

Calendar for April, 1905.

MOON'S PHASES. New Moon 4d., 5h., 23m. p.m. First Quarter 12d., 3h., 41m. a.m. Full Moon 19d., 7h., 38m. p.m. Last Quarter 26d., 5h., 14m. p.m.

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

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.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. In the head and throat. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." M. Max. Hovey Roberts, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

and he did much to enlarge the field of medical teaching in England and make it practical. He was an uncompromising bear, growing at everything and everybody.

In 1677 he was kept out of a faculty in Lincoln College because he had jested at the rector's fondness for Gothic studies. Master Radcliffe had his jinks and lost his faculty.

A Song of Dawn.

Planes that call in the dusk— Love's low appeals across the pasture mask.

Murmurs of waking boughs Guarding the silent fields where young eaves browse— Say, afar off can ye hear

The bugles of dawn blown clear— Reveilles parting the dark and bidding shy moor arouse?

Planes that call in the dawn, Bringing cool dew upon the vernal lawn— Olores that wake glad birds,

And stir to life the happy morning herds— Lo, now the great lily, Light, Bursts wide on the pools of night,

And whitest activities speak in language larger than words!

Jubilant flutes of morn Far off I hear ye and I know, for lo, That I shall not have ease Till I have drained my soul of melodies

Sweeter than murmurs of boughs, D'coverd the young Day's vow, And revealed the rhythms of rains and hopes the sunrise sees.

A Doctor to Kings.

From early times kings had had doctors attached to their persons, and in the seventeenth century it became the reasonable ambition of every clever young physician to climb, through some aristocratic connection, to court itself.

The honor and the reward did not prevent the doctors from adopting a curious attitude of independence that seems out of harmony with the obsequiousness which was cultivated in high social circles.

When James I sent for Dr. William Butler to attend him in sudden illness at Newmarket, the distinguished practitioner was very unwilling to come.

Persuaded at last that he must, he rode out of Cambridge with the soldier who had been sent to fetch him at his side.

When they had gone half way, Dr. Butler pretended to pause for some purpose, and bolted home as fast as he could.

The messenger galloped after him and caught him, and making the doctor ride in front, kept the point of his halbert in the small of his back until he had conveyed him safely to the bedside of royalty.

Much of this rough reluctance marked the conduct of the great Dr. John Radcliffe, who, among so many learned and famous men, takes his place at the head of all English practitioners at the close of the seventeenth century.

He was, without doubt, a great reformer in his own day, but his soul was mightily vexed by the ill doings of his neighbors.

He did not bear fools gladly, nor did he hasten to put the best possible construction on what his learned brethren did or failed to do. There was a very rough edge to Radcliffe's tongue, and he did not hesitate to use it.

He used it towards his rival as a court doctor, Dr. William Gibbons, whom he had had from his under graduate days. But it is not Radcliffe, but Radcliffe's eminent political opponent, Grath, who says the greatest things of Gibbons.

The latter was supposed to let his patients slip it with his fingers, and it is Grath, not Radcliffe, who makes Gibbons say— Oxford and all her passing-bells can tell

By this right arm what mighty numbers fell; Whilst others merely asked whole manes to sleep, I oft dispatched the patient in a day. Some fell by landsour, and some by sea,

And death in ambush lay in every pill. Radcliffe had quarrelled with Gibbons and called him on "M. Nurse" when they were young men together at Oxford during the Civil War, and he had had the mortification of seeing the hated rival rise to the height of a fashionable practice.

Like Spidenham, Radcliffe ridiculed the lectures in Galen and Hippocrates which were the sole instruction in his profession which a medical student got at Oxford in those days.

He became, however, body-physician to the Princess of Denmark, and against his will, he was firmly pushed upstairs into court favor.

He was famous beyond all other doctors of his time for his skill in treating asthma, and although William III. never really liked his rough tongue, a complication of ailments forced the King to consult him. On one occasion, we are quaintly told, he saved the King's life by "keeping him spitting for the space of half a quarter of an hour."

The King's sister, afterwards Queen Anne, a narrow-minded and dictatorial woman-dilettante Radcliffe from the first, but she was obliged to employ him for herself, and then for the sickly succession of her children.

Queen Mary gave him, in 1691, a fee of 1000 guineas for having prolonged a little the life of her royal nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, who would have been King of England, perhaps, if his mother had not given way to temper and died, and the great doctor, Queen Mary herself was dangerously ill with small-pox, Radcliffe was not consulted until too late.

