Tells the taste of the tailor. The garments that

strike your fancy may not be those that you should

wear. In the mirror of the retail ciothier you can-

not see yourself as others see you. Is it safe to

trust your appearance to the judgment of the ready-

made salesman, based on the necessity of fitting you

to the clothing rather than the clothidg to you? In-

dividuality and character are subtly expressed in

every garment we make. Years of experience in

serving the best dressers guarantee that clothing

made by us is perfect in style and finish, and is of

the color and cut best suited to the wearer's com-

plexion and figure. Suits ranging in price from

GORDON & McLELLAN

Tailors of Taste.

Gent's Furnishings, Hats,

Caps, etc, etc.

**NEW CLOTHS** 

Fancy Suitings,

Trowserings,

Serges,

We invite you to call and examine the stock, and be

Queen Street, Charlottetown,

CARTER'S

The

The

\$16.00 to \$28.00.

Ireland, and include

Worsteds,

Vicunas.

Tweeds.

and making up of our Clothing.

lieve we will be able to suit you.

And Fancy Vest Cloths.

# Calendar for June, 1906.

Moon's Phases. Full Moon 61. 55. 12m. p. m Last Quarter 13d. 3h. 34m. p. m. New Moon 21d. 7b. 6m. p. m.

| D<br>of | Day  | Sun<br>Rises |    |   |    | Moon<br>Sets |     | High<br>Wat'r<br>a.m. |    | High<br>Wat'r<br>p m |      |
|---------|------|--------------|----|---|----|--------------|-----|-----------------------|----|----------------------|------|
| M       | Week |              |    |   |    |              |     |                       |    |                      |      |
|         |      | b.           | m. | 4 | m  | b            | m.  |                       | m  | 100 TO 100 M         | m.   |
| 1       | Fri  | 4            |    |   | 54 | 1000-00      | 42  | 1000                  | 42 | 100000               | 39   |
| 2       | Sat  | 4            |    |   |    |              | 14  |                       |    | 2004-01              | 05   |
| 3       | San  | 4            | 32 | 7 | 56 |              | 45  |                       |    |                      | 1000 |
| 4       | Mon  | 4            | 31 | 7 | 57 | 3            | 19  |                       |    |                      | 23   |
| 5       |      |              |    |   |    |              | 59  |                       | 23 |                      |      |
| 6       |      |              |    |   |    |              |     |                       |    |                      |      |
| 7       | Thu  | 4            | 30 | 7 | 59 | 8            | 49  | 10                    | 37 | 11                   | 53   |
| 8       | Fri  | 4            | 29 | 8 | 00 | 9            | 51  | 11                    | 13 |                      |      |
| 9       | Sat  |              |    |   |    |              | 44  |                       | 39 |                      |      |
| 19      | San  | 4            | 29 | 8 | 01 | 11           | 28  | 1                     | 26 | 12                   | 35   |
| 11      | Mon  | 4            | 29 | 8 | 02 | 8.           | m.  | 2                     | 15 | 1                    | 25   |
|         | Tue  |              |    |   |    |              | 04  |                       |    |                      |      |
|         | Wed  |              |    |   |    |              | 36  | 3                     | 47 | 3                    | 16   |
|         | Thu  |              |    |   |    |              | 04  | 4                     | 41 | 4                    | 34   |
| 15      | Fri  | 4            | 28 | 8 | 04 | 1            | 31  | 5                     | 34 | 6                    | 00   |
| 16      | Bat  | 4            | 28 | 8 | 04 | 1            | 56  | 6                     | 25 | 7                    | 09   |
|         | San  |              | 28 |   |    | 2            | 23  | 7                     | 13 | 8                    | 10   |
| 18      | Mer  | 4            | 28 | 8 | 05 | 2            | 49  | 7                     | 58 | 9                    | 02   |
| 19      | Tue  | 4            | 28 | 8 | 05 | 3            | 20  | 8                     | 36 | 10                   | 00   |
| 20      | Wec  |              |    |   |    |              | 54  |                       |    | 11                   | 44   |
|         | Thu  |              |    |   |    |              | eta | 9                     | 52 | 12                   | 21   |

### First Communion.

And so, my darling, you will kneel to-day,

holy altar. And I will pray, as only mothers pray, That He will never let your foot steps falter, But always stay with thee.

