Calendar for June, 1907.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter 3d. 1h. 20m a. m.
New Moon 10d. 7h. 50m. p. m.
First Quarter 18d. 10h. 50m. p. m.
Full moon 25d. 5h. 27m. p. m.

D of M	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Sets.	High Wat'r a. m.	High Wat'r p m
		h. m	h. m.	h. m	h. m	h. m.
1	Sat	4 33	7 54	0 02	2 54	13 53
2	Sun	4 33	7 55	0 40	3 46	14 51
3	Mon	4 32	7 56	1 12	4 39	16 52
4	Tue	4 32	7 57	1 41	5 34	17 23
5	Wed	4 31	7 58	2 05	6 27	18 45
6	Thu	4 31	7 58	2 31	7 15	19 56
7	Fri	4 30	7 59	2 56	8 00	10 57
8	Sat	4 30	7 59	3 23	8 45	21 53
9	Sun	4 29	8 00	3 51	9 31	23 42
10	Mon	4 29	8 00	s t	10 10	23 25
11	Tue	4 29	8 01	8 35	10 44	.....
12	Wed	4 29	8 02	9 25	0 05	11 17
13	Thu	4 29	8 03	10 10	0 45	11 46
14	Fri	4 29	8 03	10 49	1 23	12 17
15	Sat	4 29	8 04	11 23	2 01	12 52
16	Sun	4 28	8 04	11 54	2 40	13 32
17	Mon	4 28	8 05	a. m	3 21	14 21
18	Tue	4 28	8 05	0 22	4 04	15 17
19	Wed	4 28	8 05	0 49	4 50	16 32
20	Thu	4 29	8 05	1 15	5 38	17 59
21	Fri	4 29	8 06	1 49	6 31	19 15
22	Sat	4 29	8 06	2 11	7 23	20 19
23	Sun	4 30	8 06	2 44	8 09	21 23
24	Mon	4 30	8 07	3 24	8 53	22 22
25	Tue	4 30	8 07	rises	9 38	22 15
26	Wed	4 31	8 07	9 00	10 23	.....
27	Thu	4 31	8 07	9 54	0 09	11 13
28	Fri	4 32	8 07	10 38	0 58	12 03
29	Sat	4 32	8 07	11 13	1 45	12 55
30	Sun	4 32	8 07	11 45	2 31	13 52

To the Dyspeptic.

My frand, you would like I should tal
w'at I think;
you weesh me advisin' you, too?
Wal, den, eet ees justa da food an'
da dreenk;
Dat's all dat's da matter weeth you!
O! Merican man, you are maka meestak'
For eata so moocha da meat,
W'at for you no learn, for your stomacha sak',
W'at theengs ees da besta for eat?
You lika roas' beef an, you lika da pie,
An' den you weell growl an' you wondra for why
Sooch pain een da stomach you gat.
You evva see Dagoman seeck from hees food?
I bat you fi-dolla, not mooch!
Baycause for hees eatin' he findna more good
Een fruit an' da salad an' sooch.
Da vegetabals dat ees grow een da spreeng
Ees vera bes' food you can gat,
So how you gon' 'scusa dees fooleesha theeng'
You do to Giuseppe Baratti?
Giuseppe—Giuseppe da barber, you know—
He tal me you com' een hees place,
An', while he ees shave you, you growl at heem so
An' maka sooch frown weeth your face,
Baycause he no lika da same kinda food
Dat mak' a man cranky like you.
You tal heem da stuff dat he eat ees no good;
He tal me you swear at heem, too—
Eh? Yes, dees young onion dat grow een da spreeng,
So tender, so juicy, so sweet!
You theenk ees no right he should eat soocha theeng?
Dat's vera bes' food you can eat!
You would not be crank eef you theenk like I theenk;
You gona be happier, too.
You no ondrastan' da good food an' good dreenk;
Dat's all dat's da matter weeth you.

D A. Daly.

Luck and Pluck.

The opportunity and the courage—or wit—to grasp it go together so often with those who have commanded success in any calling that it has become trite to say that luck means pluck and pluck means luck. The admirable illustration of pluck "fighting with the hilt when the blade is broken" explains, too, why the plucky deserve and command luck.

Here's a story of quick-witted pluck and luck. A certain French surgeon had so much more thought for his patient than for his own safety on one occasion that he resorted to an expedient which, although efficacious, might have resulted in his own death.

He had been commissioned to bleed the Grand Seignior, and either through timidity or nervousness, had met with an awkward accident. The point of the lancet broke off in the vein, and the blood would not flow.

