

Calendar for Jan., 1910.

MOON'S PHASES. Last Quarter 24. 9a. 15m. p. m. New Moon 114. 7a. 39m. p. m. First Quarter 181. 6a. 8m. p. m. Full Moon 254. 7b. 38m. p. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Rises, Moon Sets, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the month from Sat 1st to Mon 31st.

The Fishermen's Awful Experience.

The story of the late storm with the gloom it cast over the settlements of White Head and Dover, N. S., of the suffering endured by the victims, the agony of friends at home has been told in all its horror in the daily press, and the picture painted in liquid colors, the story, so far as Dover and White Head was concerned, was no exaggeration; rather it fell short of the truth.

As night came down on that black Tuesday night it was known that one boat was ashore on an island near Dover Bay, but the fate of the other occupants was uncertain. Not one man of the twenty-six who had sailed away in the morning with high hopes had returned. Not one boat rode at anchor within harbor.

In the morning a rescue party found the three men safe on the island. Their little craft, driven back against the ever-increasing wind and sea, had opened up under the straits, and in a sinking condition had been beached. The other boats had been seen in the evening close in under the land and it was hoped they had found shelter in some of the many coves along the coast.

From time to time throughout the day the telephone line of rescues at White Head, but no word came to cheer a solitary home in Dover. The writer visited all the coves, homes, and every where was the same heartrending scene. As the second night came down, grief, because epidemic and uncontrolled, a voice in Rams was heard, I mentioned and great mourning, Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted because they were not. Forty little children under twelve years were counted whose fathers were looked upon as dead, and one half this number would, in a short time, be destitute. A fearful problem presented itself. The fishing throughout the year had been exceptionally unprofitable, and now the cup of misfortune seemed full to the brim. When the telephone system closed at 10 p. m. Wednesday, of the seventy-five men missing from White Head the first evening, it had not been accounted for, while of the twenty-three missing from Dover, twenty-three were missing still. Is it any wonder,

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night. That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and the scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

It is the eve of the Epiphany. A night that brings back an echo of the Christmas cheer—when little children again hang their stockings for good old "Santa" to fill on his return trip. Also, for the poor children of Dover! For them no such joy was in store. No little stockings hung from the mantel; but little hands were joined in prayer, and little sob-broken voices went up to the Divine Child who had guided the royal searobbers.

Then came, in His own good time the long-delayed answer. Out of the overshadowing gloom, out of the night of storm and tempest, out of the depths of the sea, out of the very grave came the messages of hope and life, full every home in Dover had been comforted, and everyone, even to the last, accounted for. Then the bleeding heart of Dover was healed, and the people, crushed to earth, rose again chastened by the ordeal through which they had passed,—rose with renewed confidence in God, and in the power of prayer,—rose to pay in their own beautiful little church the first instalment of what must be a life long debt of gratitude, for the evident miracle wrought in their behalf, a miracle recognized and acclaimed as such by the most skeptical. "By the greatness of His might and strength and power not one of them was missing," God grant that they and we be ever grateful.

Not without reason and design has the scourge been applied, and mercy shown. The divine warning has been uttered in no uncertain voice. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." His voice has been heard in the tempest calling to men—"I am the Lord thy God." "I will not give my glory to another." "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord thy God is jealous, without respect of persons, and he will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and he will visit the iniquity of the children upon the fathers, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." "I am the Lord thy God." "I will not give my glory to another." "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord thy God is jealous, without respect of persons, and he will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and he will visit the iniquity of the children upon the fathers, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

Some idea of the hardship and suffering endured by the Dover and White Head fishermen who were driven to sea in the storm of Tuesday, 4th inst., may be gathered from the experience of one of the Dover crew.

The "Lottie B." 15 tons, of Dover, a boat grown venerable and tender in the service, was commanded by Charles Richard, her owner, and her two dories were manned by Felix Gurney, Robert Munro, James Horn, and Levi Haynes, the latter unmarried.

