## Calendar for May, 1906.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter 1d 3h. 7m. p. m.
Full Moon 8d. 10h. 10m. a. m
Last Quarter 15d. 3h. 3m. a. m.
New Moon 23d. 4h. 1m. p. m.
First Quarter 31d. 2h. 24m. a. m.

| D of M | Day of Week | Sun Rises | Sun Sets | Moon Sets | High Wat'r a. m. | High Wat'r p. m. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | h. m. | h. m. | h. m. | h. m | h. m. |
| 1 | Tue | 5 06 | 7 20 | 1 20 | 4 19 | 3 04 |
| 2 | We | 5 05 | 7 21 | 2 00 | 5 26 | 4 24 |
| 3 | Thu | 5 03 | 7 22 | 2 38 | 6 27 | 5 52 |
| 4 | Fri | 5 02 | 7 24 | 3 09 | 7 22 | 7 15 |
| 5 | Sat | 5 00 | 7 25 | 3 43 | 8 11 | 8 31 |
| 6 | Sun | 4 59 | 7 26 | 4 16 | 8 56 | 9 40 |
| 7 | Mon | 4 57 | 7 28 | 4 49 | 9 51 | 10 32 |
| 8 | Tue | 4 56 | 7 29 | rises | 10 32 | 11 21 |
| 9 | Wed | 4 54 | 7 30 | 8 55 | 11 08 | ..... |
| 10 | Thu | 4 53 | 7 31 | 10 05 | 0 08 | 11 41 |
| 11 | Fri | 4 52 | 7 32 | 11 09 | 0 54 | 12 17 |
| 12 | Sat | 4 50 | 7 33 | a. m. | 1 42 | 12 55 |
| 13 | Sun | 4 49 | 7 35 | 0 03 | 2 34 | 1 40 |
| 14 | Mon | 4 48 | 7 36 | 0 50 | 3 20 | 2 25 |
| 15 | Tue | 4 47 | 7 37 | 1 19 | 4 23 | 3 35 |
| 16 | Wed | 4 46 | 7 38 | 2 02 | 5 29 | 5 01 |
| 17 | Thu | 4 45 | 7 39 | 2 33 | 6 31 | 6 37 |
| 18 | Fri | 4 44 | 7 40 | 3 01 | 7 25 | 7 42 |
| 19 | Sat | 4 43 | 7 41 | 3 25 | 8 09 | 8 45 |
| 20 | Sun | 4 42 | 7 42 | 3 51 | 8 48 | 9 33 |
| 21 | Mon | 4 41 | 7 44 | 4 17 | 9 35 | 10 26 |
| 22 | Tue | 4 40 | 7 45 | sets | 10 08 | 11 04 |
| 23 | Wed | 4 39 | 7 46 | 8 00 | 10 35 | 11 41 |
| 24 | Thu | 4 38 | 7 47 | 8 54 | 10 59 | ..... |
| 25 | Fri | 4 38 | 7 48 | 9 46 | 0 18 | 11 26 |
| 26 | Sat | 4 37 | 7 49 | 10 36 | 0 56 | 11 55 |
| 27 | Sun | 4 36 | 7 50 | 10 20 | 1 36 | 12 29 |
| 28 | Mon | 4 35 | 7 50 | a. m. | 2 18 | 1 09 |
| 29 | Tue | 4 35 | 7 51 | 0 01 | 2 52 | 1 46 |
| 30 | Wed | 4 34 | 7 52 | 0 36 | 3 43 | 2 50 |
| 31 | Thu | 4 34 | 7 53 | 1 10 | 4 42 | 4 07 |

## On the Loveliness of Mary.

BY ST. ALPHONSUS.

Raise your voices, vales and mountains,
Flowery meadows, streams and fountains,
Praise, oh, praise the loveliest Maiden
Ever the Creator made.

Murmuring brooks, your tribute bringing,
Little birds with joyful singing,
Come with mirthful praises laden—
To your Queen a homage paid.

Say, sweet Virgin, we implore thee,
Say what beauty God sheds o'er thee!
Praise and thanks to Him be given,
Who in love created thee.

Like a sun with splendor glowing,
Gleams thy heart with love o'erflowing;
Like the moon in starry heaven,
Shines thy peerless purity.

Like the rose and lily blooming,
Sweetly heaven and earth perfuming,
Stainless, spotless, thou appearest—
Queenly beauty graces thee.

