

PLACES AND PEOPLE.

If "he who runs may read," he who travels has every opportunity of profiting by that most telling of education, personal observation; and, although the distance from one end of our little Island to the other be but a span, yet to glide over its surface during the varying seasons of the year cannot fail to impart lessons *valuable* for the improvement both of the mental and spiritual parts of our being.

Sweetly smiled down the calm, genial sun of the after-autumn days on the now quiet lands which arose to our view as, from the crowded and rather noisy inside of the railway car, we looked forth to the serene and silent aspect of nature without; and the din of the steam engine and the clatter of holiday travellers seemed to sink into forgetfulness as we sat enjoying the pleasant glimpses of beauty which flashed ever and anon upon our sight as we sped onwards to the further west.

Of course, upon arriving at Alberton we went, as most of our fellow passengers did, to the exhibition. We drove through the grounds and witnessed some fine live stock; then visited the hall, or rather building, which contained the other exhibits. These were fairly good, but surely some improvement might be effected in regard to a suitable building wherein to have such rarities inspected. Either that, or have the whole of Prince County exhibition held in Summerside. Regrets were expressed, in our hearing, for the non-attendance of that patron of industries, Governor Howland; and it was further remarked that, owing to the absence of that highly esteemed gentleman, the day's proceedings in a large measure lacked their former interest.

A beautiful picture, spread out upon ocean and sky, greeted our waking vision the morning succeeding our arrival,—a long line of fishing smacks placidly gliding onward and outward over the smooth, silvery surface of the briny deep. They had been moored in what was once the busy port of Alberton. Once busy, we say; for, beholding its present forlorn appearance, we are irresistibly led to appropriate those lines of the patriot-poet, who, over a far more beautiful and yet more desolate outlook, so feelingly sang "On Loch Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays

By the cold, clear eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
And, sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long faded glories they cover.

The Alberton of today seems to radiate from the railway station, and mainly consists of one long crooked road with a few shops, houses and churches on either side. The latter show to advantage; the Presbyterian at one end of the village, the Catholic Church at the other extreme, while the neat little Anglican Church, and the Methodist and Baptist churches come between. The School, on high ground, is the best looking public building in Alberton; while of dwelling houses the most elegant appears to be the lately erected residence of the widely esteemed parish priest, which stands upon an eminence beside the church and commands a beautiful prospect of open country on the one side and an extensive ocean view upon the other.

We enjoyed the pleasure of a call at the wood-embowered old rectory, and had a pleasant chat with Mrs. Forbes and her friend Mrs. Bryan, then on a visit from Charlottetown. We also called for Dr. Ross, formerly of Vernon River, but now attending to the many demands upon his skill as the only resident medical man.

Our several drives through the outlying districts were specially note worthy; but most noteworthy of all was the one which led us out of a grey, dismal morning in Alberton to a golden bright noon-day in Hernewood, the home of our Island—nay, not poet alone, neither seer alone, for the master of that beautiful, old homestead is not only master in the realms of poetry and wisdom's lore but also in those varied accomplishments which mark the highest cultured intellect.

Most hospitably were we entertained by Colonel Duvar and his agreeable young daughter-in-law, who did the honors in lieu of Mrs. Duvar, that lady being confined to her apartments through severe illness. After a season of rest during which we partook of refreshments both for body and mind, and were kindly presented by the distinguished scholar with copies of two of his works, *Roberval* and the *Enamorador*, and with his much to be prized likeness, our carriage was brought round and, after hearty handshakes and mutual expressions of goodwill, we bade adieu to the silver haired, though youthful hearted sage and his pretty daughter and drove off over the broad, smooth, English looking lawn to where the superlative beauty of the gold and the russet and the brown of the glorious autumn shades proclaimed in tender, unvoiced language to the meditative passer-by "The Hand that paints us is Divine."

Beautiful Hernewood! But why, at this juncture, should those memorable words of the good old Samuel Rutherford, uttered on his way up to London and to martyrdom at command of that monster in human form, Henry VIII, come in one's mind? Reflecting on the peaceful and beautiful earthly home which he had forever parted from and looking forward to the ineffable glory of the everlasting home which awaited him, the dying Christian could calmly say:

"Even a worth is not Heaven,
Even preaching is not Christ."

So may it be with us travellers on life's highway; setting our affections but lightly on the transient beauties of earthdom, may we ever look onward towards those taller and more lasting delights which mortality hath never known.

