The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1913 | Vol. XLII., No. 29

Prince Edward Island Railway.

:o:

Commencing on April 16, 1913, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Read Down					Read Up			
Dly ex Sun	Dly ex Sun	Dly ex Sun			Dly ex Sun	Dly ex Sun	Dly ex Sun	Dly ex Sun
P.M	A.M	A.M	STATIONS		A.M	A.M	P.M	P.M
3 45	11 45	7 45	Lv Charlottetown	Ar	9 55	11 40		9 50
4 52	12 59	8 38	Lv Hunter River	Ar	8 38	10 38		8 55
5 30	1 43	9 07	Lv Emerald Jc	Ar	7 45	10 04	5 25	8 26
6 00	2 21	9 30	Lv Kensington	Ar		9 33	4 47	8 02
6 30	2 55	9 55	Ar Summerside	Lv		9 00	4 15	7 40
P.M	A.M	A.M			A.M	A.M	P.M	P.M
	P.M	Noon			A.M	P.M		
	7 50	12 00	Lv Summerside	Ar	8 45	4 55		
8 48	1 23		Lv Port Hill	Ar	7 48	3 26		
	9 37	2 40	Lv O'Leary	Ar	6 57	2 10		
	10 50	4 40	Ar Tignish	Lv	5 45	12 10		
		8 30	Lv Emera'd Junc	Ar	7 40			
		9 20	Ar Cape Traverse	Lv	6 50			
	P.M	P.M			A.M	P.M		
	P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M		
	3 00	7 00	Lv Charlottetown	Ar	9 30	5 40		
	4 10	8 30	Lv Mount Stewart	Ar	8 30	4 10		
	4 36	9 07	Lv Morell	Ar	7 56	3 20		
	4 57	9 33	Lv St Peters	Ar	7 35	2 51		
6 00	11 05		Ar Souris	Lv	6 35	5 35	1 25	
	7 10		Ar E'mira	Lv	5 30			
	5 04	9 40	Ar Cardigan	Lv	7 26	2 43		
	5 25	10 09	Ar Montague	Lv	7 04	2 15		
	6 00	10 50	Ar Georgetown	Lv	6 30	1 25		
	P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M		
	Dly ex Sat	Sat only and Sun			Dly ex Sat	Sat only and Sun		
	P.M	P.M			A.M	A.M		
	3 10	3 10	Lv Charlottetown	Ar	10 00	9 45		
	4 57	4 25	Lv Vernon River	Ar	8 23	8 31		
	7 00	5 55	Ar Murray Harbor	Lv	6 30	7 00		
	P.M	P.M			A.M	A.M		

H. McEWEN, Supt. P. E. I. Railway.

AMERICAN LADY CORSETS

Will Fit You Perfectly

:o:

American Lady Corsets are worn by thousands of ladies all over America. They stand for the final word in corsetry; producing to perfection fashion's demands for this season, namely, the modish low bust, the very long hip and back—in fact the uncorseted effect so sought after.

"American Lady" boning is very superior, made of specially selected material—flexible more or less to meet the demands of the various figures for which it is intended.

American Lady Hose Supporters are made of Para rubber thread webbing, giving the best possible wear.

We control "American Lady" Corsets for Charlottetown and guarantee them to give satisfaction.

Ask to see the different models.

L. J. REDDIN

My Store - - - - 117 Queen Street.

April 30, 1913.

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M D

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

148 PRINCE STREET

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Solicitors for Royal Bank R. Canad

STEWART & CAMPBELL,

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Offices in Desrisay's Block, Corner Queen and Grafton Streets, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

MONEY TO LOAN.

W. S. STEWART, K. C. | H. A. CAMPBELL

July 3, 1911—yly.

Summer Goods

—FOR—

Summer Weather

:o:

The HOT weather is coming. For your vacation we have HAMMOCKS at $1.00 up to $5.00 each, splendid value.

THE NEWEST BOOKS, and books for vacation days. See the great value we are giving in NEW AMERICAN RE-PRINTS, regular price $1.25, our price only 50c each. PAPER COVERED BOOKS, hundreds at 5c each and up.

CROQUET SETS, arrived today, 4 ball $1.25, 6 ball $1.50, 8 ball $2.25, and up to $5.50 per set.

20 PER CENT off balance of BASE BALL GOODS.

CARTER & CO., Ltd.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

July 16th, 1913

A GOOD REPORT!

will be made by discriminating smokers after a trial of our . .

RIVAL AND MASTER MARINE

Smoking Tobaccos. Cool, sweet and fragrant. Burns cleanly and freely but NOT THE TONGUE. Try our **Combination Twist** Chewing Tobacco also. It's worth the money every time . . . .

