

Calendar for May, 1910.

Table with columns for Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Includes Moon's Phases and calendar entries for May.

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh-it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

A Sister's Love.

The sunshine came brightly one morning into a great hospital ward in the city of St. Louis. Weary sufferers raised their heads from their pillows, and eyes dim with pain grew bright, as they watched it glid the white beds.

Poor Bessie had indeed suffered and prayed for fifteen years, and offered it all for Charlie, her wild and only brother who had drifted from the Church and was some place in the wide world—Bessie knew not where—but the marvelous faith of the poor cripple was so vivid that every one was interested in her, and her piety, patience and resignation made everyone love her.

There were beds, too, with screens around them, which meant the long, last journey was close at hand, but the sunshine glided them, though the occupants noted it not. Nurses in pure white uniforms glided noiselessly here and there, and the doctors went gravely from bed to bed, giving hope and comfort to many hearts.

She was not dying unless you call such agony for fifteen years a constant death. These were but paroxysms of torture from her crippled spine, which came and went and left her helpless.

"Poor Bessie," said the nun: "it is so hard to see you suffer and not to be able to relieve you, unless you want the hypodermic?"

"No, Sister, No! Am I not expiating for poor Charlie? Poor boy! If he only knew!" said the invalid, whose face was resuming its normal expression, now that the convulsion was over.

"Yes, if he only knew," murmured the nun, compassionately; and she held a restorative to the white lips of the patient, smoothed her pillows, and bathed her forehead and wrists.

"Sister," said Bessie, "I suffered this way nearly all night, and something seemed to say, 'Take courage, God will not forget your poor brother,' and I bore it all, and offered it all to my Saviour on the cross for Charlie."

"Blessed are they who suffer and hope, Bessie," said the Sister, softly. "You have been with us for fifteen years, and your one thought has been of that unworthy reckless brother. His conversion will surely be your reward. God will not let such faith and patience go unrewarded."

"Don't call him unworthy and reckless, Sister. He never meant to be either. When he was a little curly-headed fellow he used to get into every kind of mischief, but he always came to me, and I can yet see his black eyes flashing with temper, and hear him saying, 'Bess, you're the only friend a poor kid has. If they don't stop raggin' me, I'll run off, but I'll never forget you, Bessie.' They were hard on him, Sister—father and mother were—and he did run off, and once in a while he would write a letter on the fly and tell me where to answer, and I used to beg him not to forget his night prayers at least, and to go to Mass, but then I got this fall and was crippled, and he never wrote but once after—only once in these fifteen years—and he said he didn't believe in religion any more; that church and praying were for women, and he'd leave me to do his share, and then, Sister, I promised God I would suffer all the agony of this awful back and never murmur if He would bring Charlie around, and since I have been in this blessed place it has been easier, and he is never a minute out of my mind."

"How many rosaries do you say a day for him, Bessie, besides all the offering?"

"Well, Sister, as I have nothing else to do, I say the fifteen decades twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon, and a few other little prayers between the pains."

"God bless you dear," said the nun, "keep on suffering and praying, and put me to your prayers, too, Bessie, for I need them."

"Is it you?" said Bessie, with an incredulous look. "Never a prayer do you need. Taking care of all me, and of the like of me, from year's end to year's end. You'll go right up, Sister," and she tried to motion with her twisted hand and arm towards the blue sky.

The nun laughed softly, then straightening the covers and giving a pressure to the hand that held the worn rosary she went on her round of duty.

Poor Bessie had indeed suffered and prayed for fifteen years, and offered it all for Charlie, her wild and only brother who had drifted from the Church and was some place in the wide world—Bessie knew not where—but the marvelous faith of the poor cripple was so vivid that every one was interested in her, and her piety, patience and resignation made everyone love her.

She had a remarkably sweet face and a soft, winning voice, and the doctors and nurses who succeeded each other year after year looked on her as a prodigy, and did everything skill and science could suggest, even though unavailing, to help her condition. But she never murmured when they told her after an unsuccessful operation or an agonizing examination that nothing could be done. She only smiled and said, "I don't mind; I'll suffer for poor Charlie."

