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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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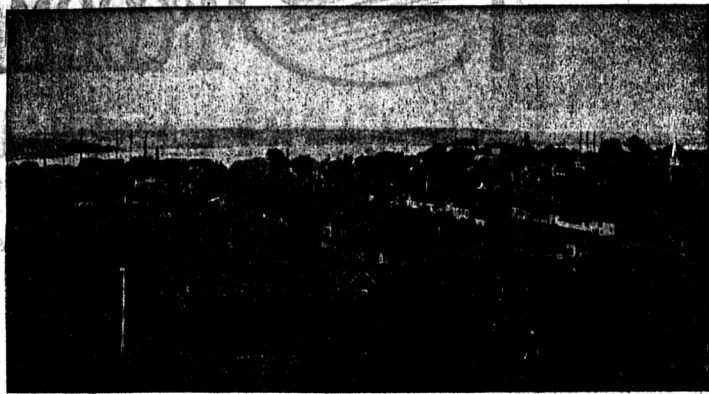
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1906.

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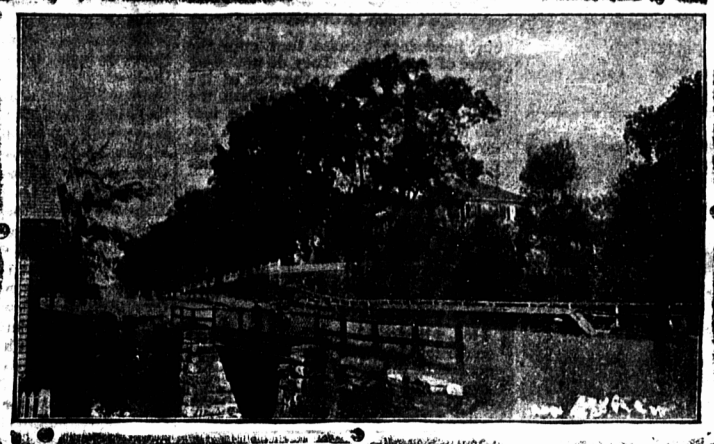
Devoted to the Literature, History, Folk-lore and Best Interests of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

Succeeding *The* PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE Issued Every Saturday Morning.



WINDSOR, N. S.



KENTVILLE, N. S.

THROUGH A BEAUTIFUL LAND BY DUKE

It is difficult for one unacquainted with tropes and metaphor, to describe fittingly the scenic beauties, the physical and mental pleasures of a trip through picturesque Evangeline's Land, the great and beautiful Garden of "the Old Apple Tree," to the Hub of the universe.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway is indeed fortunate in not only having excellent accommodations through land and water with their popular line of trains and steamships, but also in the most delightful natural scenery along its Railway line that could possibly unfold itself as a panorama before the eyes of man.

He who loves the mountains can see the apparently unscalable peaks lift themselves almost to the heavens. The darkling rivers, the trickling streamlets, the grassy slopes, the little hamlet in the distance, all unfold themselves panorami-

cally as the "Flying Blue-nose" whirls its way along.

Having acquired recently the Midland Railway from Truro to Windsor the Dominion Atlantic has not only added materially to its line's scenic beauties, but gives a shorter run across country to its maritime provincial patrons, who can now leave Truro in the morning and eat breakfast in Boston next morning.

On this line you have the usual monotony of a land journey broken by the run from Yarmouth to Boston on the sumptuously fitted ocean flyers of the company. Who is not exhilarated by the balmy breeze of the sea? And here you have it with every modern and luxurious comfort.

Not only are the steamers of this line well and carefully equipped with every convenience for passengers, but the officers seem to vie with each other for

the comfort of those in their charge. Capt. McKenzie is courteous and kind, the steward understands the inner man's needs and attends to them well. Purser Smith—well, everybody who crosses once knows Purser Smith. He knows everybody and what everybody wants. Little wonder he has been in the service so long. Chief Engineer Currie is proud of his engines and keeps them running as smoothly as skill and oil can make them. One who misses the acquaintance of the officers loses one of the greatest pleasures of the trip. The Conductors on the line of the Railway as well as the officers of the steamers are obliging and attentive to the welfare of the passengers, and in the offices of the Company along the line, those in charge are always willing to supply any information in their power to inquirers.

A sail 'neath the beams of a beautiful moon or the twinkling starlight, a night's rest breathing the ozone of the ocean, and

'JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME.'

