Calendar for June, 1905.

Moon's PHASES. New Moon 2d., 11h., 57m. p. m. First Quarter 10d., 7h., 5m. a m. Full Moon 16d., 11h., 52m. p. m Last Onarter 24d., 1h., 46m. s. m.

D of M	Bay of Week	Sun Rises		RESERVED TO THE	High Water	Low Water
1		D.m.	h. me	b. m.		h.m.
2	Thur.	4 32	7 55	3 53	8 48	9 44
3	Frid.	4 32	7 56	sets	9 20	10 25
4	Sat.	4 31	7 57	8 09	9 51	10 05
5	Sun.	4 31	7 58	9 05	10 24	11 46
6	McD.	4 30	7 58	9 55	10 59	******
7	Tues.	4 30	7 59	10 42	0 29	11 38
8	Wed.	4 30	8 00	11 2	1 14	12 23
9	Thur.	4 29	8 00	11 59	2 02	1 16
0	Frid.	4 29	8 01	a.m.	2 55	2 19
11	Sat.	4 29	8 01	0 34	3 52	3 32
12	Sun.	4 28	8 02	1 06	4 52	5 04
13	Mon	4 28	8 02	1 38	5 51	6 26
14	Tues.	4 28	8 03	2 11	6 46	7 36
15	Wed.	4 28	8 03	2 47	7 37	8 37
16	Thur.	4 28	8 04	3 27	8 23	9 32
17	Frid.	4 28	8 04	rises	9 05	10 24
18	Sat.	4 28	8 05	8 19		11 11
19	Sun.	4 28	8 05	9 12	10 24	11 55
20	Men.	4 28	8 05	9 57	11 03	*****
21	Tues.	4 29		10 36	0 38	11 48
22	Wed.	4 29		11 10	1 20	12 3
23	Thur.	4 28		11 40	2 01	1 21
24	Frid		8 06	a.m.	2 43	2 16
25	Sat.	4 30		0 06		3 19
26	Sun.	4 30		0 32	4 10	4 24
27	Mon.		8 07	0 59	4 56	5 31
28	Tues.	4 31		1 25		6 40
2 9	Wed.	4 31			6 37	7 4
30	Thur.		8 06		7 24	8 46
31	Frid.	4 32	8 06	3 04	8 07	9 28

The Sheep Fold.

Beside the sagging fence it stands. A lone, gray thing the hollows

Wind bitten in the windy lands; And vet a fold.

The sky is like a crocus flower; The shepherd calls his wandering sheep.

And thither brings them in that hour Ere folk do sleep.

So gentle with each little one, So careful is he with the old; Tuey all shall rest at set of sun Safe in the fold.

What better, than by country wall, A roofed space the hollows

Where I may come at end of all. Like any sheep? Let me of men be clean forgot;

The Lord in heaven waxes not orld: He is my Shepherd: I shall not Fail of the fold,

The Ups and Downs Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN. (From the Ave Maria.)

(Continued.)

V .- A BEAR STORY.

"We must, Susan dear-we must if we starve for weeks afterward." Miss Martha had answered, with a faint flush of her pale, thin cheek. "Let us do everything as usualeverything as it has been done for more than a hundred years. It may be for the last time, I know,"-and the gentle voice trembled; "but let us have all things as they were in our mother's time, in our grandmother's-in all the dear, blessed

So Miss Susan had baked and boilnute and apple pies.

Miss Martha in the meanwhile her. had laid aside all other work, and busied herself with more beautiful young lady of the house, as simple preparations; and Marjorie Mayne, Marjorie stood quite dazed by the tiptoe with delight and excitement, splendors of the open drawing room, had been her eager little handmaid. with its mirrors and draperies and Only Marjorie had seen the tears pictures. "I've got a cold and can't dropping from the dim eyes as Miss stay down here. Mamma and Ma-Martha unlocked the big chest in the rian are out, so you can talk to me." attic, and drew out the yellowing "It's only a note from Miss Ta!lace and linen and hand-embroidered bot," said the little visitor, hastily. vestments, and the chalice that had "She wants you all to come to the been pressed to the lips of a martyred Mass at Manor Hill next Sunday. Talbot in a far-off past.

"For the last Mass!" the trembling lips whispered again and again, and only wondering little Marjorie caught the sounds-" the last Mass at Manor Hill! I wish we had some spoke aloud to her little belper. "My mother always had rows of lilies in bloom. But all my house plants were touched by the frost. And now, dear, you must take these notes to our neighbors-the Croftons, Hills and Lacys. You know the three houses straight down the road. Say that we shall have Mass at Manor Hill on Sunday, and we hope all will come as usual. Keep to the open road, child, and don't loiter, for you must be bome before dark."

