

**PICTURESQUE**  
**Prince Edward Island**  
 25c at all Bookstores.  
 An illustrated book on P. E. Island, an interesting souvenir for tourists.

**CHARLOTTETOWN**  
**TIME TABLE**  
 (LOCAL TIME.)  
 Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

**TRAINS**

Express leaves for the west..... 8 35 a.m.  
 Express arrives from the west..... 9 50 p.m.  
 Accommodation leaves for the west..... 4 10 p.m.  
 Accommodation leaves for the east..... 6 00 p.m.  
 Accommodation arrives from the west..... 10 55 a.m.  
 Accommodation arrives from the east..... 2 25 p.m.  
 Express leaves for the east..... 7 05 a.m.  
 Express arrives from the east..... 9 10 a.m.  
 Accommodation leaves for the east..... 3 00 p.m.  
 Accommodation arrives from the east..... 4 50 p.m.

**STEAMERS**  
**PRINCESS.**

Leaves for Pictou every morning..... 9 30 a.m.  
 Arrives from Pictou every evening..... 8 30 p.m.  
**LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.**

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Monday..... 12 p.m.  
 Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday..... 10 a.m.

**HALIFAX.**

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Thursday..... 7 p.m.  
 Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday..... 1 p.m.  
**CAMPANA.**

Arrives from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday.....  
 Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.

**CITY OF GHENT.**

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....  
 Leaves for Halifax every Friday..... 10 a.m.  
**JACQU'S CARRIER.**

Leaves for Orwell Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays..... 3 p.m.  
 Leaves for Crapaud every Friday at..... 3 p.m.  
 Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday at..... 2 p.m.

**FERRY BOATS.**

"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.  
 "Ella"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6 30, 8, 9, 11, a.m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, 30, p.m. local time. Sundays at 9 a.m., 12.45, 2, 3, 4 p.m. Returns 1.15, 2.30, 3.15 and 5 p.m.  
 "Southport"—Runs up East River every Tuesday, leaving at 5.30 a.m., and 3 p.m. local. Runs up West River every Friday, leaving at 5.30 a.m., and 4 p.m. local.

**HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.**

For the benefit of tourists and others we publish the following list of hotels and boarding houses in Charlottetown and elsewhere:—

Charlottetown—Hotel Davies, Queen Hotel, Revere Hotel, Eureka House, Ocean House, Railway House, LePage House, Duncan House, Finlay House, McFadden House.  
 Summerside—Clifton House, Russ Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.  
 Souris—Sea View Hotel, Ocean House.  
 Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.  
 Rustico—Sea Side Hotel.  
 St. John's—Cliff House, Match House.  
 Brackley Point—Shaw House.  
 Alberton—Seaforth House, Albion Terrace.  
 Malpeque—Hodgson House, North Shore House.  
 Pownall—Florida Hotel, Dominion House.  
 Vernon River Bridge—Finlay House.  
 Georgetown—Aitken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.  
 Cape Traverse—Lanadowne Hotel.  
 Tignish—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.  
 Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.  
 Montserrat—Macdonald House.  
 Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mountain House.  
 Hampton—Pleasant View House.  
 Port Hill—Port Hill House.

Besides, there are a good many private houses throughout the province where excellent accommodation at a reasonable rate may be obtained. Further information may be obtained upon application at the EXAMINER office.

**RIFLEMEN'S RANGE MARKS**

**Advantage of Knowing Distances to Points Held by the Enemy.**

The killing of General Lawton by the bullet of some unknown Filipino sharpshooter recalls an interesting little story which was told by one of the officers of the Tennessee regiment when it passed through the city recently on its way home from service in the far east. "In the first advance which we made north of Manila," he said, "we discovered that the native sharpshooters were exceedingly fond of locating range marks on ground they thought we would be apt to traverse. They would know the exact elevation necessary to drop a bullet at some bush, stump or pile of stones, and if a soldier approached the spot he was pretty certain to get it. Sometimes several men would be killed or wounded before the deadly indicator would be observed, and when any sharpshooting was going on our boys learned eventually to avoid all conspicuous objects that looked as if they might have been selected as range marks. Otherwise the Filipinos are not remarkable as shots."