:o:

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co.

JOB WORK!

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office

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Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors.

MONEY TO LOAN

Offices—Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers.

July 26, 1911—tf

Naples—Most Beautiful Of All Cities.

(From Our Correspondent.)

Naples, June 18.—The traveller on the Mediterranean is constantly reminded of classic history and literature, and there are no parts of the great midland sea which will call up to him so many memories as the coast line from the south of Sicily to the point where the Bay of Naples expands before him "with those sweeping curves and azure amplitude," of which all the poets, ancient, mediaeval and modern, have sung. In about three hours after the steamer leaves the beautiful harbor at Malta one catches from the deck a first glimpse of Aetna, which appears so diminutive in the hazy distance as to make him wonder why it has caused so much talk and writing in this world of ours since the days when the world itself was young. But gradually the coast line of Sicily assumes shape and in a corner of my guide book I found he following from Wordsworth:

"Child of the mountains among shepards reared,
I learned to dream of Sicily; and lo!
A pleasant promise wafted from her shores
Comes o'er my heart; in fancy I behold
Her seas once smiling; her once happy vales;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name
Of note belonging to that honored isle,
That doth not yield a solace to my grief."

HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE.

In much the same strain is a passage which I remember to have read in a life of Gladstone, who visited Sicily when he was a young man, climbed to the summit of Aetna and described, not in verse, but still in language that may well be called poetry, what thoughts crowded upon his mind and what sentiments moved his soul as he looked down from the vicinity of the burning crater on the memories and ruins of ancient Greece. He was a student of Homer and of all the Greek authors, and every point along the sea upon which Gladstone looked down called up some memory of the Odyssey or of ancient Grecian history and civilization.

That above all others is the reason why Sicily exerts such a spell on the poet, the historian, the antiquary and the artist. But it is only one of the reasons; for Grecian was only one of the many civilizations that have succeeded one another in Sicily. It is the largest island in the Mediterranean. It is probably the most beautiful in the world—Ireland always excepted. It has three faces—one looking towards Africa, one towards Greece and Asia, and one towards Italy—and all the races coming from all three directions have in turn fought for its possession, conquered, ruled for a period, and left upon its face the record of their ideals. But while these thoughts were flitting through my imagination I awoke from the reverie to find that I was not in Sicily, but only in view of Sicily, aboard a steamer bearing me from Malta to Naples.

THE PERSONNEL MEETS.

In the Autumn I had come down from Naples to Malta by train to Syracuse on the south coast of Sicily and thence by boat to the historic island of the knights. The boat makes this run daily between Syracuse and Valletta, carries the mails to and from the British fortress, and, singularly enough, it is neither English nor Italian. It carries the Austro-Hungarian flag and belongs to an Austrian company called the "Adria," which operates in the Adriatic and Mediterranean, having Triest as a home port.

Passing on to her deck at Syracuse after a long experience in Italy, it was a change to find countenances of a very different type, with skin of a brighter hue, and to hear a new speech, even if one understood never a word. I must say that at the moment it was also a relief. From a residence in Italy one comes to love the Italians in many ways, for they have many lovable qualities. But they have others that try the patience of the traveller. These less amiable qualities obtrude themselves, especially in resorts frequented by tourists and along the beaten lines of travel on trains and boats.

THE SHARKS OF SYRACUSE.

I had read in a guide book that if you ask a man in Naples to show you the way, he will hold one hand out for his reward while pointing the road with the other. I smiled and thought it exaggeration; but I found it to be literally true in more places than Naples. That afternoon, when we reached Syracuse, a howling mob of would-be guides, baggage carriers, beggars (and perhaps brigands), rushed upon us as we alighted from the train, and glad we were to reach the deck of the steamship Carola and throw ourselves into the protecting arms of the Hungarians—and yet, methought, this is Syracuse, where culture and eloquence, art and poetry, flourished two thousand years before the Hungarian savages from Asia had pitched their tents on the broad plains which had formed the old Roman province of Pannonia, and to which they were to give the modern name of Hungary.

But we were now out to sea and at a safe distance from the sharks of Syracuse. The modern city sits on what is really an island sitting in the bay, but now connected with the mainland. The city itself as seen from the sea is now very picturesque and looks a huddled mound of shapeless buildings.

MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL CITIES

But the old city of the Greeks occupied the slope above and around the bay, and it is easy enough to believe Cicero, who described it as "the greatest of Greek and the most beautiful of all cities"—maxima Graecarum urbium et omnium pulcherrima. The remains of Grecian splendor still strew the shores in the ruins of temples and theatres and baths. As the ship advances we are pointed out Ghirgenti, and in the evening we drop anchor in the bay outside Catania. What with loading and unloading from the boats that surrounded the steamer sleep was rather unsound, but before dawn we were again in the open sea.

