

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

A passenger train was derailed at Pointe-à-la-Croix station on the Canadian Eastern Railway Sunday and 110 persons were killed or injured.

Five men were killed and forty wounded by the explosion of a bomb on board the steamer Havford, which arrived at Liverpool from Philadelphia Thursday morning.

The Canadian team to compete in this year's rifle contest in England sailed from Montreal on Thursday last on the Allan liner Turinian. The team is commanded by Lieut. Col. Wilson.

No less than four distinct earthquake shocks were felt in San Francisco on Friday night last between 9 and 11 o'clock. At least two of these shocks were felt in Oakland.

The British battleship Renbelle was in collision Friday in the English Channel with the battleship Resolution. The latter was damaged but the former must dock to ascertain the extent of her injuries.

Dr. Percy D. McLeod, formerly of Penobscot, N.B., was expelled by the Massachusetts Medical society at a meeting held in Boston on Thursday last for his part in the suit case mystery.

Another tragedy occurred at Niagara Falls on Friday, and was witnessed by a cab driver named McEachern and two gentlemen in his cab.

Monday morning the Italian steamer Vincenzo Bonanno, which went ashore at Fire Island bar, Long Island, New York, Sunday, was lying broadside on the beach. The captain had ceased throwing the cargo into the sea.

An Ottawa despatch of the 14th says: It is expected that two government cruisers will be employed this season in the patrol of the Canadian possessions in the far north.

At Bayville, near Cape Tormentor, N. B., on Saturday night, a lad named Reade, who carries from that station the mail brought by train on the N. B. and P. E. I. Railway had a most extraordinary accident.

The Canadian Pacific Steamship Company of British Columbia is to commence on Sunday morning, the 10th inst., and arrived at Rimouski at 2:47 Saturday morning last, making the round trip between the ports on opposite sides of the Atlantic in 5 days 16 hours and 47 minutes.

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Dr. Joseph F. Fove, former president of the North Western National Life Insurance Company, of Minneapolis, was on Monday sentenced to serve three and a half years in the state prison.

There was a pretty fair attendance at the market yesterday—indeed especially. Better is somewhat lower, apart from that there was not much difference in the prices, as will be seen in the price list.

The tower of the New Broadway Methodist Church at Winnipeg, 100 feet in height collapsed Monday morning. The heavy stonework was undermined at the foundation by heavy rainfall.

A case of murder, committed four years ago near Sharbot Lake, Ont., is being looked up. Mr. Noddo told, at Bathurst, Ont., that two boys, Babcock and Martin, supposed to be drowned in April, 1905, were murdered by a man now serving a term in the penitentiary and an Indian who lives at Rice Lake.

The advertisement in this issue relating to scholarships in St. Dunstan's College and the Union Commercial College is specially intended for students or those desirous of becoming such.

Lieut. Colonel Joseph H. Baiste, aged 75 years, died of blood poisoning at Windsor, Ont., yesterday. He was one of the pioneer residents of the place and had been thirty Mayor.

Set of Handsome Colored Post Cards.

Of New England Scenery, Issued by Boston and Maine Railroad.

The beauty and splendor of New England's magnificent scenery has never been more typically portrayed than in the choice set of colored souvenir post cards, issued by the General Passenger Department, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Outings.

Our mail order department is growing rapidly—every mail brings us orders from different parts of the country, and we have invariably given the utmost satisfaction.

Another pretty night robe is of fine Cambric, the yoke composed of rows of Valenciennes lace and Organdie ruffles.

Another line has the deep flounce of lawn prettily trimmed with Torcheon insertion and hemstitching.

Lot 1—Contains only one make. It is a "dream" of fine soft Madapolan trimmed with exquisitely fine Valenciennes lace and Organdie ruffles.

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Students, Attention!

Rare Chance to Secure a College Education.

We have made arrangements that enable us to place within the reach of a limited number of deserving students, opportunities for securing, on easy terms, a classical or commercial education.

St. Dunstan's College

to any three young men who will fulfill the necessary, easy conditions required. These may be beginners, or former students of the College who have not been able to complete their course.

Union Commercial College

of Charlottetown. A full course in this excellent Commercial College may be won by any four young men or women, in town or country, who will fulfill the easy conditions we require.

For particulars apply in person by letter to the editor of the HERALD, P. O. Box 1288, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

June 20, 1906—tf

No Gun License Required

TO SHOOT THE DOGS That Kill the Sheep when

WOOL is bringing 35 cents a lb.

IN TRADE AT

JAS. PATON & CO'S.

A SALE TO WAKE UP THE TOWN.

Big Anniversary White Wear Sale

Commencing Saturday, June 9th, we now hold our Grand Anniversary Sale of the best white-wear made in the world, manufactured under the most perfect hygienic and sanitary conditions, and the workmanship of which equals if not surpasses that of the best home seamstress, at a much less price than you could have the garments made at home.

