

Calendar for June, 1906.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon 61. 5. 12 m. p. m.
 Last Quarter 121. 3. 34 m. p. m.
 New Moon 211. 7. 6 m. p. m.
 First Quarter 291. 10. 19 m. a. m.

Day of Week	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
Rises	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
Sets	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11
High Water	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11	11. 11
Low Water	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
1	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
2	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
3	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
4	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
5	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
6	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
7	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
8	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
9	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
10	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
12	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
13	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
14	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
15	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
16	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
17	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
18	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
19	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
20	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
21	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
22	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
23	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
24	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
25	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
26	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
27	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
28	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
29	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11
30	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11	5. 11

The Wayside Cross.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

A wayside cross at set of day
 Unto my spirit thus did say:
 "O soul, my branching arms you see
 Point four ways to infinity."

"One points to infinite above,
 To show the height of heavenly love.
 "Two point to infinite width, which
 shows
 That heavenly love no limit knows.
 "One points to infinite beneath,
 To show God's love is under death.
 "The four arms join, an emblem
 sweet
 That in God's heart all loves will
 meet."

I thanked the cross, as I turned away,
 For such sweet thoughts in the
 twilight grey.

—Living Church.

The Uses of Adversity.

(From the Messenger.)

II.

The gong had summoned the family to breakfast, and in the sunny morning room the dainty, tempting meal was served and ready for them. Apparently, the only punctual members of the household were the cat and two dogs, which had stalked solemnly into the room at the first sound of the gong and taken up strong positions near the fire, the dogs with ears erect and bodies vibrant with expectation; puss, a great grey Persian, calm and dignified, much too well bred to exhibit her feeling in the vulgar way of her nearest neighbor, the fox terrier, whom she eyed with undignified contempt. The other dog she never pretended to see by any chance; she appeared to ignore him altogether, but she went in desirous of him at all times, for he was an enormous Dane, "like a well grown Alldorney calf," as Kitty would say, and no lover of cats, as everybody knew. But she was the master's cat, and what he called a "one man cat," at that she rose and arched her back and went to meet him as he entered, handsome, debonair, and well groomed. The big dog, however, was first, for he also owed allegiance to none save the master; the fox terrier was a general pet, but he had room in his heart for all, and he was very anxious that all should be made aware of the fact; it was only after Kitty, the latest arrival, had settled herself in her place that he returned to his post of observation on the arm of an easy chair.

"So, you were improving your mind by a lecture on Theology last night, Kitty," said her father smiling, "how did you like it?"

"I thought it utter nonsense from beginning to end," she answered decidedly, "butting her head with a great show of vigor. "I have had all the Theology I shall want for the term of my natural life."

"You found it very stupid then?" "Oh, well, we had a little fun over it, and we went to the new Criterion for supper after the lecture, that was what made me so late."

Fred Campbell was with us and Hector McLeod, and he and Lena Campbell had a great argument about the subject, you know she believes in faith-healing and all that sort of thing; talks learnedly of the "Unseen," was over that there is no "Unseen"—he is a thorough going materialist, if you like—and I certainly prefer his philosophy, if it is rather cold and hard, to Lena's sentimental nonsense."

"Hector McLeod is a clever man," said Mr. Rylands, "I am glad you are not going to let Lena convert you to her views, it would be better for you to sit at Hector's feet and learn wisdom; that, I take it, would be his view of the case, wouldn't it, Kitty?"

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, impairs the 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 advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Hester Roberts, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

The girl blushed and drooped her eyes, and her parents exchanged smiling glances; Kitty had a large crowd of admirers, but Hector McLeod was the only one she seemed to take at all seriously. She was a tall, handsome girl—almost as beautiful as her mother—and with more character in the face, more mind looking out of her fine gray eyes. She was clever and talented, some people thought her a little too clever, as she was inclined to be intolerant of simpler folk; there was a want of sympathy in her manner, a touch of hardness in look and tone, begotten of worldliness; she lived for herself and for her own pleasures; the only being she loved in the whole world was her father and, so far, that love had never had any demand made upon it for service or for sacrifice.

