The Charlottetown Herald.

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SWEET PEAS

Superb New Sweet Peas

Fashion's Fragrant Favorite Flowers.

Head Quarters for Sweet Peas in P. E. Island.

Our Collection Embraces Over Sixty Best Named Varieties, Besides Novelties of 1908

Our Sweet Peas are all imported from the Great Seed House of James Carter, Dunnette & Beale, the King's Seedsmen, London, England, and are selected from a list of over two hundred varieties. We are confident that no finer strains can be procured anywhere. We have this season, in order to encourage a more extensive growing of this beautiful and fragrant flower, decided to sell all the latest named varieties at the small price of 5 cents and 10 cents per packet. And our

"New Special Improved Mixed Sweet Peas for 1909"

At 10 cents per ounce, 25 cents per quarter pound, 80 cents per pound. Postage paid.

CARTER & Co., Limited

Seedsmen to the People of P. E. Island.

Souvenir Post Cards

Are a nice thing to send to friends abroad. We have a nice selection of City and Provincial views to select from. The following are some of the titles.

One color 2 cents each.

St Joseph's Convent, Ch'town	Bishop's Palace & Church Ch'town
St Dunstan's College, "	Interior St Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown
Notre Dame Convent, "	View of Charlottetown from Victoria Park
Hillsborough Bridge "	
Soldiers Monument "	

Colored Cards 2 for 5 cents.

Victoria Row, Charlottetown	Pioneer Family, five generations
Block House Poinl, "	Among the Birches
City Hospital, "	A Morning Walk, Bonshaw
Crossing the Capes	Trout Fishing
Str Stanley in ice	A Rustic Scene
Str Minto in ice	North Cape
Apple Blossoms	By Still Waters
Travellers Rest	The Border of the Woods
Beautiful Autumn	Harvesting Scene
Terrace of Rocks	A Shady Nook
Catching Smelts at S'Side	Surf Bathing, North Cape
Sunset at S'side Harbor	Looking Seaward
Summer St, Summerside	
High School, "	

We also have a large variety of Comic Cards at one cent each. Any number of cards will be sent by mail providing one cent extra is added for each 10 cards.

EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales on it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Pipe dreams are pleasant

Every Smoker says so

Real enjoyment is guaranteed

In smoking our mixtures

Queer if you've never tried them

You can have your dreams realized at

Every Drug or Grocery store in Ch'town.

Try Perique for a Cool Smoke.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd.

CHARLOTTETOWN,

Phone 345. Manufacturers.

For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of

Hardware

to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

Fall and Winter Weather.

Fall and Winter weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We are still at the old stand,

PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Giving all orders strict attention,

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN.

Dominion Coal Company

RESERVE COAL.

As the season for importing Coal in this Province is again near, we beg to advise dealers and consumers of Coal that we are in a position to grant orders for cargoes of Reserve, Screened, Run of mine, Nut and Slack Coal, F. O. B., at loading piers Sydney, Glace Bay or Louisburg, C. B.

Prices quoted on application, and all orders will receive our careful attention by mail or wire.

Reserve Coal is well known all over this Island, and is most extensively used for domestic and steam purposes.

Schooners are always in demand during the season and chartered at highest current rates of freight. Good despatch guaranteed schooners at loading piers.

Peake Bros. & Co.,

Selling Agents for Prince Edward Island for Dominion Coal Company.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 21, 1909—4i

Pæstum: Dead City of Roses.

(From The Messenger.)

Whoever shares good old Messer Francesco Petrarch's enthusiasm for Virgil cannot forget those famous rose gardens of Pæstum that every Roman poet from his time down to Ausonius made famous in song. Prolific beauty was theirs—biferi rosaria Pati—but alas, they are withered and dead with the treachery of the fifteen centuries that have crept silently into the tomb of the past. In their place blow the pale flushed blossoms of the asphodel, flower of death, fit follower of those glorious gardens that were the pride of this ancient city.

Here, in times remote, there was a settlement long before the Doric colonists chose new homes by the Tyrrhenean seas. Then came an adventurous little band of Greeks, headed by Troezen, out of Sybaris, mistress of Magna Græcia, to the site of Peste of old, where they founded a new city, dedicated to Neptune, god of the seas, naming it Poseidonia in his honor. This was some seven centuries before the present era, but already twenty-four other cities were fostered by Sybaris.

