

Calendar for Aug. 1905.

MOON'S PHASES: First Quarter 7d., 4h., 17m. p.m. Full Moon 14d., 9h., 31m. p.m. Last Quarter 21d., 0h., 10m. a.m. New Moon 28d., 7h., 12m. a.m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Sets, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the week from Tuesday to Monday.

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. KROGER, Bellefonte, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Quality upon the part of this objectionable person thus to set himself up in judgment upon his superiors.

Jesse Craft did not seem in the least impressed by Miss Tabitha's new assumption of superiority; merely observing to Mr. Jackson at the Department Store that he guessed the "old lady has got a touch of rheumatism from settin' out on her damp porch so much; and, anyway, the wind is in the east and makes her sort of cranky."

Miss Tabitha set forth one morning early to make her accustomed purchases; and called first at the shop of Mr. Venn, the butcher, where there was never anything stirring, since that tradesman was very deaf, barely hearing what related to his calling. He had for his assistant a German who could speak little or no English, and who had no interest whatever in the Millbrook people.

Miss Tabitha, going forth from the gate, went direct thither, pausing only to cast an apprehensive glance down toward the mill and to listen an instant to the whir of the machinery. She breathed a sigh of relief when she heard the familiar noises. She had felt a curious terror lest the mill should have come to a standstill and the busy manager be abroad in the streets of the town, dogging her steps or those of young Mr. Bretherton.

Miss Tabitha delivered her very small order with much difficulty to Mr. Venn, who seemed unusually deaf that day.

"One pound of porterhouse steak?" he asked.

"I said half a pound," corrected Miss Tabitha, meekly.

"You did, did you?" cried the butcher, fiercely. "Excuse me, ma'am, but your voice ain't so distinct as it used to be. Age is tellin'. And it seems to me you've been gettin' false teeth."

Miss Tabitha was helpless. She knew of yore it was of no avail to put the butcher down. There was no other of his calling anywhere convenient, and meat was a necessary evil. There he stood, but on head and cleaver in hand, as though he were prepared to do instant execution upon the flower-like old spinster. His temper had been completely spoiled by his infirmity. He was a decent man, as men go, and honest, but his temper was beyond endurance. This last outrageous piece of impertinence was most galling to Miss Tabitha. False teeth, indeed! Oh, that he should presume to inquire into her most private affairs!

"Here you, Jacob!" called out the butcher to his assistant. "Make up this order. Cut off one pound and a half of porterhouse steak."

"One pound, two halves," answered the German, hastening forward with cheerful alacrity. "Yal ya!"

"I said half a pound—one half pound!" interposed Miss Tabitha, pronouncing each syllable distinctly.

"That's just what I said—one pound and a half," repeated Mr. Venn.

"Yal ya!" echoed the German, preparing to cut.

Miss Tabitha made another desperate protest. Her purse was small, her appetite still smaller; and her hired girl, whom she had proposed to feed on the remains of yesterday's dinner, would simply gorge on porterhouse steak, if so large a quantity were imported into the house.

"What's going on in here?" cried a cheerful voice from the sidewalk. It was evident that some passer-by had been arrested by the clamor of the butcher's hoarse tones, Miss Tabitha's shrill treble, and the cheerful bass of the German. To the old lady's intense mortification, it was young Mr. Bretherton himself, who without more ado, stepped into the shop.

"O, good morning, Miss Tabitha!" said the young man, doffing his tennis cap with much cordiality. I see you are having a lot of bother. What is it all about, and why doesn't that fellow there give you what you want?"

He slightly lowered his voice in referring thus unceremoniously to

the head of the establishment. But Miss Tabitha explained:

"He's deaf—deaf as a post. I simply can't make him hear."

"Is the other deaf, too?" inquired the newcomer, looking at the assistant.

"No, but he scarcely understands a word of English, though he thinks he does. He's German."

"Well, now, here's an unfortunate combination!" commented young Mr. Bretherton, with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "One can't hear, the other can't speak."

Meantime the German cheerfully went on cutting, eyeing the customer with a broad smile, which was shared impartially with the young gentleman from the Manor. In fact, having noted the twinkle in the eye of the latter, his own smile grew broader.

"One and two halves!" he ejaculated, eager to display his English to the new observer.

"I merely wanted half a pound," protested Miss Tabitha, shamefacedly.