Added to the made up garments, we will show at special sale prices, unlimited quantities of table and bed linens, laces, embroideries, stamped goods, curtains, in fact everything in white goods, including men's and boys white shirts, ties and fancy vests, of which we have a splendid selection.

Our reputation for reliable white wear is well established, and for this occasion we have spared no pains to surpass even our own previous records, not only in the quantity and quality of the goods offered but in the special low prices, which an exceptionally large and fortunate purchase enables us to give.

We cordially invite you one and all to visit our store, which will present a charming appearance in its draping of dazzling whiteness, and investigate and profit by the stunning values offered during this sale.

Ladies' Night Dresses. Lot 1—Made of fair quality cotton, clusters of tucks in yoke and trimmed neck and sleeves with lace, worth 65c, sale price 49c.

heading trimmed with pretty colored baby ribbon. Still another is of good cambric plainly and neatly made, while a very attractive style has the deep collar and cuffs trimmed with Torcheon lace and insertion, each worth \$1.30, sale price \$1.00.

Ladies' Varsity Combinations. Consisting of corset cover and skirt in one, new, neat and pretty, sale price \$2.50.

Ladies' Chemise. A very desirable line is of fine Lonsdale, tucked and trimmed with fine Valenciennes lace and insertion.

Ladies' Drawers. Lot 1—A line of good cotton drawers with lawn frills edged with Torcheon lace.

Underskirts. Lot 1—Contains only one style, and is made of fine cotton with lawn frills and edged with deep Torcheon lace, good value at \$1.15, sale price 90c.

White Summer Corsets. A line of white linen batiste corsets, perfect fitting and good summer weight, during sale only 48c.

White Lace Curtains. We have lately added to our store fixtures an up-to-date curtain rack for the display of curtains.

Black Lawn Corset Covers. at 49c, 70c and \$1.10.

Children's Night Gowns. For ages from 6 years to 15 years at prices ranging from 50c to \$1.20.

Children's Undershirts. For ages from 4 to 14 years at from 28c to \$1.10.

Children's Drawers. For ages 8 to 14 years, at from 15c to 49c.

Children's Pinafores. For ages 6 to 12 years, at from 28c to \$1.00.

Children's White Dresses. For ages 1 to 3 years, at from 59c to \$1.95.

Girls' Colored Dresses. For ages 4 to 14 years, at from \$1.15 to \$3.00.

Children's White Sunshades. Nicely trimmed all over and with serviceable handles, sale price 49c.

Anything not mentioned in the above list in the white goods line is subject to special discounts during this great June Sale, which so many have been looking forward to, as an unequalled opportunity to procure garments which are first-class in every respect, full lengths and widths, plain or elaborately trimmed as you prefer them, but all of the best workmanship and at prices which are sure to prove popular.

M. TRANOR & CO., Headquarters for High-Class Whitewear.

Calendar for June, 1906.

MOON'S PHASES. Full Moon 6 1/2, 12 m. p. m. Last Quarter 13 1/2, 3 3/4 p. m. New Moon 21 1/2, 7 1/2 a. m. First Quarter 29 1/2, 10 1/2 a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Moon, High Water, Low Water. Rows for each day of the month.

Itching Skin

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

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It 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." Mrs. Ipa E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

never have either. He would have to "take up" something, he decided, to fill the void which the theatre and the light talk of boom companions used to fill. To-night, while his wife sat peaceful and serene in her beautiful drawing-room, and Kitty sang of love and roses, the grim skeleton which he kept securely locked away in a dark cupboard of his heart, had turned the key, and all unbidden came forth to stalk before him in the light of the summer moon. He suddenly remembered himself as a man who had received his death warrant, and knew that there was no reprieve. Soon love and life must be left behind, and he must fare forth into the dread beyond, "to a land that was dark and covered with the mists of death." Whence was his life; whither was he going; what had he done with the years that were dead, with the days that were gone forever? These were the thoughts that would surge up in his mind; till his heart groaned and his spirit shuddered, and he looked round on the right hand on the left for something to distract and comfort him.

"Little Things."

BY M. M. STRATNER.

A drink to-day; to-morrow, more.—A drunkard reels from door to door. A fault to-day; to-morrow, sin; A manhood out, a friend's within. An unchaste thought; a vulgar song.—A soul, tight-bound by vice's throng. A little theft; a penny's gain; The links annexed of felon's chain. A little doubt—the devil's toll To pave the way for loss of soul. No self-restraint, nor chastening rod,—Forgotten, then, is even God. And man, on that dread Judgment Morn', May rue the day that he was born, As "Little Things" done recklessly, Shall seal his doom eternally.

The Uses of Adversity.

III.