Nearing Bloomfield we forded a river to

allow the horse a drink. The brute animal was apparently more wise than the human. He seemed much disinclined for the feat, but his part was to obey and with a few jerks of the reins and a few half-encouraging, half-threatening appellations the good steed dashed bravely onward, landed his feet in a hole and our feet in the water. But it was only the work of a few moments. He, the horse, had a resolute will and he had also a resolute hand behind him, so before we could collect, or either lose our senses enough to jump into destruction we were all out and high and—no, not quite dry—on our homeward way to Alberton. We have since learned that another party were almost drowned in similar circumstances, they having gone entirely under instead of through the water. May future travellers from such experience take heed.

It is impossible to remark all events which came beneath our notice, or to particularize every human being who crosses our pathway; but, of the crowd, there are incidents and character that, towering above the common-place, exalt themselves to a position at once unique and demanding of our respect and admiration. Of such is the Rev. A. E. Burke.

Of Alberton, comparatively young in years yet strong in the strength of physical, intellectual and spiritual manhood, and ever prompt and effective in his far reaching endeavours for the betterment of mankind. Upon the God-given foundation of genius he has aptly reared a sterling super-structure of attainments such as reflect honor upon the illustrious name which he bears as well as upon the profession of which he is a distinguished member; and whether the question be of the classing of a wayside flower or the assisting of a Heavenward soul he is ever ready to stoop to elevate.

We spent a few days in thriving Summerside, in the godly home of Mr. John Clay, and, during our stay met several friendly people, also remarked the grand addition made to the town in the recently erected shops and warehouses of that energetic and open-hearted mercantile prince Mr. R. T. Holman.

One day we passed in Kensington, and have in pleasant memory those two hearty medical men whom we met, Drs. Darrach and MacNeill, whose patients must often feel the truth of that maxim, "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." We visited the School and were kindly received by Principal Carruthers, Miss Fraser and the other young lady teachers. We also met Mr. Alfred Glover, of Tuplin's store, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. McLellan, of Kennedy's store, and "last but not in any sense, least," the respected clergyman of Indian River, Father Gillis.

And now we are back in old Charlottetown; and, as we raise our eyes to look forth, through the open window across the sparkling waters from which arise the masts of many a little sea-going craft, we reflect that but a few, short weeks and the glory of the season will be over, and the icy hand of Winter will spread its chilling touch upon land and river and sea; that the noisy tide of traffic will soon be unheard, and that the silvery crests of the now dancing wavelets will be securely imprisoned into a solemn calm.

It would be unseemly on our part to close these notes without advertising in most grateful terms to the disinterested courtesy extended us during our late summer tour. Especially would we return thanks not only to all who have hospitably entertained us but also to the polite and attentive Island Railway officials, from the deservedly popular superintendent, Mr. Sharpe, to the train attendant who during our last trip, so considerably conducted us to a warmer car than the one we had settled in. Would any one imagine that the mere congratulations of a conductor at the extreme west end of the line, with the pleasantly expressed reminder "you came down from St. Peter's with my train three years ago" caused us to feel that, from being a stranger in a strange land, we had come to be recognized and most respectfully and kindly treated throughout the length and breadth of our dear, adopted Island. Only those who have experienced it can understand the hardship of exchanging a comfortable home and high-class companionship in an older land for newer scenes where, outside of one's own residence, all seems a blank.

One word more—and when we were not quite so big or so old as we are now we were vastly relieved when, after a sermon preached by our heads, the minister came to that. An untraveled native, many years ago said to us, when in answer to his enquiry as to how we liked the Island, we did not go into panegyrics over it. "When you go to Rome you must do as Rome Rome does." Excellent advice! But, under the circumstances, not very complimentary to Rome. However we endured; and Rome i. e. Charlottetown is coming to be what we would have wished her to be, like unto other cities of her size. A few more steps in a forward direction and we are assured that visitors from abroad will not have cause to feel themselves buried alive by coming to reside in a city which until lately ranked about fifty years behind the age.

E. S. M.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

MR. ANSBACH, the Magician, is giving a matinee in the Opera House this evening.

HEAR MR. VINNICOMBE'S orchestra in Highland music at St. Peter's Hall next Tuesday.

A. O. H.—Regular meeting tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. All members are requested to be present.

ARRIVED.—Schooners Patriot, Leverett, Favorite and Winnie L, all coal laden for Messrs C. Lyons & Co.

CITY TAXES.—Those in arrears for city taxes are requested to make payment before the defaulters' list is prepared for publication.

ANOTHER REPORT.—An Ottawa despatch puts it this way: It is reported that Premier Peters and C. H. Tupper will join a legal partnership with Bodwell, of Victoria, B. C. Peters will probably be knighted.

