

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1851 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1857

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907.

TWENTY CENTS A MONTH BY MAIL TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR BY MAIL

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

EDUCATION By: Joseph F. Tuppe

Education is the key to success. Very little is really achieved without knowledge. Again without it nothing is appreciated. Therefore only in so far as we are educated, thus far do we enter into life, in the real sense of the word. We sometimes listen to a lecture and reap but small benefit therefrom, because we do not know much about the subject. In the same way we may pass through life, having eyes but not seeing, with ears but not hearing. And as the lecture which might have been beneficial and entertaining proved but dull and uninteresting because we neglected previous study of the subject under consideration; so will life mean to us all that was intended it should or instead a burden, just in accordance to the way in which we have entered upon it by exercising our talents, searching out the wonderful works of Providence and becoming acquainted with the many inventions of man. For as the average lecture is clothed with polished language to such an extent that the unacquainted mind cannot hope to reap the richest benefits from it, so too life in its many phases and stages is clothed in such a way that we will benefit by and enjoy it only in so far as we have learned its meaning. In so far as we have learned to understand it, education while looked upon as a necessary thing in professional life, is to apt to be regarded often as nothing more than a useful thing in social life. While, as a matter of fact, it is the very ladder by which we may ascend to the highest peak in that stage of our existence in which it is particularly not good for man to be alone—the social stage. Indeed one must be well educated in order to properly appreciate their surroundings. Education makes the great difference between the savage and the civilized man. The savage while roaming over the fields no doubt delights in the existence of flowers and looks upon the tree with pleasure, while making his way through the forest. Going over the ocean no doubt the savage feels glad that it is and he probably gazes at the stars with a certain amount of satisfaction. But how much more can the educated civilized man appreciate these things, who can walk among the flowers of the field as a botanist, analyze them and name their different parts, who can go into the forest as an explorer, cross the oceans as a navigator or, look at the stars as an astronomer, and search out wonders everywhere. Truly to him the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Education, again, not only makes life more full of meaning but it is a good guide. The educated mind is a good director. Very few have been led astray because of knowledge but many have suffered adversity through ignorance. Get knowledge and labor after understanding. He who is faithful in this regard is sure to do his part in helping to build up our strong free nation of the North. One may gain lands and untold riches, reach fame and make friends throughout the world, only to find themselves in after years with property that has given no increase, their money lost, fame vanished and friends departed; while the world rushes on ignoring them. He who labors for these things only, will find much reason for remorse and often be left alone "in his glory," with much time wasted and efforts turned to no account. But he who labors to secure an up-to-date education, labors for what time but proves more true, usage makes strongest, spending makes richer and that which no man can steal.

DE TONNEL

Hol'on, ma frens! H'ile say somting habout dees tonnel too: Dere's plantee feller hon dees plass, das tink she's no go troo; Dass cos de peeps das leave round' here, dey nevaire see no ting, Dey tink das foolish has de plan, to go cross "hon de wing."

Ma frens, H'ime but poor farmer man, wass leave near Rustico, H'ime not mooch hedugate meself, but know a ting or two; One ting is dis, dass true for sure, dat dis 'ole Hislan's slow, Dat we'll not mak de Governagh make h'engine go below.

Across de Strait, h'under de h'ice, das block our H'islan' shore, She's not stick to de contrac', dat she's mak wit hus before— Dat if we join de big "Confed" we'll travel hevery day Across de Strait, and dat drif h'ice wont mak de leas' delay.

Dey'll get dis Hislan' sign de deed, han' when de trick is done, Back to de town call H'Ottawa, to Parlamagh he's run; Dem beeg feller hon Canadaw dass tak de Hislan' in, Hes get big handle hon'ees nam', but "our ship she's not come in."

H'excep' dem ship dass cross de Strait, perhaps one trip h'each wick, Sometan she's cross but twice a mont', han' den sometam, she's stick For two, three, couple of mont', meantom the peeps whats live helsewhere Gets broke hon de Cape or de hotel bill—dass mak dem feller swear.

Dere's me dass got potat' for sale, halso sometam de h'eat, H'ile no can't ship dem ting h'away, all hon account dem'boat; Ma familee hov fourteen boy, she's hall leave and go Wes, Dere no mak monce hon de farm on haccount dis sacre mess.

Hime tink our H'islan' Politic' wass veesit Laurier, Dere come home, back, ver' much hexcite wit a *seventy-t'ousand pay; He say you tak dis monce boys, and pay hoff all de det: Dey doan know M'sieu Laurier; he's foxy chap, you bet!