But to God, in whom thou livest,
Sweeter joy and praise thou givest,
When to Him in beauty nearest,
Yet so humble thou canst be.

## The Uses of Adversity.

(From the Messenger.)

I.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!"
—Moore.

"Back to the land! Yes, Mary, that's the thing nowadays, back to the land, and to the simple life. 'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,'" said Mr. Rylands, airily.

"Don't be silly, Dick."

"And, as I pointed out in my 'leader' in the Post the other day, in the present overcrowded state of our cities——"

His wife shut up her novel with a sigh of resignation.

"You are a provoking dear," she turning lazy blue eyes toward the speaker. "I am not going back to the land; I don't like the land. Cities are quite good enough for me, and I prefer them overcrowded. I like the life and the stir; the shops and the theatres, and all that. Muddy lanes and damp woods and other rural attractions do not appeal to me; so, now, do be sensible, Dick, darling, and leave the town mouse in her native element."

Dick Rylands lit a fresh cigarette, and blew a few whiffs, then he went on speaking in his low, quiet way.

"Now, if you had done me the honor of reading my article, Mary, you would have brought a much more liberal and enlightened mind to bear upon the subject. The advantages of country life, as I set them forth, are so many and so obvious——"

"And the disadvantages so numerous and so depressing——" murmured Mary.

"But you have not seen Lescroft, dearest, and 'The Manor' is quite a fine old place; there are no muddy lanes there, and the woods are the driest and the sweetest of their kind. The other day when I saw them they were full of primroses, and bluebells, and those pretty little white flowers you like so much—anemones, are they? Tomorrow we will motor over and see the place. I am sure you will like it."

"I don't think so."

"Wait till you see the house! Think of mullioned windows, and oak-paneled walls, black with age; try and pic ure your cherished Sheraton furniture in rooms paneled with oak, with carved beams! Why, words fail me to describe what the effect will be, from an esthetic point of view."

"You are absurd!"

"And there's a lovely garden—and we can keep poultry if you like, and cows——"

"In the garden? It sounds quite Arcadian," and Mrs. Rylands laughed sarcastically.

"No, no; in the fields, of course," he went on. "I assure you, Mary, when you have been in the country a few months you will never wish to live in a town again; and you should just see the golf links at Lescroft; I was quite surprised. They are simply glorious——"

"Oh, yes; I quite understand. The whole matter is summed up in that—the 'golf links.'"

"No, dear; you are wrong there," he said.

"But I don't play golf, Dick, and how do you suppose I am going to amuse myself while you and Kitty are on the links, if I cannot go calling, or shopping, or something of the sort; cows and poultry will not help matters much from a social point of view."

"But, dearest, have we not got a sixty horse-power motor car eating its head off in the coach house. Surely there need be no limits to your social world; you can put a girdle round the country in forty minutes——"

"And finish up at the county jail," she laughed. "No, thank you, Dick, I am not going to Lescroft. I love my house here, and I have got it just absolutely perfect; it is too bad of you to want me to leave it."

"Can't you trust me to make you happy anywhere, Mary?"

Mary opened her novel with an air of declining further discussion. Her husband leaned back in his chair and looked at her thoughtfully through half-closed eyes, which had a serious, troubled look lurking in them. There was evidently something more to be said; presently he said it.

"I saw old Parr the other day," he remarked carelessly.

"Dr. Parr? asked his wife. "Where?"

"Oh, at his house."

She looked up at him quickly, a shade of apprehension in her eyes.

Dr. Parr was one of the leading medical consultants in the city, a specialist in diseases of the lungs and throat; as he was looked upon as a sort of last court of appeal in phthisis and all forms of tuberculosis, a grim saying, "See Parr and die," was well known all round the district.

"What took you there, Dick?"

"Oh, this cough of mine. It is very irritating and persistent, and my throat has been troublesome too, lately. I have been to Dr. Williams several about it, as you know, and the other day he thought I had better see Parr."

"Oh, Dick!" cried Mrs. Rylands, in alarm, and what did he say? Surely there is nothing serious to be feared? You smoke too much, darling—tobacco does irritate the throat, you know, especially cigarettes."

"Yes, so they do; he said I had better give up smoking——"

"There, I told you so. And what did you say?"

"I said I wouldn't."

"Oh, Dick!"

"He further advised me to leave the town, and go and live somewhere where the air is pure and bracing. He made rather a point of this, and said I must go at once; but it seems that I am not to go at all, for you may be quite sure I am not going without my wife."

