

Calendar for Aug. 1905.

MOON'S PHASES. First Quarter 7d., 4h., 17m. p. m. Full Moon 14d., 9h., 31m. p. m. Last Quarter 23d., 0h., 10m. a. m. New Moon 30d., 7h., 13m. a. 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.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—so ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

to the town, and had not imbibed the traditional respect, which asserted itself above all notions of independence or equality, for the family of the Manor. He did not wonder at all that the young man was in no hurry to reach home; he wondered only why he consented to come there at all.

"Whatever a bright man like the Governor can be thinkin' of, to expect that his son's goin' to settle down here, is beyond me."

"Generations of his family have lived and died here," observed Miss Tabitha, with severe emphasis.

"Why, so they have; and it 'pears to me that this young man might feel like goin' somewhere else and strikin' out for himself."

Miss Tabitha did not reply. "Why," continued the unabashed Jesse, "you just look at a pussy-cat—a real, live, frolicsome kitten! See the antics he's up to, while his ma dozes by the fire! Take a puppy-dog; he's off to the muddiest pool he can wallow in, while his mother slinks along the besten path. Just watch the young birds—"

But Miss Tabitha would hear no more. Her eye was very awful. She could not further support this profane discourse. To hear the descendant of the Brethertons compared to feline or canine adventures, and more awful still, the majestic osm of the lady of the Manor likened to the slumbers of a tabby at the fire, was too much for the spinster's patience. She arose from her chair.

"I do not fancy young Mr. Bretherton will arrive to-night," she said, icily.

"I guess he's got among a half dozen or more of young folks, and be ain't in any hurry to get down here to this dead-and-alive hole. If he's the Governor's son, he knows when he's well off. He's got a head on his shoulders."

Miss Tabitha made no comment. From her point of view, it was quite immaterial whether or not that desirable appendage was upon the Bretherton shoulders. It was certainly very impertinent of this officious person to inquire into the matter at all. She began to move her chair resolutely within doors, driven from her favorite post far more by her neighbor's unpalatable discourse than by the rain, which began to drizzle in preparation for that wet night which, though she knew it not, was to bring the long-looked-for arrival. She ceased a fire to be lighted upon the hearth, as well as a lamp upon the cosy table. Then she sat down to consume apricot jam and buttered toast, and to sip a very fragrant cup of tea, while young Mr. Bretherton drove hastily by in the darkness.

As she sat thus alone in that room, wherein the shadows were rather intensified than dispelled by the lighting of the lamps, she had many curious thoughts which none would have suspected; and one in particular, which filled her with a quaking dread, not unconnected in her mind with a night of misty moonlight down by the elder bushes on the brookside. It was this thought which had poisoned the anticipated happiness in the expected arrival.

Next morning she learned that the young man had come home, and she felt very much vexed that she had failed to witness his arrival, as though it had been some sort of royal progress. Nor did she see anything of the future master of the Manor until he had been at home for several days. She had daily looked forward to the moment when she should once more see him—the young idol which she had fashioned for herself when he was merely a boy in pinafores, and in whom were centered all her traditional love and reverence for the race to which he belonged, and all those deeper and more personal associations which had grown up with the passage of years.

She stirred herself each afternoon in her gown of flowered taffeta, adding a dainty and elaborate cap and lace mantilla. And so she was apparelled when one riding afternoon the young man came gliding down the street. It was almost his first appearance in the thoroughfares of Millbrook; but he seemed in no wise discomposured by the peeping faces at windows, the hurried figures scuttling away from front galleries, or the

groups of children, pointing him to one another with eager if furtive finger. Probably he did not notice these things at all, and was absorbed in other thoughts, all unconscious that he was appearing in the role of king come unto his own—the king who had been away over the water. Even the most loyal of monarchists, the most steadfast upholder of royal prerogatives, must have owned that he would have made a very presentable king, this young American—such a one as is not too often seen under the crown and ermine-bordered mantle. He rode remarkably well, with a firm, erect seat in the saddle, his figure lithe and well-knit, his features clearly cut, and his face of that classical contour which is often seen amongst Americans. His hair was of a rich golden fairness, his eyes dark, and his complexion, naturally colorless, now bronzed by the sea-voyage and by his previous devotion to athletics.