At last, the doctors in attendance losing their heads, Radcliffe was employed to take up the case, but he refused, saying that he did not need to see more than the doctors' prescriptions to know that she was virtually a dead woman, whom nothing could save from the results of "unskillful hands" and "improper medicines."

This was not courtly; and still less obsequious was Radcliffe to the Princess Anne, who sent for him, only to be told that "your Highness's distemper is nothing but the vapors, and you are in as good a state of health as any woman breathing."

Anne immediately dismissed him, and sent for the hated rival, "Nurse Gibbons, nor when she came to the throne did she forget the effort: William III., however, learned to value Radcliffe's skill and to forgive his early tongue; and when he cured the Earl of Albemarle in 1695, the King offered to make him a baronet.

Radcliffe characteristically, but not gratefully, replied that a baronet's patent was "likely to be of no use to him." Extraordinary were the liberties which Radcliffe took with William III., who came at last to depend upon him implicitly.

But the doctor's tongue went too far at last, for early in 1700 the King, being in distress with dropsy, bid Radcliffe examine his ankles and say what he thought of them. The doctor roughly replied, "Why, truly I would not have your two legs for your three kingdoms." This was too much, and Radcliffe was banished from court.

As he went, by way of an agreeable compliment, he predicted the date of the King's speedy death and he predicted it correctly.

When Anne came to the throne she did not forget her deep resentment against the bold physician. Urged by the Earl of Godolphin to consult him for the gout, she said that if she did so, Dr. Radcliffe would not come to see her, but would send her a message "that her ailment was nothing else but the vapors."

Those about the Queen, however, continued to consult him privately, "behind the curtains," although she would never see him. At last, when her unhappy husband Prince George, was in the agonies of death the Queen consented to call for Radcliffe, and promised him every favor he could ask for.

He came, but blantly told her that the Prince's disease had been treated so unskillfully "that nothing but death could relieve his Royal Highness," and refused to go to the Prince's bedside.

He consented, however, to give an alleviating prescription, and in his former obliging manner predicted, correctly, the day on which the patient would die.

The culmination, however, of Radcliffe's amazing independence was reached when Queen Anne herself was stricken with mortal illness. It is not quite certain what actually happened upon this occasion, for conflicting stories are told in the memoirs of the times. But it seems clear that again, as in so many previous instances, the fashionable doctor tried to do without Radcliffe until it was too late.

In a letter of his own he excuses himself for not going to the Queen when he was summoned by saying, "I know the nature of attending crowned heads, in their last moments, too well to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority." According to one account, he replied to the order of Council that it would be time enough to wait upon her Majesty the next day. Pittis says that he knew the Queen's case was desperate, and did not think it at all proper to disturb her last moments.

At any rate, he did not go, and Queen Anne died.

The popular cry imputed Queen Anne's death, most unfairly, to Dr. Radcliffe's neglect. His former friend, Sir John Pakington, moved in the House of Commons that the physician should be summoned to the bar. This was not done, but Radcliffe received several anonymous letters, informing him that if he appeared in any public place he would be torn in pieces, and his terror of being murdered brought on a fit of apoplexy, from which he died on the 1st of November 1714.

Edmond Gosse, in Harpee's Magazine.

Whittled His Way To Fame.

(New York Herald.) With a common, every-day pocket-knife, Noah Weiss of Sigfried Northampton county Pa., has after years of labor and infinite patience whittled his way into fame, vanquishing and relegating into obscurity all other whittlers of the world, by reason of his marvelous extraordinary and unsurpassed work in his cunning and craft.

Hundreds of specimens of Mr. Weiss's handy work are exhibited in his residence, and they have excited the admiration and interest of multitudes of people, who have journeyed from many parts of the United States to view the collection.

It has taken the ingenious wielder of the blade a number of years of continuous and patient work to produce the great number of varied specimens which fill his curio hall.

In one large room the world's greatest whittler has concentrated his interesting collection of wonderful carvings, representing Biblical and other history.

The scenes in this department are laid in Jerusalem and consist of three most important periods in the life of Christ—the Lord's Supper, the Crucifixion and the Ascension. The carving of the Lord's Supper is very natural. Arranged at a table in full size is the Saviour, with the disciples in their several places on either side.

