

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

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding "The Prince Edward Island Magazine" issued Every Saturday Morning

A NEW YORK LETTER

Written for the Magazine Guardian.

The newspapers at this time of year usually contain numerous letters from Islanders abroad. It would seem that the contributors had a deep sense of the length of the winter evenings and were bent upon supplying matter of some sort to face the public eye, if not the mind.

It may prove that the writers' efforts shall help some one to doze, in cap and alippers, and should it serve as good omen it shall have answered its mission.

New York City is just emerging from the effects of Thursday's snow storm and the scars of warfare, owing to the elasticity of the contracts, still visible. The Contractor takes the work for a set sum and is at the mercy of the elements. But his estimates are based upon the heaviest snowfall of recent years, and being a man of strong will, he forces these very elements to do his work. So adept has he become in dealing with the elemental forces, that he has been known to wait 48 hours for rain, on the strength of the weather bureau's report. Observations along such lines have caused the writer to aver that a sure road to success, financially, is City contracts.

The social season is at its height, and the White Light District is more than usually crowded. Merry throngs fill dance halls, theatres, and cafes nightly. The pursuit of pleasure has developed into a struggle to spend money.

To such an extent has this fever gone that speculators in theatre tickets are able to make four hundred per cent upon all the best seats in the down-town houses.

The attractions at the theatres are as varied as they are numerous, ranging all the way from the lightest and wisest of musical farce comedy to the intricate domestic tragedy of G. Bernard Shaw, and one may also witness, as did David Copperfield in London, the great characters of literature pass before him, in Shakespeare or Biblical Tragedy.

To revert to the practical what vast sums of money are involved in all these various enterprises catering to the taste of an amusement loving public. Costly buildings, barbaric in the splendor of decorations and equipment, high salaried talent, expensive stage accompaniment, cause the observer to stand and wonder, how it can be done? But the New York spending public is a liberal one, and the vendor of amusement can gauge its capacity to a nicety.

Money, (how soon one gets into the vernacular of the place.) In older and more conservative countries Dives is spoken of as a man of property, but in America and more especially in New York, he is simply rich and for that reason respected. Property rights is quick-

ly becoming a "good round term" in the editorial column of the city daily. Great respect is paid to the chattels than to the creative ability of him who accumulated them. But we are living in a complex age in a very complex city: to draw general conclusions from a few particular cases would be ill philosophy.

Many great public utilities, and private improvements are going ahead in New York at present. The great congestion of traffic on Manhattan Island has been the cause of quite a number of attempts at rapid transit.

The electrification of the Street-Railways was in its time deemed all that was necessary, but traffic out grew this and lines of elevated railway from the business district reaching up town, along four avenues were constructed. Gradually these proved inefficient to carry the immense crush of passengers, extra rails were laid and express service, down-town in morning and up-town in evening was added, but still the public demanded safer and better transportations. The city then built, at an expenditure of forty million dollars, a subway paralleling the elevated or "L" lines and branching at Ninety-sixth at east and west. It is the greatest underground railway in the world, and is equipped with four tracks; express and local trains roar through

their subterranean tubes at terrific rate of speed. And yet with this avenue of transit and also "L" trains and surface cars, the travelling public can not be comfortably accommodated.

The before mentioned lines of rapid transit are all running north and south, and now the engineering mind (if I may use the term) has turned its attention to traffic east and west. The cross-town traffic is in a very poor state of development; antique horse cars are operated on many lines, these taken along with the ferry boats make travelling in many directions quite arduous, especially for women.

The situation is aggravated or relieved, according to the feelings of the traveller, by the world famous Brooklyn Bridge.

Great borings are being made in four places from the Jersey Shore to Manhattan and Long Island. Principal amongst these is the Pennsylvania Railroad Tunnel.

The Penna. Railroad, is making improvements to the extent of one hundred million dollars worth. Already the borings beneath the East River are completed. A new depot surpassing anything of its kind yet erected is being built.

(To be Continued.)

MY NATIVE LAND

To old Prince Edward's sandstone shores,
To old Prince Edward's hills of green,
My memory turns with fond regrets,
Though years and oceans roll between.