"What was He, yesterday?"
A Friend most dear!
"Then haste thee to that Friend—
Still He is near."
"What was He, yesterday?"
A Staff and Stay!
"Now is he time to lean—
Lean hard, to-day."
"What was He, yesterday?"
My Shepherd, kind!
"Then, follow where He leads,
Pasture to find."
"What was He, yesterday?"
My guiding Light!
"He can illumine the way
No longer bright."
"What was He, yesterday?"
Savior divine!
"Then lay on Him, to-day,
All sins of thine."
"And if, to-day, He fills
Thy every need,
Thou canst, for evermore
Trust Him, indeed!"
—HELEN KNIGHT WYMAN.

RELIGIOUS INSTINCT (A Reminiscence of Pioneer Days in Prince Edward Island.)

THE strength of religious instinct is shown by the efforts made to supply the necessary conditions of worship, namely the pulpit and its occupant. In damp, dreary valleys of Switzerland where the sun's rays do not enter during a great part of the year, no hamlet, no village so poor it boasts of a church; small mining towns in America scarcely pass their "boom" age when the church spire appears and even terrible Dawson promises, ere long, to be a city of churches. In our own land early settlers seldom passed the log-cabin era when they set about supplying themselves with place of worship as the following incident shows:—

About eighty years ago, a small colony from the South part of Scotland settled down in Prince County, the place will be nameless. Pioneer hardships had not quite been overcome when they began to talk about building a church; they at

length decided to hold a meeting to consult over the matter and the season being early in March, they selected the night of St. Patrick's day as an auspicious date. Being from Scotland, they were of course Presbyterians.

Promptly on time they were present, every man and his wife; all being comparatively young they were full of enthusiasm and after a short talk they decided to build, fixing the size of the structure, the date of its completion and cost. Feeling happy at the thought that they were about to have a temple in which to worship the God of their fathers they decided to spend an hour or two in some harmless amusement, when one of the party immediately spoke up and said—

"Let's have a dance!" No further invitation was needed, and a regular break-down followed which was kept up for some hours with rare spirit.

But I set out with the intention of giving some account of primitive worship in the place where over a dozen years of my early life was spent, the information being mostly secured from tradition. The settlement was along a newly opened road through a forest, the people (some 40 or 50 families) being from the Western Islands of Scotland. I heard it said they chose the locality because the land resembled the country they had left in being hilly and crowded with stones. The colonists were not long in their new home when one of their number, a devout earnest man, commenced to hold meetings on Sunday, the exercises consisting of prayer, reading the scriptures and such religious books as came in his way: this humble beginning had the effect of keeping up

Sunday worship and preventing the young from forming habits of profaning the Sabbath. Matters went on in this way for some years.

Between 1828 and 1840 a noted revival passed over the Western Islands of Scotland and shortly afterwards a large immigration came out and settled alongside of the parties mentioned above. These new comers held an exceedingly elevated standard of piety and were particularly strict in Sabbath observance. On Saturday sufficient water and fuel were brought into the house to last till Monday; on Sunday no book was read except the Bible or some religious treatise and none but persons considered profane would pick even a berry, pluck a leaf or flower on the day set aside for devotion. The grace before and after meals, instead of the few stereotyped words one hears today, was as long as an ordinary prayer, which it was in effect. Sabbath conversation was exclusively confined to religious subjects as the following shows:—

A young man from the settlement under review was teaching some distance from home; on a Saturday in July one of his brothers went to see him, remaining till Monday at the house where the teacher was boarding. On Sunday morning at breakfast, the head of the family (a church elder and considered eminent for piety) looked up and addressing the strange youth said—"How do the crops look in your part of the country, Mr. Blank?" The person addressed neither looked up nor made any reply to the question and nothing further was said. On the following morning as the young man was about starting for home, he took his entertainer aside and addressed him as follows:—

"I owe you, Sir, an apology for not replying to your question yesterday morning at table; but from early years I have been taught to make no reference to worldly affairs on the Sabbath, and my conscience would accuse me severely were I to deviate now. Please sir, forgive me." The gentleman addressed was a good deal surprised at being reproved in this manner, he standing so high in the church and community.



RESIDENCE, YARMOUTH

SUMMERNIGHT TALE By A Daughter of The Meadows.