Miss Tabitha's heart swelled with an honest pride as she perceived him. It was a great thing, she thought, to be a Bretherton of Bretherton Manor; and a fine thing too, for Millbrook and for the rising generation to have such types amongst them. For, as the old lady reasoned, they were in some need of personages to whom they could look up, and in grievous danger of losing all habit of reverence. She did not realize, poor old soul, that many of her ideas were far more antiquated than her costume, and, unlike them, did not show any prospect of being resurrected.

Young Mr. Bretherton, quite unaware of these thoughts, too deep for words, which his arrival had conjured up, came riding on till he was just opposite Miss Tabitha's dwelling. The old lady had arisen, trembling and expectant, and advanced down the steps and along the path toward the gate. The horseman chancing to glance in, Miss Tabitha made him a deep curtsy. He at once took off his riding-cap and bowed in a kind of haste and confusion, as though he wondered why so old a woman should make him so deep a reverence. She, on her part, was thinking not only of him whom she had so often dandled on her knee, and for whom she had made omelette cradles, but of that long line of Brethertons whom he represented; of his stately mother and the ex-Governor, and the Governor's mother again, old Madam Bretherton, widow of a general officer in Revolutionary times; her mother had been lady-in-waiting in the British court before she married a Bretherton. Miss Tabitha's own father had been secretary to Judge Bretherton, a brother of the Governor; and she therefore felt that she in some sort belonged to the family and had a right to take pride in their grandeur.

After the young man had returned to Miss Tabitha's salute, he stopped his horse. It was merely to arrange a girthing which had gone loose, but it gave the old lady an opportunity. She stepped, in her light, mincing fashion, to the gate, pausing as she endeavored to gather a tiny nosegay suitable for a buttonhole.

"Mr. James Cortlandt Bretherton," she said, "here is an old acquaintance—an humble one, it is true—who welcomes you to your inheritance."

The personage so addressed stared at her for an instant; then into the brown eyes, almost amber-colored they were in the clear sunlight, came a look of humorous comprehension—the dawning of a kindly smile. That expression was probably the greatest attraction in young Mr. Bretherton's face, and had won him many friendships. It also brought out a marked resemblance to his father.

"You are very kind," he answered; "though my inheritance is not such a great thing, after all; only the dear old Manor and a fair-sized bit of ground, which I could wish were just a little Boston or New York."

"I have known three generations of Brethertons," declared Miss Tabitha, "and they never complained—not even Madam Bretherton, whose mother was a court lady to Queen Charlotte."

"So she was!" assented the young man. "But the world is bigger now than it used to be, and things have changed."

"Permit me at least to offer you a nosegay," said Miss Tabitha. "No courtesier of those olden days which she lamented could have more hastily alighted from his horse or more deferentially taken the flower from the withered hand, with a second raising of his cap. He proceeded to fasten the offering very deftly in his coat with a pin which the old lady had considerably furnished.

"You have forgotten all about us over there in the great world," Miss Tabitha remarked; "but we do not forget you, and we retain a great respect for the dignity of families and appreciate their claims to reverence."

"Far better than most of us, I am sure," the young man put in. "You see, knocking about amongst fellows at college, one doesn't think much about that sort of things. But I am quite sure I remember you."

The lady flushed with gratification. "Tabitha Brown," she said, "who used to bribe you with lillipops to come in and spend an hour with her."

"Miss Tabitha!" cried the youth,

heartily "Why, so it is; and looking not a day older! You were always like one of your own flowers, if you don't mind by saying so."

Miss Tabitha was immensely flattered. "If there was a bit of paradise on earth," the young man went on, "it was here in your garden. I expect I was an unmannerly cub, and you were far too good to me."

He stood looking about him rather wistfully; for at almost every age men and women turn back to the Elysium of youth and its nectar, despite all other gardens in which they may have roamed or the far different draughts they may have quaffed.

"The rose vines on the gallery," he said to himself, "and the sunflowers in the same stiff rows."

There was a touch of melancholy in the youthful face, as one sees in the luxuriant brightness of summer a hint of autumn. But the young man suddenly remembered.

