

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 west.....	6 00 p. m.
Accommodation arrives from the west.....	10 55 a. m.
Express leaves for the east.....	2 25 p. 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 at.....	9 50 a. m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening at.....	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.....	the following Monday evening.
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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 at.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday at.....	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, 2, 3, 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 Davies, Queen Hotel, Revere 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, Frederick House.

Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.

Rustico—Sea Side Hotel.

Stanhope—Cliff House, Mutch 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, Tupper House, Acadia House.

Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.

Tignish—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.

Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.

Montagu—Macdonald House.

Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mansion 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 MAKERS' OFFICE.

RIGHTED AT LAST.

By Mary Cecil Hay.
 (Concluded.)

"I am afraid I shall," he said, looking down upon her with untold love and pride. "And if Gabriel does accept it, I am quite sure that, in his gratitude and his new earnestness, he will continue all you have begun. Ah! his summons already. How soon it has come! And—and it will be so selfish to fetch you back to me while I am such a—"

"When you come," she interrupted, laying her fingers on his lips, "I shall be ready, Roy. Good-bye."

"And this parting is not sad," he said, his thoughts resting for a moment on another "Good-bye" which she had uttered long ago. "Your love is mine now—mine forever. Oh! my sunbeam, good-bye."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Such a wedding it was! Miss Trent tossed aside the papers when they reached her in Baden-Baden, and, with much sarcastic embellishment, told an English gentleman that night at table d'hote, that Mr. Keith, of Westleigh Towers, had outwitted the less diplomatic candidates for old Myddelton's money.

"On the 30th inst., at Statton, by the Rev. Walter Romer, Honor Craven to Royden Keith, of Westleigh Towers."

This was the simple announcement which had been sent to the leading papers; but it had not prevented the paragraphs being longer and more glowing elsewhere. The wedding ceremony spun itself through an entire page of each of the rival Kinbury papers, and the dresses and the jewels and the guests were dissected in whole columns of various journals devoted to rank and fashion.

Honor's dress was as elaborately described as if it had lent the bride her beauty, instead of having borrowed its own from hers—as a bride's should. The "charming galaxy of bridesmaids" had a hundred lines to themselves, over every one of which the chief bridesmaid laughed heartily afterward; even while the tears stood thickly on her pleasant Dutch face. The "crowd of fashionable guests" were named separately, and admired en masse. The village decorations had a minute description, and the gifts were valued at a fabulous sum. And—as is the rule prescribed on such occasions—fewest words of all were bestowed upon the bridegroom, the Kinbury weeklies only touching upon his recent illness, and the London dailies alluding casually to the probability of his leaving his mark upon the times.

Sir Philip and Lady Somerson returned from abroad on purpose to have their favorite married from Somerson Castle; and it was in consequence of their determination that Honor could not carry out her anxious proposal for a quiet wedding.

They filled their beautiful country seat with "crowd of fashionable guests" which the papers delighted to catalogue. They supported the "charming galaxy of bridesmaids" by a noble phalanx of young manhood. They employed the whole village in bearing flowers to and fro for the decorations of the church, and park, and village street; and yet they never fancied they had done enough to make this wedding-day a festival.

And at Statton Rectory, both Mr. and Mrs. Romer laughed heartily over Honor's impossible desire for a quiet wedding. Royden had come the day before to stay with them, and from early morning the village had been filled by Westleigh people, who had travelled here to see the marriage of their master. In spite of the five hundred walking-sticks, which had always rankled in Sir Philip's breast, he threw the park open all afternoon to these men who cheered so heartily when Honor passed among them in her youth and beauty, and these women, who so warmly prayed, "God bless him," when Royden led her through the crowd.

Earnestly Gabriel Myddelton echoed the prayer, as he and Alice walked from the church slowly, step by step, in the long line of guests, while the joyous notes of the organ came surging

Imitations

of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitators have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

D-O-D-D'S KIDNEY PILLS

through the porch and followed them.

"Ay, God bless them both," murmured the rector, as the bells clashed out across the autumn landscape, and there came into his mind a few words of one of those poets whose verses were but feebly linked about the memory of his old college days:

"Naught but love can answer love, And render bliss secure."

