

Calendar for June, 1905.

MOON'S PHASES. New Moon 2d, 11h., 57m. p. m. First Quarter 10d., 7h., 5m. a. m. Full Moon 16d., 11h., 52m. p. m. Last Quarter 24d., 1h., 46m. a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Rises, Moon Sets, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the month.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN. (From the Ave Maria.) (Continued.)

The Unreturning.

(Sicret Heart Review.)

(The following verses are from the pen of Mr. Charles J. O'Malley. They were occasioned by the entrance into religion of Mr. O'Malley's eldest daughter, Miss Margaret Lucretia.)

The snow upon the Old House gleamed; White midnight on the cedars shone; And came the Westwind to the beach!

And 'mid the brown, wet boughs made moan. Out of a frost-white flying cloud In dreams Two Souls slipped down and stood

Between the doorway and trees— Alone in moonlit solitude. And then the Old House spake and said:

"How fare all those within me born? Are any married—wary—dead, Out there far in the western world?"

"The beech-boughs bud, the beech-leaves fall, The cedars moan before the door, And alien footsteps come and go, But O, they come no more—no more!

"The first-born maiden, yet lives she?" The Souls bowed low, but could not speak;

The vines beside the window stirred, And the white stars grew dim and bleak;

And then the Westwind in the beech "Lily, virgin marks her nights, her days; With chaplet and with crucifix Before the feet of Christ she prays.

"Bride of the Lord, she prays, and sees The Face of Christ when white dawns rise; The Crucifix, when Twilight glows A red Golgotha in the skies.

"And when white midnight clouds like sheep, Wait still at heaven's blue pastures; The moon sweet Mother Mary is, Attended by apostle stars.

"To all who loved her she is dead; No more her life with theirs will be; The tears her absence wrings rouse not Her soul from its sweet ecstasy!"

A moan throughout the Old House went, The gray hearth sighed like heart in pain; Then the dim Hall: "May peace be hers, Tho' never come her feet again!"

"May peace be hers—may peace be hers!" Out of the beech-bough whispers crept Bat to, upon the doorstep, bowed The Two Souls knelt and bowed—

The winged Wind rose, pale messenger, And to a little grave swift sped, Where white frosts sang low litanies Above her brother—long years dead.

The woman who buys Dress Goods now-a-days; has yet to buy right, but buying right does not mean a matter of "How Cheap."

A how cheap dress that is old fashioned and that will not stand the wear and tear is not the one wide awake people buy. They want a dress right up-to-date in every particular. Quality, style, we have, and good wear resisting qualities. This is the kind we sell. Send for samples.—Stanley Bros.

And Dick, whom Father James had christened and scolded and taught, came in for a cheery welcome, too.

"Though why you are not in the Freshman class at St. Mark's this year, instead of tacking on to Joe Bixen still, I am sure I don't know. Sixteen years old and dodging round your native hills with a tutor! Ah! Dickie my boy, if I had you as I had had a dozen years ago, you'd move quicker than that. It's gon and fishing-rod instead of pen or pencil with you the best part of your time, I'll wager my new hat. "I guess you've about struck it, Father," confessed Dick, laughing. "I saw it in your eye," said

Already there was a happy flush on Miss Martha's cheek, and Miss Susan's dim eyes had brightened his fatherly cheek. And he had been at St. Vincent's only the week before, and had seen Mother Thomasina and Sister Angela and Sister Seraphina as he told Marjorie, patting her curly head when she knelt to ask his blessing.

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Father James.

"I'm getting the loaf's look, Dick—dull and dead and unseeing. With the brain that God has given you, it's a shame—a burning shame! Joe Braco is a good enough fellow in his way but you've outgrown him, my boy. You want the spur and lash, which he can't give, to urge you on. You want the wrestle of brain and body in class-room and on campus. In short, you want college, Dick."

"I believe I do, and I'll start next year, Father," replied Dick seriously.

"Next year!" exclaimed Father James. "What! Just your brain rust six months longer! Next year! Dick my boy, no! Start next week!"

And so urgently did Father James press his point that before supper was served he had conquered. Dick was ready to drop gun and fishing-rod, and dig again at his Latin and Greek.

And such a supper as it was!—with the big lamp burning under a pink globe, and all the old silver—shining in a way that did credit to Marjorie's busy little fingers; with the jolly Miss Martha kept for state occasions glowing ruby-red in the out-glass bowl; and biscuit and cream cheese, and cake white icing.

And after supper how ever delightful it seemed!—with the old hickory logs snapping and blazing and filling the room with cheerful glow; while Father James sat in the big armchair, with Rex stretched at his feet, and told stories, wonderful true stories, of missions and travels, until Marjorie—who had been propping her eyelids open with her fingers for at least half an hour to keep awake and hear—dod off at last on her little cushion in the chimney-corner, and nearly tumbled into the fire.