Her mother laughed. "Then, I don't think you had better wear white roses until you have changed your mind on that point," she said. "I never change my mind, Mother." "O yes, you do," Mr. Rylands had just entered through the window, and he heard her last remark, "You change your mind a dozen times a day, Kitty." "Not about you, darling!" she answered, jumping up and putting her arms round him. "There is nobody like you in the whole world."

Whether his wife satisfied his ideals in that respect, not could say; but she certainly had the most devoted husband in the world. He knew his wife's butlerly nature, and he guarded her with a jealous care. He saw to it that she sipped none but wholesome sweets in her garden of pleasure; and these were as many and as varied as he could provide. He made himself her Providence, for there was no God in her world, as an atheist himself, he had early impressed his ideas on her unformed mind, and between them they brought up their child to regard Christianity as a mere passing phase of things in the life of the race, a stage in the process of evolution into the higher life of the intellect.

IV.

There were two routes to the golf links from the "Manor"—one by the high road, about a mile on towards North Drayton, where the moor sloped down almost to the highway, a stone stile, and a field path separating it from the road; the other by a steep path up through the wood, across the road from the Manor door. The links were about a quarter of a mile from the top of the path. Mr Rylands and Kitty had finished a game. It had not been a very serious one, for Kitty was languid with the heat, and Faust, the dog, was being taught the duties of caddy, so he required a good deal of attention to make him stick to his office.

"It is too hot for golf, dad," said Kitty, taking his arm; "let us have a walk instead. Suppose we go prospecting over the moor, we have not been very far afield as yet; I see a white signboard away in the distance, suppose we make for that and read the legend painted thereon."

"I don't see any white signboard," he said, putting up his eye-glass. "However, I'll take your word for it. 'Some day we must walk right across the moor, it has some most interesting spots on it, I believe; over on the other side there is a place called the 'Valley of Desolation'—a narrow pass between two high rocks, filled with stones and gravel and great loose boulders, with not a flower or a blade of grass to be seen."

"It sounds a very cheerful kind of spot," said Kitty, "and if ever I feel very miserable I will go there and meditate on the vanity of all things under the sun." "Find sermons in stones, eh?" laughed her father.

"Yes, and bad in everything, like the good old Calvinistic sermons my old nurse used to read on Sundays, with plenty of Damnation in them, spelt with a big 'D.' Do you know, daddy, when I think of them, I feel very glad we are not 'believers,' as Mr Morland puts it; it must be awful to believe in a God who could create creatures, and then put them in the fire of hell. I used to read these sermons sometimes when nurse was doing, and I remember I received the impression that God made some people bad so that they could do nothing good if they tried, and then He put them in hell for not being saved."

"What a dreadful idea! There is no hell, Kitty; no heaven either, except that we make for ourselves, by living well or ill. The hereafter is only a myth; it is the principle of life that is eternal; man dies when his time comes, to make room for others; as the poet says— 'So one by one, we mortals cease to live, And life's bright torch to the next runner give.'"

"And we soon pass it on," said Kitty, with a sigh; "this bright torch of life, and then comes the darkness and the cold! If that is the end of it all, Daddy, it really does not matter much how we live, does it?"

"Ah, yes it does, Kitty, he answered quickly; "it matters for ourselves, and for the race; we are bound to live up to the best we know in the interest of society, for the good of the human family. 'Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high. Sit there no judge in heaven our sins to see? More strictly than the inward judge obey. Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try. If we, then, too, can be such men as He.'"

talked also of a great chasm or cove at the foot of the crag, under the water, the entrance to a subterranean passage through which a stream flowed through dark and fearful places out into the river some miles away. Nothing was ever seen again of any object thrown into the tarn; it was sucked under by the deadly current into the unknown region of its tortuous course. On the other side of the tarn, where the land was level again for several hundred yards, the water lay shallow over a treacherous morass, disguised with soft green weed; not less a trap for the unwary than was the precipitous ground across the pool.

Kitty and her father, arm in arm, and engrossed in their talk, were heading straight for the point of danger. Suddenly they came to a stop.

"There is some one calling," said Kitty; "it's a man—see, he is running towards us. Let us wait and see what he wants."

A tall man in black clothes was approaching them from the thick furze bushes on the left-hand side. "I beg your pardon," he said breathlessly, taking off his hat, "but you have been going along in such close conversation I was afraid you had not noticed the notice board you have just passed."

"Have we passed it?" said Mr Rylands, looking round. "We thought we would stroll over and see what it was."

"It is a warning to strangers and golfers," said the stranger, smiling. "You are rather dangerously near the edge of the tarn; it lies below."

"Oh, really?" said Kitty. "May we not go to the edge and look over?"

"No; it is very unsafe. The crag slopes inward, and the edge is always crumbling away; but if you do not mind a very rough path, I can pilot you down to a little strand on the right where you can get a view of the whole place."

