

12 PAGES—Last Week's Total Daily Average 7704.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1861 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1887

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907.

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THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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

Old French Town of Louisburg

By C. B. Chappell

In the year 1738 the stronghold was again laid siege to and captured, this time by Generals Amherst and Wolfe and together with the Island of St. John or Prince Edward Island finally secured to England.

Such in short is the history of old Louisburg, seen today in all its desolation and dreariness after the battering storms of many years and the neglect of an indifferent people; one cannot gaze upon the scene today without a feeling of sadness and regret that so little remains to tell of its past greatness.

A garrison of 300 men was maintained at Louisburg for a few years but the troops were entirely withdrawn in 1788 and everything of importance removed to Halifax.

It appears the French inhabitants, made but little if any attempt to cultivate the soil; a population of 4000 souls was at one time within the town, but fishing seemed to be the universal occupation of the people.

The exportation of fish was consider-

able; something like six million quintals annually was exported and a fleet of over 600 vessels was employed in the trade.

The old town is located about three miles distant from the new village, following the shores of the harbor; about half way up the shore and commanding the mouth of the harbor we find the blown up remains of the Grand Battery, here as elsewhere only huge heaps of stone over-run with grass and weeds.

A peculiarity growing on these mounds of stone is a kind of scrubby currant bush growing in between the rocks everywhere, a slip of which the writer brought home and has now growing in his garden.

On the opposite side of the harbor stands the lighthouse built on a very old and rocky cliff, and once occupied by a strong British battery facing the old town; but little remains here as in the town; scattered about near the mounds and lighthouse can be seen several pieces of exploded shells and some large round shot, grim relics of troublesome days.

The monument is in the form of a Tus-

can column of red granite about twenty feet high, on the abacus of which rests a large ball; the shaft sets on a large pedestal of granite bearing this inscription with others. "To Our Heroic Dead."

The site of the town is now occupied by a half dozen or more farmer-fishermen and their families, some of whom cultivate the very gardens once tilled by the officers and high military dignitaries of France.

The soil of these gardens is, very black and extremely rich producing the finest potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables; the old peaty mounds and once busy streets since their demolition have given year after year without cultivation heavy crops of the finest hay.

As we stand upon the grassy and stony mounds, the old near-by bonapartes loom up dark and grim; no sound is heard save the harsh grating of the distant cowbells and the roar and rumbling of the mighty Atlantic; yet the scene is fascinating in its peacefulness, though to the eye there is nothing but dreary desolation and ruin; the busy old town with its lofty churches and buildings once thronged with inhabitants, and the crews of many ships long since disappeared; the towering old masonry walls bustling with cannon, the bastions, glacis, and portcullis have long since crumbled away, taking with them in their fall the once mighty power of old France in North America; streets that once troined with life are used as cart tracks and roadways by the fishermen; the sides being lined with heaps of stone and mortar, silent remains of the blown up buildings.

answer the question satisfactorily we will have to frame for ourselves a well defined philosophy of life and we must remember that philosophy will be correct or vicious according as it has taken in or left out all the known facts of life we may have a philosophy of life which is wrong because we have left out one fact or wrongly adjusted the facts or we may incorporate into our philosophy a whole lot of hobbles or opinions or prejudices and live the rest of our life in a sort of fool's paradise, thinking we are doing just the best thing and the only thing that can be possibly done.

Now so far as framing our philosophy of life is concerned we have not much difficulty about the facts of God. If any man will be honest with himself and take one month's study of himself he will be surprised at the facts he will learn about himself; he will discover that lying down below, what the scientists call the line of consciousness is a lot of human nature he never dreamed he possessed. We have little trouble ascertaining the facts of our own being but we may have more trouble about the existence of the things we call evil. It has caused a great deal of trouble to the race, it has always been recognized under some name as antagonistic to God, to good, to truth, to purity. When we come within the limits of the Bible we find evil assumed everywhere, not only as an abstract principle but as a reality. The Bible calls it the devil, and I am convinced that if you rule a personal devil out of your philosophy, or your theology today you will have to bring him back tomorrow in order to account for all the facts that you have discovered when you were studying your own nature. Now if you assume that there is such a thing as evil and evil be antagonistic to God, then there is another thing that you will have to follow up. That which is evil and antagonistic to God has no rights of existence in God's universe. One of the principal objects of Christ's coming into the world was to destroy the works of the devil. Now if you have followed closely and reached this point you will see where we are apt to violate the logic of our proposition, where we try to get to them down principles and then violate them. We are agreed that evil has no rights of existence; the moment we put ourselves on the side of evil that moment we are antagonizing God. Say the liquor traffic is evil, who then has a right to license it. I know you will bring in the old axiom "Don't half a loaf better than no bread" No, no; when obtained wrongfully, Christ was hungry, tired, and the tempter came to Him and said "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." He would have made the whole loaf by doing wrong, but He said "It is written man shall not live by bread alone. This gives us the meaning of that text, he that saves his life shall lose it. The Christian is not to save his life by doing wrong.