POLITICAL.—J. H. Bell, Esq., M. L. A. for the Fourth District of Prince, arrived in the city this morning. Mr. Bell says there is no political significance to be attached to his visit, and that he only learned of Mr. Peter's retirement after his arrival in Charlottetown.

RACES AT SUMMERSIDE.—The fall race meet will be on the Summerside Trotting Park will take place on Tuesday next, under the management of W. B. Bowness and J. R. Noonan. There will be races for 2.50, 2.27 and 2.40 horses, open to trotters and pacers. The purses are \$50, \$100 and \$50 respectively.

LADIES AID SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the Ladies Aid Society yesterday the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Geo. Hodgson; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. James McLeod, Mrs. Worthy, Mrs. Farquharson, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Lord. Mrs. G. Fr. n's-Ber was elected Secretary-Treasurer in place of Miss Palmer who declined re-nomination. The collectors were re-appointed with a few additional names to fill the places of absentees. It was decided to hold quarterly meetings for the ensuing year.

NOTHING NEW KNOWN.—Advices from Murray River to-day state that there are no new developments in the Scanlan case. Scanlan, it will be remembered, came to this province from Boston on Friday the 1st inst., and on the Sunday following disappeared mysteriously at Murray River. Scanlan's father-in-law and several Boston friends of the missing man, have arrived on the Island and are now investigating the matter of his disappearance. They say there is no truth in the story that Scanlan was subject to heart trouble or falling sickness.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Jabez Lea, of Trvon, is visiting Moncton. He is a guest of his brother, Mr. Paul Lea.

Archbishop O'Brien has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., to attend the Cabot meeting.—Halifax Herald.

Geo. Montgomery and Miss Montgomery of Alberton, P. E. Island, are at the Dufferin.—St. John Sun.

Mrs. Lemuel M. Poole left yesterday morning on a visit to Toronto, Boston, New York and other large cities.

It is pleasing to hear that Mayor Dawson is recovering from his severe illness and expects to be able to be about again next week.

Mr. F. H. Sellar, of the firm of Beer & Goff, is expected home tonight from his trip to Boston, New York, Halifax and other cities.

Professor Shaw, of the Prince of Wales College, has been successful in passing the matriculation examination for the University of London. Congratulations.

Mr. John R. Goff, of the Post Office Department, St. John, N. B., who has been spending the last two weeks on the Island, left for home this morning.

Mr. D. Reanne Laird, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Summerside, is to be tendered a banquet at the Clifton House on Monday evening next. Mr. Laird has lately been transferred to Newcastle, N. B.

Mr. Cyrus J. McMillan is keeping up his reputation as a sprinter. At the McGill College sports in Montreal, according to a late despatch, he was a close second in the quarter mile flat race, cracking last year's record.


The many friends of Mr. William J. Chappelle, who was for some years in the employ of Mr. L. W. Watson, of this city, will be pleased to learn of his success abroad. He has recently secured an excellent position, and is now taking charge of a drug store in Malden, Mass.

Registered at the Queen: H. B. Dunlop; Steviacke, N. S.; Mrs. W. D. White, Alberton; Rev. A. F. McLean, Mortonville; Kamp John H. Bell, Summerside; Jane Stewart, Portland; D. W. Lamont, P. B. Wallace, Toronto; S. Arsenault, Morell; T. F. Simpson, Braintree; Rev. W. McConnell and wife, Vernon River.

Registered at the Hotel Davies: J. H. Corcoran, Dorchester; Geo. D. Grimmer, St. Andrew; G. W. Mingay, Detroit; W. Richards, Bideford; J. R. Le Beare, Montreal; D. J. O'Rourke, Moncton; H. E. Ellis, St. John; Wm. Owen, P. Anderson, H. Wright, Montreal; B. Britain, Toronto; Jas. Reid, Halifax.

Mr. E. J. Blado, for some years past manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia agency in Charlottetown, has been transferred to the branch office now being opened in Toronto, and expects to leave very soon. Mr. Pitblado's place as agent will be taken by Mr. Richardson, of Yarmouth, N. S., who was for some time accountant here. Mr. Pitblado has made many friends for the bank during his stay in Charlottetown, and socially he has been a great favorite. His departure from this city will be greatly regretted.

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Will be received by His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown, until Saturday, the 23rd inst., for the erection of a Skating Rink, at St. Dunstan's College, according to plan and specification to be seen on application to the undersigned, the contract to be completed by the 15th December next.

Good security will be required for the faithful performance of the contract.

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