

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 Picton every morning..... | 9 50 a.m. |
| Arrives from Picton 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..... | 10 a.m. |
| Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening..... | 10 a.m. |

CITY OF GHENT.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon..... | 10 a.m. |
| Leaves for Halifax every Friday..... | 10 a.m. |

JACQUES CARTIER.

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

FERRY BOATS.

| | |
|---|--|
| "Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour..... | |
| "Edin"—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, 4, 4.4 p.m. Returning 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 Davier, Queen Hotel, Bevers Hotel, Eureka House, Ocean House, Railway House, Lepage House, Duncan House, Finlay House, McFadyen House.
 - Summerside—Clifton House, Russ Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.
 - Souris—Sea View Hotel, Ocean House.
 - Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.
 - Bastico—Sea Side Hotel.
 - Stanhope—Cliff House, Mutch House.
 - Stanley Point—Shaw House.
 - Alberton—Seaforth House, Albion Terrace.
 - Malpeque—Hodgson House, North Shore House.
 - Pownal—Florida Hotel, Dominion House.
 - Veron River Bridge—Finlay House.
 - Georgetown—Aitken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.
 - Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.
 - Tignish—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
 - Kennington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.
 - Montserrat—Macdonald House.
 - Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Manning House.
 - Resurrection—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 Bureau office.

THE GANG

THE FORTUNE WHICH THE ROAD AGENTS MISSED.

The Shrewd Trick by Which a Thrifty German Got His \$75,000 Across One Hundred and Twenty Miles of Wild and Lonely Road in Nevada to a Railroad.

"When I was attending to business in Pioche, Nev., a good many years ago," said a veteran miner, "the town was 120 miles from a railroad and lacked a good many of the ornaments of a real high civilization. But the money part of it was well represented, and among the lucky chaps was Fred Schuster, a thrifty German from Frisco, who wandered out there and copped the brewing business. He had a brewery which, however good it might have been as a producer of beer, showed promise enough for him to get \$75,000 in cash out of it, not to mention a note or two, and Fred concluded at once to get out with his money and go back to the luxury of San Francisco.

"It was easy enough to talk about, but there was that 120 miles over a wild and lonely road, and Pioche just at that time held 25 road agents who needed about \$75,000 in their business and were hanging around waiting for the Dutchman to start for the railroad with his stuff. They didn't care for the notes especially, but they did want that cash, and wanted it had enough to have spilled blood for it. Schuster knew all this as well as they did, and at the same time he did not let up on his proposition to get out of town.

"The boss saloon keeper and politician of the town was named Lynch, and he was a good friend of Schuster's. So was the livery stable keeper, Travers, and Travers had a pair of fine horses that could go the distance better than anything in that country. The three friends talked the matter over, and next day Schuster announced that he would celebrate his departure, which was to occur on Tuesday of the following week, by a wide open banquet the Friday night before at the hall over Lynch's saloon. In the meantime Lynch came to me and told me to hold myself in readiness to go at a minute's notice to a mine of his a dozen or so miles down the road to put up a pump.

"The banquet came off according to announcement and was the biggest social function that Pioche had ever known. All the town was out, including every road agent in the place, and the champagne flowed like water. Schuster was there in a dress suit—think of that, will you, in Pioche, over 25 years ago, and nobody offered to shoot holes in it! The host forced the festivities, so to speak, which began at 7 in the evening, and by 10 o'clock most everybody was drunk, including Schuster, who seemed to be drunker than anybody. About this time I was called out, being duly sober, as I don't drink to excess, and, going down stairs, found Lynch at the side door with Travers' team of bays hitched to a buggy. There was nobody around the streets, and I wondered what Lynch was doing there instead of being at the banquet, where I had seen him not half an hour before. He wanted to know if I was ready to start at once for the mine, and, although it was entirely unexpected, I promptly told him I was. I didn't have on my working clothes, but that didn't count for much there. He got out, and I got in, and before I had got myself fixed Schuster, in his dress suit and as sober as I thought before he was drunk, joined us hurriedly and got into the buggy with me. He had a light overcoat around his shoulders that he put on before he sat down. I didn't quite understand what Schuster had to do with the pump, but before I could ask any questions Lynch told me he would explain after we got started and said it was time for us to be off.

"We drove away slowly and quietly, as Schuster said he didn't want to wake up the police, and as soon as we got beyond the town he told me we were to drive to the railroad and that he had his traps and his \$75,000 in gold in the buggy. This was more than my contract called for, but I wasn't going to back out then, and hitting the horses a lick we flew along the road like a cyclone. I had always wanted \$75,000, it seemed such a nice poetical kind of a sum of money to have, but now that I did have it I never was more uncomfortable. I knew that if those road agents discovered Schuster's absence or guessed that he had skipped they would be after us on horses, and I did not like the idea of being chased for a few dozen miles and being shot out of a buggy. I would have much preferred not to have the \$75,000. It was a fine night for driving, just warm enough, and as we kept the horses up to the best of the road

BA K-ACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

would show we kept our ears turned backward for the sound of hoofbeats, and each of us had two revolvers in easy reach.