Before evening we came in view of Reggio and the straits of Messina. I had stopped at Messina on the way down by train last Autumn and will speak of its world-old objects of interest at another time. Then I had crossed the straits on a train boat, just in a prosaic modern way as you would at Detroit or at Jersey City before they built the tunnel.

BETWIXT SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

But this was a new experience, to pass up through the historic straits on board a real ship, with Scylla on the one side and the rock that rose over the howling Charybdis on the other. Truly, it is an historic sea, and of all others this portion of it is haunted with the most memories. Our boat had come in view of Messina as the sun went down on the western horizon, flooding the sea with a golden light in which the vast expanse glittered like a burnished shield.

Away to the East, nestling on the slope, lay Reggio, the ancient city which the Greeks founded there when the world was young, and when St. Paul stopped on his way to Rome as a prisoner to appear for trial before Caesar. As we entered the straits "the shades of nigh were falling fast," and gave a more sombor and weired hue to the ruins strewn on either side by the dreadful earthquake of five years ago, and to the newly erected houses of wood and steel that seem so strange and novel and out of place in this southland of brick and stone and marble palaces.

THE STRAITS OF MESSINA.

In the morning the little steamer passed out of Messina and headed up the straits as the rising sun began to dance on the terraces along the western shore. To the East lay San Giovanni, looking new, with its frame buildings and little steel church. But leaving the straits, and deferring to another time a word about the memories they call up, we pass on to where the open sea expands to westward in the freshness of an early morning in May. Not a breath of wind was stirring its placid bosom, upon which the sun rays danced and shimmered and were reflected, as if from a gigantic mirror.

The water heaved with a barely perceptible swell and the vapors lifted gradually as the sun's rays grew in power. High up among the mountains that rise from the shore as we look eastward, hang empurpled mists and beyond and above these again the sunlit summits, reminding one of Goldsmith's simile in describing the parson of his "Deserted Village'—eternal sunshine settles on its head. A man at my shoulder, speaking in Italian, points to a village nestling against a hill not far up from the shore and says, "That is Pizzo, where the Bourbons ordered King Joachim Murat to be shot"—and thereby I thought, hangs a tale and a romance one, too, to be told at another time.

Glorious Resurrection Of The Saints.

Now our little steamer keeps out more to sea and gradually the shore became fainter and more indistinct until it lies like a mist on the horizon. Before evening, however, we come in sight of the hills that are over Salerno, where Robert Guiscard built the renowned cathedral and adorned the city which he had dreamt of making the capital of an eastern empire. He had defeated Henry IV and driven him out of Italy and had afforded refuge at Salerno to Pope St. George VII, who died there in exile from Rome, and whose body rests in its shrine in the great cathedral, awaiting the glorious resurrection of the saints.

Nearer to us, and more distinct, we see Amalfi, "washing her white feet in the tideless summer sea," as our Longfellow has described it at ancient and historic town. The white feet are the beach of white sand glistening in the sun below the town, which is perched like a bird's nest at the base of a mountain rising over it in sheer cliffs like a national fortress. Amalfi and Salerno, what memories they call up!—twin cities and twin celebrities of the middle ages; Salerno, the world's greatest center for medical aid, and Amalfi, for three full centuries the naval center of the whole world.

"Footprints of Imperial Crime."

Soon our boat nears the narrow straits separating the Island of Capri from the headland called Sorrento Point. To the east of this rise two or three barren islands, now called Galli, but made famous forever by ancient Greek literature as the Islands beneath whose caves the sirens sang their treacherous songs. The Island of the Sirens seemed on this day in the distant haze to assume the shape of galleys taking flight for open sea, and one can easily understand how the Greeks imagined they heard the siren voices, for earth and sea and sky seem to meet and make melody more than human.

On our left the precipice of Capri soars against the sky. This island has been made forever notorious by the "footprints of imperial crime." Tiberius retired hither and built himself no less than twelve palaces amongst its rocky cliffs. Seutonieu describes his orgies of crime, but they are not fit to print. On one side of the island a cliff rises perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of one thousand feet.

The "Pastime" Of Tiberius.

From the tops of this cliff were flung the prisoners whom the cruel emperor doomed to die, and to make surety doubly sure, boatmen awaited them below with oars in hand and broke their bones to pieces. This was one of Tiberius' pastimes. I spent some months in Capri last year, and one of the interesting figures on the island today is the American consular agent, a genial character with literary tastes. Every man has a hobby, and the hobby of the United States consular agent at Capri is the defence of Tiberius. He has written a book to prove that the tyrant was not black at all, and his main argument is that he was too old when he came to Capri to be guilty of such crimes and cruelty as have been attributed to him—as if age alone softens the wicked.