No, it certainly had not been a quiet wedding, and Pierce was not the only one who smiled at the notion, when the excitement was at its ebb, and the travelling carriage rolled down the avenue of Somerson Park, followed by countless and curious missiles. Pierce sat beside the young Italian courier, looking down upon the four gray horses and the scarlet postillions, but still he had an ever ready word or glance for the two women who sat together in the roomy seat behind him; one of these being Marie Verrier, proud to feel that she was as much Honor's maid as was the pleasant girl who lavished constant care and kindness upon her, and never allowed her to realize the fact that her employment was merely an agreeable sinecure. This sojourn abroad, which was to restore to Royden his old strength, was also to give the finishing touch to the benefit which Marie had derived from that life of ease and happiness which she had spent in Honor's home.

CHAPTER XLV.

They are the Westleigh bells which are now having it all their own way with the summer echoes, and telling their tale to the wind and waves, which, in their turn, laugh over it among the rocks and leaves.

Two months have passed since, from the tower of Statton church, rang out the tidings of their marriage, and Royden and Honor are on their way home to receive this greeting. It breaks upon them brightly and musically as they drive into sight of the high towers above the sea, but Honor turns and hides her face upon her husband's shoulder then, because she sees that treacherous boy where he was found four months ago, and carried home as dead.

The watchers see the carriage now, and a signal-gun is fired out across the sea. Then, even more merrily still, the bells peal out; and presently a band, which Royden himself organized long ago, among the "mill-hands," marches to meet them. Now rises the cheering of hundreds of voices, and in a few minutes the horses are gone; and to the music of the cornets and the voices and the bells—all harmonized by healthy and summer gladness—their carriage wheels the carriage to the door.

The upturned faces greet them in a mass, when they turn and pause in a hushed doorway. Royden thanks them for their cordial greeting; and as they answer each sentence with a cheerful cheer, they notice how the very mention of his wife brings a wondrous light into his eyes, beyond that permanent light of his happiness which dwells there now.

And other friends have gathered within the Towers to welcome Royden and Honor; friends whom we shall look upon to-day for the last time.

There are Sir Philip and Lady Somerson, cordial as of old. There is Mrs. Romer, bent, as of old, on making a favorite of Honor; and Mr. Romer, recalling with a smile of self-congratulation, how, from the first, he had acknowledged Royden Keith worthy of a hearty and profound respect. There is Sir Edward Graham, beaming as if he had never looked on anguish such as that which he had witnessed in this spot just three months ago. There is Dr. Franklin, uncharacteristically hopeful. There is the old Vicar of Westleigh, confidentially asserting that there has never been such a scene as this in the village since he came to live here, fifty years ago. There is his young curate, in whose wake comes a grave little lady, for months now, has not only eagerly devoured the lessons that he gives (the payment for which doubles the young curate's salary), but has been with him ever in his walks and in his work. The boy's face flushes and brightens into perfect beauty when Royden, laying a gentle hand upon his shoulder, tells Honor, "This is Margaret Terri's child," and Honor stoops and kisses him.

There are Phoebe and Miss Henderson, come together from the Kensington mansion, where Phoebe is preparing for her wedding, in a state of happiness unusually calm and quiet; while Herve makes ready that London house where she will enjoy her drives and dresses—as well as better things—and be thoroughly happy in her kindly, simple and prosaic way. There is Herve, reading a new translation of his old code of etiquette; the tones which used to be so slow and faultless stirred and broken now, as he thanks Honor for that gift of Deergrove, which she bought for him and Phoebe when Mrs. Trent saw it best to leave the old neighborhood—not that Herve values the little estate for its memories so much as for its proximity to Honor's home; and because it is such a relief to him to feel that he need not live only in London all the year round; even though his new employment is easy and pleasant to him. There is Gabriel Myddelton, inexpressibly happy as a well-employed country squire; proud to hear the congratulations which are given him on the manner he is carrying out—in earnest zeal—the work Honor began at Abbotsmoor; and using wisely and kindly the half of old Myddelton's money, which was all his cousin could succeed in winning him to accept. There is Alice, well and strong again, because no secret presses on her now, and her husband's name is loved and respected.

