

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1906

Vol. XXXV, No. 23

OAK BRAND TEA.

In order to introduce our Oak Brand Tea we will ship and prepay freight to any station or shipping point on P. E. Island an 18 lb. caddie, and if you are not satisfied in every way return at our expense, and we will refund your money. Cut this out and enclose \$4.00 and mail to us.

McKenna's Grocery,

Box 576, Ch'town, P. E. I.

Enclosed find \$4.00 for which you will send us a caddie of tea as advertised in this paper.

(Sign full name)

(And Address)

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

Charlottetown Sash and Door Factory,

Manufacturers of Doors & Frames, Sashes & Frames, Interior and Exterior finish etc., etc.

Our Specialties

Gothic windows, stairs, stair rails, Balusters Newel Posts, Cypress Gutter and Conductors, Kiln dried Spruce and Hardwood Flooring, Kiln dried clear spruce, sheathing, and clapboards, Encourage home Industry.

ROBERT PALMER & CO.,

PEAKE'S No. 3 WHARF.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

E. F. RYAN, B. A.,

BARRISTER & ATTORNEY,

GEORGETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

March 29, 1906.

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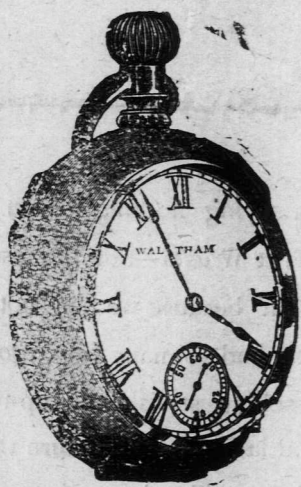
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WATCHMAKER

JEWELER and OPTICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

HANDSOME LADIES' WATCHES (Reliable) \$10.00, \$14.00, \$20.00 and \$50.00.

CHAINS—\$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00, up to \$20.00.

WATCHES for Men, Regulus or Waltham—(Reliable)—\$7.50, \$10.00, \$20.00 and \$35.00.

RINGS, for Wedding or Birthday, plain or set with precious stones.

SPECTACLES, in rimless or mounted. Lenses adapted by testing to each eye separately.

E. W. TAYLOR

South Side Queen Square.

GOOD Groceries



Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1904 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.

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.

Preserves.—We manufacture all our own Preserves, and can guarantee them strictly pure Sold wholesale and retail.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Eureka Grocery,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Begin the New Year

WELL.

— BY —

Buying a Suit, an Overcoat, a pair of Pants, a Coat & Vest, or a Raincoat for yourself or your son.

..OR..

Tweeds, Homespun, Flannels, Blankets, Horse Blanketing, Carriage Wraps, Buffalo Lining & Robes.

When in town give us a call, it will mean \$\$\$ to you.

The Humphrey Clothing Store,

Opera House Building, City.

A. WINFIELD SCOTT, Manager.

P. O. Box 417.

Phone 63.

Wholesale and Retail.

Inglorious Endings of Illustrious Careers.

Involuntarily, the death of Professor Curie, who was killed the other day by being run over by a heavy dray in the streets of Paris, recalls to mind the familiar lines of Johnson on the equally inglorious ending of the life of Charles XII, the most heroic figure in the history of Sweden, who lost his life through a well aimed musket shot, while besieging the little Norwegian fortress of the Frederikshall: His fall was destined for a foreign strand, A pretty fortress and a dubious hand.

He left the name at which the world grew pale

To point a moral or adorn a tale.

So elaborate have been the obituaries printed of Professor Curie in the last week or ten days that it would be superfluous to say anything more of his career further than to express the opinion that he was undoubtedly the greatest scientist of the age—a man who could ill be spared by humanity, and who in the words of one of his biographers, was one of those master minds that have brought light into the world. Some papers, and American ones at that, do not hesitate even to declare that his death was a greater misfortune to mankind than the recent calamity at San Francisco, for the reason that the potential aid of radium in combating cancer alone compensates, from the broad human point of view, the tragedy of any war, earthquake or fire. Yet radium was only one of Curie's discoveries; and, engaged as he was at the time of his death in further exhaustive researches, there is no knowing what other hidden elements of nature he would have been able to reveal to us had he not been run over by a brewer's dray.

