

Registered Draft Stallion



Young Goldfinder

Weight 1850.

Young Goldfinder was imported by Messrs Stockman and McMillan direct from Scotland, bred by the famous McGregor, the stallion that was never beaten in the show ring and prized and admired by all horsemen in Scotland and England.

His dam was 1st Nobby by Lord Lyon, 2nd dam Trim by Sir Colin and 3rd dam Salt by Robert Burns. Young Goldfinder is but coming 5 years old and is the very type of his sire—McGregor.

Young Goldfinder will stand at Mitchell's stables, Grafton Street, opposite Court House, Charlottetown, for the season of 1903 except on the following dates when he will be at W. G. Simpson's, Kensington, all day, Wednesday of May 6, 20, June 3, 17, July 1, 15, and at W. C. Smith's, Hunter River for the afternoon of Thursday of May 7, 21; June 4, 18; July 2, 16; when he will return to Charlottetown by evening train.

His owners, Messrs. Stockman & McMillan will give \$2,500 in prizes every Provincial Exhibition for the exhibit of Goldfinder's best colts. Prizes to be awarded as follows \$10, \$7, \$5, \$3.

GUS MITCHELL, Manager in charge.

Apr 29, wkly 2 mos. Tues & Thurs 2 wks

A Kidney Sufferer FOR Fourteen Years.

TERRIBLE PAINS ACROSS THE BACK. Could not Sit or Stand with Ease. Consulted Five Different Doctors.

Doan's Kidney Pills FINALLY MADE A COMPLETE CURE.

Mr. Jacob Jamieson, Jamieson Bros., the well-known Contractors and Builders, Welland, Ont., tells of how he was cured: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with kidney trouble which increased in severity the last five years. My most serious attack was four years ago, when I was completely incapacitated. I had terrible pains across my back, floating specks before my eyes and was in almost constant torment. I could not sit or stand with ease and was a wreck in health, having no appetite and lost greatly in flesh. I had taken medicine from five different doctors and also numerous other preparations to no purpose. I finally began to take Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken five boxes the trouble left me and I now feel better than I have for twenty years. Those who know me know how I was afflicted and say it is almost impossible to believe that I have been cured, yet they know it is so. I have passed the meridian of life but I feel that I have taken on the rosy hue of boyhood."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

INVISIBLE PASSING.

HAROLD BEGBIE HAS A CHAT WITH SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Achievements of Psychical Research—The Mighty Atom—The Election and How It is Made Real to the Ordinary Man—The Great Misunderstood—The Invisible is Passing to Modern Science.

I found myself at dinner the other night seated next to the man who first set Europe thinking of wireless telegraphy. Oliver Lodge is not merely a likeness, but he is the express image of Lord Salisbury twenty years ago; a huge, massive creature, with mountainous head, quiet, cautious, and watchful eyes under a great dome of brow; the same stoop of the head, as though under its own great weight, and the same curious effect of the hair growing outward from above the sloping neck and high, broad shoulders. If Sir Oliver cared to flout his iron-gray beard and to brush his hat the wrong way, I am convinced he might walk into the House of Lords and tell the peers that the British Constitution is not adapted for business purposes.

Our talk began about "electrons," those invisible charges of electricity which are said to be the ultimate subdivision of the atom—the last thing in matter, I asked for some kindergarten figure that would make the electron real to me.

The Mighty Atom. The professor stroked his beard. "Imagine," said he, speaking with inventiveness, as becomes the head of Birmingham's University, "a church 200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 50 feet high, and scattered throughout the interior of this a thousand electric charges, each the size of the ordinary full-stop of a newspaper. That is how electrons feel inside the atom!"

"Room enough for each to expand into quite a handsome semi-colon," I said.

"Yes, there is plenty of room; but they occupy the atom, nevertheless, as soldiers occupy a country; they make it impenetrable by reason of the forces they exert. They are violently energetic."

"And this electron is really the last thing in matter?"

"So far as we know. Splendid work by J. J. Thomson of Cambridge and others has helped us to our present knowledge on the subject."

"You haven't got to the last thing in the spiritual kingdom at present?"

"I am not sure that we have got hold of the first."

I said how great and comforting a thing it was that psychical research should be in the hands of such men as himself, Sir William Crookes, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Prof. Barratt, and the Bishop of Ripon.

"For the life of me," said Sir Oliver, "I cannot understand the man in the street's attitude toward the Physical Society. Why is it that the man of business and the man of hard-headed sense regard the psychical investigator as a ghost-hunting crank? Are we to stick to the visible world, and leave the invisible out of account? Is the optic nerve to be the linch-pin of the wheel of progress? If so, let astronomy stick to the 6,000 stars visible to man's eye, and forget the 100,000,000 revealed to us by the telescope and the photographic film. Even our dear little friend the electricist will have to go into mourning for his atom—though lost to sight, to memory dear, with a vengeance."

