

Calendar for June, 1905.

Moon's Phases. New Moon 23.11b., 57m. p. m. Full Moon 10d., 7h., 5m. a. m. First Quarter 16d., 11h., 52m. p. m. Last Quarter 24d., 1h., 46m. a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Rises, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the week from 1st to 30th.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

V.—A BEAR STORY.

"Did they steal your dog, sir?" asked Marjorie, breathlessly.

The Old Home.

BY MADISON CAWEN.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree, A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be;

In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes Through-tear-mist behold them beneath the old-time skies,

'Mid beech-wood and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them; and heart-ach with longing in my soul,

To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bow!

Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;

To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know

When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To talk with the morning, and watch its rose unfold;

To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold;

To lie with the night-time, and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,

The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,

The old hope, the old love, world ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree.

The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be;

In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

—Criterion.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

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

III.—NEW FRIENDS—AN ADVENTURE.

(Continued.)

"Oh, tell me about it, please!" said the little guest, who, between soup and the warmth and the friendly chat of her host, was beginning to find her novel situation very interesting.

"Wal, 'twas 'bout a dozen years ago," said Lem, taking out his pipe and preparing to spin a real "hunter's yarn" for her entertainment.

"I was off on a winter tramp across the mountain 'bout fifty miles away—me and Buck. I took Buck everywhere, for safe-keeping; for there wasn't such another dog this side of the Rockies. Held his head high like a king; long and lean and straight-limbed, as if he were out on order; voice clear and deep as a bell on a frosty night; and a nose—there was nothing ever made keener than that dog's nose! Blamed, if he couldn't follow a trail with the snow two feet deep on it!"

"Wal, Buck and me had been out tramping and camping for 'bout two months, peaceful as any human partners, eating and sleeping and purty nice talking together; for when we'd stretch out at night before our camp fire, and he'd lay his nose on my knee and lick my hand, it meant more than lots of the tongue-wagging that goes for speech. He was all the company I asked, until one of them consarned northwest blizzards struck us, and we had to make for the nearest road-house to save our lives. It was a mean, ornary crowd there, div in, as we was, by the storm. But it was mighty warm and comfortable, with that blizzard raging outside; and we all eat and drank and made ourselves pleasant together as we could. And I got to playing cards and drinking with the rest; and, whether it was drinking or drugging I never knew, but I went to sleep for the night, and woke to find my pack of cards gone, and my purse of money gone, and, worse than all, my dog gone too."

MILBURN'S

HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength.

There is no need for so many women to suffer pain and weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, faint and dizzy spells and the numerous troubles which render the life of a woman a round of sickness and suffering.

Young girls budding into womanhood, who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and the blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills help them greatly during this period.

Women at the change of life, who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, palpitation of the heart, etc., are tired over the trying time of their life by the use of this wonderful remedy.

It has a wonderful effect on a woman's system, makes pains and aches vanish, brings color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

They build up the system, renew lost vitality, improve the appetite, make rich, red blood and dispel that weak, tired, listless, un-ambitious feeling.

See PER BOX, or 2 FOR \$1.00

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS

The witness looked youthful, and appeared to be rather uncomfortable too. Consequently the counsel assumed his most imposing manner.

"You describe yourself as a writer he began.

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a writer? A sign-writer?"

"No, sir."

"A ticket-writer?"

"No, sir."

"Not an author?"

"Partly, sir."

"What do you mean, sir, by 'partly'?"

"I'm in father's office, sir. He's a money-lender, and I'm the author of all the sharp letters to backward borrowers. If you remember, I sent you one last week, sir!"

End of cross examination.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARD'S & CO. GENTS.—I have used my MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly, ALFRED ROCHAV, Proprietor Rexton Pond Hotel and Livery Stable. Rexton Pond, July 4, 1901.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I hold in utter execration," says Mrs. Partington, "it is a tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a vile bra constructor, circulating his cantonille among the honest folks. I all ways know one of his phishmagogy. It seems as if Belzabob had stamped him with his private signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yellow." And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing and called for some "demulcent drops."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

Don't suffer from Rheumatism this winter, Milburn's Rheumatism Pills eliminate every atom of the uric acid poison from the system and give complete relief from pain and suffering.

"I say, daddy," began little Tommy, "wh at—"

"Ask your mother," answered the tired father.

"Well, but it isn't a silly question I want to ask you."

"All right," wearily. "What is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in a balloon, where would he land when he come down?"

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So once more the big parlor was to be transformed into a chapel, the piano made into an altar, and all that was richest and most beautiful in this old Catholic home brought out to honor the greatest of guests. And, as always in the past, there was to be breakfast served afterwards to all, old and young, rich and poor, white or black, who should come fasting to the Mass.

"I don't see how we can manage it this year," Miss Susan had said, doubtfully. (To be continued.)

VI.—HILL-CREST.

The fierce grip of Jack Frost had loosened, and the snow had melted from Manor Hill. Already there was a faint touch of green in the meadows; the creek had broken from its icy fetters, and was foaming merrily down to the dam. And more than once Marjorie had discovered a little brown bird perched without her window, surveying the apple bough below with an evident eye to early house-building. Everywhere there was the stir and flutter of awakening things—bird and tree and plant and stream,—as if old Mother Nature had flung off her white blanket for good and roused herself from her winter nap.

Something of the joyous thrill of the coming spring was felt even in the quiet old manor, where there was a pleasant hum of preparation. The great parlor, unused through all the winter, had been opened; the floor had been waxed, the furniture polished, the big silver candlestick rubbed until they shone like new.