"Those fifteen years of torture were an apostolate for one, single soul. A daily sermon was preached from that hospital cot, which was a silent but powerful incentive to many a discouraged heart to keep on and weary not. The Sister's felt Bessie's good influence in the hospital, and because she was incurable and without money or friends, they took tender care of her, and she loved them with all her soul.

One day the superior of the hospital came to me with a paper in her hand. 'Father Alexander,' she said, 'I wonder if this could be Bessie's brother? It is a Pittsburgh paper that has found its way somehow to St. Louis, and here is an account of an accident case—a man whose name is given as Charles Horton. He was taken to Southside Hospital. The name struck me—Charles Horton! Would it be worth while to inquire?'

"It certainly would," was my reply. I thought a minute and said, "suppose you write to the Sisters at Pittsburgh. They visit the hospitals. They would make inquiries. If good is to be effected we must go about it quietly."

Her letter went that day, giving an account of Bessie and asking the superior to ascertain if the man had a sister, and what his sentiments were. But nothing was to be said to Bessie till information was obtained.

Nearly two weeks elapsed. We were giving up hope, and were glad Bessie knew nothing about it, when the superior came to me with a thick letter in her hand. I knew by her face there was news.

"Here is the reply to that letter, Father Alexander, and we must tell Bessie at once. I will do so, while you read the letter. It is quite a document."

Instantly his face changed, and eagerly he held out his hand. "Yes, oh, yes, I have; how do you know it; is she well?"

"She is praying for you every day; she is searching the world for one word about you; she loves you as much today as when you were a curly-headed little fellow, telling her your troubles."

The hard face softened more. "Yes," he said, "that's Bessie—just like her. How she would hurry here if she knew."

"But she cannot come. Don't you know that she hurt her back fifteen years ago, and is crippled ever since? Don't you know that she cannot move out of bed, but suffers terrible agony of the nerves and muscles? And don't you know she lies there, sweet and patient, offering it all for 'Charlie,' begging the Lord to bring him back to the Church of his boyhood?"

"She suffers that way?" said the man. "God help me! She was the most innocent girl that ever lived, and you say that she had been suffering fifteen years for me? O, Bessie, my little sister!" said the poor fellow, tears rushing to his eyes.

The nun smiled him. "Because she loves you so much she begged God not to let her die, but to increase her pains, to expiate your faults, and to bring you back to the Church."

"Faulst!" he cried, "Sister, they are crimes! Crimes for twenty years. I have led a wild life. I have never thought of God except to curse his name, but now I feel as if my heart was broken. Can I see a priest?"

"Indeed you can," said the nun; "and oh, how you should thank this dear Sister for the grace. Be comforted, and we will send a priest at once. Let me place this Sacred Heart badge over your poor heart and we will go home to our convent and all the Sisters will pray for you and we will write to Bessie."

He held the Sister's hand as she rose to go after a fervent prayer at his bedside. Then promising to return next day, the Sisters left. Before leaving the hospital they called up to telephone one of the Fathers of a neighboring monastery, who promised to go at once to the patient.

Late that evening the telephone rang. The Father, who had gone to the hospital, wished to tell the Sisters that poor Charlie was a most sincere penitent. He had made his confession, received the sacraments, and was waiting serene and happy for death. He begged the Father to ask the nuns to return. There was joy in heaven and earth that night for the sinner's return to God.

Early next morning the Sister went to the hospital. Charlie was still living, but fast approaching the dark river whence those who embark never return. He smiled faintly and laid his hand on the little badge of the Sacred Heart, and then whispered, "Tell Bessie it was her prayers. Tell her I felt she was praying for me, and tell her I die happy, a penitent Catholic."

The Sister gave him her oration; he looked at it, and held it tightly. After the prayers for the dying were said the Sisters returned home to pray.