"We want you to come with us this morning, Kitty," said her father, "we are going to look at a house we are thinking of taking on the edge of Craigston Moor."

"Oh, yes, at Leicester," mother was telling me all about it last night; but daddy, dear, you are not ill, really, are you?" Her voice grew tender and full of loving concern.

"What do you think?" he said, smiling. "Do I look ill?"

"No, you look awfully fit; I can't think what made you go and see Dr. Parr, you know what a croaker he is; he tells all his patients that they are dying."

"So they are; they commence the process at birth, but some take a little longer over it than others; you have not told me yet how the prospect of a country life pleases you, perhaps you will be better able to decide when you have seen the place, is that so?"

"I love the country," said Kitty, "and Mother and I will manage to amuse ourselves somehow. Do you know, Dad, I have an idea that Leicester Manor is rather a fine old place. I remember reading quite a long account of it somewhere—in some county chronicle, I think—I forget just what it was that made it interesting—it is supposed to have a ghost!"

"I have not heard anything of a ghost, but I should think it would be quite an ideal place for one; it may be included in the list of 'fixures' I have received from the agent this morning; I will look presently. Now, Mary, if I bring the motor round in an hour will you be ready to start then?"

"Yes, Dick," she said. Beyond the radius of the city the country lay fair and smiling under the spring sunshine.

Among the untarnished green of the hedges the May hung wreaths of fragrant blossoms, and the scent came in sweet breaths on the warm air; birds sang and cuckoos called, and heaven and earth rang out a "sacred cords," their preface to Nature's solemn life, when she brings the new life of the year to the glorious summer of maturity after the deadness of the long winter sleep. Quork, Quork, the harsh sound of a motor horn jarred in among the sweet notes of the song. In a cloud of dust and odor of petrol, Mr. Rylands' sixty-horse-power Mercedes pushed past. A wagoner, in a white smock who had drawn up his team close against the hedge, stopped his whistling and gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the racing, noisy thing as it whizzed by. The horses improved the occasion by snatching a few mouthfuls of fresh green leaves, which they munched with great content, tossing their heads and jangling the little bells on their harness; the man waited until the dust had settled and the unsightly vehicle had toppled off its bumping front over the brow of a hill; then "gee up," he said, and the team set off again to the accompaniment of the wagoner's obsequious whistling. The motor-car pulled up at an old-fashioned inn in a quaint old market town called North Dighton.

"T at was quick work, Mary," said Mr. Rylands, as he helped his wife to light a cigar under an ivy and a half. "We will have lunch here and then go on and inspect the house, it is about two miles in the other way."

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion should continue the treatment in hot weather. Smaller doses and a little cold milk with it will keep away the heat and the objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Scott's Emulsion should continue the treatment in hot weather. Smaller doses and a little cold milk with it will keep away the heat and the objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season. Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. and all druggists.

Leicester was a small village strag-

gling along both sides of the high road. On one side a wooded slope ran right up to the edge of the Moor, on the other the river Lea threaded its way through meadows gay with buttercups and patches and cuckoo flowers—gold lilacs here, white and blue above at the edge of the wood, where the bluebells and anemones held the field. There was a small church standing apart, on the edge of the wood, an old church with a Norman tower standing four squares to the elements, gray and weather beaten. The Viceroy flanked it and formed the further boundary of the village. Most of the houses faced the road, from which they were separated by gardens of various sizes and designs—gardens gay now with spring flowers, which showed their bright faces through the wooden rails guarding them from wayfarers dogs or from the attentions of predatory hens. The Manor house was almost the first house in the village, and a high stone wall abutted off from the road; the entrance was through a heavy oak door of Gothic design, over which was an old coat of arms carved in stone—a stock with a shield in one foot. The house, a low rambling building, with gables and latticed windows, and a curious old tower, looked across the river; and at the end of a fine lawn intersected with flowerbeds of quaint device, the water rushed noisily through a primitive weir formed of great mossy stones partially displaced, making a white foamy waterfall fall across the brown water.

