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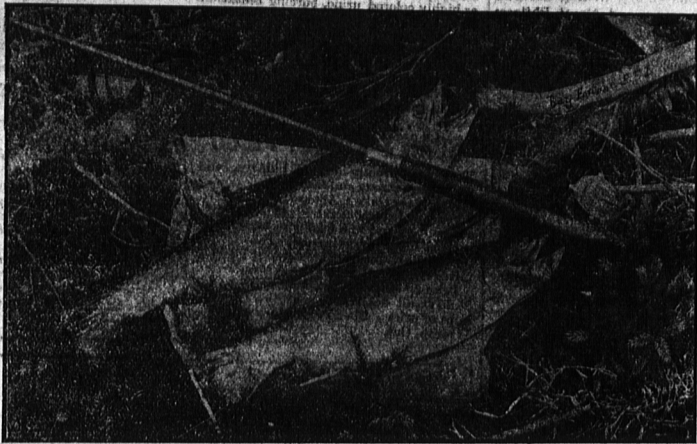
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Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and best interests of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

## THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

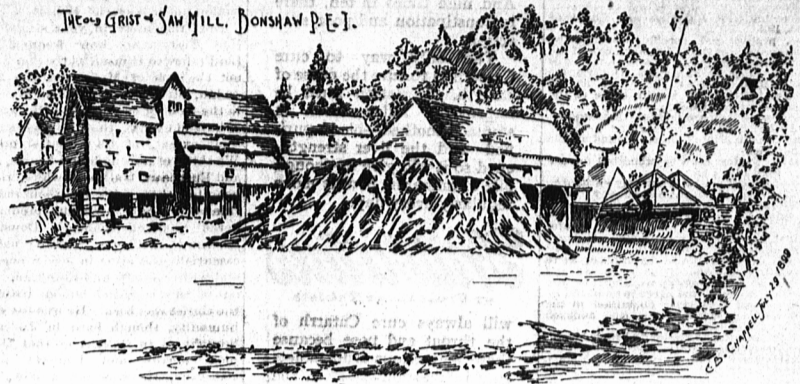
Succeeding the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE Issued Every Saturday Morning.



P. E. I. SEA TROUT.

### REMEMBER

That the sunniest lives have seasons of shadow.  
 That the more you say the less people remember.  
 That a mother's tears are the same in all languages.  
 That a man cannot go where temptation cannot find him.  
 That good breeding is a letter of credit a'f' over the world.  
 That good is slow; it climbs. That evil is swift; it descends.  
 That he who does good to another man does good also to himself.  
 That there is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.  
 That the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.  
 That the promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than most people possess.  
 That the easiest way to outwit the world is to let it believe that it is smarter than you are.



CROSBY'S MILL, BONSHAW.

### FOR PROTECTION OF ISLAND GAME

FISHERMEN and hunters of this Island look back with regret to the conditions which surrounded their favorite pastimes in this Province twenty or thirty years ago. Even at a less remote period the pursuit of fish and game was to be followed with satisfaction and resulting big bags. But unfortunately of late years there has been a sad diminishing of the inhabitants of our streams and forests and the cry has become general for an improvement of the present condition of affairs. An esteemed contributor, Robert Jenkins, has on several occasions contributed to this Magazine, articles describing the game of the Island in the days when birds, beasts, and fish were plentiful, and his last contribution on Our Golden Plover drew a startling comparison between the numbers of those birds, which visited us years ago and their practical extinction at the present day. So with other game—the wood pigeon for instance which Walter Simpson, of Bay View, in an early number of The Prince Edward Island Magazine described as filling certain trees which they used as roosts near Cavendish, and where they were often ruthlessly slaughtered.

Whatever may be responsible for the almost complete disappearance of these two birds from our hunting grounds it is certain that other species, which otherwise would today have been reasonably abundant, have been diminished by the unthinking, and in many cases deliberate, actions of a species of hunter usually designated "game-hog" or "pot hunter" by true sportsmen. These, by practising such devices as shooting woodcock when they come to the springs in the evening, and by dynamiting and netting the trout in the streams have done great harm. It is to prevent a continuance of these practices and to repair the injury already done that the P. E. Island Fish and Game Association has been formed.

Referring to this "Rod and Gun" the mouthpiece of Canadian Sportsmen says:—"Like other parts of Canada, Prince Edward Island has suffered from the carelessness of those who believed that the forests, the fish and the game were inexhaustible. The present generation are

becoming wiser, and all across the Dominion Fish and Game Protection Associations are working with the same objects in view—the preservation and the perpetuation of the national assets of the country. A few months ago Prince Edward Island swung into line with the other Provinces, and has now a Fish and Game Protection Association of its own. The Constitution and bylaws which were adopted have been printed and published, together with a synopsis of the Fishery and Game Laws of the Island.

"The objects of the Association are six in number, and the whole of them are to be commended. They are to protect as far as possible the fish and game of the Province; to endeavour to replenish the forests and streams at present denuded by poaching; to aid the fishery and game officials in the discharge of their duties; to see that the laws are enforced and that the wardens do their duties; to secure such amendments to the Fishery and Game Laws as shall be for the best interests of the Province at large; and to encourage forestry.

"The whole Province is covered by means of County Executive Committees consisting of two or more members, and a Vice-President is selected for each county. Every member is required to sign the rollbook by which action he promises to do his utmost to carry out the objects of the Association. It is explained that this includes his pledge of honor to instantly report to the Secretary of the Association every or any violation of the Fishery and Game Laws coming under his notice. All complaints, when properly prepared and backed up by evidence, will be submitted to the proper authorities, and if action is not taken it becomes the President's duty to call the attention of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, or the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to the matter. Any member found guilty of violating these laws will be at once expelled from the Association.