The new city grew and proposed, and lent her name to the blue waters beyond her fields, which stretched to the shores of the Poseidonian Sea. But tranquillity did not last long, and with the fall of Sybaris at the hand of its rival, Croton, who led the waters of the Krathis over its ruins, Poseidonia was left alone to stand against the rude, barbarian Samnites of Lucania, who dwelt hidden in her dense forests. The odds were against the sea god's city, and she, too, beaten in battle and baffled by beleaguerers, fell under the yoke of the triumphant victors, and her roses kissed the dust. Her Lucanian masters in that fourth century before Christ took from her the Greek name Poseidon and gave in place of it the Latin one Pæstum. Perhaps they were descendant of the tribes who made Peste, and had something from Troezen to avenge. Howbeit, never again was Poseidon to be purely a Greek city, and with other burdens she bore her new name with patience and dignity. It is true Alexander of Epirus landed to help the sorely pressed colonies of the land, and, for a time, restored to Poseidonia her liberty. But again the conqueror came, this time from Rome, which was a struggling village when Poseidonia stood strong and great among cities, and after the Pyrrhine war, 273, the city gates gave in to him. Thence Poseidonia lost all hope, though these captors were kind and liberal, lifting the roses from the ashes, laying out new gardens, and adding peace to the troubled city of the plains. The harbor now became known as the Bay of Pæstum. Over its tides sailed forth that ill-fated fleet supplied to Decius Quinctius, who sought to run the blockade of Tarentum. From the time of that disastrous event Pæstum's naval importance waned, then history veils everything from us down to the fall of the Roman Empire.

Yet we know prosperity had not departed despite that fact; it is only necessary to turn to numismatic evidence, for Pæstum's coinage indicates her commercial importance in the interval, since with Venusia, Brundusium and Vibo Valentia she shared the special privilege of minting her own coins.

Under the Empire her importance increased, winning for the city the distinction of being one of the eight Prefectures of the great District of Lucania. When, without warning, another foe crept in, it was nature herself, with illewill, for Strabo tells us the dwellers of Pæstum suddenly began to be plagued with malaria. Perhaps the Salso, a little stream nearby, overflowed, or was not properly drained, but the fevers increased their ravages and Mother Earth, angrily exhailing poisonous vapors, blighted one of the fairest spots in the world.

Christianity had early taken firm root in this city, and we find a bishopric established there in 500 A. D.; thence the new religion gained strength and supporters. Who knows what might not have happened but for the Saracenic scourge which devastated Pæstum four hundred years later and drove her bishop and her people to the heights that bounded the plains. There they were forced to dwell, whilst others were driven to the monastery town of Positano, just over the mountains from Sorrento.

Another two hundred years brought Robert Guiscard along, frightening the Pæstani still farther up the mountains. Whilst they trembled, this plunderer took from their old city rich marbles, sculptures and bronzes with which to embellish Salerno, Ravello and Amalfi. With what helplessness did the spiritual shepherd of the fugitive flock still sign himself "Episcopus Pæstanus"! But even then the community might have won back its old power and its old possessions had not the Counts of Carpaccio defied the Emperor, Frederick II, who, leading him to descend like a wolf on their fold in 1245, meted out as their calamitous punishment the destruction of their stronghold. Again these driven, sad and homeless people were forced to seek a higher, safer place, but the old hope and the old courage were gone and they could only look down through their tears upon the crumbling ruins of their once proud city, now rank with weeds, the briar-choked roses hidden by wild myrtle, and the golden grain of their fields now covered by a pall of cerinthia and lentisk. Only the yellow iris, timidly peeping out along the banks of the choked and petulant Salso, reflected the sun which once shone on their fairer fortunes, before desolation came upon the valley of Silarus and brought the old temples to be shunned as an abode of evil spirits that some magic more potent than Messer Virgilio's had conjured up in the ignorant minds of the superstitious herdsmen. They ever said that Death dwelt there, and none disputed them. Long and well-held were their fears. The embellishers of Pompeii drew inspiration for their art and their architecture from Pæstum, which fed the Pompeiian artists and artisans with such a store of ideas as even Cumæ did not possess, but all that was forgotten when Pæstum sunk beneath her load, and no mention of her temples was made anywhere by travelers or scholars of the Renaissance, though antiquity was well nigh turned topseyturvey for a time and other places were eagerly enough described. What superstitious dread kept Cyriac of Ancona away, or Leandro Alberti? They visited and wrote about the Lucanian Plain, but not one word did they whisper about Pæstum. It was the Count Gazolo who broke through the magic circle, and to him we owe the first modern description of Pæstum, written about the middle of the eighteenth century. From that day to our own Pæstum has been the Mecca for many a pilgrimage, though for some time after the expulsion of the Neapolitan Bourbons that wicked old brigand, Manzi, and his infamous followers made visitors in the 60's the staple commodity for ransom.