By Gar, I doan see de huse fer cash fer run dis isle, Dere'll soon be no one lef' behine—dass mak me very rile; Das foolish monce spent for paint hon de ship das goin' down, De ting fer do is stop de leak before de ships go drown.

Dere's plantee tunnel hon de H'Alp, das only rock han snow, Wha's troub' she doan come pass on here, where heverying's grow; You say possib', das foolish talk, das to mooch for h'exp'ec', Ma fren, you doan tink dat way soon, when de Hislan' she's one wreck.

Hile tell you feller, you doan hear how General Bonypart, He's tole hees troop hon de wintertam, "We're goin' for cross de H'Alp";

Dey say 'bout heem, hees go crazee, to hondertak' dat our, Dey Bony laff, and swear "By Gar, dere'll be no H'Alp for snre."

He doan care wat de people say; he say she's goin' be done; An' de troop dey fight togedder well—dass how de war wass won; Das kin' of feller we's e want jes' now, dass hondertak' beeg ting, Das no get scare at de scoff an' jeer; but is halways "in de ring."

Wha's huse we go join Canadaw, when she's go lie like dat; She's broke de bargain, an' by Gar, de fire is in de fat; Hees goeve our Pol'tic' f' flatterie molle, hees say "You are good boy,

We'll geeve you nodder boat for gif—dem's pretty cos'ly toy." Dass hall right too, ma frens, we're glad for hav' de boat; We'll huse her on de summertam' for carry hout de hoat; Wit' hoat, cabbagh, potat', surray' will load her to de gunnel. But dat doan keep de ba'gain true, and dat doan buil' de tonnel.

Another of Drummond's

It seems that our charming Canadian guest of a few years ago, Dr. Drummond, the poet who has immortalized the "Habitant" dialect, gave to his friend Walter Brackett, the trout painter (they were fond companions of the fishing pool) while here in Boston last, a copy of the verses which he recited in the studio with tears streaming down his face, and which, because they commemorate the poet's own son, Mr. Brackett has thought too sacred and intimate ever to allow published in the lifetime of the author. They are published here as an affectionate tribute to the gifted lover of things "both great and small!"

Las' night w'en I'm sleeping I dream a dream

An' a wonderful wan it seem— For I'm off on de road I was never see, Too long an' hard for a man lak me So ole he can only wait de call Is sooner or later come to all.

De night is dark an' de portage dere Is narrow, wit log lyin' ev'ry w'ere, Black bush aroun' on de right an' lef', A step from de road, an' you los' yourse'f De moon an' de star above is gone, Yet someting tell me I mus' go on.

An' off in front of me as I go, Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere? Can see hee w'ite dress an' curly hair, Can almos' touch heem so near to me In an' out dere among de tree—

An' den I'm hearin' a voice is say "Come along, fader, don't min' de way De boss on de camp is sen for you So you leetle boy is goin' to guide you troo; It's easy for me, for de road I know 'Cos I travel it many a year ago,"

An' O! Mon Dieu! we'en he turn hees head I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead— Dead, wi' de young blood in hees vein, An' dere before me he come again Wit' de curly hair an' dark blue eye So lak de blue on de summer sky—

An' now no more for de road I care An' slippery log lyin' ev-ry w'ere, De swamp on de valley, de mountain, too, But climb it jus' as I used to do Don't stop on de road, for I need no res' So long as it's dere de leetle w'ite dress—

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile He turn again wit de baby smile An' say, "Dear Fader, I'm here, you see, We're bote togeder, jus' you an' me, Very dark to you, but to me it's light, De road we travel so far tonight—

De boss on de camp w'ere I always stay Since ever de tam I was go away He welcome de poores' man dat call But love de chill' ren de bes' of all— So dat's de reason I spik for you An' come tonight for to bring you troo.

Lak de yoting Jesu w'en he's here below De face of my leetle son look jus' so— Den off beyon' on de wood I see, De w'ite dress fading among de tree— Was it a dream I dream las' night Is goin' away on de mornin' light?

ESAU WHO SOLD HIS BIRTHRIGHT

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

A Sermon on the Subject of Esau Who Despised His Birthright and Sold it for a Mess of Pottage

(Reported by The Guardian Stenographer.)

Text: So Esau despised his birthright, (Genesis 25, 24.)