It seems a little while since first you

Within my arms, and nestled ob so tender.

And brought the joy which but a first born brings; Still far more joyful, dear, if

you'll surrender Your heart and soul to-day, Forgetting even me.

And I will throw all worldly care aside. And think of nothing save the Guest we cherish,

And He will see my heart, and know I tried. To keep you from the love of

things that perish, And He'll remember.

Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you, dear, And give you strength to battle

with life's sorrow And when your last Communion day

draws near.

Your trust in Him glad to-morrow,

Where love and joy and gladness will await thee, Beyond the skies.

-Sacred Heart Review.

### The Uses of Adversity.

(From the Messenger.)

Over in the meadows ewes bleat

ed, calling their lambs to their sides, "so sweet and musical." and thrushes and blackbirds taught their first notes to bright-eyed very proud of them. Leacroft bells youngsters getting ready for their are famous all round the country first flight, while as a soft accompaniment to all came the sound of water rushing through the old weir, tion and a date." the river was low and the water ran lazily over the mossy boulders. Roses bloomed in great profusion on temptuous tone. "I hardly think the walls of the house, roses in every your ritual will quite match them, shade of red, every tone of white, Mr. Morland." from the humble climber, but little different from its wild sisters of the hedge rows to the long waxen netall- man I think I can convince you that ed Marechal Neil, and the dainty it does." seductive Jacqueminot. Mrs. Rylands let ber eyes wander over them with great satisfaction; never had the subject has very little interest she seen such roses, much less possessed them; she followed their bright path round casement and pillar, and along the edge of the old gray roof-this brought her gaze to the base of the old tower, and she you the church any time you are at recognized it thoughtfully. That tower with its grim bistory! What did it stand for in those far off days when it was built? What did it signify now in her new home life? Had its weird history any message for her or her dear ones? Could its gray weather-beaten stones ever ory inworking order. out to her and become a factor in her life? Oh, no! Yet it had a kind of fascination for ber, and she walked slowly round the patch beneath it. Workmen had trimmed its great masses of ivy, and the young green leaves lay soft against its rugged sides. It looked less ghostly denuded of the flapping branches of dark ivy which before had waved about, like long gaunt arms, with evil effect. She looked up at the open windows; Kitty had taken possessien of the tower; she was in her study -the room with the secret door-arranging her books, and her mother could hear her singing over her work -- A step on the gravel behind ber made i er look round; a nest waiting maid was approaching her with a visiting card on a salver. She smiled as she read the name. "Kitty," she called softly under the window, "come down; Mr. Morland,

the Vicar, has called." The amused smile was still on

### Aching Joints

First Quarter 29d, 10h. 19m. a, m.

but have been completely cared by Hood Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply gratiful." Miss Frances Smith, Prescott, On "I had an attack of the grip which let m 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 by life." M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont.

Removes the cause of rheumatism-outward application can. Take it. lips when she greeted her visitor. Mr. Morland was a tall, thin man, wiry of frame and tanned of vieage ; olean shaven and with a Roman collar, he looked every inch the

High Church anglican clergyman. "I am very glad the Manor has a tenant again," he said pleasantly, after they had shaken hands; "I will bring my wife over to call on 9 52 12 21 10 23 12 58 you as soon as you are settled."
"Ob. I think we are quite settled

22 Fri 4 29 8 06 8 34 10 23 12 58 23 S.t. 4 29 8 07 9 20 10 56 ...... 24 3un 4 29 8 07 10 01 0 34 11 31 now," said Mre. Rylands, "this is 25 Mr 4 30 8 07 10 40 1 11 12 12 my daughter," she added, introduc-26 Tue 4 30 8 07 11 14 1 51 1 00 ing Kitty, who had just entered, 27 Wec 4 31 8 07 11 46 2 23 1 42 "my hueband is away today, but I 28 Thu 4 31 8 07 s.m. 3 11 2 46 mp hueband is away today, but I 29 Fei 4 32 8 06 0 16 4 03 3 58 am expecting him home presently."
30 34t 4 32 8 06 0 46 4 59 5 18 "I thought I would look in on

you today," said Mr. Morland, "and ask you about your sittings in the church: there is an old pew belonging to this house, one of those high ones, you know, like a room, where you shut the door and are quite For the first time before God's private and invisible. It has a fireplace in it and has cushioned seats; but I don't recommend it, for it is decidedly stuffy and close. I know, as a rule, it does not commend itself to the fair sex, who generally like to see and to be seen. Still it is my business to tell you about it and to offer to you the key."