On the table before them are the plates, the bread and wine, and the expression of the face is wonderfully brought out. This work of art was in a measure reproduced from a photograph of the masterpiece by Leonardo da Vinci, which was finished and hung in the Cathedral at Milan in the year 1500, and which still adorns the walls of the church. When, in 1795, Napoleon took possession of the structure, the room in which this picture hung was the monks' hall, or dining room; but he converted it into a stable for his horses. Thus, what Napoleon marred, Mr. Weiss with his carving knife, has reproduced in such a manner as will bear artistic criticism.

Other carvings are quite as interesting. One is "Calvary, or the Crucifixion," and shows also that Mr. Weiss is an expert at nature studies. Another represents "The Ascension," and the Saviour's expression of agony, as well as his wounds, is clearly defined.

The side walls of the curio room are decorated with many wood carvings. One represents a summer scene in the country a four-in-hand coach crossing a bridge, with the toll man waiting at his gate for the approaching team to collect the customary toll.

Another scene represents a team of six dapple gray horses attached to an old time Oonestoga wagon wending their way up the mountain road—on either side lined up with all kinds of wild plants, which one finds growing at such places in their natural elements.

Passing from spring, summer, and autumn scenes the visitor comes upon a winter scene, full of all its enjoyments. Mr. Weiss has taken for this most interesting subject the well known hostility of olden times—Red Lion Inn—situated on Bristol Pike, near Philadelphia, Pa.

The ground is covered with snow and the scene is, as before stated, laid at the door of the Red Lion Inn. Approaching the inn are several sleigh loads of people, while at the inn there are some of the sleighers already alighting, preparing to enjoy the comforts of the warm fireside afforded by the inn, while the landlady is waiting under the doorway to welcome the travellers to the hospitalities of his place.

Even the attitude of the horses is such as to make one think that they are thankful for the rest which is afforded them. Looking beyond the inn are a yoke of oxen drawing a load of wood down the mountain side and all this, with the snow-capped mountains in the distance, makes a very realistic scene.

Many scenes are incased in glass frames four feet long, three feet high and three feet wide, the wooden frame representing carved work of different designs and finish suitable to the different scenes which are therein encased.

A life-size specimen of a typical hunting scene always attracts much attention. The hunter is watching a covey of birds which the pointer has just scented, while another dog emerges over the stone fence with a partridge between his jaws. Even the fields and fences could not have been brought out more graphically or minutely.

Then there is a typical tropical carving, where a life size crocodile opens his jaws, ready for the spear, which Mr. Weiss holds in his hands. Another represents a Florida alligator, mounted on a plank, while a fitting background represents a lion and two tigers, caged, with a bull on one side and a horse on the other. Every one of these is life size and was carved out of soft pine lumber with no other tool than the saw and the knife.

Among the most artistic carvings are the frame of a large mirror, and a picture on an easel. A life size carving of a cow is also on exhibition, which has been awarded first prize at a number of agricultural exhibits. In one corner stands a sleigh, such as you grandfathers used a century ago, with its high Colonial back and a horse-hoof emblem of good luck carved on its back. The entire woodwork of the sleigh is the product of Mr. Weiss's carving, and the sleigh is considered the finest in Pennsylvania.

In another room of curio hall is a life-size statue of General Washington, while the ceiling is decorated with a large dragon with wide open mouth, from which beams an electric light.

Some of the furnishings of Mr. Weiss's home are usually interesting

Obstinate Coughs and Colds.

The Kind That Stick. The Kind That Turn To Bronchitis. The Kind That End In Consumption.

Consumption is, in thousands of cases, nothing more or less than the final result of a neglected cold. Don't give this terrible plague a chance to get a foothold on your system.

If you do, nothing will save you. Take hold of a cough or cold immediately by using

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

The first dose will convince you that it will cure you. Miss Hannah F. Fleming, New Germany, N.S., writes—"I contracted a cold that took such a hold on me that my people thought I was going to die. Hearing how good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was, I procured two bottles and they effected a complete cure."

Price 25 cents per bottle. Do not accept substitutes for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Be sure and insist on having the genuine.

THE T. MELBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

and command earnest attention. In the reading room is a large mirror reaching from floor to ceiling; the frame in which it is incased is also richly carved. A cabinet in another part of the rooms shows fern work and splint work in light colored wood.

In the dining room, which runs the full width of the building, the walls are all decorated with plaques of stuffed birds, fish and game of all kinds. The vestibule has a full size carving of a heron on each side.