She rose and went over to his side and knelt down.

"Why did you not tell me that at first," she said, putting her arms around him.

"Why did you force me to tell you at all, darling; there was no need to alarm you, for it is merely a precautionary move. Parr knows there is consumption in my family, and of course I run far less risk of developing it if I live in a pure, untainted atmosphere. At Lescroft we are on the edge of the moor; there I can practically live out-of-doors. As a matter of fact, it was Parr himself who suggested that neighborhood to me."

"We will go at once, Dick; tomorrow we can drive over and see the house."

"You may find it rather dull there, Mary."

"I don't care how dull it is, so long as you are all right, Dick. I am afraid I have been very selfish and thoughtless; I have only been considering myself in the matter, I know, and I had not taken that cough of yours quite seriously."

"You must not take it seriously, now, dearest."

"I have been so happy in this house, Dick, so very happy always, I seem to hate the thought of leaving it, as though I should never be happy again; but that is foolishness, I know, and I hope and pray I may be just as happy at Lescroft."

Her husband bent over her and kissed her hair, and a pang shot through his heart; he had not told his wife all that Dr. Parr had said to him, and he knew that clouds of sorrow had begun to gather over his house and that Mary's happy days were numbered.

"Where is Kitty this evening?" he asked, after a short silence.

"She has gone with the Campbells to hear a lecture on theosophy, or something of that sort."

"Tut, tut, Mary," he said, frowning a little, "you shouldn't let her go and hear rubbish of that sort."

"Is it rubbish?" asked Mary, languidly, raising her eyebrows.

"Of course it is."

"I don't believe you know anything about it, Dick," she went on, laughing, "and I don't mind what it is, so long as it amuses Kitty. You want to be off to your club now, Dick, I can see—do go. I am going to finish my novel, so I don't mind being alone."

She picked up her book, but as soon as she heard the front door shut behind her husband, she flung it aside; she had some new thoughts to occupy her mind, with rather more serious matter in them, than those which usually drifted through her idle brain. It was a real pang to her heart to know that she must leave her present home, which much money and some natural artistic taste had made beautiful and luxurious. It was a large mansion in a suburb of a great city, with great rooms, which she loved to fill by frequent parties and receptions. She thought of the house at Lescroft and shuddered. True, her Sheraton furniture, her old pictures and rare china might look very effective in such a setting as Dick described, but who would ever see them there? People could only be bored in that remote and lifeless village, and after a time they would probably never see a soul there. But it would be good for Dick, and that point being settled, all other considerations were put out of count; she loved her beautiful house, and beautiful things, but she loved them plus Dick; without him they had no worth, no power to give her pleasure. And now here was Dick threatened with consumption and ordered off into the country. What a horribly disquieting idea—what a strange, bald, unwelcome spectre to force an entrance over one's mental threshold! But it was there, this grim thought; there, in the very foremost place of her inward vision, and she suddenly realized that it always would be there now, casting a dark shadow over her life and happiness.

Heredity was a fact, so stern and relentless that even her butterfly nature must needs take heed of it. She thought of Dick's sister, Enid, the belle of the city and the beauty of the whole county for one brief year of social life, before snatched away by death as a lily is broken off its stem, before decay has breathed upon its gleaming petals. That was consumption; at least they said so, and she was the second victim in the family. And was this awful thing coming into her home to stalk Dick—to lie in wait for her handsome husband, the dearest, kindest, cheeriest man that ever lived—and fasten on him and do him to death? Oh, the thought was not to be borne! She rose and paced the room for a few minutes as if trying to get away from the new fear that had come upon her. She could not imagine life without Dick; all good things had come to her with him. She was but eighteen years old when he had married her and taken her from her father's house—the poor home of a needy attorney, where a small income and a large family made frugality imperative for all. No one had seen any beauty in the slim, dark-eyed girl in her shabby clothes until Dick had praised her, and indeed it was in the genial atmosphere of his love that she had blossomed into the lovely woman she was. She went over and stood by a large mirror near the lamp; yes, she was beautiful, and she was glad of it, for Dick was proud of her. How young she looked. She was thirty-eight, and looked but little older than her own twenty-year-old daughter; her slender figure had still all the grace and suppleness of youth, and there was neither line nor wrinkle on her brow. Her dark blue eyes were full of fire under their long black lashes—tears had hardly dimmed them—care had never touched her. She had been hedged around with love, guarded and cherished with a devotion so constant and tactful that she was hardly conscious of it, and she had nothing but happiness all her married life. And to think she might lose Dick! Oh, no, it was impossible that he could die, he was so strong, and big, and full of life. It would be too cruel to take away his dear life, just in its prime, for he was not yet forty-five! She would put away the horrible thought. Of course he would have to die some day—she herself, also—and she shuddered, but that would be when they were quite old; quite old and tired, and ready to die. A rattle of wheels on the drive disturbed her musing; she returned to her seat in her armchair, and her daughter found her in her usual languid attitude, with dark eyelashes drooping over half-closed sleepy eyes.