"How is the little girl doing?" asked Father James, as with his fatherly "good-night" and blessing sounding pleasantly in her ears, Marjorie went off to her little nest under the eaves. "Mother Thomasina told me how you had carried off the friskiest lamb of her flock."

"She is a dear little thing, and I don't know what I should do without her," said Miss Martha, warmly.

"Headless, of course," added Miss Susan. "But what can one expect from a child of twelve?"

"Exactly," said Father James. "As I often tell the good Sisters, mischief, innocent mischief, is a healthy sign. Still waters run deep and often the Evil One is at the bottom of them; but a merry, roguish, mischievous child is like the mountain stream, clear and sweet."

"But I do not know that we were wise to take the child," observed Miss Susan. "If we have here to give up the place, as seems probable, we can not keep her, and—"

"I see," said Father James, thoughtfully. "I see. But don't consider that yet. Let us hope that you will keep your home, my dear friends, as long as you both live."

"Oh, that has been my prayer, Father—my prayer all these later years!" said Miss Martha, tremulously.

"But we can't look for miracles," interposed Miss Susan, brusquely. "The money has to be paid before New Year, or the place will be sold. And we can't expect three thousand dollars to drop from the clouds, pray as we will."

"Certainly not," said Father James, laughing. "And yet the maids did of old, my child. And I feel—I can not tell why—that this dear old home, sanctified by the faith and hope and love of so many holy generations, will be spared to you, the last of your loyal faithful line. Mother Thomasina will be glad to hear that little Marjorie gives satisfaction. Knowing you were in my parish, she was speaking to me of her last week. It seems they have received one or two mysterious letters at St. Vincent's inquiring about the child—letters which I advised Mother to answer very cautiously. These poor little waifs sometimes have enemies all unknown to them."

"Enemies! God bless me!" exclaimed Miss Susan, startled. "The Sisters told me this child's story was simple enough. They took her from a tenement in their neighborhood where her grandmother had died suddenly, leaving this two-year-old girl absolutely friendless."

"The genuine grandmother is a jewel, as we all know," said Father James, smiling; but there are base imitations that can be bought cheap anywhere. This is a sad world my friends, full of tragedies and mysteries that never touch lives like yours. I am glad little Marjorie is safe with you in this sheltered home, and I feel that God will bless you for your loving care of His orphaned little one."

VIII.—SHADOWS OF EVIL. On the same evening that saw Marjorie seated so happily in the chimney-corner, at Father James' feet, two gentlemen were smoking over the remains of a very good dinner in a private room of the "Talbot Arms," an old tavern on the River road some four miles distant from Manor Hill. They had driven out from town that afternoon, and put up for the night; wishing, as they told Eben Tibbs their host, to inspect some farm lands for sale in the neighborhood.

"Reckon it's Manor Hill," drawled Eben to his wife, as he gave the order for his guests' dinner. "Folks say it's goin' to be put up at auction before the year is out, and sold to the highest bidder."

"Don't come croakin' no such bad news as that to me, Eben Tibbs," said Mrs. Tibbs, who was a comely, rosy woman of forty. "For it would be the death of Miss Martha; and my own mother was no nearer to me than that blessed woman for the ten years I was housemaid at Manor Hill."

"Well, it's what everybody says," continued Eben, gloomily.

"Everybody says a deal that ain't true," answered Mrs. Tibbs, sharply. "I'm goin' up to the Mass to-morrow mornin', and see for myself how things are. And, in the meantime, you'd best keep your mouth closed and tend to your own business. Creamed oysters and roast chicken, you say? It must be a pair of swells with full pockets you've got upstairs this evenin'! Well, I'll look if they'll pay for it!"

And, having disposed of this very excellent dinner, the two "swells" were now smoking fine cigars, and discussing what seemed a matter of exceeding interest.

"You'll have to follow up the game yourself, Gresham," said one, a dark haired, heavy browed man of about thirty. "I understand clearly that I am to pay for every move. The child—if there was a child—"

There was a child without doubt," interrupted the other, who was spare and thin, with cold, keen, grey eyes and sandy hair. "Your consir, Marjorie left a child; and if the old man, your uncle, in his present mood, hears of her—well, it will be bad for you, Lindsay."

"Confound it! I know that too well," said the other, angrily. "And I know you, too, for the crafty old fox you are, Gresham. How did you nose this business out?"

