

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1915

VOL. XLIV., NO. 11

Canadian Government Railways.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 21ST, 1914.

Trains Outward, Read Down.			Trains Inward, Read Up.					
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.		
Mon. Dly.	Dly.	Wed. Ex.	Wed. Ex.	Mon. Dly.	Mon. Dly.	Wed. Ex.		
2.45	2.00	7.00	Dep. Charlottetown	Ar. 5.15	11.30	12.10		
4.07	2.54	8.13	" Hunter River	" 4.07	10.31	11.03		
4.50	3.23	9.00	" Emerald Jet	" 3.23	10.03	10.19		
3.47	8.45		" Kensington	" 2.46	9.38	9.45		
4.10	10.20		Ar. Summerside	Dep. 2.15	9.15	9.15		
Tues. Sat.			Dly. Ex.			Sun.		
4.25	11.30		Dep. Summerside	Ar. 8.55	12.15			
5.23	1.14		" Port Hill	" 7.54	10.42			
6.16	2.44		" O'Leary	" 7.01	9.25			
7.35	5.00		Ar. Tignish	Dep. 5.45	7.50			
P.M.			A.M.					
4.55	3.35		Dep. Emerald Jet	Ar. 8.50	7.50			
5.45	4.15		Ar. Cape Traverse	Dep. 8.00	7.00			
Wed. Thurs.			Thurs. Mon.			Fri.		
3.00	3.00		Dep. Charlottetown	Ar. 10.30	11.05			
4.55	4.20		" Mt. Stewart	" 9.15	9.35			
5.39	4.54		" Morell	" 8.40	8.56			
6.12	5.19		" St. Peter's	" 8.17	8.25			
7.45	6.30		Ar. Souris	Dep. 7.00	7.00			
8.55	7.35		Ar. Elmira	Dep. 5.40	5.40			
4.40	4.15		Dep. Mt. Stewart	Ar. 9.20	9.40			
5.52	5.27		" Cardigan	" 8.04	8.15			
6.20	5.58		" Montague	" 7.33	7.40			
7.05	6.40		Ar. Georgetown	Dep. 6.50	6.50			
Dly. Ex. Sat.			Dly. Ex. Sat.			Sun.		
3.10	3.10		Dep. Charlottetown	Ar. 10.00	9.45			
4.57	4.25		" Vernon River	" 8.23	8.31			
7.00	5.55		Ar. Murray Harbor	Dep. 6.30	7.00			
P.M.			A.M.			A.M.		

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MONNEY TO LOAN

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On The Tow-Path

"Venice in London," so my friends call the view from my back parlor,—the shabby but prized back parlor that I rent in a North London slum. Not many people in this city of six millions have the privilege of looking out on a canal. It threads its way among the tall grim houses, a narrow muddy stream; and yet, when night settles down, and the lights shine all round, the effect is strangely picturesque. In summer time especially it is pleasant to stand at the wide-open window and look across the little garden at the glistening water, and watch the big black barges puff slowly by, and listen to their strange, unearthly hooting. There is an ash tree at the bottom of what I call "the garden," and wooden palings which have quite a contrived aspect; and on the other side of the canal is a steep bank shaded by leafy trees. At night you can not see how bare the bank is, nor need you remark (unless, indeed, you be over-critical) that the water in the canal is thick and oily. The moonlight and the stars (and let us add, the gas lamps) throw a veritable glamor over this odd, crowded little corner of the great city in the world. Many and many a time have I watched the scene in the welcome hour of leisure between work and bed and listened to the gossip and the legends of the towpath. Some of these are eerie.

Romance of some kind must have, and thus even in the most populous parts of London, one finds houses reputed to be haunted. The quarter where I lodge is no exception to the rule. It possesses its haunted house, which is empty of course, and equally of course has been empty for years, because no one can possibly stay in it. "The noises there are just chronic," says Sandy McAlister, who has turned thirteen, and is inclined to take the ghost seriously. For this he is reproved by his father, a hard headed, sceptical, clever Scotch mechanic. And yet, when Sandy is safely out of the way, Mr. McAlister is fond of relating with bated breath how the old grandfather's clock which stands in his kitchen stopped dead at the exact hour at which his Uncle Reuben passed from this inconsistent and perplexing world and suddenly began to tick again of its own accord the day after the funeral. "There it stands in my kitchen to this very hour," he concludes triumphantly, by way of proof, "and the folk as don't believe what I tell them have only got to come and look at it."