"But we never go to church, Mr. Morland," said Mrs, Rylands, "I have not been in a church since I

was married." The Vicar almost gasped, his face grew suddenly grave.

"But you are-believers-I am sure," and he looked from the beautiful mother to the charming innocent faced daughter with troubled neredulous eyes.

"I don't think we are," she laughd. "we have never thought about For those that last, for His dear sake, are doing all sorts of unusual things, it all for our dull senses; bring it to "The red should say what I should day. I will ask my husband about it, and if he goes, of course I shall go with him-and you will, Kitty,

won't you?" "No," said Kitty, promptly. " generally write my letters on Sundays, so I shouldn't have time; but I should like to see the church."

"You would like the services too am sure," said Mr. Morland, almost pleadingly, "we try, as far as possible, to show forth the beauty of our Catholic ritual, which has such power to elevate the mind; to console the heart."

"Ob, you're rather 'high' here. then?" Mrs. Rylands made this unfeeling remark with the utmost concern. "You have a very beautiful peal of bells, I notice," she went on, without waiting for his answer,

"Yes," be said warmly," we are side; they are thirteenth century bells, and each bell has an inscrip-

"The bells are Catholic, then, any. way," said Kitty, in her light con-

"Come and see, Miss Rylands,' he answered, "if you are not a Ro-

"Ob, I'm not a Roman," said Kitty, laughing, "and I am afraid

"Nevertheless I am going to try and make it interest you," he said, with a steady look at her, as he rose to say good bye, " and I can show leisure, if you will let me know."

Dinner was over; it had been served that night with all the accustomed ceremony, showing that the domestic machinery was once more

" By the way, Dick, said Mre Rylands, as the servants left the oom, "are we supposed to go to Church on Sundays here? The Vicar called today and wanted to know about our seats; I told him we never went to church."

"Vary candid of you, my dear," said ber busbard, emiling, "ard what did he say to that ?"

"O, he said be supposed we were

Disease takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemi we were; are we?"

what Mr. Morland would call a be- her mother from the room.

"I am not going to church, said ances at Leacroft Manor." Kitty, "and I am quite sure, Mother In the drawing-room the lights very great bore, with a little encour- fine voice-strong, clear and sweet, agement, and it is obviously one's and perfectly trained.

wherever one meets them." Mrs. Rylands was gazing dreamly across the table, through the open window, where the dusk was

"The land has its compensations," she said; smiling, after a pause just listen to that hird '

She held up her finger for silence and the sweet golden thrill of the ightiogale's song came soft and lear in the quiet garden. "How beautiful it is," she said

and there is a note of sadness in i oo; don't you think so?" "Yes, Mother," said Kitty; sings with its little breast against a

Shelley says: 'Our sweetest songs face as she sangare those that tell of saddest thought?" "Is that true, Dick?" asked Mrs. Rylands. "I mean, does it sing

with its breast against a thorn?" " All great singers do that, Mary it is the penalty of all genius; and the thorn is the knowledge of their own limitations—the unattainable. ness of their ideals. When I conmusic, I always think of this; I try to peer beyond the accomplished work to the ideal that inspired it. I think of the vision of beauty that

these things at all. However, now to hear secret words which only the home there. we have come into the country we Graces know-and then to translate our human understanding, knowing that only a poor counterfeit can be given of the glowing vision. Surely, it is a sad thought !" He sighed; he remembered that hidden away in his desk be had a "The

half-finished novel-his one serious attempt in the realm of literatureit was to have been a great book, for it was an ambitious plot; he had There are roses white, there are had his ideals then; perhaps they were driven out by too much worldly prosperity and an easy luxurious

"Yes, Dad," said Kitty, thoughtfully; "I have felt that myself, and I think that our ideals are at once our delight and our despair, I have often wondered what their source heart, unmindful of her listeners. could be-we dream of a beauty beyond, a rapture yet to come. Why

is this?" I felt it in some other clime, I saw it in some other place.'

