

Calendar for April, 1910.

MOON'S PHASES.
Last Quarter 24, 8h. 35m. a. m.
New Moon 31, 5h. 13m. a. m.
First Quarter 10, 9h. 55m. a. m.
Full Moon 24, 9h. 11m. a. m.

D	Day	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	High	Low
M	Week	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Water	Water
1	Fri	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	Sat	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
3	Sun	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
4	Mon	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3
5	Tue	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
6	Wed	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
7	Thurs	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
8	Fri	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1
9	Sat	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
10	Sun	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
11	Mon	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
12	Tue	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
13	Wed	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5
14	Thurs	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
15	Fri	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
16	Sat	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
17	Sun	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2
18	Mon	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
19	Tue	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
20	Wed	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
21	Thurs	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
22	Fri	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6
23	Sat	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
24	Sun	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
25	Mon	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
26	Tue	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4
27	Wed	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
28	Thurs	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
29	Fri	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
30	Sat	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2

An Understudy to Saint Anthony.

At the Convent of St. Joseph in Penikese there was conversation. Old Marie, the milkwoman, standing under the deep porch, while her faithful dog snatched a brief rest from pushing the milk cart, heard all about it from Sister Seraphine.

"The Mother is greatly troubled," Sister Seraphine said solemnly; "the Sisters all except myself are praying in the chapel. Poor Sister Pierre is in disgrace. Yet what would you have! She waited one long day at the great station in London, half the next day, and the child never came. The other child, whom she kept by her side, was excommunicated when the waiting. What more natural than that Sister Pierre should have thought the child had not been sent. Figure to yourself, Marie, that she has barely returned when there is a letter from the child's mother. Her little one had started at the appointed time to meet Sister Pierre at the London station. Where is she now, the lost lamb?"

She looked to the sky and over the great garden away to the dim hills, as though she expressed an illimitable sense of space.

"Was the child then travelling alone?"

"We know nothing. But they are capable of all, those English." The little brown nun shrugged her shoulders. "But, heaven, what a calamity! The child is but fifteen, yet already looks a woman, says the mother. What may not have happened to her?"

"It is the Blessed Saint Anthony who finds things that are lost. Let us pray to the Blessed Saint."

"They are all praying. The good Saint will be wiser."

"But he will hear. Don't fret, Sister Seraphine. The lost lamb will be found."

"Ailie had been sent by her simple mother in charge of an ex-governess in whom Mrs. Joy trusted implicitly. The governess' record had not been so good since she had left Mrs. Joy's house. Indeed, if the poor lady had known more about the trusted Miss Shelby she would have been terrified to think of her having placed her tender Ailie in the charge of such a one. Miss Shelby had not improved during those years in which she had wandered on the continent. Now it suited her well to take charge of Ailie as far as London; but she was designated at Mrs. Joy's want of generosity. There was little beyond her fare for remuneration. "Sticky wretch!" she said to herself viciously.

It mattered nothing to her that her former employer was not so well off as she had been, was indeed heavily burdened with many children, and had very little with which to feed and clothe them. She had not been sending her darling Ailie to a foreign convent to acquire the languages as part of the equipment of a girl who had to earn her bread. Miss Shelby had considered this measure of Mrs. Joy's towards herself. Her bare fare! Was ever such a skinflint? Then she glanced at the innocent face of the girl by her side. She had what she called an inspiration. Travelling by slow train instead of by mail or express she had discovered that she could save some sixteen shillings on the ticket. Twelve shillings! A beggarly payment for her trouble. Still it was better than nothing. The nun was sure to wait in London for a day or two. Anyhow, if she did, that was no very pressing concern of Miss Shelby's. The girl looked old enough to take care of herself. And she was not likely to be called to account to Mrs. Joy. Having escaped from that dead and alive hole she was not likely to return to it. Notable!

They arrived in London in the small hours of the morning and put up at a dingy hostelry in a small street of the Strand road. Miss Shelby slept through the next day, while Ailie sat in the horrible coffee

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Itch or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The cause of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Wm. H. Wain, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

room behind the wired blinds, afraid to go out in the uninviting street, waiting helplessly until Miss Shelby should be ready to hand her to the sun.

How she longed for the face of the man she pictured in her experience of years. The serene eyes, the innocent, unwrinkled face, the atmosphere of peace. Ailie felt like a lost child in this hideous place. When at last on the afternoon of the second day Miss Shelby put her into the boat express at Charing Cross, with a paper bearing written instructions as to her journey, she was so relieved to be quit of her that she did not at first realize the terrors of the unknown world in which she was going.

Some one had watched her and her unpleasant companion with interest from the moment of their arrival. He was a fresh-faced, curly-haired young man with a kind, honest expression. When he had first caught sight of Ailie he had stared and stared. "It is surely the little girl of the boat!" he said to himself; and then: "But how does she come to be with such a creature? Of what is her mother thinking?"