I had been thinking of all these things as I looked out from the terrace of the Prince of Angri's beautiful villa on the hillside of Eboli (the Eburum of old) far into the clear distance beyond the forest of Persano, and down upon those silent temples of Pæstum, like milestones on the high road of eternity. The suggestion to drive thither was was welcomed that most perfect of spring mornings, for we were to see the first spadesful of earth flung up from excavations just begun under the direction of Professor Vittorio Spinazzola of the University of Naples. This was to be the first systematic investigation undertaken on the site.

A beautiful drive brought us through the old oaks, with glimpses now and then of Monte Alburno, rising to a height of over 5,700 feet, and I thanked the shades of Andrea da Salerno, and of Roberto de Oderisio, whose Madonna and whose Crucifixion in the Sacristy of S. Francesco had brought me to the unvisited town of Eboli and to all the unexpected joys I found there. Usually visitors to Pæstum come by an early morning train from Naples, Cava dei Tirreni, or Salerno, changing at Battipaglia, taking the afternoon train back again. But the sixty mile ride each way from Naples is tiring, even with a sight of the splendid temples as a recompense for almost any discomfort, not the least of which is the station luncheon at Pesto, which probably would have made the prison fare of the house of Anjou seem like a princely repast in comparison. When they can, the wise will keep on by train to Eboli, where, after a night in the neat little albergo, a carriage may be had down the valley to Pæstum and back.

Virgil came on his way through this very forest of Persano, "green with holm oaks," through which now a good road led us. Beyond were fields where long-horned gray cattle were grazing, and here and there a restless, uneasy herd of shaggy, tough-hided buffalo. That was the first surprise, for one scarcely expects to find anywhere in Italy a sight so reminiscent of American plains in the early days. The ancestors of these herds were brought into Sicily by the Arabs. Later the Normans brought them here; probably their original home was in the marsh lands of the Tigris and Euphrates. Their tough skin seems impervious to the stinging mosquitoes that inoculate malarial germs, and now and then you see wild looking peasant herders jabbing at them with their pungoli, or small lances, to which they pay lazy attention. More often they are restless, and in the dreadful times when the sun enters the sign of Leo they stamp to and fro. Those months of July and August are a menace to life itself, and the little group of dwellers hereabouts wear heavy veils to keep off the pestilent insects which swarm an hour before sundown and make the evenings hideous tests of endurance. In the fall of the year and in the springtime, at least until May, one finds no discomfort here, and this April morning was cool and balmy. We had crossed the yellow-fringed Sele, which Silius Italicus would have us believe has powers of petrification, but there was little to distinguish it beyond the fact of its being the Silarus of the ancients. Presently Pesto itself and its mournful grove of red-stemmed eucalyptus trees came in view. Science, it seems, in seeking to cope with malaria has called in botany, and though the skeptical shake their heads, as my host shook his, others believe the trees help to avert the malarial consequences that haunt the place. So long has the earth lain fallow here that now an agricultural impetus is bound to turn loose with every furrow the disease germs that lurk in such neglected soil. In a few years careful drainage and more general tree planting will have solved the problem, and perhaps the Lucanian plain will burst forth again into a glorious paradise as of old.

Finally, approaching the east of the ancient town, and passing near remains of an early aqueduct and fragments of Greek paving, we entered Pæstum through the Porta della Sirena, an arch having sculptured on its outer keystone, though scarcely recognizable, a siren, and on the inner one a dolphin, leaving one to wonder what other reliefs chiseled in Neptune's honor adorned this venerable entrance; the others long since have fallen to decay.

Passing along the shady walls of the Villa Salati, whose court harbors a few bits of ancient sculpture, we saw the lively lizzards scurrying from chink, frightened by our approach, and the birds with their incessant twittering reminded one of scolding sparrow choruses in the streets of London and of New York. We had come early, before the Naples train brought its crowd of tourists to invade the silence of the place with their polyglot chatter, which the sciole, those downy little owls Shelley loved, seem to mock mournfully at sundown. Two smart carbinieri gave an official sense to the scene, while, astride a donkey, a peasant with a young lamb thrown over his shoulder brought you back to the pastoral again.