The professor has a shrewd humor—another likeness to Lord Salisbury. The Great Misunderstood.

"No, a great deal of nonsense is talked about things invisible. Physical science has long been groping and stumbling in that world, and psychical science is only following its example. The modern tendency of science is toward the invisible kingdom. The more we exhaust the physical world the fuller our hands become of ions and electrons, the more shall we find ourselves pushed into the other territory. Science is something like poor Jo—not my friend in Birmingham—to whom the policeman of progress is continually approaching with his order to move on."

"Science is not unlike poor Jo in other respects. It has had rather a rough time of it in the world. The Church did not go out of its way to be kind at the start, and it has never been a very enthusiastic godmother. And, mark—every branch of science has been ridiculed at its beginning, so that we must not exultingly appeal to popular imagination as a novel by Mr. Hall Caine or the servant problem. Nevertheless, I cannot see why the man in the street, the man in the omnibus, and that extraordinarily brilliant fellow, the man in the club, should dispose of the Physical Society in a single word as 'cranks.' If he would take the trouble to read our proceedings or get a talk with Alfred Russel Wallace, he would discover that there really are some things in the world which 'no fellow can understand.'"

"And, you see, the Physical Society has demolished more superstitions and laid more ghosts than any other body in the world! So it is a little unfair of our good-natured friend, the man in the street, to rail and sneer and shrug his shoulders. He has got to recognize, sooner or later, that psychical research—that is to say, inquiry into the occult phenomena of existence—is as much a science as surgery or botany."

"You think that the sympathy of the world is necessary?"

"Not positively necessary; but the sympathy and thought of the world is a propelling energy, and the phenomena only occur to human beings, so they are an essential factor in the problem. If there was more of this sympathy at the back of learning, for instance, the Treasury would be empowered and compelled to do more for higher education. It is one of the big pillars of life that Englishmen do not devote a portion of their extra-

ordinary zeal for religious dissension and party politics to the unifying cause of knowledge. We ought to have grown out of hickories by this time; everything that splits the country or divides its energy is to be deplored. Unify, unify. We want an intellectual Bismarck in this country—a man to bind up all the disintegrating forces into one body pushing straight ahead for truth."

Toward the Invisible. "And the tendency of science itself is toward the invisible?"

"Yes, you call it the invisible, but you might equally call it the unsmellable. Our sense organs are very limited in their scope, and scientific study enables us to transcend them in all sorts of directions. I should call it the insensible—unless that is ambiguous; the insensible which is as much part and parcel of existence as the sensible."

"Astronomy, you see, is more and more studying the vast universe of invisible stars, and the invisible ether is now harnessed to the service of man. Why should we stop here? It isn't as if psychical research went outside the world in quest of mysteries; the mysteries are here, all about us, as densely populated as the atom is with electrons. You may turn the blaze of the sun into a key for unlocking the mysteries of winds and waves, rain, hail, rivers, and all the manifold activities of the earth; but you will have to blow into that orifice till your cheeks crack before you will get it to turn in the lock of life. Science, so far, remember, cannot account for the life of the simplest cell barely visible under the microscope."

"And the search now is for the master key?"

"Well, we have examined the lock pretty thoroughly, and I think it is about time we cast about for the key."

"That is the tendency of modern science?"

"We are moving on."

"It would be well to hammer this fact upon the public consciousness; it helps to exalt life."

"Sympathy is a great force."—Harold Begbie in London Mail.

THE HILL OF TARA.

For 300 Years the Centre and Heart of the Irish Monarchy.

Mr. Bryce, M.P., spoke recently before members of the Irish Literary Society on "The Hill of Tara." Tara, he said, for three hundred years had remained the centre and heart of the Irish monarchy, or what was understood as a monarchy. It was the scene of the triennial assemblies, like those at Delphi, where the poets sang, the lawyers argued, and the harpists harped, and also, as the poets had described, where everyone drank all the week. (Laughter.) Tara was about twenty-two miles northwest of Dublin, in County Meath. The top of the hill was nearly 500 feet above sea level, and is raised about 200 feet above the surrounding country. Although there were places of interest to antiquarians, such as Stonehenge, Avebury, Penrith, and Orkney, which had a history later than that of Tara, there were no data concerning them. They knew more about Tara, for events of the second century were clearly indicated. Tara remained the centre of Irish Government down to 560 A.D. It was recorded that St. Patrick visited there in 433 A.D., and there succeeded in alienating the Gaelic people from their old belief. After that the place was cursed by the priests, and finally abandoned. The Kings of Ireland still, however, retained the name of Tara in their official designation. The hill was the capital of a kingdom which should make people realize the many-sided life of a primitive people, the home of the ecclesiastic, the legal, the political and festive life of a nation. He could not understand how it was an ignorant, spiteful, private owner should be allowed to spoil and destroy that which ought to be long in reason and equity to the whole people.