Christ taught that life is not to be saved at the expense of right, he that will save his life shall lose it, you are doing it at the peril of your soul, and he that will lose his life for my sake shall find it, it is not the will of my Father that he should see any of his children perishing. Before we can answer the question satisfactorily we will have to frame for ourselves a well defined philosophy of life and we must remember that philosophy will be correct or vicious according as it has taken in or left out all the known facts of life we may have a philosophy of life which is wrong because we have left out one fact or wrongly adjusted the facts or we may incorporate into our philosophy a whole lot of hobbles or opinions or prejudices and live the rest of our life in a sort of fool's paradise, thinking we are doing just the best thing and the only thing that can be possibly done.

EVIL HAS NO RIGHT TO AN EXISTENCE

Sermon by Rev. Wm. Dobson, Pastor of First Methodist Church.

Life is not to be Saved at the Expense of Right—He that Loses Life for Christ, shall Live in Glory.

(Reported by The Guardian Stenographer.)

Text: But deliver us from the evil, Matt. 6:13. This week our thought instinctively hangs round Christmas and it is well. It means, or ought to mean so much for us, but I am convinced that we have not touched the deepest depths of the thought of Christmas yet, and I want us to go down a strata below the ordinary thought of Christmas tonight and try to translate that thought into life, action, and civilization. I read in a German Scientific Magazine about three years ago the statement, that several expert German checker players have mastered every possible move on the checker board, that is to say, you put checker board between two experts, the first man has four possible moves to begin with, say he move of the double corners; his opponent has four possible checks to meet that move. Up to this time neither one knows what the outcome will be, but the moment the second man decides as to which he will move as a check to the first movement that moment both know for an absolute certainty what will be the outcome of the game. They not only know the position of the checkers when the game is ended but they know the position in which the last check will remain. Now I do not hold myself responsible for this state-

ment as a matter of fact, I think however it is true, and it being true it necessarily follows, that these expert players so far as they themselves are concerned, have eliminated from the game everything that we mean by the word chance. There is no more chance to these expert players in the game, it has become a succession of scientific movements to produce a given result. Now when we eliminate the element of chance, but what we call chance is really ignorance of the laws of procedure in any department, when we eliminate the element of chance from any set of action it ceases to be a game. That if you take the element of chance from football, baseball, checkers, chess, or cards or dominoes, they cease to be games, and every movement in each becomes a scientific process to a given end. You can scarcely imagine a man setting down to demonstrate the fifth proposition of Euclid and thinking that he is playing a game. No matter if he is doing for the hundredth time he knows that unless he violates the logic of the process he will come out every time and at a given point, he will be equal one to the other. Start where he will, unless he violates the logic, he will come out there every time. So that a game is that which has in it the element of chance, when you eliminate the element of chance you have reduced it to a scientific process.

Now I suppose none of us are interested in the checker's principle but what I wanted to start for you tonight was this question, Is the christian's life in this world a game of chance or may it be a process of scientific movements toward a given outcome? Is life a process of blundering haphazard movements or is it a process of scientific movements toward a given result. Now, do not answer too quickly, because many of us do not know quickly, because many of us do not know a great deal about it and I say do not answer too quickly because if there is anything ridiculous, from an intellectual point of view it is a man laying down a certain set of principles and when pressed by logic outrage every principle he has assumed. I suspect it would take some of us a long time to answer the question but it is worth working out. Is the christian's life a life of chance or is it a scientific process? Before we can answer the question satisfactorily we will have to frame for ourselves a well defined philosophy of life and we must remember that philosophy will be correct or vicious according as it has taken in or left out all the known facts of life we may have a philosophy of life which is wrong because we have left out one fact or wrongly adjusted the facts or we may incorporate into our philosophy a whole lot of hobbles or opinions or prejudices and live the rest of our life in a sort of fool's paradise, thinking we are doing just the best thing and the only thing that can be possibly done.

