

Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding 1/2 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE Issued Every Saturday Morning.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND PREVIOUS AND PRESENT

Finnigan seated himself on a soap box and looked enquiringly at Casey. "What's the news Mr. Casey?" "Is it news you are after Finnigan?" replied the genial grocer, "and didn't you see the new book Prince Edward Island Before and After? I think they call it. Will it be an elegant book and every Islander ought to be proud of it."

"Greece, so they say, was a fine country in her time and produced at least a dozen great men but according to the new book she was only a grease spot compared to this glorious Island with her six hundred notable and illustrious sons. Yes six hundred I said and all alive except about a half a dozen who died of loneliness before the big crowd of heroes arrived."

Don't you remember The Guardian was on the hunt for great men and had had work to find twenty and a few of them might be marked doubtful. The Guardian didn't beat the bushes well enough.

"They are not quite sure of the fellow who found the Island seeing that he

didn't cut his name on one of the pillars of the Province Building or be entered among the arrivals in one of the daily papers.

"Just think Finnigan of finding an Island like this worth fifty dollars an acre and six hundred heroes on it. Leaving out some reflections on the climate, the civilization, the crops, etcetera, the rest of the book is made up of obituaries. It's a fine thing to get a chance to write your own obituary."

About 500 of these great men would have been eternally neglected if they had left it to unkind posterity to write their obituaries. The first obituary I read was Bilkins. he owes me a little grocery bill and I thought I might find out how much he was worth. It started out like a Peruna advertisement and I looked down the type to see if Peruna or Burdock Bitters stood out anywhere. I hate to be caught in a medicine ad, but no it was all straight and the facts were supplied by Bilkins. I expected some reference to his buying his groceries from Casey, the gilt edged grocer, but no it just told

wonderful stories about Bilkins that I never heard altho' I knew him since we played marbles in the alley. It was a glowing tribute to the monstrous genius and imagination of Bilkins. Finnigan you never read ancient history like me or perhaps never heard of the pursuit of the golden fleece or of King Arthur and his knights. Perhaps you read Gulliver's travels but in any case get the book it is just as wonderful and entertaining. And the heart rending situations in which some of the heroes were placed. Sure there is young Jinks wasn't he in about a half dozen train wrecks that he knew of besides other varied experiences they forgot to put in the book.

If St. Paul knew that Jinks was coming after him he wouldn't have said a word about his perils of robbers or perils of water or being dropped in a basket. What do all these amount to compared to a train wreck, with all the racket and roar and red lights and the ladies waiting at the station to weep over your mangled remains when the relief train arrives home and then you jump down from

the platform among them red and rosy with a smile on your face. That's better than turning up from perils of water with mud on your boots and seaweed in your hair. But Jinks like a Kentucky colonel was never in much peril of water.

Now there is our friend Cheney he always has something to say against everything.

He says that several enterprising Americans came down here looking for gentlemen who wouldn't mind exchanging a few good Canadian dollars for fame and immortality.

Just think of it Finnigan glorious immortality and a big book all for fifteen dollars. Doesn't it sound like "a cake of soap, a box of pins, a picture of McKinlay, and a bottle of liquid glass all for a quarter."

Doctors, lawyers, tinkers, tailors and journalists all immortalized for the small sum of fifteen dollars a piece. Finnigan I like to see the journalists getting immortalized. I always had a warm spot in my heart for newspaper men and I just wish

them a nice warm spot in this world and the world to come.

"Finnigan you may smile at this way of obtaining immortal fame but its the result of genuine American invention and I am in for modern methods. Like the telephone and the electric light it's a modern convenience. Years ago a man had to do something to become famous. He had to be a general and kill a few hundred thousand other individuals who were looking for trouble and got it. He had to be an admiral like Paul Jones or an outlaw like Billy the Kid but now just like hitting the machine on the square and making the bell ring you hit the American's palm with three Vs and up, goes your fame and instead of a two cent cigar with a cabbage patch aroma you get a big book. I tell you Finnigan I am in for modern methods and then who can tell in fifty years the difference between Jinks and Edward Whelan or Bilkins and George Coles? Everything has a fault Finnigan, unless you do it yourself and I have just one fault to find with the book. The women get no show and the most of

my female relations are women. The darlings should have got a chance to tell how often they were in love or at least in the vicinity and what kind of hats they like. Then the big book would grow as big as the Encyclopedia Britannica. They say that a few gentlemen who put their obituaries in the book didn't think that Bilkins and Jinks and about 500 other fellows would get a chance. They didn't estimate the effect of fifteen dollars on the average American. These same gentlemen would give thirty dollars and the big book to be out in the fresh air again and clear of the crowd.