The others had left at home fourteen small children. They had "struck" the haddock that morning, they needed them, and so hung on to their trawls as long as possible, depending upon a new suit of sails but a fortnight before, to carry them home. They had got back about two-thirds of their gear, and then had about two hundred dollars worth of haddock when the weather conditions obliged them to cut their trawls and head for home, a long trash head to windward, with wind and sea rapidly increasing. At 9 p. m., in the worst of the wind, they sighted White Head light bearing north perhaps five miles distant.

By this time the "Lottie" was heavy with ice, and the driving snow, and icy water constantly dashing over her and freezing as it fell, cut like knives the face of the men, and chilled them to the bone. Then in a vicious blast the jibs were carried away and the struggle to reach land had to be abandoned. The mainmast stiff as a plank, was taken in, and furling as well as its icy condition would permit. One dory had been swept away, and the other half full of ice was imbedded deep in the ice that covered the deck. Under these conditions no hope could be gained by remaining on deck exposed to the fury of the storm, so the old boat was hoisted under the foresail, the wheel lashed to the mast and the men went below, to snatch a moment of rest and warmth and await the outcome. The water at this time was what the fishermen call "rough," but the Lottie seemed to take the sea easy and the men were beginning to congratulate themselves that she would ride it out safely, when with a roar that the seaman well knows, and that makes the heart of the bravest stand still, tons of solid water fell upon deck as an unlucky sea broke aboard. There was the sound of breaking timbers, rushing water, and most remarkable of all a portion of the dory imbedded in ice on deck was forced obliquely to rough the hatch and through the bulkhead into the cuddy where the horrified men stood for a moment appalled. Life was dear, and instinctively they clambered through the rush of water to the deck, to find half the forestal gone, main boom broken, dory split and under, deck crushed in, and through the gaping seams the water poured into the doomed craft that now wallowed deep in the sea. Death stared them in the face but while there was life there was hope, and the supreme test of human bravery and endurance now began. The hatches had been washed away and the men sprang into the hole waist-deep in icy water; they forsook the fish overboard, threw out some of the ballast and with buckets frantically bailed out the water that continued relentlessly to pour in through the riven deck.

This heart-breaking struggle against the slowly gaining water began about 9 p. m. Tuesday evening and continued without respite all night. Morning brought no sign of rescue. No friendly sail appeared, but the weather was milder with still a strong breeze and some snow. Still a portion of the crew held out and pumped and bailed for life. About 1 p. m. a craft was sighted to leeward. Who can tell what the sight meant to those men? Hope revived and they revived themselves for one final struggle. A small fragment of a jib was set, the boat's head swung off and she crept slowly out to sea, towards the object of hope. The craft proved to be the "Sea Flea" Capt. Alden Munro, of White Head. She also had been driven off, and was lying to. When the condition of the Lottie had been realized the men inspired by Wm. Munro, light keeper at White Head, who was on board that day, made all haste to loosen their frozen sails, and chop their dory from the shapeless mass of ice that almost filled and covered it. Two hours were spent by willing expert hands in freeing the sails and dory, and they were long hours to the men on the sinking craft who expected her to slip from under them ere the help in sight could reach them. At last the dory was launched, badly backed and bruised by thorough handling necessary to liberate it. One man rowed while another bailed out water with a bucket. Slowly it drew near the sinking craft, and the doomed men breathed again. New life came surging back, as their sinking hearts, fed by the prospect of rescue, again took up the task of life, and throbs on throbs kept time to the strokes of the approaching cars. In a few minutes they were safe with their heroic rescuers, enjoying shelter, food and fire. It was only a matter of minutes, while the rescued men looked on, before the "Lottie B." rose for the last time to the wave, the forestal caught its last fall,—a ship's last breath of life, then plunged beneath forever.

The suffering of the men was at an end. In a few hours a steamer light was sighted, a torch was burned and the ship bore down upon them. It was the S. S. "Cabo," searching for the missing men. The Dover men were taken on board and the

Blood Was Bad.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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Mrs. Fred. Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes: "I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, was pale and thin, every one thought I was going into consumption. I tried everything and constant doctors until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I did not have one bottle used when my appetite began to improve. I used six bottles. I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed ninety-three pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful medicine."