There are many people incredulous as to the haunted house who yet believe in the Old Man, and first and foremost of these is Tim Maloney. Tim is of Celtic origin, a cute man and a steady who has never been known to take a drop too much. Three years ago, or five or ten (I am not sure which, because Tim's dates are apt to vary), but, anyway, one cold winter night Tim happened to look out of his kitchen window, and was surprised to see an old man seated on the railing at the bottom of the garden. He had his back to the house, but in the bright moonlight Tim could plainly perceive that he was very small, that he wore an old-fashioned, strangely-cut coat and a wide-awake hat, and that he was smoking a pipe.

Now, Tim is not the man to go to bed and leave a quaint, suspicious-looking figure squatting on his fence at midnight. Accordingly, he opened the door and bawled out at the top of his voice: "What on earth are ye aither doing, at all!" Receiving no answer, a few strides brought him to the bottom of the garden—but, as he described, it, "the stranger vanished before me eyes." It was a good drop on to the

tow-path; the moonlight fell full upon it; and Tim, looking eagerly up and down, could see no sign of any living creature, neither was there a barge in sight. He went to bed feeling decidedly puzzled, altogether disinclined to accept his wife's theory as to the weird shadows thrown by the stunted ash tree; and he spent the following evening making a substantial door that led into the garden.

After this the Old Man was seen from time to time by a little boy and girl who had gone down to the towpath in the twilight to play at Robinson Crusoe; once by the veterinary surgeon's general servant, who had an evening appointment with the greengrocer's boy, and who got such a fright that it almost turned her thoughts from courting for good and all. It is even rumored that the Old Man has been seen by Father Delaney's housekeeper, only she can never be induced to acknowledge it, and, for my part, I decline to believe it, since none of the presbytery windows look out on the canal, and I am sure she is much too staid a person to be walking along the canal after dusk.

Indeed, the tow-path is no very desirable place at night. Joe Moran can remember being awakened by agonized shrieks, followed by sounds of scuffling and a splash. Almost immediately came the quick heavy footsteps of a policeman running down the steep path that leads to the canal from the terrace above. He blew his whistle, and some one came rushing to his assistance; and suddenly a little crowd collected, though it was in the middle of the night. Joe, who had thrown on some clothes and was going out to help, came back when he found he was not needed, and tried to comfort his tender-hearted wife, whose sympathies went out to the poor barge-man, tossed, perhaps unprepared, into the other world.

Yes, I acknowledge that my canal has a dark aspect; but it has a sunny one, too. If there are derelicts and criminals in the crowded streets huddled to north and south of it, there are also many obscure yet high-souled heroes, not to speak of artists, poets, and humorists. Take the little hairdresser at the corner, for instance. I do not know his name,—he has not thought it worth while to paint it up over his modest "shaving saloon," but he is known in the neighborhood as "the nice hairdresser." His hobby is rescuing children from the canal. It is little wonder that they tumble in; for they love to sit on the bank, their legs dangling over the water, patiently fishing for an old sardine tin, an abandoned cabbage, or even a dead cat. Accidents are frequent, and whenever there is an accident the little hairdresser is to be seen. From his open door he commands the canal, and at the first shout raised by the victim's comrades he is off with a bound, careless of the customer planted there with nose in the air and face all of a lather. With incredible rapidity he will leap the railings and take a header into the slimy water.

An Italian by birth, he is small and slight, with dark vivacious brown eyes, and a magnificent mustache curled at the ends in a manner altogether befitting his profession. The young ladies of the vicinity think that he has a remarkably distinguished air in his white linen jacket; yet he looks anything but engaging a heroic when, dripping with black slime, he emerges from the canal after one of his rescuing feats. The water is not, to be sure, deep enough to drown him; but, for all that, it is no easy achievement, and requires to clothes. The youths who live along the terrace are loud in their praises, and are wont to whisper, together with many a head-shake, of a certain child who fell into the canal some

years ago, and who, though ultimately pulled out, died next day, poisoned by the polluted water he had swallowed.

This however, was before the advent of "the nice hairdresser," who already, during a space of two years, is considered to have saved the lives of as many as eighteen children. The Royal Humane Society have offered him no medal for his services; but, if reward he covets, he has but to seek it in the unstinted gratitude and affection of his neighbors. "We will not do the evil of the land of Dante in our quarters." But, indeed, we are very cosmopolitan; our country is the world, and our friends speak many and strange languages. Ulsterman and Nationalist wrangle on the tow-path, yet keep a civil tongue in their heads the while; and my English landlady and her French friend in the next street still deal with the aged German baker, for, let the nations fight as they will the hand of amity is not refused in our poverty-stricken streets and alleys, round and about whose draughty corners the wind of Europe blows.—E. M. Walker in the Ave Maria.