There are another few who you and I always regarded as the brains of this country who do not figure in the book at all.

"When the American came along with his beguiling smile they just pushed that fifteen dollars deeper in their trousers pockets and smiled and up to the present there is no sign of that smile coming off."

"Between you and me, Finnigan, we know most of the heroes in that book and what you and I could write about them would be twice as true and three times as funny. Good afternoon Mr. Finnigan."

GREAT FAIR AT NIJNI NOVGOROD A GREAT RUSSIAN EVENT.

During the last two and a half years, neither the German commercial traveler nor his wares have had much chance to get along the Siberian railroad. Now that the twin line of steel, running for a thousand miles from Moscow to Vladivostok, is free from the conveyance of troops, the Siberian towns, which have been starving for goods, are demanding large supplies and speedy deliveries. In the disturbed condition of the country, however, German firms have shown no eagerness to risk the lives of their travelers in a region where the value of life is decreasingly regarded, nor to forward goods for which there is a very problematic prospect of payment. Accordingly, Mahomet has had to come to the main and this year, writes Foster Fraser, the London Standard, Nijni Novgorod is basking in its old glory.

The fair has provided opportunity for a remarkable gathering—a congress representing twenty million Mussulmans in the Russian Empire—Moslems from South Russia, men who have taken to the garb and customs of the West, and who with their hair cropped a la Francaise, their imperial, dark gray lounge jackets and patent leather boots, might easily be mistaken for Parisians; Moslems from Mongolia and Bokhara, men, slim and all and sedate, with shaven heads and aenna dyed beards; men in long flowing and embroidered sheepskin coats, boots of red and turbans of green, who, for sitting, find the floor more comfortable than chairs.

The Tartars are the cleverest merchants who come to Nijni-Novgorod. Whether it be in the selling of "overland tea"—believed by the Muscovite to have been brought by caravans from China, but which has been sent around by way of Odessa and trained to Nijni—on making a fuss with precious stones, which he hints have been stolen from the mines, and therefore are to be obtained as a bargain; but which are imitations made in a Parisian factory, the Tartar stands by his shed or stall, smoking cold and grimy, his fur cap over his ears and his hands hid in the sleeves of his skin coat, which is badly worn and most unappetizing in odor. He has wondrous stacks of skins, from fox down to rat,

ed men from Bokhara; there are innumerable Tartars, some accompanied by their women folk, swaddled, wearing collar box hats of velvet decorated with pearls.

The fair ground is a mud flat lying across the Volga from Nijni Novgorod proper. There are rows upon rows of cheap brick sheds, one storey high, yellow ochered, with a pavement of all sorts.

The roadway, once cobbled, is a mass of disgusting mire. Peasant carter, in charge of inconsequent teams hauling miscellaneous merchandise, yell and bawl.

A jolting droshky attempting to dash by splashes the uniform of a Russian officer with filth, and as the Russian language is well stored with expetive there is violent cursing. Russian soldiers, unwashed and in unkempt clothing, trudge sullenly in the gutter, carrying big loaves of black bread under their ostlers.

A cadaverous, long-haired, black-gowned priest goes hurrying by. Old women cross themselves and young men spit on the ground. A bunch of porcine Chinese in blue jackets and with swinging pig tails come over the bridge from Chinatown, where all the buildings have eaves that leer, and on the doors are painted rampant dragons of fearful design, intended to frighten way thieves—which they probably do.

Tinkle, tinkle and an awkward heave and bump electric tramcar comes sizzling along.

Some Moslems are facing the east, fancying they look toward Mecca, which they do not, and are performing their devotions in the street. Moscow merchants are in an adjoining cafe, and a gramophone blares, "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you."

There is the constant click of the abacus—beads of wires on which we learned to count as children, and without which the Russian inheriting its use from Tatar ancestors cannot reckon how many two and three total. A playbill on the side of a rickety kiosk announces a performance—in Russian, of course—of "The Geisha." Nowhere have I seen such a jostling of East and West.

One likes to think Nijni Novgorod fair is Oriental. It is customary to associate the Orient with the dazzling. But there is nothing dazzling, about the fair. The Eastern practice is followed of having all the shops selling particular wares in one district. I looked for old silver, and found cartloads of crude Austrian electropiate. I sought antique rings and got a headache looking at the vile, highly colored and grotesquely patterned mats manufactured in German Poland. The only embroideries were imitation rubbish from Switzerland. In a dirty cafe I did come across some melancholy Persians

who had turquoise and opal stones to sell, and we spent a rainy afternoon in haggling.