"What a strange old house," said Mrs. Rylands, as she surveyed it from a stone seat on the lawn, "the sort of place you see in pictures, but rarely in real life; what is that tower for?"

"For architectural effect," I should say," said her husband, laughing. "Some irresponsible builder giving his fancy rein, time and material were of less value in his days than in ours, I expect."

"It looks as if it might have a history," said Kitty, "let us go in and explore." She moved toward the house, but her mother still still, gazing dreamily over the river at the sunlit meadows beyond.

"So this is the land, Dick?" she said presently.

"Yes, dearest, do you think you can possibly exist here?"

"Of course, Dick; it is a charming old place, I shall like it very much." Mentally she was summing up the whole situation thus: Six miles from the town, five from the station, and two from the post-office; dull in summer, depressing in the winter, and damp at all times. The house was very roomy, but rather tortuous in its arrangement, full of odd passages and queerly shaped rooms on different levels.

"Mind the steps, Mother," said Kitty, as they joined her in the drawing-room, "there are three of them; this is a lovely room and the view is quite enchanting. And do you know, Dad, the tower has a history after all, there is a secret room in it where they used to hide priests and papists and dreadful people like these long ago."

"Dreadful people?" Her father smiled. "Well, anyway, they were accounted dreadful in those stirring times"—and this is the story the old man here has been telling us: "A priest had been seen leaving a house in North Dighton, so some soldiers were sent out to catch him. He was making his way to this house by a circuitous route, but they tracked him to the wood, and as he crossed the road, by the entrance, they saw him and rushed after him into the house and up the stairs, where the owner, who had been looking out for him, was just secreted in the hiding place—he was feeling for the spring to close the sliding door, when a soldier rushed in, sword in hand, and struck off the man's hand before he could carry out his intention. So the priest was taken and hung, and the poor man died in prison—he was charged with harboring the priest in his house—but the hand which had been cut off was kicked by a soldier into the secret room and there it lay for years and years, for nobody would remove it, and in time, it came to be said all round the country that if anybody did remove it great misfortunes would befall him."

"But it is not there now, surely," said Mrs. Rylands, "how very horrid."

"No, several owners of the Manor had it removed at different times, but they always had it put back again because it seems that dreadful things happened to them; once the river rose in a single night and drowned all the cattle and sheep; some lost their money and some got the plague. At last one man buried it and went abroad and was never heard of again, so I suppose it is all right now."

"It is to be hoped so, Kitty," said her father, "and who has been telling you all this?"

"The old man who let us in, he has been the caretaker here for some time; he and his wife live in the gardener's cottage; they want to show us the kitchen now and the back regions generally—shall we go and see them?"

The kitchen was more like the dining-hall of some old baronial stronghold than a place in which to do cooking. "Look at those great oak beams," said Mr. Rylands as

they entered, "and all that fine carving over the fireplace."

"Yes, and look at the grate!" Mrs. Rylands' voice was quite tragic. "We shall want a new cooking range—make a note of that, Dick, for no cook could use that great open thing."

"It's a very good grate when you're used to it," said the old woman, opening the oven door and showing its ample capacity; "bakes bread lovely, it do, though I will say it burns a deal of coal."

"I daresay," said Mrs. Rylands, absently, sitting down on a settee by the fireplace, with carved lions for arms; Mr. Rylands had gone with Kitty to see the stables, the old man leading the way. "And coals is a shockin' price," the woman went on.

"Yes, so they are," said Mrs. Rylands, "and now, about this story of the hand in the secret room, what happened after it was really disposed of?"

"Eh, there Mum, now, you must ask my old man," said the woman, "far as I know more nor me about them old tales. You see, he's a native of Leicester, an' all his folks belong here; whereas I'm a furrier, I be; I'm born over Stokesay, Alton way, close on ten miles from here."

"But you will have heard the story many times, the hand was buried at last, was it not?"