A very similar story was told by soldiers who participated in the fighting before Santiago. They say that almost every Spanish rifleman hidden away in a tree top had a scale of distances carefully noted by marks at various points, and some of these range finders acquired sinister fame. Some little distance from the first emergency hospital was the wreck of a heavy two wheeled native wagon, with a pole sticking straight up into the air. It was on the edge of a path to the nearest creek, which was frequently traversed, and three soldiers were shot near the heap of rubbish before it became evident that a hidden sharpshooter was using it to sight by. A couple of days later there was a systematic raid on the men in the tree tops, and most of them were swept out by the machine guns, but in the meanwhile the old wagon and other objects that appeared to have been located as distance marks were scrupulously shunned. It is very possible that the gallant Lawton chanced to get in line with some such indicator at the moment he received his death wound.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Got the Correct Time.**

Jake Foster was for many years one of the characters of Oregon. He drove the hack between Oregon and Forest City and was known to every man, woman and child in Holt county. Oregon is three miles from the railroad and for many years was not connected with any other town by either telegraph or telephone. One morning Robert Montgomery hailed Foster as the hack started for Forest City and said: "Jake, I wish you would get the correct time at Forest. My watch stopped last night."

"All right, Bob," said Jake. When Jake returned from Forest, he put up his team and walked around to the bank where Montgomery presided. Stalking into the bank, Jake stepped up to the window and laid down a soiled bit of paper bearing the figures "11:17."

"What is that?" asked Montgomery in astonishment.

"That," replied Jake, "is the correct time at Forest."—Omaha World-Herald.

**Lungs and Long Life.**

One of the most remarkable cases of longevity on record was that of an Englishman, born in 1483, whose delicate appearance made all the doctors give him up when he was in the cradle. His chest was so narrow, says the report, that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. Well, this young moribund, condemned by the doctors to die in short order, died in 1651 at the age of 169. He saw the reign of ten kings.

Secondly Hango, consul of Venice at Smyrna, measured only 57 centimeters around the chest, and one of his lungs was diseased. Nevertheless he lived to the age of 115 years. He was married five times and had 49 children. When he was 100 years old, he got his wisdom teeth. When he was 110, his hair turned black again. At 112 his eyebrows and his beard turned black.

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

**DROPSY**

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the kidneys are actually diseased, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

**FUNNY MAN'S TRIALS.**

There is a man out in Laclede avenue who is always getting into funny situations. Maybe it's just his luck; maybe it's because he's blest with such a fund of drollery himself; maybe it's because he tells of the happening so unctuously that it is impossible not to be amused. But anyway this is the latest domestic experience, told a night or two ago:

"You see," said he, "I went up-stairs after dinner to change my clothes, preparatory to a spin on my wheel. I got out of my business garments and had gotten into outing clothes just as far as my shirt was concerned—no farther. At that moment my wife walked into the room with our youngster, a lusty infant of a year, in her arms. The boy was lifting up his voice in howls of wondrous depth.

"Here, hold him, please, John, and see if you can't quiet him," she remarked, dropping him onto my shoulders as she passed through the room hurriedly. 'I must get dressed as soon as possible.'

"What a situation! I the dignified father of a family, clad in one garment—my shirt—sternly walking up and down the room, trying to quiet a crying child, who sobbed, and wailed, and shrieked, because he wanted to go 'bye-bye.' I couldn't put him down into a chair, because he wouldn't stay there two minutes.

"The baby wouldn't let me get into even my trousers as long as I had to hold him.

"The nurse had gone out on an errand.

"If that had been all there was to it, I could have borne the odium of the affair with Christian fortitude. But the half has not been told. There were on-lookers. Can you imagine anything better calculated to appeal to the risibles of the bystanders? Can you think of anything more likely to fill the victim with chagrin than to be discovered in such a plight as mine?

"But discovered I was, and lost accordingly. At the fifth turn about the room, infant terrible still lustily howling, my eldest hopeful, aged ten, thrust his round, curly head in at the door.

"Say, pop, kin I an' Willy Price g' down to—' (snickers).

"What's the matter with your class, pop? (More snickers).

"My wife now appeared at the door of her dressing-room, showing her eyes into a freshly starched shirt waist, and with her mouth full of hissing.

"Can't you quiet him, dear? 'Tisn't in such an awful hurry—oh, how funny you do look! swallowing two ol'airpins as she burst into laughter—laughter with me, mind you, as its object; me, the sober, serious-minded father of her infant that was causing all this disturbance.

"If you could only see yourself," she said, faintly, after a half hour given over to peals of merriment. It seemed a half hour, but maybe it was only five minutes.

"Madame," I replied, with such dignity as I and my one garment could muster, "your ninth strikes me as a trifle unseemly, not to say uncharitable.

"My oldest son and the bad Willy Price then appeared again at the hall door. Combined snickers, many of them.