Yet there is a fascination in the multitude of articles. At times one can imagine that all the manufacturers of shoddy articles have dumped their things on Volga-side. Try to picture a third of a mile of tombstones for sale—though, Hibernian like, most of the stones are of wood. Here the merchant from the far interior may acquire a really striking monument which will make him the envy of his neighbors who have never been to the fair. A whole street is devoted to the sale of ikons, pictures of saints set out in Byzantine style in flaming gilt, and to be found in every Russian house in the right hand corner at the upper end of the room.

There are streets sacred to the sale of Russian boots—there must be millions of them. Battalions of sacks laden with raisins block one thoroughfare; another road is a maze of bales of wool. A row of shops is given up to the sale of umbrellas, and there is meriment watching the astonished countenance of a simple peasant woman having an umbrella opened in her face for the first time. Miles upon miles of cotton goods are here, with no nonsensical half shades above them, but strong and unmistakable reds and greens and blues and yellows. Half a street is given up to cheap German toys.

In the centre of the fair is a large red brick arcade, with shops selling the usual tinsel and expensive things with the usual row of wooden faced individuals sitting on benches and stolidly enjoying the music. There is the usual pestering by importunate dealers. And there are literally billions of post cards.

Last evening at sundown I climbed the hill of the quaint walled fortress which guards Nijni Novgorod. The falling sun was burnishing the domes of innumerable churches, a hundred, sweet toned bells, beaten with wooden hammers, made the evening melodious. There was the heavy tramp of full kitted Russian soldiers mounting the hill to the fortress distant babal of a city doing business at the top of its voice; down below on the Volga was the scurry of tugboats hauling mammoth cattle boats and snake-like rafts into place, and the constant shrill warning hoots of the sil rems away eastward. Siberisward, stretched a fat and unbroken land to the very horizon, with a lowering purple sky deadening to black.

EARLY FRENCH SETTLERS, LOT 16 BY HUBERT G. COMPTON.

In a recent article the writer mentioned above named locality. To one of these I wish to draw my readers' attention—Xavier Ayhawe. He was the first known to have committed murder on this Island, and his wife was the victim.

In the retired part of the well known Rose Hill Farm, and near where the house now stands, the deed was committed. It was ascribed to insanity at the time. The body of the woman was found by a search party, one of whom was the writer's father. This would be about the year 1806. The body was found underneath a fallen tree, to which the searchers were attracted by the voice of the crazed husband, who was walking to and fro upon the recumbent tree trunk.

As there was no jail nearer than Charlottetown he was taken there. He was not, however, brought to trial, but spent the rest of his days in prison.

It is said the murderers body now lies under the present Malpeque Road, leading to the City. There is a touching incident in connection with the crime.

The victim had in her younger days won the love of an orphan child. In this strong healthy woman, the child had found her ideal of womanhood, as she was not so robust and strong as others of her age, and needed such a one as her affectionate friend to trust in each day. Before and at the time of her death this child was with the woman she worshipped, assisting, as far as her strength would admit, in the household duties.

When the news of the fearful death of her loving and loved friend reached the non-doubly orphaned child she was inconsolable. For many weeks she wandered alone in the deep shades of the forest shunning all society.

She had a sweet voice and was often heard singing, in her loneliness, a lament for her lost friend. At this time the little church stood on the Parillon farm, and the child attended the services.

The priest, L'Abbe de Caloune, the officiating pastor at that time, so the writer has been informed, knew the child's history and between the services as the congregation were seated on the banks of the spring mentioned in a former article, asked the child to sing her wonderful and weird song.

Her answer was: "I cannot, to-day, it is Sunday." The explanation of this is that probably the day was so sad on account of it being that on which her friend had met her awful fate. But after a little, relenting her voice broke forth, moving her rude audience to tears. The voice is forever silent, but the writer often visits that limpid spring, whose sparkling waters glitter like gems in the sun, and with which the writer has been fondly familiar during a long life; and in imagination loves to picture the pious priest and his devoted people seated as of old and to hear in fancy that childish voice. The writer has already seen six generations of some of those present on that day. One of those heard the child sing on that occasion, and related the fact to the writer. This being an incident to mind in relation to the good priest named above. This I will give my readers at a future date.

PEOPLE.

Some people sing,
Some people cry,
Some people quit,
Some people try,
Some people laugh,
Some people frown,
And some go up,
And others go down,
Some people blame,
Some people praise,
And some have kind,
Ly little ways,
Some people play,
Some people work,
Some look for jobs,
And some shirk,
Some people wear
One thing a while,
And then they change
To suit the style,
Some people long
For this and that
Some think life good,
Some say it's flat,
Some people are
Both good and bad,
A lot have woes,
A few are glad,
It takes all sorts
Of folks, you know,
To make up life's
Variety show.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.