I pay to thee, my native land,
The tears of childhood's golden years,
Where now my salted mother sleeps,
The tribute of my love and tears

In fancy oft I wander back,
I feel those breezes, fresh and cool,
I see the grove of evergreen
Where stood that little country school.

Where are they now, those boys and girls,
Those school-mates of the bye-gone days?
Ah! Some have crossed death's mystic stream,
While others tread far-sundered ways.

By California's golden shores,
Mid Manitoba's fields of grain,
The Islanders are found today,
Led far away by hope of gain.

We build new homes, we form new ties
Of love and loyalty, but yet
Our native Island, in the Gulf
We sorely never can forget.

Oh Island fathers, brave and true
Who felled the forest, cleared the land,
Oh Island mothers, gentle souls,
In faith serene, in courage grand,

May we, your children, honor you,
Though we can never pay the debt
We owe you, may we follow still
The high example you have set.

And may we make, where'er we dwell,
In distant clime, or land of birth,
The name Prince Edward Island,
A synonym for sterling worth.

Washington, D. C. W. D. McK.
Dec. 23, 1906.

ROBINS OF ALL LANDS

Englishmen have carried the name of "robin" all over the world, and in countries where they have failed to find the familiar bird they have bestowed (with "E. M. H." in the "Daily Graphic") the name of some native species which in color was thought to resemble it. Thus in America the robin is a red-breasted thrush with slaty brown back and bright bay under parts.

In New Zealand the so-called robin is a somewhat smaller warbler, commonly known as the "wool-robin," and like European namesake is noisy, active, and cheerful. Its note is generally the first to herald the dawn while it is the last to be hushed when the evening shades bring gloom into the New Zealand forests.

There are a great variety of robins in Australia, but, unlike our familiar English bird, the females differ in plumage from the males, and are of a darker and more sombre color.

Some people are under the impression that the English robin and his mate differ in plumage, and expects to see, if not a wren, at least a small brown bird of retiring disposition and unattractive color; but the hen robin is quite as fearless as her mate and quite as brightly clad.

Nicknames In The Navy

Nicknames in the British navy are governed by iron rules of tradition; they never alter, and custom ordains that individuals blessed with the more popular patronymics shall become known by everything entirely different.

For instance, if you were a sailor and your name were Wright, it is quite probable that you would never hear it mentioned throughout your career in the service, save, perhaps, by officers upon a few special occasions.

Your shipmates would know you as "Shiner," and "Shiner" you would remain until promotion placed you beyond reach of pleasantries. Similarly all Charles are called "Nobby" all Greens "Jimmy" and all Whites "Knocker."

Why this should be no nobody knows; the usual mists of antiquity veil the origin of these strange transformations.

There does seem to be some reason, however, for the "Spud" Murphys and the "Dust" Millers; and the "Lef in" and "Shorles" need no explanation.

Jack Tars of the brunet order are always dubbed "Nigger," the reason being obvious, whilst sailors of the heavy

TREE UNDER WHICH THE APOSTLES SAT

There are many venerable and famous trees in the world, and nearly every community has a specimen of two which it regards with special pride and veneration, but all these seem to be in the first flush of youth when compared with the great plane tree on the island of Cos, in the Argan Sea. This tree stands in the main street of this principal town, which is so called Cos. Under its branches, tradition says, both St. Luke and St. Paul rested. It is a huge tree, 18 yards in circumference and over 2000 years old. The lower branches are still well preserved, and have been shored up by pieces of antique columns, over the upper ends of which the branches have grown like caps, in consequence of the pressure of their own weight. Close by the tree is a solid marble seat, which is said to have been the chair of Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and it is supposed that he taught the art of healing from that seat. He was born at Cos, 400 B.C. This gives a clue to the great age of the celebrated plane tree, which must be considerably more than 2000 years old. The Sultan has given orders that the tree be very carefully guarded against the depredations of relic-hunters. - The Scrip Book.

Photographs of the Ruins of Kingston, Giving an Idea of the Devastation Wrought by the Earthquake.



Every House On Harbor Street Was Destroyed



Myrtle Bank Hotel in ruins



The General Post Office