

Calendar for July, 1906.

Moon's PHASES. Full Moon 61. Ob. 27m. a. m. Lat. Quarter 131. Gs. 13m. a. m. New Moon 214. Sb. 59m. a. m. First Quarter 284. 3a. 56m. p. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Rows for each day of the month.

Grief and Gladness.

By D. A. McARTHUR.

A sudden sorrow darkened Mary's breast, A sudden sense of loneliness and loss, A premonition of the cruel cross Which future years would rear on Calvary's crest—

The Uses of Adversity.

(From the Messenger.)

"Now, tell me about Mr. Rylands," said Father de Winton. "I think he is very ill," she said, "and I begin to fear that he knows himself to be in a worse plight than we think him to be. He always makes light of his illness, you know, and even if he were suffering a great deal he would never complain. His voice gets weaker, I notice, and his eyes have a wild, sad look in them, and then he goes out on the Moor in all weathers, and stays out very late sometimes; the other night he came home quite wet. Father, do you think you could persuade him to be more prudent, he ought to be taking the greatest care of himself; don't you think so?"

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impaired taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I swallow all I take. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Ellen Reynolds, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

show himself to us through His creatures; we cannot know Him, or imagine Him at all without this revelation, and from the love and devotion of a human father we argue to the greatest Fatherhood of God of whom all paternity is named in Heaven and earth; God's goodness, and God's mercy, and God's love have no meaning for us until we see these, His attributes, exemplified in our own nature, or rather mirrored there, in faint and broken reflection, as the sun in a turbid stream. If you could think of God as the Father of the whole human family, and identify yourself with every child of man, expecting, demanding, beholding the love and care with which you have always known and valued and considered your own particular heritage, you would recognize the need of the All-Father in His own family, the Creator in the midst of His creatures. Come, Miss Rylands, take higher ground; leave your narrow, selfish furrow, your true self, and to find yourself in the whole human family; merge your identity among all who suffer, and toil, and weep, and hope, and fear, then you will find the God whom Christians know and love, and understand that it is His providence that orders all things in the world, not nature working out a blind course remorselessly, but obeying the laws decreed to her by the Divine Intelligence.

Kitty listened attentively, and even hungrily, to his words; he noticed the look of interest in her eyes, and was glad. He walked home with her, almost to the Manor gates, refusing her invitation to go in and see her father, but promising to call next day. He left her at last with an inward prayer that his words that afternoon might be seed sown on good ground, and that it might some day bring forth fruit a hundred fold.

As he turned his steps homeward, the sun was setting. He generally devoted Thursday evenings to his sermons, and his mind was full of his next Sunday's text as he walked along. When he reached the point on the road which touched the edge of the Moor, a sudden impulse brought him to a standstill by the stone stile. He was conscious of a strong suggestion to go for a walk across the Moor, and the more he hesitated, the more he felt inwardly impelled to follow his impulse. The sun had just disappeared behind a distant tower, and the daylight would not linger long on an October evening, but the moon was nearly full, and he knew his ground; he would go across to the barn and have a look at his feathered friends there. A feeling of joy and pleasure swept through him as he gained the higher ground; he knew the soothing, elevating power of the wild, wide Moor when night drew her curtains softly round crag and fell, and the darkness came on with soft, mysterious feet; he knew it, and exalted in its solitude and grandeur in "The silence that is in the starry sky, the peace that is among the hollow hills," through the quiet hours of night.

With long, swinging stride he crossed the golf links and struck the path to the barn. He fell to thinking of the heron and the wild fowl, and wondered how the kingfishers would fare during the winter frosts, when the tern would lift up a hard glossy face to insolent skies, and shut its fish tightly down under a crystal cover.

The day had been a particularly trying one for Mr. Rylands; the morning had been dull and chilly, and a damp fog hung over the river and seemed to fill the house with gloom. The heaviness of the atmosphere oppressed him, the suggestion of decay and death, from falling leaves and withering flowers, came home to his heart and filled him with unexpressed dejection.

After lunch the weather brightened a little, and when late in the afternoon the sun shone out and the sky cleared, he determined to go for a walk, to shake off his heaviness of spirit.