quoted Mr. Rylands dreamily. 'Twas when the Heavenly house ]

And lay upon the breast of God," said Kitty, finishing the lines for "And that is a lovely thought, Do you know, the other night, when the man who gave the lecture on Theosophy was talking wildly of the Unseen, I was wondering if it said her mother, as the girl rose and were possible that we bad ever lived some other life besides this one which we know, and having died, and been buried, we had risen again

with only a memory of lost beauty for our inheritance and the shadow of a lost bliss for our happiness." " If you said that to Mr. Morland, Kitty, he would remind you that our first parents lived in Paradise and

"Ab, well, said Mrs. Rylands, versation rather dull; "it is no good mingle the white with the red." speculating over such matters as goods we have, for we may die and yourself. Has he asked you to marry be buried and rise sgain without him, child?"

even our happy memories. Just listen, Kitty, to that bird; it is a nightingale ?" A bird outside was essaying the

"That is a Startling, Mother," said going to marry him. Now, if I only Kitty, laughing; "he is imitating could meet somebody like Dad, I the famous bird tenor. I heard him would marry him tomorrow. But, practising yesterday all the after- there ts nobody like him, is there?" noon. Startlings always amuse me; they remind me of the Ger mans; they have a way of elbowing other birds out of their path, and hey are quite painfully industrious they keep the feminine part of their community in a very unemancipated from different parts of the condition too. Mrs. Starling is a real 'Hausfrau.' That bird-there you hear bim again-is a very gay

believers, and I said I didn't think Daddy dear, do try and imagine a thrush holding its sides.

"You have never enlightened me as to your beliefs, Mary," he answer think you will have any difficulty ed rather seriously; "but as far as I in amusing yourself in the country, am concerned, I don't think I am Kitty," he said, as she rose to follow

liever. I take very little interest "I will amuse you too, Daddy, if in religion of any kind, but, of course, you will let me. Come now and if you and Kitty like to go to church, hear me sing a brand-new song, am very much at your service, and We must not let the nightingale have shall be delighted to escort you." the monopoly of musical perform-

would never condemn you to a were low and the windows wide couple of hours' boredom for the open; the twilight still lingered, and Hood's Sarsaparilla privilege of hearing Mr. Morland a rising moon poured a flood of me!holding forth to his bucolic flock; I low, golden light into the room. Mr. think you had better put your foot Rylands lit his cigar and strolled out down at once, Dad, and tell the Vicer on the gravel path just outside, we are not thinking of taking up re where he could hear Kitty's song; ligion at present. I have an idea for the sweetest music in all the that Mr. Morland might become a world for him was his daughter's

> duty to protect oneself from bores, "This is quite a June song, Mother," said Kitty, "all about

> "Is it an old ballad?" "No; I should say it was a very making velvety shadows among new one; the words are by L. S. Bevington, I see. The composer only gives his initials; he is very

> > me the other day." "Did he compose it?" Kitty blushed. "I rather think

> > he did. Anyway, it is dedicated to Miss Kathrine Rylands. "He is a man of many parts," said her mother pointedly.

Kitty seated herself at the piano and began to play; a great band of moonlight made a golden hem round horn, and its song is all about a poor her white frock, and the shaded birdie that died of a broken heart. lamp beside her threw a warm glow You remember, don't you, what of rosy color on her bright young

There are roses white, there are roses red. Shyly roses, tenderly white; Which shall I choose to wreathe my

"Which shall I cull from the garden

To greet my love on this very night? sider any masterpiece in art or There are roses white, there are

roses red." got in a fine crescendo, with great MENT most beneficial for sun burn, effect; a distant bird called harshly an immediate relief for colic and must have flitted before the artist's in an alarmed note, and from the toothache. mind, folded him is wings of glory, ivy-clad tower came the soft hoot of and wrapt him to a seventh heaven the gray owls, which made their

> have said At | how they blush in the evening light!

> Which shall I choose to wreathe my head? white are pale as the snow

new spread. Pure as young eyes, and half as bright.

Mrs. Rylands had laid down her book, and she was regarding her daughter attentively. Kitty was singing, as she always did, with her whole soul; but her voice had taken on a subdued tone, and she seemed to be holding parley with her own

Roses white, from the heaven dew

Roses red for a passion's plight All twined together to wreathe my

Summer twilight is almost fled. Say, dear love, have I chosen right? There are roses white, there

roses red, All twined together to wreather my head."