At noon the message came from the priest: "Charlie died at eleven o'clock. I was with him and gave him the last absolution. He was conscious and said to me: 'It was Bessie's prayers; tell her I died happy.'"

I found myself absorbed in the closely written pages of this letter, and when the superior came into the room I did not hear her.

"Father Alexander, Bessie knows all. I told her what was in that letter, and she is as radiant as an angel; won't you go to her, Father? She wept with joy and excitement, but she is calm now."

pinched features told how she had suffered during the night. A table was ready, and some of the nuns and more of the patients knelt there, while I gave her Holy Viaticum and anointed her. When I was leaving her she tried to clasp her poor little twisted hands together and whispered, 'Come back, Father; it won't be long now.' I went back as soon as I could. She was sinking rapidly, but the pinched features had disappeared and her face glowed as it did when the news of her brother's confession first reached her. Everyone was impressed by the beauty of her countenance, and yet death was there. I read the solemn prayers of the Church, so majestic and so consoling. As I paused I heard her say: "Only fifteen years; so short a time for such a great reward."

In an instant that long stretch of days and nights came before me, with their torture and their weariness, and I felt something rising in my throat which threatened to choke my utterance: "Only fifteen years. 'Only'—She was dying now, and her eyes closed, and as the last faint gasps succeeded each other, the silence was intense. Suddenly her eyes opened wide and a beautiful smile passed over her face. It faded into marble white. I raised my hand in absolute and then, as if it were so ordained, it seemed as if every church bell in the city began to ring. Sweet loud and strong the Sunday chimes pealed forth. The effect was electrical. It was like a paeon of triumph.

Bessie was dead! Her apostolate for one single soul was over. Sister and brother were with God.

I shall never forget the beauty of that death-bed.—Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Missionary.

A Fascinating Drama.

The peopling of the great Canadian West is a fascinating drama, whether we view it from the large or the small end of the telescope, i. e., from the point of the great railroad builder throwing a steel spine across the continent, or from the point of one little family unit finding its tree farm under the aegis of this transportation line.

The line of the Grand Trunk Pacific across Canada is essentially the belt of homes. Who is it that answers the call of the wheat? The young, the brave, the hopeful, says Miss Agnes Dean, in the March issue of the Magazine of Commerce of faith possessed women. It is a good play for the world to watch. The first scene is enacted on the prairie farm where the virgin soil is turned under to a crop of wheat for the first time since creation's dawn. The second scene is the grain elevator, red against the setting sun, and the waiting wheat train of Grand Trunk cars. Our drama closes with the loaf of bread clutched in the eager grasp of the little child in some crowded city of the old world.

—Manchester (Eng.) City News, March 19, 1910.

The Kawartha Lakes.

When Samuel de Champlain was leading the Hurons through the beautiful Kawartha Lakes he fancied the butternuts and other low trees were orchards set out by the hand of man, so picturesque and charming were the shore-trees laced and laden with running grapevines. And to this day, though the farmer has made his home in the "Highlands" and the picturesque war canoe of the Indian is gone from these waters, the shadowy shores of Kawartha Lakes are still beautiful to behold.

Owing to the high altitude of these lakes, nearly 1,000 feet above the sea level, the air is pure, and laden with health giving and soothing balsamic odors from the pine and spruce-clad hills—it renews physical vigor, restores the nervous system, invigorates the mental faculties, and gives a new lease of life. To those who suffer from hay fever, the Kawartha Lakes are a haven of heaven-given relief and security.

Easy of access (three hours from Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway), profuse in its gifts, and diverse in its attractions, having its fashionable resorts, and its delightful facilities for "roughing it." Why not throw business to the janitor for a month, cast care to the dogs? and when you return from the "Bright Waters and Happy Lands" (the English rendering of the Indian word "Kawartha") you will be a new creature, fortified for another year's trials.