And, donning hat, jacket, and red mittens, Marjorie started out, blithely calling to her playmate as she went:

"Rex, Rex!"

"Rex done gone, little Missy,' said old Jeb, shuffling out from the barn whereihe was mending a broken plough, "Marse Bert cum 'long bout an hour ago and whistled him for a race to the mill.

And Marjorie was forced to take her trip alone down the road that wound past the old homes whose owners had been neighbors and friends of the Talbots for more than a handred years. Everyone had a kind word for the little messenger. Old Mrs. Lacy brought her into the

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofulaas ugly as ever since time immemorial It causes bunches 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 con-

"Two of my children had scrofuls 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 scrot-ola since." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

kitchen, where she was baking cook ies, and filled her hands and pockets with the crisp hot cakes that only grandmothers can make; while Miss Betty Crofton brought out gingerbread and milk, as she plied the little visitor with anxious questions about Manor Hill: for bad weather and bad roads had kept these lifetime friends apart all winter. "Oh, it's going to be beautiful,"

said Marjorie-" almost like a real church! And Mis Martha is going to play on the little organ, just like Sister Scraphina does at St. Vincent's. And she wants everybody to come, because it may be the last Mass at Manor Hill." "I'm afraid it will," said Miss

Betty, shaking her head sadly. 'They can't keep up much longer with that old skinflint Ass Greene holding the mortgage, and Judge Rowe urging to give up, and Martha in poor health as she is. Well, we will all come, child-of course we'll come and see the last of it," concluded Miss Betty, with a sheerful

So Marjorie kept on her way wisely and well, as a little maid should, until she reached Hillcreet, where only Eveleen was at home. her mamma and sisters being off on a visit to grandmamma. Eveleen was just Marjorie's age, and for more than a fortnight had been shut up with a bad cold from all outdoor amusements.

With the bright sunbeams frolicking in the lawn, and the birds chirping in the box hedges of the garden, the strain was really becoming too much for Eveleen. She had exhausted all ber Christmas toys and games; and, with her little freckled nose flattened on the window-pane, had been drearily looking out into the bright, free world for an hour or more, when she spied Marjorie coming up the garden path-Marjorie with her red-brown curls flying in the breeze, and her eyes dancing merrily, a very spirit of life and mis-

"It's the little girl from Talbot's with a letter !" called Eveleen to her old nurse Rhody, who was stiff and lame. "I'll go get it," she said, bounding downstairs.

And Marjorie was welcomed as a delightful break in the long, tiresome "Come in and rest," said Eveleen,

bospitably. "You have had such a ong walk!" The big open door showed an inviting vista within. Hillorest was the finest place in the country; and

Eveleen, whom Marjorie had seen sometimes driving by Manor Hill ed in the kitchen until the pantry wrapped in velvet and furs, was the shelves fairly brimmed over with first little girl she had met since good things-home-cured hams and New Year's. She was the "spiledhome-raised chickens and homemade est chile in all creation," according sausage ; loaves of white bread and to old Nance, who had once been her brown bread and gingerbread, dough- nurse; and Marjorie scarcely expected such cordial consideration from

Oh, isn't this a beautiful house?" ontinued Marjorie, with a longdrawn breath of admiration. "Pictures everywhere, and pink roses all over the carpet, and-my goodness!" the little speaker recoiled before a flowers, Marjorie," Miss Martha full-length mirror, at sight of the small figure that confronted her

therein. "Why, that's me!" "Yes," replied Eveleen, staring. Did you never see yourself be-

"Never-big like that," said Marrie, laughing at the rosy image that faced her. "Such a head!" My! I look fanny, don't I?"

"Yer," said Eveleen. "You ought to make Miss Talbot buy you a new hat I wouldn't wear that old thing for anybody "I've got three fathers in mine, and a velvet coat trimmed with fur."

"I know," said Mariorie, "I've een you often driving by Manor Hill, and you looked fine."

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strength use Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter. Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, soc. and \$1.00; all druggists.

"And I got lots of things Christmas," Miss Evelcen went on, nature ally pleased at so appreciative a listoner; "a pearl pin and a watch and a new muff, and a globe of gold

"Gold fish !" echoed the other girl, prepared for any sort of glitter. ing possessions in this boastful young lady. "Are they alive?"