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HEROES AND HEROINES

"Impertinence!" I said "wert thou bid to come up in this fluttering way?" And I took up my fan and fanned myself. . . . I trembled so I could hardly stand. . . . "Say I can't go!"—"Say "I'll wait upon"—"I'll attend"—"I'll come presently"—say anything . . . but hand me my fan, and fetch me a class of water." She went and I fanned myself all the time; for I was in a flame; and hemmed and struggled with myself all I could. . . .

Of course, every man would laugh at such a woman, but not once could resist her if she stayed where he could watch the burdity long enough. For that is what charms men about women, their inconsequence, their absurdity. To be sure, they must have other qualities that wear better, but none are better as blanchishments. The mistake in virtuous art which the modern novelist so frequently makes comes from the fact that he does not recognize that a man is flattered when he realizes that the woman he loves is a goose in comparison with himself, a lamb, a prettiness with which to bless and adorn life. This resulted in the importation of those formidable women into fiction who with all their wit and resources, have added nothing to its morality. First, she was the athletic, snaggle-toothed heroine who strided into our novels about ten years ago, slapped the hero on the back with the emancipated air of one who didn't care a cuss whether he proposed or not. All the reviewers called her "breezy" and she made a perfect paddock of fiction till the average reader discovered that she was a fad in books and out of them, a male-natured obsession of femininity; no means as characteristic of womanhood as was the deer-eyed lambkin heroine who figured in earlier romances. Even the hero was gnawing his mustache with annoyance, and looking disgustedly after the young Diana who borrowed his leggins and cartridge-belt with such a grotesque imitation of the sportsman air. And when we think what frightful perversion of type the hero has had to contend with in the heroine of late years, it is enough to account for some of his unheroic and unloverlike manners to them!

Something had to be done, and it was done. The "good fellow" heroine gave way to that innumerable, sinister, capable company of mature women who have overrun fiction for the past five or six years. Thin lipped Delilahs who make anonymous confession of their shame, lotus-lipped married women who have been so attracted and so damaging to the opposite sex. No one will deny that they have femininity, but such Machiavellian femininity! It is not good for us. No body ever likes it, even if we have to admit its fascinations. What we want is more young, sweet, innocent girls in fiction and fewer champagne-witted women. The girls make the right kind of heroines for love stories. Married women with sons on the battlefield make the most suitable heroines for epics, but the place for such characters as Miss Rickert's "Polly" is the house of correction, not a romance.

Now assuming the facts of God, the human soul and a devil is the christian's life a game or is it a process of scientific movements toward a certain outcome. Before you answer the question let me suggest to you again. If you settle it that life is a game involving chance, than I think it would not take me long to convince myself, anyway, by a process of reasoning that there can be no such thing as peace in this world, because as a matter of experience nine tenths of the mental anguish of the world comes from uncertainty. We are never worried about that of which we are certain, it is the element of uncertainty that worries us, let me illustrate, suppose one of you business men at the close of the day, were counting your cash against the figures and find there is a discrepancy of two cents between the figures and the actual cash, it is not the two cents that worry you could pay that without trouble or you could borrow it if needs be yet you will spend all night trying to make out where the uncertainty is and when you find it you rest everything that is uncertain causes excitement, it is the uncertainty of cause that is killing us. If you make the christian's life a game of chance