"Ain't pop funny when he's tryin' to look sober 'thor' 'is clo's on?" said Freddy, in a sepulchral whisper that the little rascal knew I would hear distinctly.

"Sh'd think he 'ud put down the kid long nuff 't' get on his pants," whistled back Willy, with mere snickers, prolonged this time.

"Maybe he likes it; maybe he's just doin' it to cool himself. Let's ask him. Say, pop, are yuh tryin' to get cool 'bout your clo's on?"

"You boys go right straight away from that door. Freddy, you can go with Willy down to the baseball lot, if you don't stay but an hour, but remember—"

"Whoops of delight from both. The left precipitately, Freddy calling out: "Say pop, I'll be back in hellus an hour 'n' hold the kid for yuh while yuh put on your clo's, if yer want me tuh, as a parting shot.

"Then I heard shrill whistles outside, and I knew my friend Scorchler had arrived, ready for our evening spin. And still the infant bawled on. Scorchler had to wait. I couldn't go to the window and tell him of my disabled condition. I couldn't get dressed and go down-stairs.

"Hello, old man! 'Most ready! Evenings are getting short now. Hurry up. What you got your door shut for? Can I come in?"

"Yes, yes; in just a minute," I replied. "You see I—the—(desperately)—the baby's taking a bath, and my wife shut the door to keep out the draught."

"All right, I'll wait down stairs, but make haste, won't you?"

"He went off, while I savagely paced the floor and muttered maledictions on everybody's head that I could think of, including my own.

"Clara, for heaven's sake, hurry up! I called in desperation, going to the door of my wife's dressing-room. There was no response. I gave the door a shove with my foot, and strode in, to find it empty. She had gone without ever coming to my relief! Heartless trick, wasn't it?"

"You can imagine some't'ing of my despair. Man waiting impatiently below. Time tying. I untressed. Pabe—I looked down at the child, which had suddenly ceased to cry. I was fast asleep! If there ever was a time when I wanted to yell with delight 'tis was the auspicious moment. I clamped that sleeping infant into its cradle quicker than it takes to tell it. I got into my bicycle suit with the same rapidity of movement as I got down the stairs three steps at a time, and out, with a parting admonition to the baby's nurse, chatting on the back stoop.

"And then Scorchler and I mounted and rode away. As we passed the baseball lot, two blocks down the street, my young hopeful spied us in a minute.

"Hi, there, pop!" he called out, waving his hat cheerily, and tearing down to the fence to meet us. 'Say, how'd yuh get yuh clo's on?'

"But I wheeled laughingly away and answered never a word."—L. H. S., in St. Louis Republic.

**Proved His Theory.**

The late Hall McAllister some years ago entertained a visiting scientist at the Union club, before its amalgamation with the Pacific, and during the evening, a particularly foggy one, made some whimsical remark conveying the idea that fog was an excellent conductor of sound.

The scientist took exception to this novel theory and asked Mr. McAllister on what it was based.

"On phenomena which we have all observed," returned the ready jurist. "On an evening like this we hear the fog horn quite distinctly, but when there is no fog we cannot hear it at all."—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Slip of the Tongue.**

"What do you sell that ribbon for?" asked a young lady in a High street dry goods store.

"Eight dollars a week—oh, beg pardon, 25 cents a yard, madam."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

**Dr. Chase Cures Piles**

Without the Danger, Pain or Expense of an operation—The Only Guaranteed Cure.

From nearly every town and village in Canada come letters from persons who have been rescued from the miseries of piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. E. Stokes, 116 Dunlop street, Barrie, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with blind, itching piles for years, and could get nothing to stop the constant itching. I was always in pain until a friend of mine told me of the wonderful cures Dr. Chase's Ointment had made among his acquaintances.

"I only used one box and am entirely cured. In gratitude for this marvelous cure and for the benefit of others suffering as I did, I send you this record of my case."

When operations and every other means have failed to cure you, you can begin the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment with perfect confidence that it will cure you. It has never failed to cure piles and will not fail you; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.

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1 Quart	\$1.25
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Refrigerators at cost. We guarantee our prices the lowest.

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In white and colored shirts, underclothing, collars, and gloves, we can do best. You should see our job lot of white and colored shirts for 50c, worth from 90c to \$1.50.

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We have them with British, Canadian, Scotch, Irish and French coats of arms.

Also flag and maple leaf pins from 10c. and 15c. up.

We have sold a number of wedding rings lately, but as we are MAKERS of rings can quickly supply any style of ring required.

New gold spectacles and eyeglasses.

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