"Both rules and bylaws appear to provide very fully for the carrying on of a live and efficient organization. The Fishery and Game Laws of the Province are likewise well conceived for the purpose in



SHORE SCENE, NORTH SIDE P. E. I.

view, and the regulations framed under them contain ample provisions for ensuring their effectiveness. No doubt there is plenty of room for all the energies of the members in seeing that the laws are enforced, and in educating public opinion up to the standard which shall assure that they are effectual.

The circumstances in Prince Edward Island bear a marked resemblance to those prevailing elsewhere in Canada. National assets have been dissipated and even wasted; but the stirring up has come before it is too late, and the fish

and the game, to say nothing of the forests, will be saved to the present and future generations if the efforts of devoted men can effect such a work. There is scarcely need for "Rod and Gun in Canada" to state how heartily the Magazine endorses and supports the work of the Prince Edward Island Fish and Game Protection Association, with its headquarters at Charlottetown, and its very effective organization for covering the whole Province; and wishes all possible success to this, the youngest, though not the least promising, of our Provincial Associations.

And every loyal Prince Edward Islander should loyally join in the sentiments comprised in the concluding paragraphs of the above. It is to be trusted that all will work for the general good.

For one thing, at any rate, is the Association to be congratulated. It has as its President a man who will not hesitate to see that the objects of the Association are scrupulously carried out without fear or favor.

May all success attend it.

ISLANDER.



F. W. HYNDMAN, PRESIDENT F. & G. P. A.

(It may be stated for the information of The Guardian's readers that the medal shown in the above photo, is the Canada General Service Medal, issued with the approval of the Imperial Government for "Elishah Reid 1867." It was awarded Mr. Hyndman for Services on the New Brunswick Border, in 1868, while on H. M. S. Duncan, the Flagship of Admiral Sir James Hope, G. C. B., Commander-in-Chief North American and West Indies 1864 to 1868.)



MONTAGUE RIVER, P. E. I.

### SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN TREASURES

READING the graphic account given by your Et. Eleanor's contributor of the experience of the heroic old Highlander, I am tempted to relate an incident which occurred during the very early period of the Settlement of Casumpec.

My informant was an aged sailor who had settled down with his wife on a snug farm. Round him the neighbors often gathered to hear him relate his adventures.

This old sailor was a manipulator of the "mineral rod" which always accompanied him in his walks.

The writer has often seen traces made by those who searched the Shores of Richmond Bay for Kidd's Treasure. Of late years they have transferred their efforts from the shores of the Bay to the Islands on the north side of it.

Among those who used to meet at the aged sailor's home, were two who seldom joined in the conversation, but who lost nothing of what was said. The talk often turned upon Capt. Kidd's treasure, and certain localities were named where it was supposed these treasures were hidden. These were visited, at night by the two men mentioned, who at last discovered a spot which excited them with hopes of discovery. A mound rose here in the landscape, covered with short grass and stunted trees. One of the men had become proficient in the use of the mineral rod and in his hands it worked wonders when operated in the vicinity of the mound. All being ready they awaited a favorable night.

At length a suitable evening arrived,

with murky sky, and sighing winds, which throbbed through the forest trees in harmony with the sighing of the waves upon the shores of the bay—an ideal night for the adventure. They dug and delved that night and for many succeeding nights but with the usual success of treasure hunters—at any rate if anything ever was found nothing was heard of it.

Now, there may have been some reason for the actions of the magic wand as what follows might suggest.

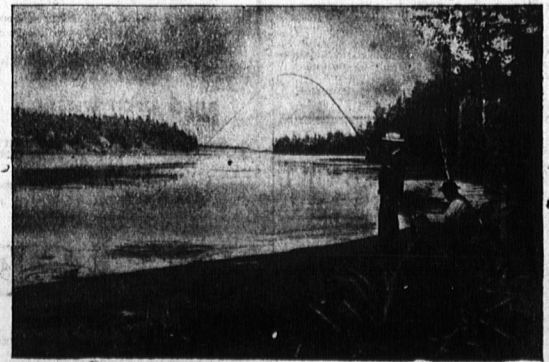
Some years previous to the treasure hunt a vessel had been driven ashore not far away from the scene, an unusually large wave had carried her up on the shore, high and dry. She was stripped of all things valuable as soon as discovered by the settlers in that vicinity who were not very many in that day. There were many things of value besides much rich apparel aboard, all of which was removed. At last when everything worth taking had as they thought been carried away the settlers decided to burn the wreck to obtain the copper with which the hull was sheathed. This was done and afterwards in scattering the ashes which remained many gold and silver coins were discovered scattered in the sand. It may well be that some of these scattered coins may have influenced long afterwards the actions of the magic wand.

H. G. C.

### UNREST.

What wouldst thou have me do? God of Unrest,  
 Whose manacles are laid upon my breast,  
 What can my life-work be? Make clear my way  
 Before night ends another wasted day.  
 I do not plead for pleasure, riches, fame;  
 I only ask what is to be my aim.  
 Could I but find an object for my life,  
 I should not fear to face toil, hardship, strife.  
 Is it for work I seek, or love—who know'st?  
 I, who have brains and heart, and whose blood flows  
 Strong in my veins—oh, must I always stand  
 Aside with straining eyes and outstretched hand—  
 I who could love whole-hearted, casting all  
 Before Love's feet, if haply Love should call.  
 But Love calls not; I stand and so-nch and wait,  
 Hoping for light, but fearing lest it come too late!

ISABELLE D. CAMERON.



FISHING, BAY FORTUNE.

This Issue is in Two Sections---Be Sure You Get The Whole Paper