Yet such fates as that by which he has been overtaken by no means rare among men who have made for themselves names in history and who have carved them on the walls of the Temple of Fame. Indeed, fate seems sometimes to delight in reserving the most inglorious endings for the most brilliant of careers, and the case of Professor Curie has many precedents. Thus, who can forget the case of that German scientist and explorer, Dr. Soehnle, who was so much better known by his Turkish name of Emin Pasha? When both England and Egypt withdrew from the Sudan in 1883 rather than attempt to hold it against the Mahdi, Emin, who was Governor of one of the most important provinces, declined to withdraw on the ground that he could not bring himself to abandon to the savagery of the dervishes all those natives who had learned to love and admire, and who were far too numerous to be sent out of the country. For several years Emin was cut off from all intercourse with the outer world. Nothing certain was known as to his fate, and the information concerning him was based on uncorroborated and untrustworthy rumors to the effect that he was being his own against the Mahdi and had checked his advance toward the south. The idea of this white man fighting all alone in Central Africa for the cause of civilization against barbarism without any support or encouragement from without, ended by expiring, not only to his countrymen, but to all Europe and America. Popular sentiment in every part of the globe demanded that he should no longer be left to his fate. Accordingly a costly expedition was equipped, regardless of expense, and placed under the command of the most famous African explorer of his day, namely Sir Henry Stanley, for the purpose of finding and rescuing the gallant Emin. After a march from the West Coast of Africa lasting nearly a year, Stanley finally came up with Emin on the banks of the Nile, near Lado, and passed by the Mahdi, but still able to hold his own. A- Emin absolutely refused to be rescued or to desert his post, Stanley resorted to the heroic measure of taking him away against his will, at the same time encouraging the natives who had remained loyal to follow him in his march to the East Coast of the Dark Continent.

The recent expedition ultimately reached Mombasa, the English sea port on the African shore of the Indian Ocean, where, with a view to reconcile Emin to his having been rescued "malgré lui," he was overwhelmed with attentions, banquets and dinners being given in his honor. It was on one of these festive occasions that Emin, groping his way along a dark corridor, walked out of a second story window into space and broke his neck, thus dying in the most inglorious fashion before he could even start on his journey back to Europe to disclose himself to the people who had contributed so liberally to his rescue and who had manifested such an absorbing

interest in his fate. Equally strange was the death of that other great African explorer, Captain John Speke, who re-discovered the sources of the Nile—for they had been known to the ancients—and who first brought to our knowledge the existence of those great inland seas, Lake Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza. After having experienced the most extraordinary adventures, with hair-breadth escapes from death by savages and wild beasts in utterly unknown regions of the Dark Continent, he returned home to England, only to shoot himself accidentally one day while potting at rabbits in his country place near Bath.

It was a gunshot, too, that carried off Gambetta, one of the greatest statesmen that France produced in the nineteenth century. The mystery which for a long time veiled the tragic ending of his career has been recently solved—at any rate, it was while endeavoring to prevent his Egeria from blowing out her brains, so that she should no longer be a drag on his success and an obstacle to his booming Presidency, that he received the bullet she had intended for herself. He was struggling to wrench the pistol from her hand when it accidentally went off, inflicting on him so dangerous a wound that he succumbed within forty-eight hours.

The great Sir Robert Peel, who was killed by a fall from his horse in the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace at the very height of his career, furnishes another illustration of the caprice of fate. The same may be said of the death of that famous Bishop, Samuel Wilberforce, of Winchester, who, by reason of his suave and courtly ways, used to be known by the nickname of "Soapy Sam." His life, it may be remembered, was brought to a sudden close by a fall from his horse while out riding on the Epsom Downs with the late Lord Granville. Lord Londonderry, who, while still Viscount Castlereagh, represented England at the international congresses of Vienna and Verona, and for many years directed the foreign policy of England in his capacity of Secretary of State, cut his throat, driven thereto, it is said, by blackmailers who managed to secure possession of some most important documents affecting not only his own honor, but that of others.

The first Napoleon's most famous marshal, Berthier, Prince and Duke of Wagram, after passing unscathed not merely through all the long series of France's campaigns in Europe, but also through the American War of Independence, serving in this country on the staff of Lafayette, killed himself by jumping out of a window of the hotel where he was staying in the little German town of Bamberg, unable, it is declared, to bear any longer the obsequy excited by his ungrateful desertion of that great emperor to whom he owed his coronet, his marshal's baton and his great wealth.

Another of Napoleon's marshals to hurl himself out of a window and to break his neck, in some obscure town of Illyria, in a fit of temporary insanity, was Janot, Duke of Abrantes. It may be remembered that Janot had first attracted the notice of Napoleon at the siege of Toulon by his historic remark when a shell burst close by, scattering sand over the dispatch he was writing at the dictation of Napoleon: "Bou! Voici la sable pour secher l'encre!" (Here's the sand we needed to dry the ink!)

Marshal Ney, whom Napoleon was wont to describe as "the bravest of the brave," was shot down as a traitor, by a file of soldiers at Paris in 1815. His grandson and successor, the brilliant cavalry general, Michael Ney, Duke of Elchingen, was found dead through violence in a deserted house at Croissy-on-the-Saine, near Paris, under circumstances such that neither the French authorities nor his family have ever ventured to bring those concerned in his death to justice, lest the kindly veil of mystery shrouding the ignoble circumstances of his ending should be rudely torn aside and the horror revealed. Mart, brother-in-law of the first Napoleon and the most efficient of all the many rulers of Naples, was not only shot down by a file of soldiers in 1815, but his head was cut from his body, in order that it might be shown to his Bourbon successor on the throne of Naples before being cast beside his body into the unmarked grave, of which all trace has been lost.