That point must be got out somehow. Without stopping to consider the consequences to himself, the surgeon gave his Highness a violent slap in the face. This produced the desired effect, for surprise and indignation on the part of his august patient put the blood into violent circulation. The vein bled freely and the lancet point came out.

The bystanders were about to lay hands on the surgeon, when he said: "First let me finish the operation and bandage the wound." This done, he threw himself at the feet of the Sultan and explained his action.

The Sultan not only pardoned him but gave him a handsome reward for keeping his wits about him in a critical moment.

"Travellers luck" is the luck of pluck always. In "The Balkans From Within" Reginald Wyon describes a perilous excursion:

"I know of no spot more beautiful than that which we must pass this morning. But our path is no ordinary one. This journey can be done only on foot. "Go carefully!" exclaims Padre Giulo, as I came slipping and sliding after him. "Look!" and seizing me firmly by the hand, he bids me look beneath me. We are on the brink of a precipice, the sight of which makes my blood run cold, suddenly and abruptly does it sink from the curtain of bushes before us.

Very carefully we proceed, sliding on the slippery grass and clutching at the bushes. No need to adjure me to caution after that terrible glance into the ravine.

The forest breaks off suddenly, and brings us face to face with the source of the Cierna. Out of the living rock a steaming depth. A little higher a streak of silver comes down the precipitous mountain. Shelves of pine-clad rock rise in ridges, until the final rush of creamy water plunges into the barrier of native cliffs cuts into the blue sky in a wild, ragged outline.

It is romantic and savage enough to characterize its mission as boundary between two nations who have lived in blood feud with one another for more than five centuries.

For some hundred feet we descend steeply, and the gorge surrounds us like the walls of a prison. A thread, scarcely more than a foot wide, skirts the bear rock and disappears round the bend of a cliff, the summit of which overhangs the base. At least we can walk upright. This is no place to contemplate the roaring cascade. The corner is passed, the cliff has receded somewhat from our path, which is, however, still upon a steeply slanting angle.

"It was here that a woman fell last year," explains the padre, and scarcely have the words left his lips when we round a bend and find an old woman and two young girls staggering under huge loads of wood. They are standing helplessly, and as we come up to them the woman and a girl lie down on the upper side of the path to let us pass, and we see the second girl in a terrible predicament.

Her foot has slipped over the lower side, and she is balancing between life and death. The load upon her back is too heavy to permit her to rise, and the loose earth on the shelving bank allows no foothold.

A grasp of a hand and she is up safely once more on the path, smiling gaily, as if it were a most common accident.

A fowler of the seacoast may be in little danger of losing his life while walking the cliffs, for he is sure footed, iron-nerved, hardy and resourceful; but it must be a creepy business to watch, as it surely is to read about. To see a man walk backward over the top of a cliff between three and four hundred feet above the waves breaking at its base; to see him go steadily down, saved from falling, as it seems, by a mere thread; to see hundreds of birds circling about his head, filling the air with their discordant cries, while he swings to and fro like a pendulum—to see this must send a thrill up the spine.

Yet nowadays such climbing is carried on systematically, and, according to a writer in Chums, with every precaution suggested by the lessons of the past. Each party consists of four men, who begin operations by driving an iron crowbar into the top of the cliff. To this is fastened what is called the guide-rope, the end of which hangs loosely down the cliff, and is used by the climber for controlling his movements, signalling and so on. Then the man who is to descend, wearing something like a sling round his waist and thighs, to which is securely attached the end of another rope, walks backward over the cliff and down its face.

His body is inclined outward, and its weight is mostly borne by the rope, which he holds by both hands. The other end of the rope is under the control of a companion, who sits on the top, his feet firmly planted in holes. The rope is passed round his waist, which is protected by a strong leather belt, and he gradually pays it out, bearing the weight of the climber upon his loins.

Down the gleaner goes, sometimes for seventy or eighty yards, or even a greater distance. Then, if he is an expert, he works himself to the right or the left. This is a precaution of the first importance, for a stone dislodged above by the rope will, by the law of gravitation, fall in a straight line; and if the climber should be there to intercept it, he runs some risk of having his skull cracked.

However, such accidents as take place in egg-gathering are alarming rather than tragic. They rarely do more than cause anxiety. As an instance, a happening which occurred last season on the north seacoast of Scotland will do as well as any.

One day, after a climber had been over the cliff for some time the man on the top could not "feel" him; his weight was not perceptible. This circumstance made his companions apprehensive that an accident had befallen him, and when the minutes sped on and no signal came from below, they became very uneasy. So at last they tried to pull up the rope, only, however, to fail; they could not get it in.