"Alive? Of course! What queer girl you are! Come up and I'll show them to you." And Marjorie followed her bostess

up the broad, polished stairs to a room that, to the simple little orphan of St. Vincent's, was a very dream of wonder and delight. The big, broad windows were draped in silk and lace; the soft rugs were of for spotless as snow; the tiny toilettable glittered with gold and silver and crystal things that Marjorie could not even name; while all around, on table and shelf and bookcase, were the treasures that love and weslth shower on the young livethey strive to bless - books and games and costly toys; the gold fish darting bither and thither in their crystal prison; a yellow canary sing | wildly. ing in his gilded cage; a white poodle curled up in a satin lined basket; a French doll that could fiercely. walk, stiffly, around the room, in a

pleasure and pride in Marjorie's honest bewilderment and delight. "Ob, it's like a fairy tale !" said Marjorie, who had quite forgotten Manor Hill and the message and Miss Martha-everything, in this enchanted palace. "It's just as

trailing gown of pink satin, waving

a feathered fan. And "spiled" little

good as being a fairy queen." "Yes," said Ereleen, quite charmed at such homage. "I can have everything I want - everything ! Come into the conservatory now," she added, as she led her visitor down room, where Marjorie stood abso lutely speechless for a moment with ing, and vines trailing over trellie and wall. Here-the thought struck Marjorie in the midst of her bewildered delight-here were flowersflowers in plenty for the altar at beautiful for the last Mass at Manor

Marjorie found courage and voice. "Ob, can I have some?" she asked appealingly of the queen who claimed all this as her own. "Can I have some of these beautiful flow ers to take home with me? Miss Martha is so sorry because we have none for our altar for the last Mass at Manor Hill!"

Could she have flowers-flowers ! such a request. Flowers, that even don't, please! Oh, I didn't know it Only yesterday mamma had scolded deed." her for picking a single rose-for, and stately mamma was the queen hind a screen sf vines.

of Hillcrest. But it was hard to lay down the sceptre she had been flourishing so

grey eyes. further bidding, she plunged into the and Eveleen, who was making a big fragrant depths around, and began to bluff in your absence, told her to take pluck bud and blossom with reck- all she wanted." less band.

Oh, how beautiful they werehow beautiful! Red roses and white,

Forty Hours'. broke off the feathery palms and to speak out. So stop all this fuss ferns, stripping the riphest and and let this poor little midget go." rarest exotics of their brightest

She had just climbed up on a green bench to a blossom-laden orange this poor little "Beauty" almost topple down.

"Ye murdherin' little thafe of the warrold, what is it ye're doin at all ?" And an awful-looking old man sprang out upon her-an old man boots at the prices we sell at,

VII. A FRIEND IN NEED. Jerry, Jerry !" called a softer voice ; fragrant heap, and stood blank and and Co.

breathless, Mrs. Hill, wrapped in fors appeared at the conservatory door. "Great Heavens!" gasped the lady. What-what dose this mean?"

"It means I'll have the harrut out of this little divil!" cried the old gardener, furiously. "Sure I only urned around for a minute to prune the plum-tree, and whin I got back ma'ma, I found this murdberin' thavin' ruin here! The azaleas, the lilies,ochone! luk at the wurruk she's done! dure killin' is too good for her ma'ma !"

" My flowers, my beautiful flowers !" cried the mistress of Hillcrest, hysteri cally. "She has ruined them all, all,-my roses, my rhododendrons, my ferns ! You little wretch !"

"Oh, they were for the altar, for the altar!" replied Marjorie, in be wildered terror.

" For the altar, ye little divil !" roared Jerry, wrathfully. Did ever one hear the loikes of the lies! For the altar, ye mudherin' young reprobate! "She told me I could have them-

"Who towld ye, ye thate of the wurruld?" asked the old man

she told me!" sobbed Marjorie

"The little girl-Eveleen. "O mamma," exclaimed Miss Marian Hill, at her mothers side, Eveleen would not touch a flower

Eveloen, who had grown tired of all these wonderful things, found a new know !" "Go call her-ask her," said the lady, excitedly.

"She is lying down with a dreadful beadache, mamma," said Miss Marian, reappearing. "She says Miss Talbot's little orphan girl came here and gave her a note at the door and that is all she knows."

"Oh, what a story,-what a big awful story I" cried Marjorie, with wide-open eyes.

"Hush !" said Mrs. Hill, angrilyyou wretched little beggar, hush the stairs into a great, crystal-domed Do you mean to tell me my daughter

"Yes, ma'ma, I do,-I do! wonder and admiration; for here Marjorie lifted her hand and spoke was Fairyland indeed; here was with flashing eyes. "If she says she summer in all her beauty; here didn't bring me in here and tell me were palms waving and roses bloom I could have flowers, she dose tell lies, ma'ma."

"Land! the sassiness of the little wretch !" said the housemaid who had come to hear the fusss.

"Lock the little beggar up !" cried Manor Hill! And Miss Martha Mrs. Hill, white with rage, "Lock wanted them so much-kind Miss her up, Jerry, until Mr. Hill comes Marths, who was so sad, and cried home. Some one shall pay for this so often when no one but Marjorie Those two foolish old maids shall not saw her, and who wanted all thingt let such a wicket tittle creature as this run loose in the country. She is dan gerous, positively dangerous."