Ten there is Pushkin, the greatest of all Russia's poets, a sort of Mascoite combination of Byron, Shakespeare and Tennyson, alike in his gifts and his hold on the admiration of his fellow countrymen. At the time of the birth of his youngest child, who afterward became the gorgeous wife of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, and who is now known as Countess Natalie of Marenberg,

he received some anonymous letters assailing his wife's reputation. These led him to challenge his brother-in-law, Baron Heeckeren, after publicly striking him in the face, so that there could be no question of apology or reparation other than that by recourse to arms. In the duel which ensued Heeckeren was badly wounded, but Pushkin was killed. Today every patriotic Russian thinks it necessary to spit on the ground in token of his execration whenever any mention is made in his presence of the abhorred name of Heeckeren, who, by-the-by, was an illegitimate half brother of Napoleon III.

Shelley, the famous poet, was only thirty years old when drowned near Leghorn through his boat being struck by a squall. The premature death of the brilliant, progressive and extraordinarily popular Duke of Orleans, who broke his neck by falling while intoxicated from the carriage in which he was returning from Neuilly after a regimental dinner, may be said to have brought about the downfall of his dynasty and to have changed the entire course of the history of France of the last sixty years. Hundreds of other instances of an analogous character could be cited and will doubtless occur to my readers. But those mentioned will suffice to call attention once again to the freaks of fate in so often reserving the most inglorious endings for the careers of the world's great men.—Ex-Attache, in New York Tribune.

What Makes a Gentleman.

FROM "A GENTLEMAN."

If a friend passes from among us one of the most enduring of our consolations is that we never gave him needless pain while he lived. And who can say which of our friends may go next? He who sits by you to-night, he who greets you first in the morning, may suffer from a hasty word or a thoughtless act that you can never recall.

It is in the ordinary way of life that the true gentleman shows himself. He does not wait until he gets out of school to pay attention to the little things. He begins here and begins the moment he feels that he ought to begin. Somebody once wrote that the man who has never made a mistake is a fool, and another man adds to this, that a wise man makes mistakes, but never the same mistake twice. A gentleman at heart may blush when he thinks of his mistakes, but he never repeats them. It is a mistake made by thoughtless young people to stand near others who are talking. It is a grave sin against politeness for them to listen, as they sometimes do, with eyes and ears open for fear they should miss any of the words not intended for them. The young man thus engaged is an object of pity and contempt. Politeness may prevent others from rebuking him publicly, but it does not change their opinion of him, nor does it enter their minds to excuse him on the plea that he "didn't think."

It does not seem to strike some of you that the convenience of those who work for you ought to be considered, and that unnecessary splashing of liquids and dropping of crumbs and morsels of food is the most reprehensible indication of thoughtlessness.

We often forget that criticism does not mean fault-finding. It means rather the art of finding virtues; and after any private entertainment, at which each performer has done his best for his audience, it is very bad taste to point out all the defects in his work; you may do this at rehearsal, but not after the work is done; you may discourage him by touching on something that he can not help. A friend of mine once played a part in Bux and Cox but on the day after the performance he was much cast down by the comments in one of the daily papers. "Mr. Smith," the critic said, "was admirable, but he should not have made himself ridiculous by wearing such an abnormally long false nose." As the nose happened to be Mr. Smith's own, he was discouraged.

By his submission to the decree of the Index proscribing his novel, "If Sinto," Senator Fogazzaro has given a better example than his hero, and shown that the realized virtues of life surpass those fancied for romance, says the Rome correspondent of the London "Catholic Times." Thus he attained in another way the purpose which we may presume him to have had in writing, the putting of a big and holy instance before the world. For it will be difficult to exaggerate the moral courage which this Italian Senator has shown, an opportunity so simply, in deference to his religious convictions.

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Five Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

William had just returned from college and noticed that Fanny Perkins, a near neighbor, had during his absence changed into a beautiful young woman. His father remarked to his son: "William, have you noticed how St. Perkin's Fanny has shot up. She's getting to be a jolly handsome young critter!"

"She certainly is, father," said William, enthusiastically. "Fanny is as beautiful as Hebe!"

"Where's your eyes, boy?" objected the father. "She's a darn sight purtier than he! Old St. is as homely as Bill Jones' bull pup."

—Harper's Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Cough of Grippe.

In the Spring when Grippe was raging I had a bad attack and the cough was so severe that I thought I would cough myself to death. I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and it cured me in a surprisingly short time.

Mrs. J. H. Myers, Isaac's Harbor, N. S.

A lady reporting the impressions of a certain preacher said: "My son, who listens to him every week, says that he improves all the time. Every sermon is better than the last one."

Her daughter interrupted: "No mother, that was not exactly what John said. He said that, when he went to church Sunday morning, he always expected to hear a better sermon than he heard last Sunday; for he couldn't possibly hear a worse one."—Christian Register.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures everything.

Critic.—I hear that the new man's acting brought down the house.

Manager.—Yes, it did. In one week it brought down the house from eight hundred to ten people and the attendants.

Headache Vanished.

Mrs. E. W. Le Gallais, St. Godfrey, P. Q., says: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders for sick headache. After taking two powders I felt better and was able to get up and go on with my work."

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others, sleep and falling spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy in the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Mrs. D. O. Donoghue, Orlino, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to get Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all druggists or The T. Milburn Co. Limited Toronto, Ont.