(To be continued.)


### Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't 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. NUCENT, Belleville, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

**For Your Protection**

we place this label on every package of Scott's Emulsion. The man with a fish on his back is our trade-mark, and it is a guarantee that Scott's Emulsion will do all that is claimed for it. Nothing better for lung, throat or bronchial troubles in infant or adult. Scott's Emulsion is one of the greatest flesh-builders known to the medical world.

We'll send you a sample free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ont.


## The Thanks of the Prince.

Before leaving Canadian shores the Grand Trunk presented H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught with a handsome full bound Morocco Album containing a collection of views of the Grand Trunk Royal train, both interiors and exteriors and group pictures of the party at Niagara Falls and other points. Before sailing the Prince acknowledged the book and expressed his thanks in the following letter from Captain Wyndham, equerry to His Royal Highness, to Mr. Chas. M. Hays, Second Vice-President and General Manager:

"Dear Mr. Hays,—I am desired by Prince Arthur of Connaught to convey to you His Royal Highness' best thanks for the very beautiful collection of photographs which you have sent him, and which he will always value as a remembrance of the journey on your railway.

"His Royal Highness hopes you will express his gratitude to all those who helped to make his journey such a very comfortable one. Prince Arthur wishes me to say that he most fully appreciates the forethought and care which was taken by all your officials, and he much hopes that he may, at some future date, have the opportunity of accepting your kind offer of travelling upon the new extension of your line to the Pacific."

Our mail order department is growing rapidly—every mail brings us orders from different parts of the country, and we have invariably given the utmost satisfaction. If anything by any possibility might be wrong, we are always here to make it right. Stanley Bros. The Always Busy Store; Charlottetown.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.


**For Thin Babies**

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

*Send for free sample.*

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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**OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.**

The Kind That Stick.
The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS.
The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.**

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. Goushaw, 42 Clarmont Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents, at all dealers.


### MISCELLANEOUS.

A box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills will be sent free to any one who suffers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago or Neuralgia if they have never tried these pills before. Send 2c. stamp for postage to The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The cook was going. "How shall I word this recommendation, Marie?" her mistress asked. "You know I can't touch upon industry, and on the question of neatness the less said the better, while as for culinary skill—"

"Well, ma'am," the cook cut in, "suppose you just say I stood this place four weeks. That will be sufficient, I think."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Yarmouth, N. S.

Gentlemen,—In January last, Francis Leclare, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAL.

Elgin Road, L'Islet Co., Que.

Teacher.—What is the meaning of the word "Aperture?"

Class.—An opening.

Teacher.—Which one of you can construct a sentence with the word in it?

Bright Pupil (confidently).—The big stores are now having their regular spring apertures. Baltimore American.

**An All-Round Remedy.**

Mrs. Hannesson, Binscarth, Man., writes: "I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for Sore Throat, Cuts, Scalds and Frostbites for a long time and consider it the best all-round household remedy made." Price 25c. all dealers.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

A countryman was being entertained at a foreign restaurant by a London acquaintance, the dinner consisted chiefly of rich and fanciful dishes. "Well," said the Londoner, handing his friend the menu, "what will you have next?"

"Ah," replied the provincial, thoughtfully, "Aa think Aa'll hev indigestion next!"

Mary A. O'Connell, Middle Stewiacke, N. S, says: "I have used Laxa-Liver Pills for serious Liver Complaint and they have done me a world of good making me smart and healthy."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.


**USED UP AND TIRED OUT**

**MEN AT THE OFFICE**
**WOMEN IN THE HOME**
**CHILDREN AT SCHOOL**

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart.

Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

**Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills**

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for $1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



**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. In the mirror of the retail clothier you cannot 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? Individuality 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 complexion and figure. Suits ranging in price from $16.00 to $28.00.

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

Overcoatings in Vicunas, Rainproof and Fancy Worsteds.

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

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

**$2.50 A Pair**

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