"We stopped for breakfast 40 miles from Pioche, Schuster changing his clothes as we drove the last mile or two. We gave our team a good rest, with an eye on our buggy all the time, and at noon we started again, making 40 miles by dark, and the next day we reached the railroad in time to catch the train for Salt Lake City. I went there with Schuster, and as we pulled out of the station and knew we had the \$75,000 were safe, Schuster tucked himself on the head with a peculiar German smile and said: 'Meppe I was a Dutchman vat don't know somedings; aber nicht.' Then he waved his hand toward Pioche in farewell. He wanted me to go to Frisco and stay a year with him, but I had other business to attend to. When I got back to my team four days later, they were as good as ever, and I went into Pioche as though I had not driven more than a dozen miles, but everybody knew where I had been. The road agents had very little to say, but one of them told me, in speaking incidentally of Schuster, that he hated a liar."

EXPOSING A HOTEL BEAT.

The Elevator, or, Rather, His Red Underwear, Did It.

"I've had a variegated experience with hotel beats in my time," said a veteran boniface who was in town on a visit the other day, "but I believe the funniest incident in that line that ever came under my observation occurred some years ago when I had charge of a house at a sister city not a thousand miles from New Orleans.

"One rainy evening shortly after the arrival of the eastern trains a tall, good looking chap walked into the office swathed from neck to heels in a long cape mackintosh. It was as handsome a rain coat as I ever saw, and his fashionable hat and the expensive alligator skin valise he carried in his hand completed the outward picture of a man of means. He wrote his name on the register and, remarking that he was thoroughly fatigued and not feeling very well, asked to be shown at once to his room. The clerk assigned him to quarters on the third floor, and one of the bellboys picked up his valise and led the way to the elevator.

"When they got out, the elevator man slammed the door rather suddenly and kept on going up to answer a call in the next story. It so happened that the long skirt of the stranger's mackintosh caught on a slight projection on the ironwork of the door, and as the car shot upward it stripped the garment off his back, very much after the fashion of skinning an eel, leaving him, to the blank amazement of the bellboy, clad in nothing but a suit of red flannel underwear.

"I was coming down the hall just as the accident happened, and I took it in the situation at a glance. The fellow had expected to gain his room without detection and in the morning would have claimed that somebody had stolen his clothes with heaven only knows how much money in the trousers pockets and probably a gold watch in the vest.

"Anyhow, he was caught 'dead to rights,' as the saying goes, and he was taken so completely by surprise that he couldn't invent any story to account for his condition. He begged piteously not to be arrested, and I finally told him to get out, but before he could leave the house he had to have some clothes, and he swapped his elegant valise for a pair of greasy overalls and a blue cotton jumper belonging to the engineer. I heard afterward that he had caught several big houses on the same game."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sympathetic.

Miss Readem—"There is a world of sentiment in Tennyson's line—"And may there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea."

Mr. Wuddenhead—"Yes, I see; didn't want the lawyer to feel bad.—Baltimore American.

Insult Added to Injury.

"That woman editor hurt my feelings terribly."

"Did she say she had thrown your poetry in her wastebasket?"

"No; she said she had thrown it in her trash basket."

WIND AND SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade;
 He laughs whenever he goes;
 His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
 That wrinkle his hale repose;
 He lays himself down at the feet of the sun
 And shakes all over with glee,
 And the broad backed billows fall faint on the shore
 In the mirth of the mighty sea!

But the wind is sad and restless
 And cursed with an inward pain;
 You may hark at will, by valley or hill,
 But you hear him still complain.
 He wails on the barren mountains
 And shrieks on the wintry sea;
 He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine
 And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
 And I know not which is best—
 The laughter that slips from the ocean's lips
 Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
 There's a pang in all rejoicing,
 A joy in the heart of pain,
 And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
 Are singing the selfsame strain.
 —Bayard Taylor.

HER STORY.

A winsome herb, contented just to grow,
 Grew brave and true within a wilderness.
 Day fell upon her like a soft caress;
 She saw the dawn and twilight come and go
 And star set night. Life was all good, and so
 She yielded fragrance as pure souls confess
 In wordless prayer the heart's deep tenderness.
 When, lo, a mower came that way to mow!

For her delight recurrent flashed the blade,
 For her in measured music dropt the grass;
 "She'll have me and fall to render grass!"
 He said and fell, not only unafraid.

But full of joy that we her life could pass,
 And now her soul of sweetness fills the place,
 —Charlotte Whitcomb in Woman's Home Companion.