On this, one of the party went along the top till he could command a view of the face. Much to his relief, he saw the climber sitting on the ledge, calmly smoking his pipe.

What had taken place? Simply this: The rope had slipped into a crack. This being so, the gatherer had climbed up the guide-rope and settled down as comfortably as possible till his companion should discover the position of affairs.

Quite as cool was the behaviour of a placid German tourist who was the "victim" of what a writer in Outing describes as a curious accident illustrating the consequences of carelessness. We were following downward behind a party composed of two guides and a stout German climber, who objected to having the rope tied about his waist. At one point we were dismayed to see the amateur vanish through the apparently level surface of the snow, leaving the empty loop of the rope dangling down the hole.

We rushed to the edge of the crevasse, and a glance down into its black, icy depths showed the serious nature of the accident. The crevasse was fully two hundred feet deep, and our ropes were of no use for a rescue; besides, as no answer came to our calls, we decided that the unfortunate climber had paid a penalty of his foolishness.

Some of us ran down to the Grands-Mulets and brought up a number of guides, carrying a long, strong rope and the wherewithal to carry the body down to the valley.

We lowered the guide into the depths of the glacier, and judge of our surprise when we heard voices far below. Our wonder was still further increased when the guide came up and said that the stout German was sitting at the bottom of the crevasse smoking a pipe. Luckily, he had fallen on a bed of soft snow, and his only serious damage was a broken leg.

He absolutely refused to be pulled up until a bargain had been struck as to the cost of the rescue.

Here's a case in which education stood for good luck. As narrated in a recent work on Western ranch life, Frank was a young Englishman of good family who had gone to Montana to make a fortune. It was while taking a long horseback ride through the country for the purpose of buying horses that he met with the adventure related below.

About the same time Frank started on his expedition a well-known desperado, who had just committed a deed of robbery and murder, was fleeing across Montana to escape justice. Once he had almost been secured. A sheriff had pursued him caught up with him and forced him to throw up his hands.

"Read your warrant," demanded the criminal. The sheriff was compelled to lower his pistol as he searched for the paper, and the desperado shot him dead. This additional offense set all the country on the alert, and descriptions of the pursued were sent far and wide.

It was no wonder, then, that Frank, riding on a horse of the same color as the murderer's and answering very well as to personal appearance the description given of the much-wanted man, should be arrested by a party of cowboys as he was riding over the plains.

He was taken by his captors to their camp, and it was decided not to wait for the law to take its slow course. Frank, who had given himself up quietly, protesting his innocence, now demanded a hearing. The cowboys consented, thinking it would be fun to cross examine their prize. One was appointed judge.

"Where were you in '81?" demanded he.

"In Canada."

"In '80?"

"Here in Montana"

"Where in '79?"

"In the university at Oxford."

At this there was a derisive cheer.

"You at the university! You look like it! No, you're too hard a looking citizen."

"I tell you I was there."

A bright idea came to the judge.

"If you were at any university, you must have learned something," he remarked. "What books did you read?"

"Oh, Virgil, Homer, Livy, Æschylus, Euripides and so forth."

The cowboys exchanged glances. There might be something in it, after all.

"Quote something from one of them and you shall go free," continued the judge.

Frank's mind was a blank. All his classic lore had vanished. It was the only chance to save his life, and he floundered desperately. From the recesses of his memory he could drag only three words to light.

"Propre quae maribus!" he exclaimed in despair.

It was enough. Handcuffs were taken off, apologies made and he rode away, saved by his college course.—Standard and Times.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." MISS FRANCES SMITH, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. MCDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

The effect of malaria lasts a long time.

You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.

Strengthen yourself with *Scott's Emulsion.*

It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days." Price 25c.

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.

Up! Up! Up!—Step by step the Union Commercial College has gradually gone ahead until today it stands in the front rank of business schools. It helps students to positions, it teaches every branch, it advertises, it does not deceive the public. Write today. W. Moran, Prin.

Our mail order department is growing rapidly—every mail brings us orders from different parts of the country, and we have invariably given the utmost satisfaction. If anything by any possibility might be wrong, we are always here to make it right. Stanley Bros. The Always Busy Store; Charlottetown.

$10 Course in Penmanship. Free, to every student entering the Union Commercial College. This month we will give absolutely free our Special Course in Penmanship, value $10, two experienced teachers in charge. One of the best courses ever taught in this Province. One of the best business training courses in Canada goes with the above. Everybody is recognizing this institution as the "good school." It costs no more than inferior schools. Enter now and secure the above course free. Address W. Moran, Prin.