"It was from the ideas of the Parisian Freethinkers whom Burke so detested," says Lord Morley, "that Jefferson, Franklin, and Henry drew those theories of human society which were so soon to find life in American Independence." Yet Lord Morley, contradicting himself, tells us both that Burke understood the American Revolution and did not understand the French Revolution.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1909 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Madigan.

Troubled With Backache For Years.

Now Completely Cured By The Use Of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured. Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering specify "Doan's."

I cured a horse of the Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS, Dalhousie.

I cured a horse, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT. EDW. LINLIEF, St. Peter's, C. B.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling by MINARD'S LINIMENT. THOS. W. PAYNE, Bathurst, N. B.

Miss Antique—I think we should believe everything in the Bible. Miss Caustique—Is the date of your birth there?

Roman Warships. The men-of-war of the ancient Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of whom 174 were oarsmen and working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about 6 miles an hour in fair weather.

"Human souls grow after death," says a Michigan professor. Still there are some who had been dead some a long time in whom that piece, of their anatomy didn't seem to have sprouted sufficiently to cause a congestion.

"I can't make anything out of this poem of yours," complained the magazine editor. "That isn't the point," replied the poet. "The question is, can I make anything out of it?"

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria. "Is he really a good husband to her?" "Rather—He lets her read the sporting page first."

Muscular Rheumatism. Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

"Is your husband a musician, Mrs. Cougher?" "Why, no, Bobby. Why do you ask?" "I heard my father say he saw him down town last night, tuning up to beat the band."

A Sensible Merchant. Mrs. Fred. Laine, St. George, Ont. writes:—"My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

Caught Cold By Working In Water. Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Some Reasons Why Farmers and Gardeners should buy CARTER'S Tested Seeds!

We have been in the seed business for thirty years. It is no side line with us. We are here buying or selling or making contracts for growing different varieties in different countries all the year round. We sell only such seeds as are best adapted to our soil and climate, and our long experience has gained for us this knowledge. Our supplies of seeds are carefully tested for Germination and Purity by competent persons before sending out. Our supply of No. 1 Clover and Timothy, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Corn, Buckwheat, Turnip Seed, etc., etc., is procured from the most reliable sources. Many varieties are grown especially for us.

We do the largest Seed Business in the Maritime Provinces. We do not sell cheap seed of inferior quality. "The Best and only the Best" is our motto. Buy "Carter's Tested Seeds" and you are safe. Over one hundred and sixty reliable merchants sell them. Our prices are as low as seeds of equal high standard can be bought for in Canada.

CARTER & CO., Ltd., Seedsman to the people of P. E. Island, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

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Fennel and Chandler

WE HAVE IN STOCK For the Summer Trade a fine selection of TEMPERANCE DRINKS! FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, etc.

If you need anything in Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars or Cigarettes, we can supply you. DROP IN AND INSPECT. JAMES KELLY & CO. June 23, 1909—3m

Snappy Styles 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.

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KING EDWARD HOTEL.

Mrs. Larter, Proprietress Will now be conducted on KENT STREET Near Corner of Queen.

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THE TRAIN BETWEEN Halifax AND Montreal.

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Lime. We are now supplying best quality of Lime at kilns on St. Peter's Road, suitable for building and farming purposes, in barrels or bulk by car load.

C. Lyons & Co. April 28—4i

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Farm for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale, at a moderate price, his Farm of 75 acres, located on Peake's Road, Lot 52. This is known as the "Wallace" Farm, and fronts on Peake's Road. Fifteen acres of excellent land are cleared, and about twenty acres very easily cleared. The remainder is covered with hard and softwood. There is on the farm a house 20 feet by 16 in good condition. For terms and full particulars apply to

PATRICK J. WALSH, Byrn's Road, Lot 39. Jan. 26, 1910—tf

Pressed Hay WANTED! We will buy some good bright Timothy Hay.

C. Lyons & Co. Feb. 10th, 1909—2i

A. A. McLean, K. C. DONALD McKinnon Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Charlottetown, P. E. Island,

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