Cardinal Counsels' Soldiers

During a recent visit to the British soldiers in France, Cardinal Bourne addressed an assemblage of Catholic soldiers near Havre. In part he said: "You will soon take your places in the ranks of those who have so nobly fought. You are going to face death as they have done. Some will be taken, others will be left, and God alone knows who will remain to return home to his kith and kin. When death is near it will be comparatively easy for you to be free from sin and at peace with God, your Maker. "But in these days of preparation, when even the possibility of death seems still far off, you are exposed to special dangers and temptations against which I would very earnestly warn you. Remember the frank but most impressive words used by the Secretary of State for War, Lord Kitchener, at the very outset of hostilities, 'Beware of wine and women.' "Beware of strong drink. Many at home are denying themselves the use of all such things to obtain God's grace and strength for those who in the present exceptional circumstances may be especially tempted to excess. In this country you may easily be led to partake of drink the strength of which you do not know, and in a short time bring upon yourselves discredit and shame, and become a cause of deepest sorrow to all those who are thinking of you with longing hearts at home. "Then there is the other moral pitfall which by arousing his passions has led many a brave and noble man to degradation and disgrace. You know of what I speak; you are conscious of the danger. There are many passions in the heart of man which can be quelled only by a strong resolve and a resolute will, and so I say to you, beware, be on your guard; keep yourselves steadfastly from yielding to these two snares which may so easily change all your brave soldier's hopes of glory into bitterest shame—not only for yourselves, but for all those who are loving and praying for you at home. "Two things are needed to make a brave soldier. One is yours already—the justice of our cause. Of that there is and can be no doubt. You are fighting in defense not only of King and country and empire, but in defense of the Christian civilization of Europe itself, against methods and principles which are barbarous and anti-Christian. In performing the duties, hard, distasteful to nature, and often dangerous, that are a soldier's lot, you are serving God Himself, and may rest assured that He is not forgetful of you. The other

THE WEAK SPOT IN THE BACK.

When the kidneys get ill the back gives out. But the back is not to blame. The ache comes from the kidneys, which lie under the small of the back. Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble. Flaxseed and liniment will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys themselves. They are a special kidney and bladder medicine. They heal the diseased surface of kidneys and bladder, and help them to act freely and naturally. Mrs. Chester Rousin, Fort Coulonge, Que., writes: "I had been troubled with sore back for over four years, and could get nothing to do me any good until I heard of your Doan's Kidney Pills. I got three boxes, and took them, and now I am completely cured." Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c a box. Beware of cheap imitations or medicine direct on receipt of price by The T. M. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., Canada. When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

necessary thing depends upon yourselves, and that is to be able to remain in the peace and friendship of your Maker."

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 25c.

Judge—You were alone when you committed the robbery? "Delinquent—Yes, your Honor. Ship. You see, when you have got a mate, you never know whether he's honest or not.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spasms, without gripping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

What I can't understand about Billy Wiggles is why, with such a splendid, manly man for a father, Billy should be so effeminate, said Dubbleigh. "Why, it's simple enough," said Brightleigh. His mother was a woman.

A SENSIBLE MERCHANT. 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 25 and 50 cts.

A woman in the country recently advertised in the local papers for a handy man.

"What I want, she said to the first applicant, is a man that will do odd jobs about the house, rearrange one that never answers back and is always ready to do what I want.

Ah, said the applicant as he turned away. It's a husband you're looking for, ma'am.

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One reason why we are after fame is that it is one of the most profitable forms of advertising—London Evening Standard.

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Summer girls have the faculty of breaking their hearts.

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If the bowels do not move regularly, sooner or later, become constipated, and constipation is productive of more ill health than almost any other trouble. The sole cause of constipation is an inactive liver, and unless the liver kept active you may rest assured of headaches, pain, heartburn, floating specks before the eyes, a feeling as if you were going to faint, or catarrh of the stomach will follow the wrong action of this, one of the most important organs of the body. Keep the liver active and well properly by the use of Milburn's Laxa Liver Pills. Mrs. Elijah A. Ayer, Fawcett St. N.B., writes: "I was troubled with constipation for many years, and about three years ago my husband wanted me to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and they had cured him. I got a trial and they, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured. I always keep them handy, and when I need a mild laxative, I take one." Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a box, and 50c a box. At all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. M. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., Canada.