"Thank you, very much," said Mr Rylands, "but shall we be keeping you from your game? I see you have been golfing like ourselves."

"No," he answered, as he parted some gorse bushes for Kitty to pass through, "I have finished my game. I was looking about for a lost ball, which brought me in this direction, so I thought I would stroll on and have a look at the tarn."

"A lucky thing for you you did so, for we might have been exploring the bottom of it by this time."

(To be continued.)

The Wreck of the Arctic

It was the good ship "Arctic" That sailed the Polar (?) sea; And the grater had taken a cargo of booze To bear them company.

Cognac and fine old crusted Port, Cases of best champagne, Rum, "hoody and sherry on which to grow merry As they called the raging main.

The grater he stood beside the helm, A "Perfector" in his face, And he suddenly thought it was time he ought,

To splice the good main brace. Then up and spoke an older grater Who'd commanded many a schooner; "I pray thee open a bottle of port,— Or champagne, if ye'd sooner."

"Last night I saw two moons in the sky, Today my head is aching." The grater dry winked the other eye; "Why, certainly, what're taking?"

Faster and faster popped the corks, The whole ship's crew got busy. 'Til, filled to the neck with Pommeury Sec. All heads were feeling dizzy.

(15 verses omitted here; the details of the rest of the trip are too dreadful to print.) Next year when Parliament heard the tale The public stood aghast At the cost of the booze for the "Arctic" cruise.

—Ottawa Citizen.

Now comes the wool time,—the sheep have to get their coats off—and their coat is worth money,—worth more money than lots of coats that are advertised at half price. Wool is wool, and cotton is cotton; but the wool has fortunately for the farmers been bringing high prices. This is good for all, concerned, but the high price will not last long. Bring your wool to and get your cash or trade whichever you prefer.—If you take cash you get the highest price—if you take trade you get the lowest priced goods in addition to the best selection of dry goods, dress goods, millinery, white wear, and mens furnishings that are shown on P. E. I.—No matter what others say. We want your wool—Bring it right to us!—Stanley Bros.

MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS. CURE CONSTIPATION. CURE BILIOUSNESS. CLEAN COATED TONGUE. Swasten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system.

MISCELLANEOUS. First Old Sport.—Bless me! You don't say you're moving again? Second Ditto.—No, old chap, we don't go; but, as a matter of fact, we are!

Vincent is decidedly garrulous in school, and recently his teacher had occasion to send this report to his father: "Vincent talks a great deal." Back came the report, duly singed, "You ought to hear his mother."

Mrs. Hopeful.—Is my boy improving at all? Professor of Penmanship.—He is getting worse. His writing is now so bad that no living soul can read it. "How lovely! The darling! He'll be a great author some day."

Rheumatism in Shoulders. "I had the Rheumatism in my shoulders so bad that I could not rest at night. I took Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and have not had a trace of it since." John Kitton, Glenboro, Man.

Minard's Liniment Cures everything. Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints take

DEFOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY. Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time.

The Cut Of The Suit. Tells the taste of the tailor. The garments that strike your fancy may not be those that you should wear. In the mirror of the retail clothier you cannot see yourself as others see you. Is it safe to trust your appearance to the judgment of the ready-made salesman, based on the necessity of fitting you to the clothing rather than the clothing to you?

Custom Tailoring! Gents Furnishings, Hats, Caps, etc, etc. For SPRING WEAR. Our Cloths are imported from the very best manufacturers in England, Scotland and Ireland, and include

NEW CLOTHS. For SPRING WEAR. Our Cloths are imported from the very best manufacturers in England, Scotland and Ireland, and include Worsted, Vicunas, Tweeds, and Fancy Vest Cloths.

JOHN McLEOD & CO. Queen Street, Charlottetown.

CARTER'S TESTED SEEDS For All Soils. Only Seeds of High Grade. as to PURITY and GERMINATION, are sold by us. Don't experiment with cheap Seed. Our Clovers, Timothy, Wheat, Peas, Corn, Vetches, Barley, &c., &c., are the best money can buy. Our prices will be found as low as seeds of best quality can be sold for.

"The Boston Favorite." This is our great American line of Women's Fine Shoes to sell for \$2.50 A Pair. The strongest line on earth, equal in style, fit and appearance to any shoes made; we have found their wearing qualities excellent.

Mathieson & MacDonald Barristers, Solicitors. Notaries Public, etc. Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Branch Office, Georgetown, P. E. I. May 10, 1906—yly.

FIRE INSURANCE. Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B. Sun Fire offices of London. Phoenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn.

Combined Assets \$100,000,000. Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses. JOHN MACBACHERN, AGENT. Mar. 22nd, 1905.

Morson & Duffy Barristers & Attorneys. Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN. Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada.

McLean & McKinnon Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law. Snappy Styles. 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.

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

SUPPORT. SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.