

Calendar for June, 1906.

Moon's PHASES. Full Moon 61. 51. 12m. p. m. Last Quarter 131. 3h. 34m. p. m. New Moon 214. 7h. 6m. p. m. First Quarter 291. 10h. 19m. a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the week from Fri to Sat.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

Food's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

had better look with the teal and the other water birds. Some of them will feed from my hand. I have been studying the manners and customs of the kingfisher, too, and I can show you some of my attempts at photographing him.

What Should a Maiden Be?

(Sacred Heart Review.)

What should a maiden be? Pure as the rill, Ere it has left its first home on the hill; Thinking no evil, suspecting no guile, Cherishing naught that can harm or defile.

The Birth of a New City

Prince Rupert, the new city of Northwestern British Columbia and the Pacific Coast terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific has indeed begun, and the foundations laid of the coming metropolis of the Western Province of the Dominion.

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MISCELLANEOUS

A teacher was instructing a class of boys and had spent half an hour trying to drive into their heads the difference between man and the lower animals, but apparently with little success.

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

The Cut Of The Suit

Tells the taste of the tailor. The garments that strike your fancy may not be those that you should wear.

The garments that strike your fancy may not be those that you should wear. In the mirror of the retail clothier you cannot see yourself as others see you.



GORDON & McLELLAN.

Tailors of Taste.

Custom Tailoring!

Gent's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, etc, etc.

NEW CLOTHS

For SPRING WEAR. Our Cloths are imported from the very best manufacturers in England, Scotland and Ireland, and include

- Worsteds, Vicunas, Tweeds, And Fancy Vest Cloths. Fancy Suitings, Serges, Trowserings.

Overcoatings in Vicunas, Rainproof and Fancy Worsteds.

We can guarantee satisfaction in the cutting, fitting and making up of our Clothing.

We invite you to call and examine the stock, and believe we will be able to suit you.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.

Queen Street, Charlottetown,

CARTER'S TESTED SEEDS

For All Soils.

Only Seeds of High Grade

as to PURITY and GERMANATION, are sold by us. Don't experiment with cheap Seed. Our

Clovers, Timothy, Wheat, Peas, Corn, Vetches, Barley, &c., &c.,

are the best money can buy. Our prices will be found as low as seeds of best quality can be sold for. 25 years in the Seed business makes us leaders. Farmers depend on us for their supplies.

Come to Headquarters. CARTER & CO., Ltd. CHARLOTTETOWN - SEEDSMEN.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak hearts, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Ship Fever, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Painful Stomach, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Pain, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

"The Boston Favorite."

This is our great American line of Women's Fine Shoes to sell for

\$2.50 A Pair

The strongest line on earth, equal in style, fit and appearance to any shoes made; we have found their wearing qualities excellent.

\$2.50 Stamped on the Sole.

Alley & Co.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

John A. Mathieson, K. C. - Encas A. McDonald

Mathieson & MacDonald

Barristers, Solicitors

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Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Branch Office, Georgetown, P. E.

May 10, 1906 - July.

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.

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Mar. 22nd, 1905.

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NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

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Collecting, conveying, and all kinds of Legal business promptly attended to. Investments made on best security. Money to Loan.

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A. A. McLean, K. C. - Donald McKinnon

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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

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bones and breaks down bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery.

SCOTT'S BOWNE, Chemist, Toronto, Ont. and all druggists.

and what a delightful man he is—so cultivated, and well informed, and so modest. I shall quite look forward to meeting him again.

"So shall I," said Kitty. I have never met anyone quite like him.

He seems of the stuff that heroes are made of, and not, like us, 'cast in the common mould of coarser clay.'

"I expect he can play golf," said her father, and she laughed merrily.

That night, after silence had fallen on 'The Manor,' and the whole household slept, Kitty sat by her open casement in deep thought.

The moonlight was streaming over the quiet garden and all along the silent valley, the river showed a streak of gleaming silver through the meadow, and amongst the soft darkness of its wooded banks.

"Tell me," said Amiel, "what you feel in your solitary room, when the full moon is shining in upon you, and your lamp is dying out, and I will tell you how old you are, and I shall know if you are happy;" but the girl would have been puzzled to describe just what she did feel then; she was conscious of the peace and beauty of the summer night, which tinged her thoughts with a gentle melancholy, of an aspiration toward the deeper beat of things.