"Oh, I say there, halloo!" cried Mr. Bretherton, gallantly throwing himself into the breach. "The lady doesn't want all that. It's too much for her."

The German batted an instant with his knife in the air, and then returned placidly to his assault upon the beef. By a sudden inspiration, the young gentleman began to address the butcher's assistant in fluent German. Heidelberg had been of some use, after all! The German stared, grinned more broadly than ever, and was narrowly prevented from extending a greasy hand to the first person amongst all Mr. Venn's customers who had addressed him in the accents of the Fatherland.

The butcher meantime observed the young "nob," as he called him—not being aware, however, of his identity—and made up his mind that he would take the opportunity to "show off some" and to poke fun at the "old woman." He therefore began in his half-sarcastic, half-growing fashion, eyeing Miss Tabitha meanwhile with disfavor; for the poor soul's orders were always of the smallest.

"I guess she's got false teeth, or something, for I'm blest if I can understand a word she says!"

Miss Tabitha, holding up her dainty petticoats from contact with the floor, glared upon Mr. Venn wrathfully, apostrophizing him the while:

"Oh, you dreadful creature! I should be very sorry for your infirmity, if it were not for your malicious and slanderous tongue."

The late General Sherman was one of the men who haunted the clock-room of the House and senate hungry for a good story of any kind. It is less than ten years since he died, and he is remembered largely to the general fund. One day he related the story of a soldier who had made a great ado concerning a slight wound. He was brought before the General, moaning and going on like a man who was on the brink of the grave. Sherman had the bandages removed from the wound, and, glancing at it in a skeptical manner, exclaimed, in his inimitable way, "Why, captain, they came very near missing you!"

"No, it isn't!" cried Mr. Bretherton. "I was talking about your confounded tongue. But I see it's no use. I might as well be roaring into the mouth of a volcano."

The butcher shook his head. He had not caught a word of this last address. He presently observed, with a mild and subdued intonation: "Butter take a prime roast or a quarter of lamb. I can send it up within the hour."

"Don't do anything of the sort!" screamed the unfortunate young gentleman. "I don't know anything about what's wanted. I only came in here to see my friend Miss Brown."

The butcher caught that lady's name, and eyed her malevolently. Thinking it more prudent, however, to refrain from further speech, he waited while Mr. Bretherton inquired if she had any more orders to give, and translated into German her demand for a bunch or two of carrots, a peck of potatoes, and a very small quantity of meat for her cats.

The poor lady felt great hesitation in confiding these minute details to the young magnate who had come to her assistance. But he gravely put them into German, and escorted his old friend from the shop with an extra deference, intended to convey a lesson to the butcher.

Young Mr. Bretherton accompanied Miss Tabitha upon her rounds, inquiring, as they went, about the various localities. He appeared to be deeply interested in Millbrook—this miniature world into which he had been suddenly compressed from the breadth and freedom of that greater world wherein his lot had been cast for many years. It took some time for the old lady to recover that equanimity which had been so rudely disturbed in presence of this young idol of her dreams.

The story about the teeth had been all too true; though Miss Tabitha had hoped to conceal this evidence of the incursions of age, by avoiding the local practitioner and having the delicate operation performed by Dr. Pyke, "down Whitworth Way."

The spiteful butcher had either been in that vicinity, serving the dentist with meat, or he had waylaid the boy who came wheeling up to Miss Tabitha's gate with the bill.

Miss Tabitha could not, of course, guess what a matter of serene indifference it was to her young idol whether she employed for purposes of mastication her own teeth or those fabricated by the said Pyke of Whitworth celebrity. To him she was merely the survival of a past—some delicate, dreamy fragment belonging to his sturdy boyhood; and when in her company he exerted himself to be agreeable and diverting as possible. He finally brought back the smiles to his old friend's countenance, and the vindicated her that all the sunshine in the world is not up there in the blue sky, but lives equally in the minds and hearts of those who walk upon the green earth, if only they will keep it unobscured by every passing shadow.

"Do you like chocolates, Miss Tabitha?" inquired the young man, as the two passed the window of the best confectionery shop, kept by Miss Spencer. "I've never known one of your sex who could resist them."

Now, with Miss Tabitha, chocolates were a special weakness; and there was a tempting display of them spread out in Miss Spencer's window, together with a variety of other most appetizing wares. But, at the prohibitive price of a dollar a pound, the old lady had not even ventured to give them a thought.