THE thin crescent of the new moon has slid down behind the big spruce, leaving a starlight night. One of the most enchanting things along summer's highway.

Come with me, Fay, forget for one brief night, your brick walls for the rustle of leaves; dusty streets for dewy grass; and glaring lights for the fire-fly's fairy lamps.

See! the lane to the River is all a-lit. Come! There is a tide tonight, what moving seems asleep, and I'll show you the great white birch where the owl does his nightly solos—there, don't you

hear him now?
No! It's not French! And we can cross on the stepping stones in the creek and go up through the loveliest woodland path to the glade, where "once upon a time."

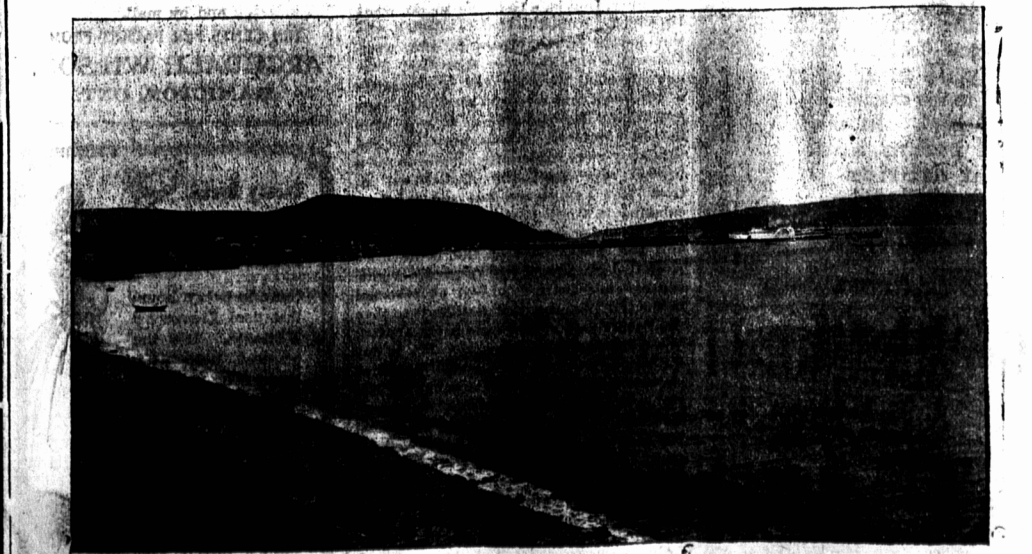
But wait, I'll tell you the story when we get there, and perhaps we will see red-bush tail, my most important acquaintance of all the furtive folk.

We will linger in the dense shadow of the great maple, and listen to the hushed cadence of the night—and you must drink from the enchanted spring.

Enchanted? Yes! but only when it reflects the light of stars.

Then up the hill over the meadows to Jemie's lane and across the rustic bridge where the old "marsh-hen" has been "hammering stakes" for so many Junes, and through the lovely beechwood to listen to the music of the leaves, that make the night so sweetly vocal, and I'll teach you to enjoy that haunting elusive undertone of gladness that always comes with nature's masterpieces and is in such harmony with my kingdom of peace and green solitude.

Oh yes? the story of the glade is a beautiful love story.—
DAUGHTER OF THE MEADOWS.



DIGBY AND DIGBY GUT

DO YOU WANT SUMMER BOARDERS?

IF you live in the country and have room for summer boarders, remember there are hundreds of people in the city who are glad to get out in the country a few weeks in the summer. You can reach these people through "The Charlottetown Guardian" want column. Try it.

The Very Newest designs in Stationery

At moderate prices.

Haszard & Moore.

ICE CREAM
Our ice cream parlor is becoming a very popular place, as we handle the best ice cream to be had in the city.

SODA WATER
Our fountain is kept working over time. All our flavors are home made by experienced hands.

PASTRY and CAKE
Try our pastry, it will talk for itself. A choice assortment of cake on hand including our celebrated SULTANA and SCOTCH cake, and many other kinds.

Home-Made Candy
You cannot duplicate our HIGH-CLASS CARAMELS in the city. Peppermint, fudge, creams and a general assortment of home-made candy at right prices.

FRUIT
Bananas, oranges, etc.

MILLS BROS.,
Ice Cream Parlor, Opposite Stewart & Son's Grocery Store, Queen St.

"In Prince Edward Island Nearly Everybody Reads The Guardian"