Father James was coming to say the annual Mass at Manor Hill, as the priest from Sandy Point had come for years too long to reckon; for "Talbots," being fully fifteen miles from the nearest church, had been thus honored for generations. Not for the price of a new cathedral would good Father James slight these two old ladies, last of their loyal line.

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You cannot always buy boots at the prices we sell at. The reason is our expenses are small and we give the people the benefit of the saving. Come to us for your next pair.—J. B. McDonald and Co.

"Like her!" exclaimed Marjorie, with a delighted hug of her new treasure. "I'll love her! Has she a name?"

"I believe Ethel used to call her Rosabelle," said Bert, laughing.

"Rosabelle! What a darling

was Buck!"

cried Marjorie, clapping her hands delightedly.

"Aye, it was Buck," said the old man, his sunken eyes shining— "Buck, that had torn himself loose from that there dog-thief and struck my trail, spite of storm and snow; Buck, fairly bolin' at the way he had been put upon, and ready to take it out on the first thing that come his way. And he got it then and there."

The old man put his hands on his knees and sobbed with delighted remembrance. "Laws, what a fight it was! Buck with his fangs on that bear's throat, and the two rollin' and snarl' and tearin' at each other, till I managed to stagger up somehow and end it with my hunter's knife. Then I took that there bloodin' dog in my arms, and cried over him like a woman."

"But—he didn't die?" asked Marjorie, with a suspicious quaver in her voice that told she was very near crying too.

"Buck die? Land, no!" laughed Lem. There he is, stretched right before you now. Buck, old obsp! Buck!"

The hound pricked up his ears even in his dreams at his master's voice.

"There! there! We won't disturb him. He don't do much but sleep now. His teeth are gone, his nose is gone, and he ain't good for nothing but dozing before the fire, but we're sliokin' it out together; ain't we, pardner?"—as the dog rose stiffly, and wagging his tail, laid his head on the speaker's knee. "This old shack ain't no sort of place for Christians, as Miss Susan said; but it's good enough for Buck and me."

And Buck, for answer, licked his master's hand trustfully.

"But you didn't tell how you got down the mountain," commented the little girl, as Lem continued to stroke and rub the head upon his knee.

"Oh, that was easy enough—wasn't it, Buck? We stayed there till next mornin', when the storm stopped; and I cut astick and limped on to a farm-house not far away. And when the men heered that bear was done for, they weren't sorry, you may be sure. They skinned him, and gave me the head, all stuffed and mounted as you see—hallo! what's that?"

The old man started up as a sharp knock sounded on the cabin door, and Miss Susan Talbot burst in with soot on her cheek.

"Marjorie! Where is the child? I've brought dry clothes and hot bricks and a bottle of red-pepper tea, for she must be chilled to death. Eh, God bless me!" The good lady started back at sight of the little figure standing rosy and happy in the freight.

"Oh, no, I'm not, Miss Susan! I'm not hurt a bit," said Marjorie, eagerly. "I'm so—so sorry I troubled you, but—"

"If there's any blame to be done, that there Bert Bolton ought to be man enough to take the hull of it," interposed old Lem, quickly.

"I'm not blaming anybody," said Miss Susan, bluntly. "Thank the Lord the child is alive and well! You get outside there and look after Dobbin, Lem, while I put some dry clothes on her to take her home."

"And, thoroughly warm and dry and comfortable, Marjorie, with Rex cuddled at her feet, was soon engaged up under the buffalo robes of the old sleigh, and speeding back to her own little white nest at home.

But the two friends she had made by her misadventure were not less loyal to her. Bert, who had a big, bean-tiful home about three miles away, and father and mother and sisters, to say nothing of a delightful grey pony—"Jack"—all his own, after broke away from all these attractions to find his way to Manor Hill. He brought the fairy books he had promised—two big ones, somewhat dog-eared, but full of beautiful pictures; he brought real checkers instead of buttons, and a pretty red board that was a decided improvement on Molly Byrne's plaid shawl; besides other delightful games rummaged from the old nursery closet at home.

And one day he rode over on his grey pony with a mysterious bundle carefully tied on his saddle bow.

"I don't know whether you will like it or not. Maybe you are too big," he said, as he presented it to Marjorie on the kitchen porch.

"Oh, it's a doll!" cried the girl, rapturously, as she quickly tore off the wrappings—"a beautiful, beautiful doll! Oh, look at her lovely blue eyes and her real curls and her dear little pink boots! Oh, I never had a doll in all my life!"

"Well, you've got one now," replied Bert, with great satisfaction.

"You don't mean she's mine—mine to keep?" said Marjorie, breathlessly. "I thought you were taking her home to your sister."

"Not a bit of it—she is yours now. Ethel got too big for her three years ago, and she has been laid away in the nursery closet ever since. Mother said she would be glad to get her out of the way. I don't see much fun in dolls myself, but I thought maybe you would like her."

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E. F. RYAN, B.A.

BARRISTER & ATTORNEY, GEORGETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

March 29, 1905.

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John A. Mathieson, K. C.—Eneas A. McDonald Mathieson & MacDonald Barristers, Solicitors. Notaries Public, etc. Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Branch Office, Georgetown, P. E. I. May 10, 1906—lyl.

A. A. McLean, K. C. & Donald McKinnon McLean & McKinnon Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Brown's Block, Charlottetown.

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