The Bible is a remarkable book. It contains the history of God's revelation of Himself to man; it contains as well the revelation of man to himself. There is no book in which we can study human nature so thoroughly. In the Bible we have man in his strength and in his weakness. So then we have in the Bible the history of God's revelation of Himself and the history of the revelation of human nature. For some time past, we have been studying in the Sunday School God's methods of unfolding His plan of redemption. We have followed Abraham out of the land of the Chaldeans, studied his faith, his doubts, his triumphs, and his failures. Then we took up Isaac, the man whom Canon Liddell used to call the Wordsworth of the Old Testament. Isaac was not so great a man as his father was; he was meditative, a man who saw visions and dreamed dreams. It was his misfortune to have a great father—a father whose reputation completely overshadowed that of the boy. Then we came to Jacob and Esau, and the characteristics of the elder brother as well as their outcome in after life. Perhaps to interpret Esau so as not to do him an injustice, it will be necessary to remind ourselves of two or three principles which must always be taken into account when dealing with men and their actions. The old theologians tell us that the reason for all our present troubles in the world is to be sought in the fact that the father of the race transgressed God's law in Eden's Garden, and that the effect of that transgression was such as to produce a constitutional tendency to the wrong, and that this constitutional tendency has been transmitted from father to son all through the present generation. Adam, it is said, did not undertake to explain to you the philosophy of this, yet I have more than a suspicion that it is the best explanation yet given of the evils which trouble us in Charlottetown today. A few years ago the scientists took hold of this doctrine of like producing like, and instead of confining it to sinfulness, they spread it over the whole kingdom of life, and called it the Law of Heredity. They tell us that every species of life is always true to the laws of its nature, and will transmit its own nature from generation to generation. It is true of the vegetable and the lower animals as well as of man. Because this is so, you and I are what we are today in temperament and constitutional peculiarities. Let us try to make this plain so we may understand just what it means. An old Grecian once defined life as being "that which guides matter in building up the material body. The life in the maple leaf will gather out of the earth, the sunshine, and the storm just what it requires to build up its trunk, its branches, and its leaves. It never makes a mistake in its selection, it never selects what could be manufactured into a oak or a hemlock but always what it can mould into itself. After the maple life has selected what it requires, and rejected what might be injurious, it then guides every particle of matter so as to build up a body perfectly adapted to its own peculiar nature. All this is true as well in the animal kingdom. Here as well as in the vegetable kingdom, each life is true to the law of its species, but the individual life within the limits of its species is varied by a long process of transmission from father to son. One life may be noble, another kind and gentle. The life that is noble and generous will not only select its material, but so guide it in organizing that the body will correspond exactly to the nobility of the life within. So as individual life varies, they build up bodies in perfect harmony with these variations. This is why every character in their faces, why they walk as they do, talk as they do. This is why if you are a careful student of human nature, you form such a definite opinion of a man's characteristics on your first acquaintance with him, and I dare say you have noticed how seldom you have to change your first opinion. The next thing we want to remember is that as the life within guides the matter in organizing the body so that the body is in perfect harmony with the life, so the life always manifests itself through that organization according to its own constitutional peculiarities. This is why every man's walk is peculiar to himself, his laugh, his mode of thinking, his more than any two men look exactly alike. Another thing that is worth our remembering is that where a nation has become old without any admixture of foreign elements, these distinctions become less marked. Each individual life seems to become more like every other individual life. This is why every Chinaman looks like every other Chinaman. Heredity has been manifesting itself in China for thousands of years without any admixture of foreign life. In the Anglo-Saxon race which is a mixed race scarcely two children of the same family are alike either in appearance or temperament, and seldom require the same training or discipline. The training that might help Mary would ruin John. This is the great problem of home life today in the Anglo-Saxon race. Here is where the mother's genius is seen to triumph. Knowing this she adjusts her training to suit the constitutional peculiarities of her children. This is one of the great problems in our public schools, and the teacher who falls here, falls indeed. But further, it is the duty of the individual man and woman to so condition his hereditary peculiarities as to bring them into perfect harmony with the life and teachings of that Man of Nazareth. It is here we have our fiercest battles, win our greatest victories or suffer our greatest defeat.

Having stated very briefly and perhaps roughly the doctrine of heredity as applied to the transmission of constitutional peculiarities from one generation to another, and how in a mixed race tendencies may lie dormant for years and then manifest themselves again in all their force, having stated these things, I say, I want you to understand that they account for all the differences we find between Esau and his brother Jacob.