> "It's in the Reform she ought to be this minute," interposed the cook, who had joined the crowd. "Off with ye!" said old Jerry

catching Marjorie rudely by the arm. 'I'll kape her safe enough ma'am, till the masther comes home, and it's the juil or workhouse she'll get thin.' "Oh, no, no, no!" cried Mariorie

Miss Eveleen was fairly struck dumb bursting into wild, terrified tears. for an instant by the effrontery of "Don't send me to jail-don't, don't, Eveleen herself, "spiled" child that was any harm! She lold me to take he was, was not allowed to touch! the flowers-Eveleen told me, in-

"Aye, I'll swear to that !" said een was only a very small princess, about sixteen suddenly rose from be

" Dick !" exclaimed Mrs.

Marian, in amazement-"Yes. I stole off from Mr. Brace proudly before Marjorie; hard to this afternoon to go fishing, mother; confess she could not give even a and was down there in Jerry's potting rosebud from this fairy realm. What bed digging worms," confessed Dick fuss there would be if - if - a "Heard the whole business. Thought naughty gleam flashed into Eveleen's I'd lie down and see if things wouldn't blow over; but it's up to me now to "Take all you, want," she ans- bear witness for this poor little kid wered, burriedly-" all you want." She is telling the simple truth. She "Ob, how nice you are!" ex. said she would like to have some claimed Marjerie; and, needing no flowers for the altar at Manor Hill:

"Eveleen!" exclaimed his mother

" O Dick." " Its time your eyes were opened to white, and long rows of the spotless that young lady's tricks," said Dick. lilies Miss Martha had longed for ; " Fibbing is an old game of hers as I and great, golden-hearted scarlet know; but she has been such a poor blossoms that Marjorie could not puny little thing always, that I never came; and trees of soft, feathery peached on her before. But I could green towering over all. Nothing not stand back torday even for my could be too beautiful or sweet for own sister. She lied, mother-God's altar, as Sister Seraphina had tricked and lied; that's the begeinning always said, when she stripped the and end of it. I suppose I ought to white rosebushes in St. Vincent's have struck in sooner but I was on little garden of every bud for the the sneak myself for a fish in the creek, and didn't want any one to "Oh, how beautiful Manor Hill know. Father threatened to cut off altar will look, and how pleased Miss my pocket-money the next time I Martha will be !" thought Marjorie, stole off from old Brace; and I knew as, unconscious in her delight that Eveleen would report promptly to naughty Eveleen had slipped off and headquarters if I meddled with her left her alone, she snapped the long- little game. So I was glad enough stemmed lilies one after another, to keep quiet until-until I just had

"After murdherin every flower in the hothouse !" groaned Jerry. "Arrab lok at them, Mr. Dick darlint-luk at the lilies and the azaleas and the tree, when a voice, thunderous as whole of them that we were nursin' the "Beasts" in the fairy tale, made for Easter! Och, wurra, wurra but this is the black day's wurruk !"

> (To be continued.) You cannot always buy

with bristling red hair and fiery The reason is our expenses are small and we give the people the benefit of the saving. Come to us for your and as Marjorie dropped her flower in a next pair. - J. B. McDonald ... POR ...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery Stomach Cramps March 29, 1905. and all

Summer Complaints

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have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawber for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it i

constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

MISCELLANEOUS

The following story is told by a iographer concerning Father Healy, probably the cleverest Irish wit of modern times.

The priest was once visiting a prominent newly rich neighbor, who took him to see his gorgeous and

seldom used library. "There," said the vulgarian, pointing to a table covered with books,

there are my best friends.' "Ah," replied the priest, with a quick sidelong glance at the virginal eaves, "I'm glad you don't cut

At the Yarmouth Y. M.C. A Boy's Camp, held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LIN-IMENT most beneficial for sun burn an immediate relief for colic and

ALFRED STOKES. General Secretary

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"No. I think you need weaker glasses-and fewer!" was the blunt

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> favor?" asked the young man in the ready-made garments. "Well," replied the critical young woman, as she glanced at his apparel, 'it isn't a suit that I would select

Old People's Conghs.

Every winter many old people are coubled with a nasty coug, which affects them all season. Let them take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syruy and be rid of the cough this

Archie was on his first sea voyage. Pale, limp and ready to die, he lay groaning in his bunk.

"Charlie," he said, feebly, after a paroxysm of unusual violence had spent itself and he had become comparatively calm, "a fellow ought to be doosid thankful he isn't a camel

" Why?" asked Charlie. "Because a camel-waubh !-has got seven stamachs, don't y' know.

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