She fell wondering how the "Devil's Pothole" looked at the witching hour of night, reflecting the stars on its still surface, and making a mirror for the moon, but keeping its depth in darkness and guarding its secrets under its peaty water.

An eerie place at all times, she felt now she would not care to see it at that hour—even Father de Winton would hardly like to venture there at night.

And yet why not? There was nothing more deadly there than the long-legged heron to which he had been making friendly overtures, and which would be old friends by this time; it was only the unknown that frightened one.

Nature always tried to keep one on the safe side, and, like a mother guarding forbidden things from her inquisitive children, she soared them away from her hiding-places with suggestions full of fear.

But Father de Winton would not be easily dismayed, even the appearance of 'Old Charon,' as he had called him, with his grim craft, would hardly have power to disturb that calm serenity which shone out of his clear, brave eyes.

How could one attain to that high spirit, that steadfast soul? How had he come by it, what had it cost him? And that was a Catholic priest!

A sudden thought moved her; she rose and left the room and went into her study, the room which might have been called haunted, because of the incidents associated with it.

She closed the door and turned on the light, filling the room with a soft, warm glow.

Certainly there was nothing ghostly here; the paneled walls were almost hidden by fine pictures, dainty water colors, and photographs of well-known paintings.

The diamond-paned windows were hung with silken curtains, trimmed with rare embroidery, and a splendid Turkey carpet of beautiful coloring covered the floor.

Kitty sat down in her emerald chair, a low, soft, nest of enamel and velvet, and looked round the room with a new interest, taking up her reflections at the point where she had broken them off—and that was a Catholic priest!

That strong, fearless young man, with his proud bearing and modest, gentle manner. A man surely, who knew the immortal part of himself and who tuned his being, with all its impulses and passions, to the music of a strong will turned to the nobler purposes of life.

No man like this had ever come into her world; he was, figuratively speaking, from the wilderness, from the silent places and the untainted atmosphere; out beyond the social world she knew, where men grew to their full height removed from all enervating influence.

A man whose mind had never been clothed with the soft garments of luxury and sensuality; who had fought the good fight and overcome his baser self; and now, "his soul well knit, and all his battles won," he had gone forth to preach to his brethren about the God he served.

And this was a Catholic priest! And they were men like this who had been hidden away in the little dark hiding-places, almost under her feet, to save them from the fury of ignorant men and lawless soldiers; men like this who were hunted like criminals across the country and shot down like wild beasts; hanged and disemboweled for their faith and constancy.

And the man who had received his death wound in that very room, he had been young, too, and of a noble house; with just such a calm, courageous look he would have faced his murderers, here, just by the casement, and rebuked them for their savage treatment of his host.

Then they struck him down; he was tall and strong, they said, and they were afraid of him—the towards! She was glad to think that "his gentle spirit had aspired the clouds" before the air of the noisome prison had breathed upon it.

Oh, the shame and the pity of it! The tragedy came home now to her warm young heart, and hot tears sprang to her eyes. She had taken that room for her own with a very light heart, in laughing defiance of old tales and ghostly legends, without a thought of bygone sorrows

and pain; she would take her shoes from off her feet and consider that she stood on holy ground, because she knew and understood what manner of young man he was who had suffered there—no rebel, he—no sedition man of evil mind, or disturber of the king's peace.

She thought with sudden anger of all the lying histories she had read of such men—but a man in love with the religion of Christ, a humble follower of Jesus, whose gospel was love, and mercy, and justice!

She rose from her seat, and with one of those impulses which only a woman could know, she went over to the spot where the priest had been stricken down, and, moving back the carpet, she knelt and kissed the dark stain where the martyr's blood had flowed.

This was her lot of preparation for her thoughtlessness and indifference to that most piteous death scene; it was her offering of condolence and compassion for the pain and woe which were suffered there, and a warm tear welling up from her pure, impulsive heart, splashed over and shone a bright gem on the stained wood.

Kitty had often talked lightly of a "psychological moment," but that she would ever know by her experience just what she meant by the phrase she never for a moment imagined, but now it flashed through her mind that something within her had quickened and stirred; with that kiss her soul had awakened, and cried to be delivered from the bonds of trivialities, from the weight of the dead works of many frivolous years.

(To be Continued.)