Esau is not to blame for his natural characteristics; he is to blame for allowing them to run riot, and not bringing them into subjection to his better judgment, and all he knew that life ought to mean to him as the offspring of his father's clan. We do not know enough about the Chaldean race to know from whom he inherited his individual peculiarities, but we do know that he possessed them. He seems to have been one of those good-natured men with fine fixed purpose in life—some whom details both-er, irritated, always ready for something that interested him. I think if I lived today in Charlottetown and somebody were to ask you where he were yesterday you would not be far astray in answering "Well I don't just know, but he was likely out hunting geese with a boat and some decoys." Such a constitution, as a rule, manifests itself by exaggerating everything it comes in contact with. It is not strictly falsehood, it is a sort of rhetorical exaggeration. If the man is cold, he expresses it by saying he is almost frozen to death, if he is sick, he is dying, if hungry, he is starved to death. Such was Esau and such his peculiarities as he returned from a hunting expedition hungry and weary. Jacob, his shrewder brother, was r-para-

(Continued on page 14)

Prophet of Zion City

In his feud with the newspaper men he was at a disadvantage, like Miss Mary Correll, because the sense of humor had been left out of his composition. He knew no other way of hitting the reporters than to shake his fist at them from the platform and called them "dink-pis." Then they would toy entertainingly with the eruptions, and the world would be confirmed in the entirely erroneous idea that Dowie was a fool. Tobacco and doctors shared the Prophet's wrath with the newspapers; likewise opters, Methodists, and pigs. These varieties did not trouble his followers. Whatever he said or did was to them inspired. Their faith survived even the humiliations of his closing years of disaster. It brought men and women to kiss the garments in which he lay dead. It brought cripples to seek healing by touching his ascension robes, and mothers carrying sick children to be cured. When he announced in public that he had accumulated five million dollars, and asked whether it was not right that he should have that money, the very people from whose poverty and pinching economies his wealth had been drawn shouted rapturously: "Yes!"

A DISASTROUS MENTAL EXPLOSION. Dowie's head had now expanded to the limit of his tensile strength, and a snap was due. The unhappy idea came to him to conquer New York. It would have been better first to conquer Chicago. He led his disciples eastward four thousand strong, and with music and banners marched to Madison Square Garden. There he gave the Metropolis an exhibition, as twined between the circus and the Hor e Show. It cost three-quarters of a million dollars, and New York laughed. Dowie had thrived on abuse and persecution, but the laughter, it lashed him. He tried to retrieve himself with a royal progress around the world, but Zion City, whose value he estimated at \$25,000,000, went into the hands of a receiver. The rest of the Prophet's life was a struggle against a relentlessly closing fate. He went to Mexico to prepare a new colony in Tamaulipas, leaving a posse of attorney to manage all his business affairs in Zion City. In the hands of his assistant, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, whom he had brought from Australia for the purpose, Voliva used his power to take the property out of Dowie's hands. The Apostle, manifestly insane, came back to make a last fight and failed

With his disciples and his own mind both in revolt, his case was hopeless. Even his wife and son turned against him. The merciful end came quickly, and with it a flash of the old power Dowie died, with a promise to return in a thousand years. No doubt he left some faithful followers who will cherish that promise long.

Torturing Rheumatism!

Suffered for Five Years—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Accounting pains, sometimes in one part of the body, sometimes in another, more often in the back or joints—that's rheumatism. Do not delay in finding a cure. Each day makes the disease worse increases the torture. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands. They cured Mr. Horace Plante, of Sorel, Que., and Mr. Horace Plante, of Sorel, Que., a most aggravated case of rheumatism. What they did for Mr. Plante you can do for you. He says, "I felt a great improvement. I continued treatment and my health gradually came back till now I do not feel the least pain—I am totally cured. It was a surprise to my well and strong after five years of torture. They wanted to know what brought about the change. I told them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I took no other medicine once I began their use. Rheumatic sufferers give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial they will surely do for you what they did for me."

ADVERTISING IS BROAD.

Advertising in itself means publicity and publicity is a very broad and comprehensive term. It does not mean simply a word whispered to a favored few. It is, rather, synonymous with a general, broadcast declaration, and the broader the scope of the announcement, the better the advertising. No occupation that directs attention along given and desired lines can be reasonably regarded as wasted nor can any fan's expenditure to this end be adjudged extravagant.—American Medical Journal