LIFE.

One says that life's a game of whist,
 Where players bold and players shy
 Make diamonds trumps down all the lie
 Of hands, however the deal go by;
 The schemer wins, they say, but I
 Care not a deuce for long suit arts,
 A fig for knavish bowlers! Why,
 I find life but a game of hearts.

"Life's poker," others will insist.
 "It matters not how you may try,
 Knowledge and skill are never missed;
 Luck and a bluff are the things." A lie
 A word, a look, a smile, a sigh,
 Will win a jack pot. Cupid's darts
 Make all the chips. But poker? Fiel
 I find life but a game of hearts.

Old Omar called it chess, but hist!
 He found it simpler, by the bye,
 When maidens wanted to be kissed
 Or ardent eyes coaxed reply.
 Why any more the fact deny?
 Though each man plays a thousand parts,
 Yet each is molded by one die:
 I find life but a game of hearts.

Princess, though pessimists decry
 Love's wound because, forsooth, it smart,
 Heed thou them not; though stakes be high,
 I find life but a game of hearts.
 —Philadelphia Press.

SHE LOOKED, THEN LEAPED.

Bright eyed Mary had a lover,
 Handsome, kind and true.
 "But," she said, "I must discover
 What is best to do."
 So she went for sound advice
 To aunts and cousins married twice.

"Don't," said Aunt Martha Teeters;
 "Men are full of flaws;
 Scolding round—the hateful creature—
 At the slightest cause
 Take your aunts' counsel, Mary;
 Men are always 'con-ter-ary.'"

Then she went to those still older,
 Cousins Jane and Ruth;
 Both agreed that aunts told her
 Plain, unvarnished truth.
 "Married women sigh and moan, dear;
 You just let the men alone, dear."

Pretty Mary stood and wondered
 How these matrons sate,
 Thinking thus, should all have blundered
 Into marrying twice.
 Then said she, "They've grieved and bear 'em
 I'll take one myself and share 'em."
 —What to Eat.

Had Piles For 9 Years

Dominion Inspector of Steamboats Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

False modesty and fear of the surgeon's knife prevent most people from appealing to their physicians for a cure for piles.

Many people suffer on year after year, robbed of their rest and sleep by the terrible itching, when they could be entirely cured by a single box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. O. P. St. John, Dominion Inspector of steamboats, living at 246 Shaw street, Toronto, states:—"I suffered for nine years from itching piles, at times being unable to rest on account of the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost all remedies in vain I began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have recommended it to several friends, all of whom have been cured by its use."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is recognized by physicians, druggists, and the public in general as the only absolute cure for piles; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.



The One Who Cooks

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.

We Can Help You There;

We have the best of everything in that line. What we want is your trade; can we have it

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 OFFICE—Brown's Block, South Side Queen Square.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
 LOANS NEGOTIATED

FIT FOR A PRINCE

A. S. Thomson & Co.
Royal Blend
Scotch Whisky.

There is no Argument Half as Convincing as the Evidence of Your Own Eyes.

Our Bill of Fare for Saturday:

- Men's Caps 50c for 25c.
- Ladies' Vests 7c for 4c.
- " " 10c for 7c.
- " " 15c for 10c.
- Sunshades and Umbrellas 25 per cent off.
- 30 yards Cretonne 12c for 8c.
- 50 yards Ladies' Underskirting 20c for 12c.
- 50 yards English Print 9c for 5c.
- 60 yards Pale Blue Rept 16c for 10c.
- 50 yards Black Brocaded Dress Goods 45c for 28c.
- 30 " " " " 60c for 40c.
- 25 " " " " 30c for 22c.
- Straw Hats for less than half price.
- Boys' Blouse Shirts 90c for 40c.
- 75 yards English Flannelette 8c for 5c.
- Men's Linders and Drawers 25c for 15c.
- Men's Flannelet Shirts 35c for 25c.
- Men's Strong Cotton Shirts, 40c for 25c.
- Men's Hard Felt Hats \$1.50 to \$2.50 for 75c.
- 40 yards Towelling 6c for 4c.
- Men's Braces 25c for 15c.
- Men's 4-ply Linen Collars 15c for 7c.
- Men's Vests 90c to \$1.25 for 50c.
- Boy's Vests 75c to \$1.00 for 25c.
- Women's, Girl's and Men's Boots at slaughter prices.

The above goods are at "hurry out" prices. Call and see us and be assured that what we say is right.

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 Where worth and low price meet.

The Gem Freezer
 and the Prics.

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| 1 Quart | \$1.25 |
| 2 " | 1.50 |
| 3 " | 1.75 |
| 4 " | 2.20 |

Refrigerators at cost. We guarantee our prices the lowest.

DODD & ROGERS

\$8.25

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ALL WOOL WORSTED SUIT

AT D. A. BRUCES