He had looked for a moment at thought about to rush in and rescue Ailie from Miss Shelby. It was his St. George and the Dragon look, of which some of his friends talked, chaffing him. He was an impulsive fellow, this Godfrey Deane; and he had once or twice got himself into difficulties by acting on sudden impulse. Yet his impulse had done him no grievous wrong, for every one liked him, and he was the happiest fellow alive, or so he always described himself, adding that the great thing was not so much to be happy as to know that one was happy. His own good, happy face seemed to radiate happiness wherever it turned.

The little girl of the boat—why it was surely she. He and some of his friends of the Rowing Club had come on a party of children in difficulties on the river some ten or twelve months ago. This little girl had shot up amazingly. She had been only a child then. But it was a face not easily forgotten—the beautiful coloring, the firm molded white chin, the dreamy eyes with the thick lashes and straight delicate brows.

They had taken the children's boat in tow, had landed them safely on the green lawn of a little house that overlooked the river and made their boat fast for them. He had forgotten all about it until he came upon the little girl, unmistakably she, but sprung up into womanhood or what would have passed for womanhood, if it had not been for the childish expression of the face.

With a sigh of relief he saw "the harridan," as he called Miss Shelby, go. Then in a great hurry he saw to the transfer of his baggage and rage from the first-class carriage in which he had placed them. He was going to watch over Ailie. She oughtn't to be travelling by herself. He glanced about with an unfriendly eye at various persons on the platform.

He sprang into Ailie's carriage and set down in the far corner from the girl as the train pulled slowly out of the station. He looked at her delicate profile, averted from him, for he was gazing out through the other window. The profile, pretty as it was, had the soft indeterminate lines of a child's about it. It appeared to the young man's over-sensitive heart as though Ailie had been a foreign convent to acquire the languages as part of the equipment of a girl who had to earn her bread.

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Troubled With Backache For Years.

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

Mrs. W. C. Deary, 12 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 \$1.50 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. M. M. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering specify "Doan's."

The Nurse—You've been badly hurt. The Victim—What's the matter do to me now? The nurse—Rubb your back with alcohol. The Victim—Gee, what I'd been turned inside out—Cleveland Leader.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

'Would you shoot a man who asailed your veracity?' "No," answered the peaceful citizen. "I'd rather take a chance on his personal opinion than go before a jury with a story that might convince the general public that he was right."—Washington Star.

GARTON'S BLACK RIVAL.

A strong growing heavy plump Oat, large yielder. Every farmer should procure a sack (3 bush.) of this splendid Oat which is sufficient for an acre, and thereby secure a good supply of Stock Seed for next year.

New Improved White "Ligowo" Oat Improved American Banner Oat Irish White Oat New Market (White) Improved Black Tartarian

Write us for sample and prices. Our Seed Oats are done up in three bushel sacks sufficient for one acre.

CARTER & CO., Ltd., Seedsmen to the people of P. E. Island.

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

Beware Of Worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Those marriages that weren't made are sure failures.

Sprained Arm. Mary Orington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days." Price 25c.

When a man argues with a woman he doesn't. Neither does she.

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Being obedient is almost a lost art, fashioned only by some old fashioned children and a few modern husbands.

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

The government and the banks will not realize how strong the public feeling is in regard to unclean money, until we have a gold coinage of our own. Many people are only deterred from using gold instead of bills of the large denominations by the fact that, as a rule, the only gold coinage available at our banks is the English sovereign which is so difficult to change into Canadian money because of its awkward standard of valuation, namely, \$4.86. But when there is available a Canadian five dollar gold piece with a standard valuation of five hundred cents, the banks will find that the general public will prefer it to the paper money at present in issue, until such time as thrifty boards of directors are awakened to the fact that the public objects to the system of having to risk contagion from unclean bills, in order that the banks may have a few hundred dollars a year on their printing accounts. The prospects are good that before the Canadian five dollar gold piece have been long in circulation, their competition will put unclean money out of the market.—Ottawa Citizen.

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.

Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chippewa Mills, N.B., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and then 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. 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 secret, experienced 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, Sore Throat and Lung Trouble.

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. M. M. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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.

Mathieson, MacDonald & Stewart, Barristers, Solicitors, etc. P. O. Building Georgetown.

Fraser & McQuaid, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.

Souris, P. E. Island.

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Nov. 10, 1909—2m.

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Specialties in Grain.

Imported Seed Oats

A Change of Seed Grain Always Pays

WE have had grain for us in Ontario some of the leading New and most productive Varieties of SEED OATS. Every farmer should sow at least an acre or two of these new varieties to use for seed the following year. The increased cost of the Seed will be returned many times over in the increased yield and improved quality. Our prices are placed much lower than foreign seedsmen charge for same varieties, when freight is considered.

Our Seed Oats is all imported. We do not handle a bushel of Island grown Oats, our object being to get the Seed Stock entirely changed.

We are the pioneers in the importation of Seed Oats into this Province. The 102,000 bushels exported to the West two years ago were the product of our own importations for many years. By careful selection of the best varieties, and only the best in quality, we believe we are doing a good work in the interests of the farmers of this Province.

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