"Do let me feel that I am really back in America and may offer a box of sweets to a lady without offence," urged young Mr. Bretherton. Besides, I owe such a lot of what was it you used to call them?"

"Lollipops?" suggested the delighted Miss Tabitha. "It is an old English word, I believe, describing a certain kind of candy which this very Miss Spencer's mother used to make to perfection."

Being presently introduced to the

presiding genius of the sweetmeat industry, the young man observed to her, in what Miss Tabitha called his delightful manner:

"I am told it was your mother who made the lollipops in which I used to revel in Rose Cottage. I only hope you can equal her with your modern wares."

"I guess I can suit most any taste in the candy line," replied the smiling Miss Spencer. She was a cheerful, fresh faced woman, with a brisk, efficient manner, and a spotless neatness of attire. "The chocolates are not made in my establishment—they come direct from New York. Most of the other sorts we make ourselves, and I don't think you'll find they've deteriorated any since ma's time."

"I must patronize home manufacture, of course," declared the young man; "and I shall leave the choice to you. You may put me up a couple of pounds. But I specially want some chocolates, and Miss Brown must make her own selection."

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Pain in the chest and wheezing are completely cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It's the best cough remedy in the world. Easy to take. Price 25c.

A certain pompous individual from this State strutting about the Capitol at Washington. A Western Senator said to Senator Hoar:

"Who is that person?"

"That," responded Hoar, "is General B. of my State."

"Does he cut as wide a swath in Massachusetts as he does in Washington?"

"No," said Senator Hoar, with a merry twinkle. "No. General B's reputation is purely national."

Destroys Worms.

Mrs. John Lowe, New Germany, N. S., writes: I have given Dr. Lowe's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent results. They are fond of taking it and it acts perfectly, requiring no cathartic afterwards.

During his recent journey to Washington to attend the opening of the Fifty-eighth Congress, Representative "Tim" Sullivan, of New York, desired the dusky attendant in the buffet-car to fetch him some soft-boiled eggs.

When they were brought, the New York man perceived that the eggs were very much underdone. "What time are we making on this train?" asked he of the attendant.

"About fifty miles an hour, sir," was the reply.

"Then," quietly observed Sullivan, "if you will boil these eggs another mile, they'll be all right."

Raging headaches, that nothing else can cure, are quickly quieted by Milburn's Stinging Headache Powders. Price 10c and 25c at all dealers. Refuse substitutes.

Mrs. B.—I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college?

Mrs. Proudmore.—La, yes. Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently improvises music. But she ain't a bit stuck up—she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to dress; she just runs in nom de plume, an' you know that makes one feel so comfortable.

The late General Sherman was one of the men who haunted the clock-room of the House and senate hungry for a good story of any kind. It is less than ten years since he died, and he is remembered largely to the general fund. One day he related the story of a soldier who had made a great ado concerning a slight wound. He was brought before the General, moaning and going on like a man who was on the brink of the grave. Sherman had the bandages removed from the wound, and, glancing at it in a skeptical manner, exclaimed, in his inimitable way, "Why, captain, they came very near missing you!"

... FOR ...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults.

DR. FOWLER'S

Extract of Wild Strawberry

is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosemont, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

"Tongue? Got a nice one—well corned, jelly." It was wanted at the Manor?" asked Mr. Venn.

"No, no!" roared the young a-l-l-e,

"It's your tongue I'm talking about. You ought to put it in pickle."

"Pickled?" roared the butcher.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

John A. Mathieson, K. C.—Kanas McDonald

Mathieson & MacDonald Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc. Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Branch Office, Georgetown, P. E. I. May 10, 1905—yly.

A. A. McLean, K. C.—Donald McKinnon

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Morson & Duffy Barristers & Attorneys, Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN. Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada

E. F. RYAN, B.A., BARRISTER & ATTORNEY, GEORGETOWN, P. E. ISLAND March 29, 1905.

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If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of

BOOTS or SHOES or anything else in the

FOOTWEAR

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A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B. Sun Fire Offices of London. Phoenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn.

Combined Assets \$100,000,000

Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses.

JOHN MACBACHERN, AGENT. Mar. 22nd, 1905.

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Tickets, Dodgers, Posters, Check Books, Receipt Books, Note Heads, Note Books of Hand Letter Heads

Prince Edward Island's

Greatest Tailoring

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If so it will pay you to examine our prices before ordering.

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Suits \$14.00 and up.

