the lofty chamber, charged with the intense feeling of a multitude, was eloquent with silence. Then a round of applause broke the tension; another and another arose, until suddenly the divisional bell rang insistent and loud, drowning the applause and startling the tense nerves of women in the galleries.

Within a few minutes every member of the house in Kanatio that night was waiting in his seat, eager to vote. The hands of the great clock marked two, but the faces of the absorbed multitude were flushed and brilliant, defying drowsiness.

The speaker read the bill for the last time; then formally asked the members in favor of the question to rise. There were some who stood.

Again he asked the members opposed to the bill to rise, and man after man, as the clerk read out their names, the members rose in support of the Nays.

"Yeas 5, nays 193," was the result the clerk announced.

The Speaker declared the bill defeated, and the house and galleries literally went wild. Cheer after cheer arose, mingled with the strain of "Home, Sweet Home;" members leaped from their chairs to wring the hands of their fellow-members; hats and books were thrown up in a reckless melee; some men's eyes were wet, while women openly wiped away their tears.

For in all of Watha's young days no parliament had witnessed such a complete moral victory; and men's hearts were stirred as forever and forever in all time what is pure and just will have supernatural power to stir the best in men whose veins are filled with the strong, red blood of the men of Watha.

"A Thunder Storm."

BY OWEN CARL HODGSON.

It is evening. The sky is overspread with inky black clouds which grow denser and more grewsome as you watch them.

To the westward, distant rumblings are audible. The storm nears us. Rain begins to fall, drop by drop, then in torrents. The thunder breaks tumultuously over our heads; peal upon peal follows, interspersed only by vivid flashes of lightning.

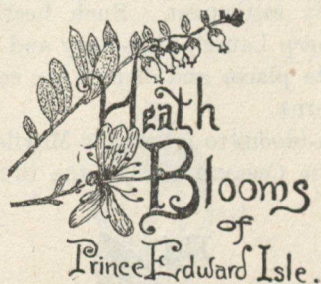
On the opposite side of the street, a little boy stands in the doorway. His light blue eyes dance with eager anticipation as he watches the lightning, and his golden curls

wave in the wind as he claps his hands in childish glee over the mighty thunders' roar—all unconscious of danger.

"Mamma, I'm comin'," he says, waving his hand as if beckoning the lightning. A flash more terrible than any we have seen, follows, and the very air is pregnant with electricity.

* * *

The thunders are o'er; and the stars twinkle on high, but in the house across the way, there is sorrow and death the last flash has done its deadly work.



BY JOHN T. CLARKIN.

With Drawings by the Author.

THE first and sweetest gift of Spring, the May-flower, appeals to the love of the beautiful that exists, active or latent, in nearly every human heart. Thousands in whom the myriad blossoms of summer awake scarcely a particle of interest yield to its charms and for a fleeting season are devotees of Nature.

The delicacy and fragrance of the Mayflower make it a patrician in the Plant-world, and we are loath to acknowledge that it is a near relative to many a plebian bloom. This fact, however, but brings vividly before us, that there is

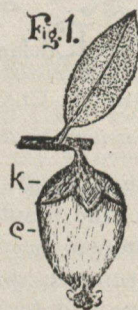
no weed but will, on careful study, unfold for us a wealth of beauty and order. There is more to be learned from the knot-weed at our feet than is dreamt of in most of our philosophies.

All plants from the giant sequoia to the minutest single celled fungus are grouped into families or orders. These families are divided into genera and the genera into species.

The May-flower or Trailing-Arbutus is a member of the Heath family, an order of world-wide distribution and of varying characteristics.

In our Island the heaths form a large part of the vegetation of what we call "the barrens," which are in many cases tracts of really good land over which forest fires ran in the days of early settlement. Such heaths as Rhodora, Labrador Tea, Sheep Laurel, Blue-berry and Cassandra make gay those desolate places and dispute the cold swamps with the mosses and ferns.

The next heath-bloom to follow the Mayflower in opening its blossoms is the Cassandra. In the illustrated heading



a branch of this plant is shown bearing a raceme of flowers. The white blossoms of the Cassandra deck the bog-lands in the early days of May. This season its earliest blooms were observed on May 10th. A striking peculiarity of the plant

is that its leaves are inclined to point upward. The upper portions of the branches bear the flowers, one in the angle above each leaf. Figure 1 represents a floret, K is the Calyx; C the Corolla. The Calyx is made up of five distinct sepals. The Corolla is in one piece and resembles a vase. It is crowned with five minute lobes, the tips of five united petals. On carefully removing the Corolla we have what is represented in figure 2, K the Calyx, S the stamens, G the style, and P the stigma. Instead, however, of having only five stamens, as in the cut, we will find ten. Figure 3 gives a view of the interior of the Calyx, with Corolla and stamens removed. In the bottom of the Calyx is a five-lobed body marked O in the figure. This

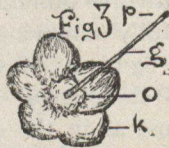
Fig. 2



is the ovary, the part of the flower in which the seeds are formed. Figure 4 is a single stamen. A is the anther in which pollen is produced, F is the filament. The anther is tipped by two horns, which open by small pores at their tops. Through these pores the pollen grains fall on the stigma to fertilize the ovules or bodies which are to become seeds in the ovary. The presence of pores at the top of the anther lobes is the most striking characteristic of the heaths and should we find a flower exhibiting this peculiarity we

may without hesitation consider the plant a member of the Heath Family.