The author mixes in another theory with the defence of Tiberius. It is that the world was better then than it is now. Well, it is still pretty bad in some respects. But I think that if any tyrant today tried his hand at the pastime of Tiberius, bad as the world undoubtedly is, it would cry a halt on his pleasure, even if he lived in Portugal and called himself a Republican. Here we realize how Christianity has changed the ideas even of those who refuse to believe in it.

Joyous Children Of The South.

Passing Capri we pass into the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. To the right lies Sorrento, the birthplace of the poet Tasso, and the spot in all Italy chosen by Marion Crawford to live in and to die. In the farthest corner of the bay nestles Castellamare, the ancient Stebia, where Pliny perished on the dreadful night that destroyed Pompeii, and so on along the shore is a string of towns where Grecian arts flourished before Rome became mistress of Italy. We pass up to the "molo," within which our vessel anchors as sun and moon begin to mingle their light—waning and waxing splendors. The boatmen are troublesome, but their lightheartedness and good cheer overcome all opposition, and one is glad to be again in Naples and among these joyous children of the south.

Their heart is, indeed, in the right place, or at least has been there for many centuries and has not yet been entirely dislocated by the sins of the new Italy. Even the English poet, Addington Symonds, with all his Protestant and Northern prejudices, was obliged to say of the people of Sorrento what may be applied to all Neapolitans: "The occupations of the sea and land are blended together on this shore, and the people are both blithe and gentle. It is true that their passions are on the surface, and that the knife is ready to their hand. But the combination of fierceness and softness in them has an infinite charm when one has learned by observation that their lives are laborious and frugal, and that their honesty is hardly less than their vigor. Happy, indeed, are they—so happy that, but for minds accumulated through successive generations by bad government, they might deserve what Shelby wrote of his imaginal island in Epipsyschidion." O.B.M. in N.Y. Freemans Journal.

Get Next To Your Liver.

IF YOU DON'T Something Serious May Happen.

At times everyone is bilious, the Liver becomes overworked, bad bile is accumulated, and enters the blood, and causes a general clogging up of the secretions. When this happens no one can escape Constipation, Jaundice, Headaches, Heartburn, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, and those tired weary feelings which follow the wrong action of the Liver.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS stimulate the sluggish Liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, and clear away all the waste and poisonous matter from the system.

MRS. H. A. MCCLARAN, Rimbey, Alta., writes:—"I have used MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS, and am greatly pleased with the results. I had Indigestion, and such a bitter taste in my mouth after retiring that was so unpleasant I could not sleep well, and also had a deathly sickness sometimes after I had eaten. Two vials of LAXA-LIVER PILLS have cured me."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS are 25 cents per vial or 5 vials for $1.00.

See that you get them when asked for. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Think not so much of what thou hast, but of the things which thou hast select the best, and then reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not. At the same time, however take care that thou dost not through being so pleased with them accustom thyself to over value them, so as to be disturbed if ever thou shouldst not have them.—Marcus Aurelius.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Who are the most wicked people in the world and why?

Pen makers, because they make people steel pens and tell them they do write (right.)

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

Mrs. Jinx has winning ways, hasn't she?

Yes. That is why I never go there to play bridge any more.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

That's just like him, said the widow, wearily, after a flapping curtain had knocked over the urn in which all that was Mortal of her cremated husband had been placed and spread its contents on the floor. Always dropping his ashes everywhere!

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 25c.

Don't you know that romance follows out strict legal procedure?

In what way pray?

When a man has had his fancy arrested by a pretty girl, his case generally ends in court proceedings.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Mrs. Knagg—If I were to die you'd never get another wife like me.

Knagg—It's very kind of you to say that.

If Your Back Hurts You YOUR KIDNEYS ARE RESPONSIBLE.

MR. JOHN BRIGGS, Whitewood, Sask., writes:—"I am sending you this testimonial out of pure gratitude, as I am not a believer in patent medicines, but I got so run down, that I became quite willing to give anything a trial. I paid a visit to our local druggist, and told him I was suffering intense agony with my back. He told me I had kidney trouble, and handed me a box of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, saying it was the best thing he could possibly give me. I tried them, and the effect was certainly marvelous. They are worth $10 a box of anybody's money, and I would not be without a box by me. I certainly owe my present condition to DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS."

DOAN'S PILLS are 50 cents per box, or three boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct from us specify DOAN'S.