"Yes, yes; so it was, sure enough, old Godfrey Enderby buried it, and a bad man he was, as I've heard tell. He had to bury it himself, too, for nobody would touch it for love or money."

"Why was that?"

"Because it would bring misfortune, so they said; and so it did to Enderby himself—he went out of his senses, so they say, and folks got terrified of him; his servants all left him after a bit, so he shut up the house and went abroad, but one night he disappeared; it was thought he jumped over the cliff into the sea, but his body was never found. Then his son had the place—he had only one son—and he died soon afterwards; that was a long while ago, Mum, but they do say that if any man becomes the owner of the Manor he dies within a twelvemonth. Anyway, it is really allus a woman as owns this property, at least so I've always heard tell; but I'm not one of 'em as holds all them old tales; there's a deal of nonsense talked I allus thinks."

"And a woman owned it now?" asked Mrs. Rylands.

"Yes, a Mrs. Milbank, but she has never been here."

"But I suppose this cheerful tradition does not affect tenants in any way?"

"What be that, Mum, if you please?" "I mean—tenants live here quite comfortably, the buried hand does not affect them in any way."

"Low no, Mum, it allus lets well does the Manor, although it has been empty now a year or more—it is a pretty place an' there's good fishin' and good huntin', and no better air anywhere."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Rylands as she rose to go, adding to herself mentally: "It seems to me to be rather a weird place altogether, but I suppose it is all right so long as Dick is not the owner—he is only taking it on a short lease of three years, and by that time I expect we shall all have had quite enough of it and be glad to leave." In a few days the Manor was in the hands of workmen; plumbers, carpenters, painters and gardeners worked their will on it, both within and without, and wrought great improvements, from a modern point of view, in comfort and sanitation. It was soon ready for occupation, and after a busy time Mrs. Rylands saw all her household goods safely removed to the new home. At length all was in order, the last picture had been hung, the last armchair wheeled to its particular angle, and in the quiet of a summer afternoon she went out on to the lawn and looked round her new domain and considered it at leisure. That was the first day it was really free from workmen, and the place seemed strangely still after the bustle of removing and after the hum and noise of the city she had just left. The silence was a little bit, it seemed to her as if Nature had said "hush," and all things had obeyed her. Then little by little she became aware that this silence was full of sound, unfamiliar sound, which by degrees penetrated her senses and compelled her to take note. There was the hum of insects among the flowers; the rustle and murmur of the leaves as the light wind passed them by.

(To be continued.)

If you want anything at any time, and cannot come yourself; just drop us a postal, and we shall be pleased to send you samples and give you any information of any line of goods offered in a first class store like ours. Stanley Bros.

Curtains, and curtain materials is one of the best departments in the store—we have positively the largest and most up-to-date stock ever shown here. Stanley Bros.

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N. S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with rheumatism, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

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MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costed Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N. B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I want to complain of the flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newell, severely. "The grocer inquired what was the matter with it."

"It was tough," replied the housekeeper. "My husband simply could not eat the biscuits I made with it."

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

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

"Do you call this a band of picket musicians?" said the hotel manager to the leader of a summer band.

"Ach! dot vos so. I pick 'em minevelle," replied the bandmaster. "Well then you picked them before they were ripe."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly, ALFRED KOCHAV, Proprietor Roston Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

Fellow-Passenger.—Pardon me; your necktie has been sticking out for some time. I refrained from telling you sooner because those young ladies seemed so much amused.

Farmer.—Thankee; an' the oil from that lamp has been droppin' on that light overcoat o' yours for the last ten minutes, but every one seemed so tickled that I hated to spoil the fun.

Overcoatings in Vicunas, Rainproof and Fancy Worsteds.

We can guarantee satisfaction in the cutting, fitting and making up of our Clothing.

We invite you to call and examine the stock, and believe we will be able to suit you.

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Queen Street, Charlottetown.

Why do bears sleep through the winter?" asked the boy who is studying natural history.

"Because," answered his father "the President does not go hunting then. They've got to sleep some time."—Washington Times.