Not only does Mr. Weiss devote much time to wood carving and the gathering of relics, but he has to-day one of the finest collections of taxidermy that can be found in the United States, representing birds and animals in their natural elements.

The collection is Weiss's life work, and it is on exhibition for the benefit of the public, and represents a class of work which has never been produced by anybody else in America, if in the world, on such a large scale. There are hundreds of different subjects, the value of which runs into the thousands of dollars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Constipation Cured.

Mrs. James Clark, Commands, Ont., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Headache and Constipation I tried Laxa-Liver Pills, and they did me more good than anything I ever took."

Complaint is made of the men because they do not take their wives flowers as they did in their courting days. But every woman knows that if her husband brought home a costly bouquet she would tell him it would have been more sensible to have brought home a new teapot or a ham.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Patience.—He really must have a soft spot in his heart for me. May.—How do you know that? Patience.—He says he is always thinking of me. May.—But you know a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head.

Cough of Grippe.

In the Spring when Grippe was raging I had a bad attack and the cough was so severe that I thought I would cough myself to death. I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and it cured me in a surprisingly short time.

MRS. J. H. MYERS Isaac's Harbour, N. S.

A Scottish singer named Wilson, who was being trained for professional work, sang a love-song with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it, and sing as if he were really in love.

"Eh, man," he replied, "hoo can I do that an' me a married man?"

Little Boy Had Ecsema For Six Months. Salves and Ointments No Good.

Ecsema is one of the most torturing of the many itching skin diseases, and also the most prevalent, especially in children. The case is had blood added by inactive skin, inflammation, etc. It manifests itself in many round pimples or blisters, which later on break and ooze with great pain. The skin has an itching, burning and stinging sensation. To get rid of Ecsema, it is necessary to have the blood pure, and for this purpose nothing can equal

Burdock Blood Bitters. Mrs. Florence Benn, Marlbank, Ont., writes—"My little boy had ecsema for six months. A red ointment and salve, but they healed for only a short time when it would break out worse than ever. I then decided to give Burdock Blood Bitters a trial. I only gave him two bottles, and it is now two months since, and there is no sign of a return. I feel sure that he is a blood regulator, nothing can equal it. I cannot say too much for what it has done for us."

THE T. MELBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

FALL and WINTER UNDERCLOTHING For Men and Boys.

You will save money if you buy your Underclothing from us.

Ames Holden Co's Boots & Shoes

All sorts and sizes for Men, Women and Children, All at Cost Price

COME QUICK CONROY, THE SHOE MAN, Pownal Street and Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

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E. S. RYAN, B. A., BARRISTER & ATTORNEY, GEORGETOWN, P. E. ISLAND March 29, 1905.

JOB WORK Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Tickets Dodgers Posters Check Books Receipt Books Note Heads Note Books of Hand Letter Heads

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, January 27th, 1905. Mr. and Mrs. Everybody and Family's Anywhere, Three Counties, P. E. Island FRIENDS.—

When in need of Cloth, Tweeds, Home-spuns, Yarns, Stockinette, Suits, Pants and Overcoats Horse Rugging, Double Width Flannel (all wool or cotton and wool, white or grey). The kind to get is that made by Messrs. J. A. Humphrey & Son, Ltd., of Moncton, whose factories, BY USING WOOL AND LEAVING OUT THE SHODDY, have won for their goods a reputation not surpassed by any like concern in Canada.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THIS MAKE AND INSIST UPON GETTING IT. You can be examining the ticket on goods shown you assure yourself that it is the GENUINE ARTICLE. If your dealer does not keep these goods and is not willing to get them for you write us direct and we will mail you samples and prices, or any other information required. Of course if convenient a PERSONAL CALL will be profitable for you and pleasant for us.

Yours truly, HUMPHREY CLOTHING STORE, Charlottetown.

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THE GOOD DRESSER

Is usually a man of refinement. His Wardrobe consist of the following

Evening Dress Clothes. Tuxedo Coat. Worsted and Scotch Tweed Suit. Fall and Winter Overcoat. Extra Pants, etc.

As we tailor and shape these garments you have a garment of perfection

JOHN McLEOD & CO., Merchant Tailors

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FIFTY CENTS

IN some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion is very rapid. For this reason we put up a fifty-cent size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions the gain is slower—health cannot be built up in a day. In such cases Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment; a food rather than a medicine. It's a food for tired and weak digestions.

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