Upon the Moor the air felt pure and bracing, and he felt grateful for its fresh reviving breath. The sun was shining in the west, sending great level shafts of light through the jagged fringes of dispersing rain-clouds, turning their leaden tints to purple and flame. He walked rapidly over the dripping heather, trying to deaden the pain of his mental suffering by bodily fatigue; he had taken the path to the devil's pot-hole, and he reached the dark tarn just as the sun was setting; one long shaft of sunlight lay across the water, which faded slowly as he looked, leaving the dark water darker than before, for the shadows were deepening under the crag. He made his way down to the little strand, to which Father de Winton had taken him on the day of their first meeting; there he sat down on a rocky ledge, and stared moodily across the tarn. As he looked a fearful thought flashed into his mind; he turned away from it with a gasp of horror, and resolutely gave his attention to the wild fowl settling down for the night in their nests over among the rushes in the marsh; but it came to him again, and yet again; it lured his imagination by its awfulness, and at last he took it to his heart, and began to find a mad pleasure in it. Up there, from the top of the crag, one could leap down forty feet into the deepest part of the tarn, into his rocky shadow he could see from his resting place, beneath where the rock bulged a little, and then receded toward the cavity, where they said the water ran away with its subterranean course. With such a leap one would end all, and a man could find death and burial when he wished. In this way he could escape the terrors of a last sickness and lingering dissolution, the possible misery of consuming weakness, his big frame held in thrall, his fine intelligence dimmer and debased to obidishness. Oh! the horror of it! And the last dreadful rites, the ghastly pomp and circumstance of a rich man's funeral, and beneath it all the shroud and the grave and the worms! He shuddered! No! a thousand times, No! The water seemed a clean and wholesome thing compared to that awful other, and away down, far below the heather and broken, there were great balls and courts, so they said, of good, hard rock, there were tiny streams running over pebbly beds, and dainty chambers hung around with gleaming stalactites. Yes, that was better; no stifling grave for him; after life's fitful fever he would "sleep well" in that dim region, where no man should seek his resting place; he would find a kingdom for himself, a hereafter of nothingness, a dead man reigning in darkness, alone; or, it might be, he would hold high carnival with the lords of the underworld and find himself once more in goodly company. He laughed aloud. It was a grim thought and he hugged it close, pleasing himself with the idea of yet thwarting fate, of making his own destiny. The tarn would hold the secret close; nothing had ever been given up from its dark depths, they might search there for his body, but they would search in vain. He rose, and began to pace the strand in a wild, excited manner. When should he carry out his intention. Now? He thought of his wife and Kitty, and his heart seemed to shrivel up with grief; he must kiss them once again and look in their sweet faces; when sorrow came down upon them and tears dimmed their bright eyes, he would not have the pain of seeing their grief, better it should be sudden and sharp, than that they should pine and droop under a lingering woe. The moon had come up, pale and serene, and she was reflected on the quivering water; overhead the evening star was shining in a clear calm sky, but he did not look up; the dark water fascinated him, and the ripples, with the moonlight on them, showed the strong current of the water toward the cave, and seemed to beckon him on with irresistible power. The sweat came out on his brow cold and clammy. It was a good time now, he reflected, a good hour for a final goodnight; so let it be. He climbed hastily up the side of the crag, and reached the highest point; then, almost unconsciously, he took off his coat and flung it down, and, stooping, he peered over the edge.

"Halloo, halloo, there!" A voice rang out clear and high in the silence, in a cry of alarm. With a smothered oath he turned round, and the sudden revelation of feeling sent the blood to his heart, and his face became ghastly white; some one was coming toward him, stumbling in his great haste.

"How do you do, Father de Winton," he said harshly; his manner full of hostility.

"You, Mr. Rylands?" gasped the priest. "I—I hope you will excuse me," he continued, stammering over his words, "but I felt frightened seeing someone so near the edge of the crag; you have been taking a quiet walk like myself."

"Yes," he answered shortly, and the priest felt his heart sink as he looked at his white face, set and drawn, and noticed the wild and look in his eyes of which his daughter had spoken that afternoon.

"Why have you taken off your coat?" he asked abruptly.

"Mr. Rylands laughed, a hard, forced laugh. "My dear Father de

A Negro Bishop.

Although negro priests are numerous in the New World, Catholicism could claim, in our day, but a single coloured Bishop—Monsieur Silveira Gomez Pimenta, bishop of Marianna, Brazil, who died recently.

The parents of this prelate were slaves. The youth was placed in a seminary, where he soon gave signs of remarkable talent, and quick succeeded in winning the good will and sympathy of all his fellow-students and teachers. In spite of adverse social prejudices, he was successively invested with high ecclesiastical charges, which he filled with distinction, which speedily led him though still young to the episcopal dignity.

Monsieur Pimenta was a man of high order, where there was question of Biblical interpretation, and the Vatican held him in very high esteem. He died at the age of 65 years.

More than two years ago the Grande Chartreuse was among the most famous of the religious associations which refused to submit to the persecuting Government of France. The monks of the Grande Chartreuse went to Spain taking with them the secret of their world-famed liquors. The State's official liquidator then took possession of their trade-marks which the monks are not allowed to use in their new home and has since been running the business. But the State is now tired of the experiment, and is offering at auction all the trade-marks for the liquors and other productions of the Grande Chartreuse. The monks on their part have issued a warning to all who hanker after the trade-marks without the secrets which they cover that they will act under the peril of subsequent litigation.