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STANLEY BROS.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tireder than when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A good story is being told at the expense of a certain theater, whose "Standing Room Only" notice is no longer needed. One night after the curtain was rung up, a small boy was discovered sobbing in front of the box office. The manager of the theater went to the lad, and kindly asked him what the trouble was. "I want my money back," sobbed the boy, in answer to the query. In surprise, the manager asked his reason for such a request. "Because—I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone!" he wailed. His money was returned.

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont, says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price 50c a box.

The truly gifted engineer always makes one part of his work fit into another, and no energy is ever wasted.

A wealthy engineer who has set up a fine place in the country, where he had carried out many pet constructive projects, was visited there by an old friend. The visitor had so much difficulty in pushing open the front gate that he spoke about it to the proprietor.

"You ought to look at that gate," he said. "A man who has everything exactly right should not have a gate that is hard to open."

"Ha!" exclaimed the engineer, "you don't understand my economy I'm quite certain. That gate communicates with the waterworks of the house, and every person who comes through it pumps up four gallons of water!"

Mrs Fred Laine, St George Ont. writes:—"My little girl would cough, so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

A bailiff, having long tried in vain to arrest a Quaker, at last resolved to adopt the disguise of a Quaker himself and so get access to the interior of the house. He knocked accordingly at the door, inquiring if Friend Aminadab was at home and if he could see him.

The housekeeper said, "Walk in, friend, and he shall see thee."

The bailiff, delighted to have got this success, was directed to wait; but after waiting an hour he became impatient, rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Thou promised me I should see Friend Aminadab."

"No, friend," answered she: "I promised he shonld see thee. He hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee."

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

"IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptives grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. Lelane, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

Snappy Styles —OF— Solid Footwear.

Ladies'! Here is your chance, one week only. Box Calf Boots, neat, up-to-date. Cheap any time at $2.25, now $1.50, all sizes.

These Boots arrived a few days ago a little late of course, but they are yours at the above price. See them anyway.

A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN QUEEN STREET

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May 10, 1905—yly.

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QUICK SALE.

:o:

Commencing Thursday, May 2nd.

:o:

As May is usually a quiet month in our line, and we require a certain amount of cash at once, I have decided to offer the whole of our stock of

Rings, Watches, Silverware, Brooches, Clocks, etc.,

At the following large reduction to make a

QUICK SALE.

Silver Plated Ware, Tea Sets, Butter Dishes, Pickle Dishes, Cake Baskets, Cruets, Napkin Rings, Spoons, Forks, Pie Knives, Trays, Salvers, Fern Pots, etc.,	1-3 off
Waltham, Elgin and other Watches	1-4 off
Regina Watches,	10 p c off
Clocks, nearly all at 1 3 off, the remainder at	1-4 off
Spectacles and Eye Glasses,	10 p c off
Souvenir Goods	10 p c off
Opera and Field Glasses	1-3 off
Telescopes and Compasses	1-3 off
Brooches, Rings, Studs, Links, Pins of all kinds, Lockets, Chains,	1-3 off

Many articles will be sold below cost, but we shall stop he sale as soon as the amount required is realized.

Nothing will be marked up, and our regular prices in plain figures will be left on the goods so that anyone can see that the reductions are genuine.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square.

C. Maclellan. Sixtus Maclellan.

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SUCCESSORS TO GORDON & MACLELLAN,

Make their bow to the public, and in doing so wish to say that they are now prepared to turn out everything in the line of

High-Class Tailoring

With two expert cutters and a staff of first-class workmen they feel confident of pleasing the most fastidious.

Your Careful Examination

Before and after the suit is made will assure you that you get the best that can be furnished.

Your Next Suit!

May we make it and prove our assertions.

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QUEEN STREET.

October 2, 1906.

A Strong Recommendation

FROM A FORMER PUPIL.

:x:

HALIFAX, N. S.,
August 1, 1906.

Mr. William Moran,
Principal Union Commercial College,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

I have much pleasure in saying these few words in recommendation of your school. In the four months which I spent with you as a student of phonography I had an opportunity of observing at close range the admirable system of teaching in all departments, and personally of experiencing its benefits. Now after an experience of about ten months here in the office of Messas. Davis & Fraser I am in a position to attest to the practical value of the training you impart. To all intending students I would recommend strongly the Union Commercial College.

Yours sincerely,

J. MACADAM.

:x:

College re-opens on Monday, January 7th. If you want an up-to-date business training, this is the place to get it. No waste time. Students assisted to good positions. Enter now. Full particulars on application.

W. MORAN, Principal.

QUEEN STREET, CH'TOWN

Jan. 2, 1907.