Ancient Account of a Merman

From an Old Chronical

"The wind being easterly, we had thirty fathoms of water, when at ten o'clock in the morning a sea monster like a man appeared near our ship, first on the larboard, where the master was, whose name is William Lomone, who took a grappling iron to pull him up; but our captain, named Oliver Morin, hindered him, being afraid that the monster would drag him away into the sea. The said Lomone struck him on the back, to make him turn about, that he might view him the better. The monster, being struck, showed his face, having his two hands closed as if he went around the ship; when he was at stern, he took hold of the helm with both hands, and we were obliged to make it fast lest he should damage it. From thence he proceeded to the starboard, swimming still as men do. When he came to the forepart of the ship, he viewed for some time the figure that was in our prow, which represented a beautiful woman, and then he rose out of the water as if he had been willing to catch that figure. All this happened in sight of the whole crew. Afterwards he came again to the larboard, where they presented to him a cod-fish hanging down with a rope; he handled

it without spoiling it, and then removed the length of a cable and came again to the stern, where he took hold of the helm a second time. At that very moment, Captain Morin got a harping-iron ready, and took it himself to strike him with it; but the cordage being entangled, he missed his aim, and the harping-iron touched only the monster, who turned about, showing his face, as he had done before. Afterwards he came again to the forepart, and viewed again the figure in our prow. The mate called for the harping-iron; but he was frightened, fancying that this monster was one La Commue, who had killed himself in the ship the year before; and had been thrown into the sea in the same passage. He was contented to push his back with the harping-iron, and then the monster showed his face, as he had done at other times. Afterwards he came along the board, so that one might have given him the hand. He had the boldness to take a rope held up by John Mazier and John Defiette, who being willing to pluck it out of his hands, drew him to our board; but he fell into the water and then removed at the distance of a gun's shot. He came again immediately near our board, and rising out of the water to the

navel, we observed that his breast was large as that of a woman of the best plight. He turned upon his back and appeared to be a male. Afterwards he swam again round the ship, and then went away, and we have never seen him since. I believe that from ten o'clock till twelve that this monster was along our board; if the crew had not been frightened, he might have been taken many times with the hand, being only two feet distant. That monster is about eight feet long, his skin is brown and tawny, without any scales, all his motions are like those of men, the eyes of a proportionable size, a little mouth, a large and flat nose, very white teeth, black hair, the chin covered with a mossy beard, a sort of whiskers under the nose, the ears like those of men, fins between the fingers of his hands and feet like those of ducks. In a word, he is a well shaped man. Which is certified to be true by Captain Oliver Morin, and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, consisting of two and thirty men.—An article from Brest, in the Memoirs of Treoux.—This monster was mentioned in the Gazette of Amsterdam, October 12, 1725, where it is said it was seen in the ocean in August, same year.

A SHAVED BEAR

At Bristol I saw a shaved monkey shown for a fairy; and a shaved bear, in a check waistcoat and trousers, sitting in a great chair as an Ethiopian savage. This was the most cruel fraud I ever saw. The unnatural position of the bear, and the damnable brutality of the womankeeper who sat upon his knee, put her arm round his neck, called him husband and sweetheart, and kissed him, made it the most disgusting spectacle I ever witnessed. Cottle was with me.—Southey.

Out of School Because of Colds

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN WILL ACQUIRE LUNG TROUBLES, WHICH COULD BE AVOIDED BY USING

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSFED AND TURPENTINE

The records of attendance at the Toronto Public Schools show that ten thousand children were absent on account of colds during a single month. The worst enemy of all to the child, so far as keeping him from school is concerned, apparently is the common, everyday cold. As Dr. Goodchild in his report to the Ontario School Association. "Not only does the cold prove an enemy upon his being in right relation to God in this way," he continued, but it is well known that many of the more serious diseases follow from the simple cold. As a result of the patient becoming weakened the germs of various infectious diseases the more easily find a place to multiply somewhere in the organism. Parents who make a practice of keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house have at hand the most certain means of eradicating coughs, colds, croup and bronchitis, and positively preventing more serious disease. It is sometimes forgotten that few ailments possess more possibilities of danger than a common cold. Mrs. Eugene Her, King Street, Truro, N. S., states:—"From an infant one of my children was troubled with bronchitis and the least cold would aggravate the trouble. We could not get anything to help him and were often greatly alarmed. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a treatment for bronchitis we used it, and are glad to state that it effected a complete cure. If any of the children take a cold or cough I give this medicine, and have never known it to fail to bring relief. Not only is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine a positive cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and severe chest colds, but it is also a preventive of all diseases of the lungs. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at a 1 dealer, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book as her, are on every bottle.

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