Charles Lever's Characters.

Whence did Charles Lever get his rollicking Irishman? Prof. Oman, in his preface to the re-issue of William Grattan's "Adventures With the Connaught Rangers," discloses the secret, says The London Outlook. It was clearly, he avows, from the domestic annals of the old Eighty-Eight Foot in Peninsular days that Lever drew the greater part of the good stories which made the fortune of "Charles O'Malley." Many of the characters in that romance appear in the flesh in Grattan's reminiscences. Notably:

"The eccentric surgeon, Maurice Quill, whose fame was so great throughout the British army that the novelist did not even take the trouble to change his name. His colleague, Dr. O'Reilly, was almost as great an original. Many of the humors of Micky Free seem to be drawn from the doings of Grattan's servant, Dan Carson's."

"Comparing the real thing," Mr. Oman goes on, "with the work of fiction, one is driven to conclude that much of it was only a photographic reproduction of anecdotes that he had heard from old soldiers of the Connaught Rangers."

Enough for One Day. A very subdued looking boy with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection came to his teacher in one of the large London board schools and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book, says Tit-Bits.

The note read as follows: Miss B.—Please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played trochant, but I should think you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trochant with, as him fell out, as the boy licked him, as a man they sauced caught him, as him licked him, as the driver of a cart they hung to liked him also. Then him a he licked him, as I gave him another one for saucing me for telling you so you need not lick him any til next time. I should say he thinks he'd better keep in school hereafter.

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SOME TEAS ARE GOOD SOMETIMES -BUT- Haszard's Brahmin Tea is good all the time ASK FOR IT 2 Tu, Th, Sa. w

The Hardware Emporium EVERYTHING IN THE HARDWARE LINE The tide of high prices is out and values are at hard pan. The uniform high quality applies to every department, tinware, ironware, galvanized ware, table cutlery, pots, kettles, pans, pails, bowls, wooden ware and all other articles in our line. Better goods were never shown in this or any other town on this side of the Atlantic, because better goods can't be manufactured. It's the quality that makes every article in our stock a bargain. Fennell & Chandler The Acknowledged Hardware Leaders

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NOTICE! To Shippers Of Country Produce. We beg to call your attention to the fact, that we have opened a Commission business in the town of Sydney Mines, and we are prepared to handle shipments such as hay, oats, potatoes, butter, etc. Best market prices procured and prompt returns made. We also have for sale 300 Building Lots and several business stands on Main Street. STEEVES & CO., BROKERS, Etc., Sydney Mines, Cape Breton.

Choose The BEST! The Tobacco Dealer who does not use the Hickey Twist, Pearl or Ruby Has never derived that real enjoyment which is his. They are the gems of the trade. FINE CUT MIXTURES IN 1 and 2 POUND TINS. HICKEY & NICHOLSON TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS 200 St. John Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

EXTRA WHITE LIME.

We have just landed two cars of extra white St. John Lime in casks and barrels. This is the same quality that gave universal satisfaction last season.

JAMES BARRETT Beehive Lumber Yards. 43 Tu, Th, Sat. w w z

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From Charlottetown every Thursday.

Calls at Hawkesbury, Arichat, Isaac's Harbor, Sheet Harbor, Salmon River, Canso, Summerside.

CARVELL BROS., Agents. Ch'town, Apr 30 Tu, Thur, F.

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When your well stocked store was going to burn down, you could wait to insure until the week before, but

When It is Destroyed You are too late. Remember the old adage, "There is no time like the present," and no insurance like ours.

E. H. BEHR, Representing Phoenix of Hartford, Canadian, Quebec.

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McGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS

They are safe and prompt, free from Calomel or any Mercurial preparations; can be taken at any time and in any climate. They are prepared with a concentrated Extract made from the Butternut and scientifically combined with other vegetable principles that make them without doubt one of the best Liver, Stomach and Bowel Pills now before the public.

For sale everywhere, 25c per box, or by mail on receipt of price.

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF. A family remedy for internal and external use. Cures Rheumatism, Colic, Sprains, Neuralgia. For sale everywhere, price 25 cents per bottle.

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