"There you are standing, Miss Tabitha!" he said. "Won't you take a chair—your own particular chair on the porch, where I remember you always sat?"

"Yes, yes, and you used to climb up on the gallery railing and poke at me with a switch through the vines, just to hear me give a screech. I was so very much afraid of beetles!"

"I wonder you had any patience with me," young Mr. Bretherton protested, lingering at the foot of the steps. "I think there was a little girl about with whom I used to play and—fight!"

He paused, inquiringly; Miss Tabitha, however, giving no information, he resumed:

"I have been a great nuisance. But I'm quite reformed now. I'll come over often, if I may, to see you, and you shall judge how completely I am done with tricks."

"Oh, of course you are a young gentleman now," smiled the delighted old lady; and Mr. Bretherton of the Manor with a dignity to maintain, to assure you!

"Well, I'm not at all sure that I shall acquit myself to your satisfaction in that respect," laughed the young man. "You will have to horse to me a lot."

He got upon his horse to ride away; and as he did so Miss Tabitha had a glimpse of a face, on the other side of the street, with hollow, cavernous eyes, looking out from under heavy brows. The face was that of a man past the prime of life, with hair turning to gray, a heavy jaw, and a singularly attenuated figure. Miss Tabitha shrank and wilted at the sight, as a flower might droop at the approach of a storm; and she cast a glance of alarm at the gallant young equestrian waving a salute to her as he gathered up the reins and cantered down the street. The man across the road cast upon the horse and its rider a look so malignant, so charged with evil passion, that it is little wonder Miss Tabitha trembled.

A moment before she had been so full of a harmless self complacency in the visit and in the friendliness of young Mr. Bretherton. She had been hoping that as many of the neighbors as possible had chanced to pass while her visitor was there, and had been quite rejoiced that at least Reuben Jackson had gone by. She knew that he had observed, in his quaint fashion, what was going on behind Miss Tabitha's hedge and and trees. Now it seemed to her that all was changed. As upon a flawless day of sunshine one is suddenly conscious of a dark cloud marring the perfect beauty of the firmament, so this man's presence cast a blight upon her enjoyment; the secret knowledge which she possessed made her regard this apparition as an omen of evil.

III.—YOUNG MR. BRETHERTON DOES ESCORT DUTY. It is very true that Reuben Jackson was faithful to his reputation, and scattered far and near, through the medium of Jackson's emporium the news of young Mr. Bretherton's visit to Rose Cottage. On his return to the store, Reuben had posted himself in a position which commanded all approaches to Miss Tabitha's dwelling and was therefore enabled to announce the exact length of time which the hero of the hour had spent upon the cottage steps. He also noted that Eben Knox, the manager of the mills, had several times walked up and down upon the opposite side of the street, seeming to observe with much attention young Mr. Bretherton and his movements.

"Why, even Eben Knox, he come out to see the sight?" Reuben declared to the bystanders. Reuben Jackson was a tall and round-shouldered youth, heavily freckled, and in marked contrast to his portly and rubicund father; and, as he stood making his announcements from the small eminence of the shop window whether he had mounted, he seemed of abnormal stature. In answer to his last item of the morning's gossip, his father unceremoniously exclaimed:

"You get out, Reuben! Eben Knox never sees nothin' outside the four walls of the mill. He's got spinnin' on the brain, I reckon."

"If his brain ain't worn out afore this!" observed Reuben. At which there was a laugh.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that? Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.

Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Nature's specific for Dyspepsia. Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anse, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers:—"Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, lost appetite and had blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine, and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after-effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

McLean & McKinnon Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Brown's Block, Charlottetown

Morson & Duffy Barristers & Attorneys, Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I. MONEY TO LOAN. Solicitors for R.oyal Bank of Canada

E. F. RYAN, B.A., BARRISTER & ATTORNEY, GEORGETOWN, P. E. ISLAND March 29, 1905.

JOHN T. MELLISH, M. A., LL. B. BARRISTER and ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND. OFFICE—London House Building, Nov. 17, 1893.

Henry Elliott, Esq., of Sherbrooke, N. S., Inspector and Supt. of Bridge Construction for Nova Scotia says: "A bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured me of a very severe sprain of my leg, caused by a fall while building a bridge at Doherty Creek, Cumberland Co. Nov. 17, 1893.