The Rhodora follows the Cassandra in time of blooming though the two blue-berries are nearly as early. This season



it was first observed in bloom on May 31st. A single flower is shown in the heading. On examining it we find that it differs very much from the Cassandra. Instead of having a pale nearly closed corolla that hangs demurely beneath its supporting branch, we have in Rhodora a brilliant self-assertive flower that turns its widely-opened blossom to the sun. The Rhodora is common around the margins of bogs and on waste lands where its flowers brighten the landscape long before it has put forth its foliage. In close succession the well-known blueberries and the Labrador Tea open their blossoms, followed a little later by the poisonous Sheep Laurel. Labrador Tea is a familiar shrub with dark green leaves the edges of which turn down to form a rim around a peculiar yellowish wool that covers the entire under-surface of the leaves.

Its white flowers are borne in showy bunches on the tops of the stem and branches. The calyx is very minute and without a glass is liable to be unnoticed. The corolla is made up of five equal and distinct petals and within it we find five stamens and an ovary surmounted by the single style characteristic of the heaths. The Sheep Laurel, which was first observed in bloom on June 29th, is a conspicuous plant during the summer. It is to be found in company with the other shrubby heaths, but has a wider distribution

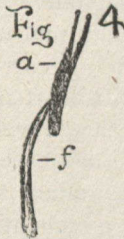
than most of them, being common about fence-corners where its tender shoots are liable to yield inquisitive lambs an easy passage from earthly woes. Its handsome red flowers are borne in short racemes near the tops of the branches.

The showy corolla is of a deep saucer form and has near its edge little pouches in which the tops of the ten stamens are sunk. When the flower opens fully the stamens are released and quickly curl up to the style to deposit the pollen on the stigma.

This provision for self-fertilization is somewhat remarkable, for the heaths favor insect or cross-fertilization.

The Huckleberry, the mention of which brings thoughts of Mark Twain, is a very rare plant with us, at least near Charlottetown. I know only one place where it grows, and even there it is restricted to a patch of about six feet across.

Its foliage is a bright green covered with resinous dots and contrasts very much with the darker greens of other heaths.



The corolla resembles that of its near relative the blueberry, but is smaller and is deeply tinged with red. The fruit is a dull black berry about the size of a blueberry.



Reflections.

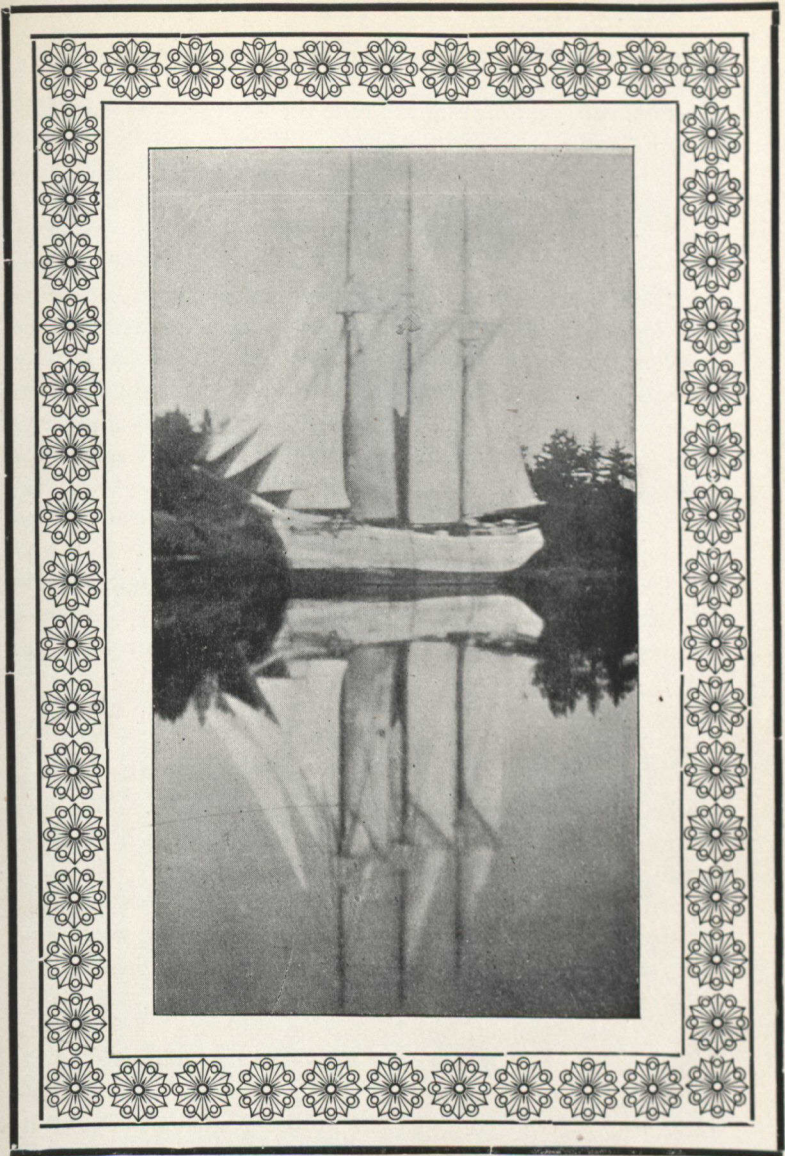
BY WILL S. LOUSON.