A press cablegram from Rome tells of an audience recently granted to Mgr. Seton, Titular Archbishop of Heliopolis, who was formerly rector of St. Joseph's Church, Jersey City, N. J., on which occasion the Pontiff is said to have declared his intention to appoint Mgr. Seton a canon in one of the basilicas of the Eternal City.

At Maynooth College, on June 17, Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, ordained seventy students to the priesthood. At Thurles, on the same day, the Archbishop of Cashel ordained among others Rev. John Hennessy, Great Falls, Mont., U. S. A., Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, San Francisco, Cal., and Rev. Michael Moran and Rev. Michael Hannan, both of Helena, Mont.

The oldest prelate in Christendom, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, Archbishop of Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, has just entered on his ninety-second year.

Minards' Liniment Cures Distemper

Now comes the wool time,—the sheep have to get their coats off—and their coat is worth money,—worth more money than lots of coats that are advertised at half price. Wool is wool, and cotton is cotton; but the wool has fortunately for the farmers been bringing high prices. This is good for all, concerned, but the high price will not last long. Bring your wool to and get your us, cash or trade—whichever you prefer.—If you take cash you get the highest price—if you take trade you get the lowest priced goods in addition to the best selection of dry goods, dress goods, millinery, white wear, and mens furnishings that are shown on P. E. I.—No matter what others say.

We want your wool—Bring it right to us!—Stanley Bros.

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints take

Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effective in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

Mrs. BROOKLYN LEE, Aymer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

He's a popular poet.

Why, I thought he hadn't written anything for years.

He hasn't. That's why!"

Digby, N. S.

MINARD'S LINIMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts, (small ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in four week's time every core was healed and the hair has grown over each one in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN R. HOLDEN.

Witness, Perry Baker.

She—Oh, George, what lovely waves!

He—Very nice; but poor things there just like me—we both arrive at the shore in splendid style—and go back broke.

Hoarseness.

Helen Decker, Jordan Ferry, N. S., writes: A few months ago I had a severe cold in my throat and chest and became quite hoarse. A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup relieved the Hoarseness and cured the cold.

"Look here," said the barber to the restless man in the chair, "if you don't keep still I'm liable to cut your throat."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of that," replied the helpless victim, "as long as you continue to use that razor."

Castor Oil or other Cathartic is not needed after giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This remedy contains its own purgative and not only destroys but carries off the worms. Price 25c.

A FACT.

Nobody wants to be nobody, Which sounds rather queer. But why? Because it's a rational statement Which nobody will deny. The Bohemian.

Grippe Headache.

Mrs C. Appleton, Whitewood, N. W. T., writes: "Milburn's Stinging Headache Powders have given me great relief from the terrible pains of La Grippe in my head and through my back." Price 10c and 25c. all dealers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.

Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Faint and Giddy Spells, Headaches, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.50. All Dealers of THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

IMMENSE Clearance Sale

OF MEN'S HIGH CLASS Furnishing Goods!

Discounts from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent.

We have decided to retire from this branch of our business and devote our whole attention to the tailoring and clothing business. In order to do so we offer the greatest bargains in Men's Furnishings ever placed before the people of P. E. I. The stock is fresh and clean, the greater part being this spring's importation.

We call special attention to our large range of white and colored shirts fresh from the factory this spring.

Come along quick as the goods must be cleared out regardless of cost.

Read the following list:

White Shirts, Colored Shirts, Linen Collars, Linen Cuffs, Flannel shirts, Black Striped Shirts, Balbrigan Underclothing, Nature all wool do.

Stanfield's Underclothing, Cotton Night Shirts, Flannel Night Shirts, Nature all wool Night Shirts, Dent's Gloves, Perrin's Gloves, Neckwear, Suspenders.

Belts, Socks, Handkerchiefs, Rain Coats, Umbrellas, Men's and Boys' Caps, White Vests, Fancy Vests, Light Summer Coats.

35 Men's Suits and Trousers made for customers but never called for will be sold at less than first cost of cloth and making.

Job lot Shirts 25 and 50 cents each; Job lot Caps 10 to 25 cents each; 300 Neckties 5 to 10 cents each.

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Nothing finer in this line published in AMERICA, 50 View Books 25 cents, 150 View Books 50 cents.

Also a great variety of Souvenirs in Chinaware, &c., &c.

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"The Boston Favorite."

This is our great American line of Women's Fine Shoes to sell for

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The strongest line on earth, equal in style, fit and appearance to any shoes made; we have found their wearing qualities excellent. All sizes and colors in low shoes and laced boots, heavy and light soles are now in stock.

\$2.50 Stamped on the Sole.

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Mar. 22nd, 1905.