Death finds many in debt.

Mrs. Hibbert Beck, Newburn, N. S. writes: "I was in bed for weeks with Rheumatism and could not move without help, I began using Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and one box relieved the pain and six boxes completely cured."

Little Ike (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, ish it true dot der pen ish mightier dan der sword? Old? Un.—Yase, of course. How could a man put his proberby in his wife's name mit a sword?

Hagyard's Yellow Oil takes out pain, reduces Swelling and allays inflammation. Cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Chords, Sore Throat, Gout, Quinsy, etc. It does not stain the skin or soil the clothing. Price 25c

"Now, in order to subtract," explained a teacher to the class in mathematics, "things have to be away of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room. "Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

An old negro of Joplin complaining that he had lost his dog, his employer asked why he didn't advertise for the animal in the newspapers. "Dat wouldn't do no good," returned the old man. "Why not?" asked his employer. "Well, sah, dat dog kain't read," responded the old negro.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL, G. B. Sun Fire offices of London. Phoenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn. Combined Assets \$100,000,000. Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses. JOHN MACBACHERN, AGENT. Mar. 22nd, 1905.

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No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S COCOA The Most Nutritious and Economical.

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

John A. Mathieson, K. C.—Eneas A. MacDonald

Mathieson & MacDonald Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc. Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Branch Office, Georgtown, P. E. I. May 10, 1906—yly.

A. A. McLean, K. C.—Donald McKinnon

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HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT YOUR Spring and Summer Suit?

If so it will pay you to examine our prices before ordering.

We buy the cloth direct from the manufacturer, make it up in our Tailor Shop and sell direct to the consumer, which gives you the full benefit of our Low Prices. Our clothing is cut by artists, tailored by skilled workmen.

Suits \$14.00 and up.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS Shirts, Collars, Ties, Underclothing, Braces, Socks, Belts, Rain Coats, Umbrellas, Caps, etc.

GORDON & MACLELLAN, Upper Queen Street, Charlottetown.

Merit and Low Prices ARE OUR Bricks & Mortar

The stability of a building depends on the quality of the materials it is made from. The stability of a business depends on the character of its dealings. Merit and fair prices have been the bricks and mortar employed in building up the E. W. Taylor business to its present plane of prestige.

We solicit your custom whenever you seek any Jewelry article. Among our features this season the following are particularly noteworthy.

An extensive line of the famous REGINA PRECISION WATCHES—among the best Watches for general service to be found in the market—covered by the broadest guarantee given with any make of Watch. Many styles and sizes at prices ranging from \$8.00 to \$51.00 each.

A very choice line of Lockets, Charms and Brooches, of many novel and pleasing styles of design, at a wide range of prices.

A magnificent showing of Table Silver, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Fancy Pieces, such as Cake Baskets, Bon Bon Dishes, Baking Dishes, Card Trays, Candlesticks.

A splendid assortment of Clocks, in many very desirable shapes and designs, all of sterling workmanship.

E. W. TAYLOR, South Side Queen Square, Charlottetown.

CHINAWARE, New and Beautiful, Just opened up in our

China Ware Department, An elegant display of fancy

Japanese Goods In Cups and Saucers, Plates, 5 o'clock Sets, Jardinières, Umbrella Stands, pretty Nic-Nacs, Brics-a-Brac, Vases in great variety.

Old English ART WARE, Souvenir

China Ware etc., at lowest prices.

CARTER & CO., Ltd.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SABLIER. (From the Ave Maria.)

II.—ROSE COTTAGE. The next-door neighbor, Jesse Craft, who had a very small holding of his own and an inconsiderable dwelling of yellow wood, was divided from Miss Tabitha by a low fence and a row of tall sunflowers. This individual was not very easily reduced to silence, and whenever it was possible opened a conversational campaign upon the mistress of Rose Cottage. During the days of suspense, when all Millbrook, and particularly Miss Tabitha, were holding their breath, Jesse Craft made himself specially obnoxious. He was, comparatively speaking, a newcomer

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People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly. A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble. Check it in time by taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS "THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC." They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease. 50c. a box or 5 for \$1.25 all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILLS CO., Toronto, Ont.