INWARD, as well as outward, conscious or unconscious, every life has its reflections. How often we hear people remark, "this is a queer world," and how true it is, that many things and circumstances seem to be paradoxes.

Sitting near an open fire place my thoughts run back several years ago, to a circumstance in my travels. A gentleman approached me on the train and asked me if I was a commercial traveller and if so what kind of a life it was. I remarked that a man had it in his power to make it a good life or a very bad one. The stranger told me he had decided to be a traveller, and we happened to be going to the same place together. I encouraged him all I could, and told him never to be disheartened.

The first merchant this traveller called upon was not pleased with the goods he had been getting from the house represented by my acquaintance, and wanted him to take the goods back. Other merchants were not open to buy from him at that time, and the new traveller did not have very much success in his first day's canvassing. About noon he bought a revolver, shook hands with the hotel proprietor, and went to his room.

A pistol report was heard, accompanied by a heavy fall. The proprietor came rushing into my sample room, saying that the young man who came in with me had shot himself dead. We all went up to the room. Two drops of blood were on the white marble oilcloth, on the bureau underneath the looking-glass. The bullet had gone through the centre of



REFLECTIONS.

The above illustration is reproduced from a photograph taken by moonlight at Montague, by Mr. Wm. R. Cumming. The plate had one hour's exposure.

the forehead, and around the hole the flesh seemed singed as from a flash.

The jury brought in a verdict of "accidental death, while loading a revolver for self-defence."

* * *

Reflections—they come to us all.

Not for worlds would the writer question temperance workers' methods. Sometimes, however, I wonder if they have all decided upon the right methods, and adopted them in order to crush out the liquor traffic. Not very long ago I was driven (in a manner) by an intoxicated man to a hotel, where I was received by a drunken porter. I was invited to have a drink of whiskey—and all this, I was informed in a "Scott Act" town.

Does the Government of Canada want the liquor traffic abolished? Are Christian people and Christian Churches, irrespective of all denominations, working together with this end in view?

* * *

"There's no place like home."

How often we see these words, and other similar mottoes worked in wool, framed and hanging upon walls. We need to travel a little, some of us, to realize the truth of these heart-reaching words.

Writing about wool-worked mottoes reminds me of a circumstance that came under my notice many years ago. The story has a moral and I desire to tell it as delicately as possible. Shortly after I became a travelling salesman I called upon a woman who kept a general store. I sold her a bill of goods, and it was paid for. On my next visit I received another order, and a request to come in at six, and have tea. I did so. In the parlor I was introduced by the mistress of the house to a young lady, who, she said, was her daughter, although she had called her by a different sur-

name than her own. When the daughter left the room to make ready the meal, the mother remarked:

"I notice that you seem perplexed : let me explain.

"Many years ago a man won my heart and affections upon promise of marriage. I made a mistake in my life; the man deserted me. I still retain my maiden name, and my daughter bears her father's name. We have the respect of the community of which we form part."

Reader, imagine my feelings when I saw a wool-worked motto on the wall: "What is home without a father?"

Pathetic, was it not? Several years ago I heard that the daughter had married happily a Christian man, and was living near her mother.

Is the World and Society right in looking down with horror upon the woman in such circumstances, and allowing the man his freedom? Will the day come when such men shall be punished?

* * *

About a year ago a devoted Christian clergyman wrote requesting my ideas, and also asked me to make any suggestions that I thought might prove helpful in ministering to a congregation. To this kind letter, I replied that intellectually and spiritually I was not able to answer these questions as they ought to be, and requested him to preach at least one sermon a year from the 3rd chap. of John, 16th verse.

This verse is considered by very many, the Gem of the Bible. How is it we do not hear more talks and sermons from so beautiful a theme? In twenty-five years of going to church, more or less, I have heard four addresses from this text, two of these from D. L. Moody.

Are the churches today holding their congregations? Are the different denominations uniting more together in uplifting the masses? Are there as many conversions today

as there used to be? Are God's children becoming more spiritual and Christlike? Does the poor man and his family of little ones receive as cordial a welcome in God's Houses of Worship today, as his well-dressed, prosperous brother and his family?

There are so many things happening in this work-a-day world of ours that set us thinking. I have not attempted to answer any of these questions. We all love to think of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; that law is law, the same for and against the rich man, as well as the poor man and woman.

Do we not sometimes long for others, who are in touch with the many issues of life to enlighten us?

Life seems paradoxical, at times, and our own hearts cry out for truth and light.