For sale by all dealers.

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"Couple of fine girls, ain't they? One of 'em is a fine singer, and the other one can cook." "Yes, old man. But there's a tragedy in your line. The one who sings thinks she can't cook, and the one who cooks thinks she can sing."

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Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

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Do you know that this place is nearer the City Hall than Harlem is, as the crow flies? You ought to move out here, Knickerbocker's Nickerbocker (with feeling)—I will—when I get to be a crow.

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

When you clean up a million bones they've become a million capricious critic owls. A lady says:

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Some men could do a better job at after-dinner speaking if they didn't eat so all-fired much.

A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred. Linn, St. George, Ont., writes: "My little girl would cough at night, but neither the nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhos, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes: "In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad, rough and distressing tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and All Throat and Lung Troubles.

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Saw Halley's Comet in 1835.

Rev. Fath. Dandurand, the 22d priest in the Archdiocese of Paris, St. Boniface, Man., is one of the few survivors who recollect the visit of Halley's comet. Aked to tell his story of that memorable event, he said: "I was a little boy then and I am nearly ninety now. I was born in March, 1819, and the comet came in 1835. I was studying in Montreal where I was under special professors, having nearly completed my classical studies and being near the end of the course in philosophy, as I had begun very young. I saw the comet and was impressed by it. It remained visible for many weeks. When it reached its perfection it was very beautiful. It nearly reached the zenith and its tail swept the horizon, being millions on millions of miles in length. One could see through the tail; it seemed to be a fluid or gaseous substance. It is all foolishness to talk of danger to the earth from the comet. I remember that many people used to go out to see it, as it was a very beautiful sight."

Radium Bank for New York

Negotiations are in progress to establish in New York a bank of a novel character—that is, an institution where a quantity of radium will be kept in stock and loaned out to medical men. There, already exists a radium bank in Paris, and London saw last week the inauguration of the "Radium Bank of Britain," with temporary premises in Moorgate street, in the city. The projectors propose to acquire \$250,000 worth of radium and to loan two milligrammes of it to duly qualified practitioners at the rate of \$200 per cent. of its value for the first day, and half of 1 per cent. per diem for subsequent days. It is asserted that the acquisition of such a large quantity of radium has now been made possible by the recent discovery of minerals rich in radium in Portugal. Mr. Armbruch, who is the chief intermediary for the sale of radium in America when asked about the projected bank, said that the great difficulty which faces scientific men was not to find where radium existed, but to extract it. In America there was an enormous quantity of carbonite, but it was practically useless because it contained only 6 per cent. of uranium oxide, and that was unproductive with the existing methods of extraction. Mr. Armbruch, who said that he had sold 45 milligrammes of radium on Friday for \$2,750, confirmed the statement that a proposal was on foot to establish a radium bank in New York as well as in London, Berlin, and Vienna.

Canadian interference in the British election does not appear so far to have been a shining success.

Mr. G. T. Blockstock spoke at Grimsby with such apparent effect that the Toronto Telegram's correspondent declared that 1,000 Lloyd-George could not carry that seat for a Liberal. But Grimsby went Liberal just the same on the following day, and counted a loss for the Unionists, though on election day, just to show their consistency, the electors obeyed Lloyd-George out of town and he had to take refuge in a suburban railway station. There, well guarded by the police and waiting for an automobile to remove him from the clutches of the mob, the observer whiffed away the time writing letters. Then our literary friend, St. Gilbert Parker, rescued the life of the ex-American, Mr. Waldorf Astor, but had his majority cut down a thousand, and Mr. Richard J.ebb, whom Col. Denison and several scores of Imperialists in Toronto established about to secure his nomination, indispensable to the welfare of the Empire, wandered into his opponent's committee room looking for trouble, and had the boots put to him and was thrown into the street. — Ottawa, Ont.

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