So those belonging to the old life are all here, save four. Mrs. Trent and Theodora are moving restlessly from place to place, upon the constant

forgiving (as those often are to whom the wrong is due; and Lawrence Haughton's sister is on her way to join him in Melbourne. At his first invitation—honestly though curtly given—Jane left the house in which she had grown to middle-age; sold the household goods which for years she had guarded so jealously, and sailed to a new, strange world for the sake of this brother to whom—through good or evil—she had all her life clung faithfully. Hard and cold she had ever been, but still there ran through the flint this one pure vein of gold.

The silence of the autumn night has settled down upon the Towers. Alone at last, Honor lingers at the window in her dressing-room; the curtains drawn back, and the October moonlight falling softly upon her, as she stands there, still and lovely, in her simple dress.

"Sweet, do you feel that this is really home?"

Royden has come up to her so quietly that his words seem only a part of that long, happy thought.

"Our home, Roy; where your love will make me happy beyond words; and where I will try—"

"And fail," he interrupts, kissing her tenderly, as she nestles within his arms; "you have made me happy for all time. You need never try again."

She does not turn her eyes from the moonlit sea, but they are filled with a deep and full content. How can even she herself help feeling the difference her love has made in his life, always so full of generous deeds and noble purposes, but now so full of happiness besides?"

"What a welcome they have given us," she whispers, presently. "It filled my heart with deepest gratitude to see how you have made your people love you; and I know how it is, Roy. In your daily life and hourly intercourse with others—I mean in little things as well as great, by trifles which so many of us do not think of—you have won a love which only such a life as yours can win, my husband, and which never can be otherwise than warm and true."

"Honor," he says, lifting her face, that he may read his happiness within her eyes, "do you know that Gabriel—and not Gabriel alone—has been speaking to me in just such words of you? My darling, are you satisfied with all you hear of Abbotsmoor, and the working of your plans and projects?"

"Far more than satisfied."

"And you will let me help you here, in your own share of the work?"

"Royden, as if I could ever think of anything good which you have not thought of long before."

"Do you remember the first day we spent at Abbotsmoor, Honor, when it was deserted, and the shadow of a great crime lay upon it? Do you remember how we talked of that old superstition of a curse hanging over the miser's wealth, while neither you nor I could guess in whose hands would lie the task of scattering it?"

"Or whose would lift that shadow of crime from the old name?"

"The task is not finished, is it? It will only finish with our lives. But can we not feel to-night, mine own dear wife, that at last there rests a blessing only upon old Myddelton's money, and that day by day, through all our grateful lives, the blessing may grow and brighten?"

She laughs a happy little laugh, and lifts her arms and clasps them softly round his neck.

"Oh, Royden, who, in all the world, has greater cause to try to make others happy than I, who am so happy and so blest?"

THE END.

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Scores of hundreds of families would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house. They are purely vegetable in composition and remarkably prompt and effective in action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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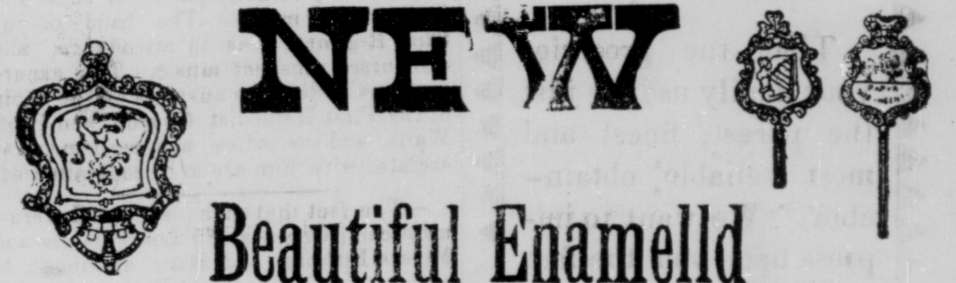
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