"These are pretty words, Kitty," flung herself into a low easy-chair, "Yes," she answered, absently; "i is a Villanelle, a shepherd's son, Hector is very sentimental."

" Is he?" "Weil don't you understand, Mother, Hector comes from York; he was born under the shadow of the 'Minster,' and his badge is the white rose. We are Lancashire, and I althat memory is hereditary in the ways wear a red one. I love red roses. It is a great grief to him, so he says, that I will not wear his color

who was beginning to find the con- and he thinks that at least I might "Perhaps you will, eventually, dear. these. Let us be thankful for the No hurry yet; you are only a rosebud

" Yes." "And what did you say?"

"I told him he could ask me again,

in a year and a day,' as the old songs first few notes of the nightingale's have it. I like him very much; but cong-correct as far as it went; then it seems to me that I ought to like t would break off and begin again. him infinitely more than I do if I am

(To be continued.)

Our mail order department is growing rapidlyevery mail brings us orders country, and we have invariably given the utmost satisyoung spark; I think he poses as a faction. If anything by any young spark; I think be posee as a musical critic, and explains the nightingale's rendering of his fam using to the other birds in a very facetious manner. I am almost sure I saw the thrushes and blackbirds holding their sides with laughter. In the laughter is the laughter in the laughter in the laughter is the laughter in the laughter is the laughter in the laughter is the laughter in the laugh holding their sides with langi ter. lottetown,

# A BAD CASE

KIDNEY TROUBLE

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Kidney Troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says:—I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pains in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Noticing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial, so I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers.

Price 50c per box or 3 for \$1.25: all Price 50c. per box, or 3 for \$1.25; all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Maud. - Did you say I painted? Marie.-I did not; I said you powdered.

modest. Hector McLeod sent it to that puts another complexion on it.

Minard's Liniment for sale

younger. Miss Passay. - Well, you mayer-put a couple more white feathers

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp, held at Tusket Falls in In a soft interlude the nightingale August, I found MINARD'S LINI-

ALFRED STOKES.

She (indignantly). - I don't think you give us girls credit for thinking

He (suavely).-Oh, you wrong ne. I do give you credit for thinking of more than dresses.

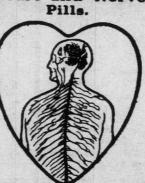
Ont., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Headache and Constipation. I tried Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me more good than anything I ever

Hawley.-I wonder why a dentist alls his office a dental parlor? Smart .-- I don't know. Drawingoom would be more appropriate.

Mrs. Hibbert Beck, Newburn, box relieved the pain and six boxes completely cured me."

handfuls. If it keeps on, I'll soon be Wicks .- Nonesense; if it keeps on

### MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Disriness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the Price 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

GURED BY

### MISCELLANEOUS

Mand (reluctantly). - Oh, well,

Hagyard's Yellow Oil takes out pain, reduces swelling and allays inflammation. Cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Chords, Sore Throat, Croup, Quinsy, etc. It does not stain the skin or soil the clothidg.

everywhere.

Crafty Milliner .- Really, Miss Passay, the white feather on your hat makes you look at least five years

General Secretary.

of anything else than dress.

She .- Of what else? He.-Bonnets.

Constipation Cured. Mrs. James Clark, Commanda,

N. S., writes: "I was in bed for weeks with Rheumatism and could not move without help, I began using Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and one

Hicks .- My bair comes out in

ou can never be bald. Minard's Liniment cures

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Come to Headquarters.

CHARLOTTETOWN - - SEEDSMEN.

# "The Boston Favorite."

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

The strongest line on earth, equal in style, fit and appearance to any shoes made: we have found their wearing qualities excellent. All sizes and colors in low shoes and laced boots, heavy and light soles are now in stock.

\$2.50 Stamped on the Sole.

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Solid Footwear. Ladies'! Here is your

> Box Calf Boots, neat, upto-date. Cheap any time at \$2.25, now \$1.50, all These Boots arrived a few days ago a little late of course, but they are

chance, one week only.

yours at the above price. See them anyway. A. E. McEACHEN. THE SHOE MAN

QUEEN STREET