Costantino was carrying the lunch basket that our host had provided, knowing better than to trust either life or appetite to the viands of the shabby trattaria nearby. There one might, at a pinch, and with closed eyes, manage, upon the brink of starvation, to swallow a bit of Lucanian sausage, precisely the same sort which Cicero, in speaking of its predecessors, made famous in an uninviting description—"an intestine stuffed with minced pork, mixed with ground pepper, cinnamon, rue, rock-parsley, berries of the laurel, suet," which sounds too savory to be safe.

No one prefers his repast here if not at his ease in an inn, at least in the cooling shade of those wonderful travertine columns of Neptune's Temple, which Goethe called a giant, as he called the Temple of Concord in Sicily a god. Here Pæstum shares with Girgenti and Athens the glory of the most beautiful remains of Doric architecture. The columns of the Temple of Neptune are somewhat short in proportion to their mass, which gives them an aspect of bulking hugely, emphasized by their heavy architecture. The material that was used in construction is a porous stone of the locality, containing aquatic fossil remains of great interest, once plastered over with stucco to fill the crevices and painted azure and vermillion. The sheathing has long since crumbled away, and we almost listen to hear its creaking underfoot of the genics loci lurking, perhaps, behind some storm-stained column. Well may one be grateful for all M Le Normant once brought together about the enchanting spot in his "A Travers l' Apulie et la Lucanie," an old volume which someone triumphantly produced when we sat down to rest. But who could read here? It is only a place to dream, to dream of those old days when fair gardens of

(Continued on fourth page.)

CONSTIPATION

IRREGULARITY OF THE BOWELS

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be at once attended to and corrected.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

work on the bowels gently and naturally without weakening the body, but, on the contrary, toning it, and they will if persevered in relieve and cure the worst cases of constipation.

Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with sick headaches, constipation and catarrh of the stomach. I could get nothing to do me any good until I got a vial of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They did me more good than anything else I ever tried. I have no headaches or constipation, and the catarrh of the stomach is entirely gone. I feel like a new woman, thanks to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used in all about half a dozen vials."

Price 25 cents a vial, 5 for $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Honest Workman was engaged in excavating operations, i. e., he was digging.

The Stray Wayfare of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the S W at length "what are you digging for?"

The H W looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money!" ejaculated the amazed S W. And when do you expect to strike it?

Saturday, replied the H W and resumed operations

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 50c.

A lot of us would make different music if we had to dance to it ourselves.

"I believe in an eye for an eye!" shouted the wild-eyed chap with the long hair.

"And I believe in a tooth for tooth doctrine," laughed the tall man in the gold rimmed eye-glasses."

"That's a queer doctrine, friend."

"Not at all. I pull one tooth out and put another in its place. I'm a dentist.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Elderly Bachelor—Mrs Burnside will you marry me?

Attractive Widow—Mr Wackford, are you forgetting that I have six children?

Elderly Bachelor—Not at all, I want to help you train up those youngsters—darn 'em.

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

My mistress isn't at home, ma'am said a domestic to a coller.

"Oh, indeed," was the sweetly sarcastic response. "Will you please tell her that when I saw her peeping from the front window as I came up I felt very much afraid that she was?"

City Boarder (to farmer)—This milk seems pretty poor.

Farmer—The pastur' here ain't what it ought to be.

City Boarder—"And yet I saw lots of milkweed in the fields this morning.

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 20 and 25 cents.

Wiggs—Was that Dutchman who hit the Irishman punished by the court?

Woggs—No! When it came to trial the Irishman wouldn't admit that he was licked.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

MANY DON'T KNOW HEART AFFECTED.

More People Than are Aware of It Have Heart Disease.

"If examinations were made of everyone, people would be surprised at the number of persons walking about suffering from heart disease"

This startling statement was made by a doctor at a recent inquest. "I should not like to say that heart disease is as common as this would imply," said the expert, "but I am sure that the number of persons going about with weak hearts must be very large."

"Hundreds of people go about their daily work on the verge of death, and yet do not know it. It is only when the shock comes that kills them that the unsuspected weakness of the heart is made apparent."

"But undoubtedly heart weakness, not disease, is more prevalent nowadays. I should think that the stress of living, the wear and rush of modern business life, have a lot to do with heart trouble."

There is no doubt but that this is correct, and we would strongly advise any one suffering in any way from heart trouble to try a course of **MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS**

Price 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.