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Shirts, Collars, Ties, Underclothing, Braces, Socks, Belts, Rain Coats, Umbrellas, Caps, etc.

GORDON & MACLELLAN,

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-- ARE OUR --

Bricks & Mortar

The stability of a building depends on the quality of the materials it is made from. The stability of a business depends on the character of its dealings. Merit and fair prices have been the bricks and mortar employed in building up the E. W. Taylor business to its present plane of prestige.

We solicit your custom whenever you seek any Jewellery article

Among our features this season the following are particularly noteworthy.

An extensive line of the famous REGINA PRECISION WATCHES—among the best Watches for general service to be found in the market—covered by the broadest guarantee given with any make of Watch. Many styles and sizes at prices ranging from \$8.00 to \$51.00 each.

A very choice line of Lockets, Charms and Brooches, of many novel and pleasing styles of design, at a wide range of prices.

A magnificent showing of Table Silver, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Fancy Pieces, such as Cake Baskets, Bon Bon Dishes, Baking Dishes, Card Trays, Candlesticks.

A splendid assortment of Clocks, in many very desirable shapes and designs, all of sterling workmanship.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, Charlottetown.

CHINAWARE,

New and Beautiful,

Just opened up in our

China Ware Department,

An elegant display of fancy

Japanese Goods

In Cups and Saucers, Plates, 5 o'clock Sets, Jardiniere, Umbrella Stands, pretty Nic-Nacs, Bric-a-Brac, Vases in great variety.

Old English ART WARE,

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China Ware

etc., at lowest prices. CARTER & CO., Ltd.

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 cool milk with it will do away with any indigestion which is attached to fatty products during the heated season. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. Price, 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

A Translation from the Portuguese of Formigao.

(For the New York Freeman's Journal.)

There the Sun, more redly shining, Is declining Westward down his golden dome—

As some sailor, sadly thinking, Watches sinking, As he goes, the lights of home.

Here a Virgin, kneeling lowly, Chaste and holy, Humbly prays in Nazareth, Fair as rose bud in its sweetness Is the fitness

Of her pure and perfect faith. Still she prays, and such fire Of her desire

That it reaches Heaven's throne; "Lord, the sinful souls are needy, Oh, be speedy!

Come, thou Saviour, to thine own!"

Lo, as she for this is praying, One is saying— Heaven's beauty in his face:

"Of frail creatures thou the surest, Strongest, purest, Mary, hail! thou full of grace.

God is weary of man's sinning, And the winning Of their souls from sin decrees; And thou, Mary, art the special Chosen vessel

Called to suffer grief for these."

"With His mercies overlaid, His handmaid Gladly bows to His decree. Midst the lowly I was lowest, He is holiest;

Yet He deigned to look on me. "Yet perchance if sin hath ever—" "Mary, never!

He hath guarded all thy ways. "May I look toward Him shameless, Fearless, blameless? Then to Him alone the praise."

Stainless, stainlessly created, She was fated To be Queen, when time began; And each age shall bless the story Of the glory

That in her God shed on man. —A. INGLIS, 45 Via di Monserrato, Rome.

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADDLER. (From the Ave Maria.)

III.—YOUNG MR. BRETHERTON DOSE ESCORT DUTY.

Of course it was generally supposed in Millbrook that the young gentleman from the Manor had gone purposely to call upon Miss Tabitha, and had ridden up in ceremonious fashion to her gate. This went to

encourage the popular notion that the spinster, at whom many were disposed to sneer, was in reality nearer to the great family than any one in the town proper—not even, perhaps, except the favored few who dwelt upon the Thornycroft Road and were at the very doors of the Manor.

No one, however, interviewed Mr. Cortland Bretherton upon the subject; and Miss Tabitha held her peace, carrying her head just a tenth of an inch higher; while her allusions to the Brethertons became darker and more mysterious, as though they were a not lightly to be mentioned to the vulgar.

Her next-door neighbor, Jesse Craft, was not to be kept at a distance by any effusion of reticence, but openly and freely broached the subject.

"Young Squire Bretherton do seem to be an affable sort of gent," he said; "with no airs or nonsense about him, but a great plenty of common-sense, as might be expected from the son of a bright man like the Governor."

Miss Tabitha could never tell why it particularly grieved upon her nervous system to hear the Governor called a "bright" man. Whether she would have preferred to hear him designated as a dense or opaque man it would be hard to say; but she felt that it somehow suggested