"I'm in that line just now," was the answer, with an unpleasant laugh. "Since—well, since I've been shut out of the courts, I've had to use my lawyer's wit and training in other ways; and I find paying out old family secrets is the best paying business I can follow. I have a natural turn for it. I have friends who understand that I pay for old letters, old deeds, old documents of all kinds that are found hidden, lost, or forgotten, by death or misfortune."

"About three months ago an old iron box was brought to me. It had been found in the chimney place of a tumble down tenement that was being over-hauled for repairs. This chimney place had been closed by a fireboard and the box must have been lying there for years. It was full of yellowing papers. I paid fifty cents for the find, and proceeded to investigate. I found the contents of interest, as you know. There was a number of letters that had been returned unread by an angry father to his wilful daughter; there was the marriage certificate of Marjorie Lindsay and Roger Mayne; there was a letter from the young mother announcing the birth of her little girl—a pathetic missive, returned unread like the rest; there was the death notice of Roger Mayne, and various other details telling of the last struggles of poverty—pawn tickets for jewels, clothing, and wedding ring; finally, there was an undertaker's bill of the poorest sort, paid in full by Ellen Moran—a tragic culmination to reach the ears of a millionaire father, who is softened by time and change."

"But the child, the child?" said the other, irritably. "How and where did you hear of the child?"

"As I told you, I am in the investigating line," answered Gresham, with his cold smile. "Ellen Moran was my cue, and I followed her up. I found she had been a lodger in this old tenement some ten years ago, and that she had died there suddenly of heart disease, leaving a 'grandchild' who had been taken to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, December 18—under the name of Marjorie Mayne."

"The woman's own grandchild, called perhaps after her young mistress," said Lindsay, eagerly. "Ellen Moran was a nurse in my uncle's house for years; and, naturally—"

"Was faithful and devoted to the last," continued Gresham, in his cold measured tone. "I continued to follow my cue, and found three witnesses, former fellow-lodgers of Ellen Moran, who are ready to swear that the woman told them that the little girl was the daughter of her young mistress, Marjorie Lindsay Mayne, your beautiful cousin, who married so recklessly, against her father's will, and was disowned by him fifteen years ago."

"That has to be proved yet," said the other, sullenly. "But go on; you've hunted this supposed cousin of mine down."

(To be continued.)

Our men's famous boots at \$3.00, price stamped on the sole, is without doubt the best boot in Canada for that money. You should have a pair. For sale by J. B. McDonald and Co. m 17, 61

See the splendid lines of men's and women's Boots and Shoes, new stock just opened at money saving prices at J. B. McDonald and Co's,

Success means hard work.

There are two things which are a constant wonder to the boy who has recently started in business—how the world got along before he left school, and how it is going to get on when he is dead.

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."

In a kindergarten class the teacher recently asked what a "kid" was. Up went a little boy's hand. "Well," said the teacher, "what is a kid?" "I'm a kid," came the startling answer.

When the office-seeker is not a self-seeker, we will have pure politics.—Puck.

Beware of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of you children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

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Sailor.—Anything you want, sir? Passenger.—(With difficulty).—Yes. Sailor.—What is it? Passenger.—The earth.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents, all dealers.

"Your aunt is shut up in an asylum, isn't she?" "Well, she is and she is not. She is in there all right enough, but they can't stop her talking."

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

Said an English justice to a blustering prisoner on trial: "We want nothing from you, sir, but silence, and very little of that."

Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that? Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.

Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a logging of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics; do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.

Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anse, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers:—"Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine, and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after-effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."



CURES

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

MISCELLANEOUS

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March 29, 1905.

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

To be sold by public Auction, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, on Thursday, the thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1905, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-fifth day of January, A. D. 1895, made between John David McDonald, of Fox River, Lot Forty-two, in King's County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, and Flora Jane McDonald, his wife, of the one part, and Edward Bayfield, of Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Island, Barrister, Trustee of Mrs. Hobbirk, of the other part, and which said Mortgage is now vested in the said and assigned trustee of said mortgage, the said John David McDonald, as principal and interest due thereunder.

All that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot Forty-two, in King's County, in the said Island, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing at the northwest angle of land in possession of Angus McDonald, on the bank or shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; thence according to the magnetic north of the year 1864 south two degrees fifteen minutes east one hundred and one chains; thence north seventy-seven degrees west three chains and thirteen links; thence north two degrees fifteen minutes west to the sea shore; thence along the shore to the place of commencement, containing (60) sixty acres of land, a little more or less, as described in a deed of conveyance from the Commissioner of Public Lands to John McDonald, dated the twenty-sixth day of July, A. D. 1859.

For further particulars apply at the office of Mathieson & McDonald, in the town of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dated this 8th day of June, A. D. 1905. ENEAS A. McDONALD, Trustee of Mrs. Hobbirk. June 14, 1905—41

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