

PICTURESQUE
Prince Edward Island
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 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..... | 7 05 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.....
 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.

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.
 "Cris"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 8:30, 9, 11, a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, 20, 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 Hotel, Crown 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.
 Brockley 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—Lansdowne Hotel.
 Tignish—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
 Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.
 Montserrat—Macdonald House.
 Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Manson 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'S office.

RIGHTED AT LAST

By Mary Cecil Hay.
 (Continued.)

At last there came a day when Honor, watching as ever, fancied she saw a change in the thin, dark face. Royden had called her softly once or twice, and when her eyes met his so closely and so yearningly, his closed; and she fell upon her knees and prayed that this might be sleep. Dr. Franklin entered the room just then, but, after one glance, passed back without a sound. Miss Henderson dropped her work, and sat utterly motionless, as if a breath would wake him. Gabriel stopped on the spot where he had stood when Honor's sigh arrested him, and Honor, still on her knees beside the bed, hardly dared to draw her breath. Ah! such a relief it had been to see the lids fall upon these wide and fevered eyes.

So in hushed and breathless silence, they waited; no one near the bed save Honor, who knelt just where his gaze could fall upon her when he awoke. "If he awoke," as Dr. Franklin said. So minute and hour after hour went by, and Sir Edward Graham sent various telegrams to patients in London, and let the train depart without him. For more than a week now there had been no deeper hush at night over the great house than there had been in the day; but to-night the silence was so intense that that past silence seemed as nothing. Miss Henderson shuddered in her stillness, remembering Dr. Franklin's "if," and knowing the silence could not be deeper—even then.

Gabriel Myddelton, leaning against the curtained window in an attitude of intense stillness and watchfulness, never moved his eyes from that sleeping face. Would the waking ever come? Would there be recognition at last in the fevered eyes, and light on the dazed brain? Without the faintest movement, Honor knelt beside the bed, her eyes patient and beautiful even in their agony of fear, her hands clasped, and her whole heart pleading with her Father.

So the hours passed on, and the silence of the room was only broken by that fitful breathing.

"Ah!"
 It was Sir Edward's voice, she knew, though it was only a half-breathed whisper. She knew in an instant what it meant, for she had herself seen something which prepared her for it—Royden was awaking. Moved by an impulse which she could not resist, Honor covered her face. After all that had gone before, the suspense of these few moments was unbearable. A sudden pause in the fitful breathing; then one word, uttered in an awed and wondering whisper: "Honor!"

But that whisper told her that the light had come, and that he knew her.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The crisis had passed! Who can tell the magic of those words, until—with one gleam of hope—they have watched the fierce and awful contest between life and death?

It was not for many hours after Royden's recognition of Honor, that they dared to leave her alone with him. A whole night and day passed, while he lay quite still, his breath calm now, though very faint; his eyes always following Honor's form if she moved about the room, or leaving to her face when she was beside him. But when the quiet evening-time came around once more, the two were left alone together.

Then her long and bitter repentance found words, and very quietly, because all excitement was dangerous for him, and very humbly, she begged him to forgive her that, though she had loved him dearly for two years, she had been perverse and doubting, and had let him fancy that she did not care for him. Without mentioning Theodora's name, she told him just a little of the true cause of her avoidance of him; but the blame was all for herself in this confession. She told him that never since that autumn afternoon, when he had told her that he loved her, had she dreamed of any other love; and that—even if he had not been true to her—she must still have been all her life true to her own confessed love. She told him that these last terrible days

had shown her that he had cared for her through all, but even the pain which she had given him was less than the pain which she had given herself!

All this, and more, she told him, her low voice stirred and broken in its earnestness and humility; and though for so long he did not answer her one word, she understood the love and happiness which lay within his eyes, and the depth and earnestness of those few words of gratitude which he whispered while his wasted hands closed over hers.

Though slow, Royden's recovery was steady; and presently the day came for Honor to leave him. He lay at the window in his dressing-room, still very weak, though suffering little pain now; and Honor, dressed to start, had come back to linger with him to the last minute. As she came up to him, he rose and walked a few steps to meet her.

"My Sunbeam!" he said, "my captured sunbeam, how can I spare you even for this little time?"
 "Because it is only for a little time," she answered, with a smile for him, although the sorrow of this first parting saddened her eyes.

"I have been trying," he said, as they stood together at the window, his thin hands wrapping hers, and his great love, even strengthening his worn face, "to accustom myself to the vacant chair, and to the knowledge that the form and face I love are only here in memory."

"But I did not give you time to succeed, did I?" she questioned brightly. "I could not spare a minute from this last hour."

"Honor my sweet, when will you come home?"
 Very simply and earnestly she answered, while the bright pink spread softly from cheek to brow under his yearning gaze:

"When you come for me, Royden."
 "Even yet it seems too good to be possible," he said, with a long-drawn breath, while his eyes left her face for the first time, and strayed out among the piteous summer leaves. "For life to have been given back to me in such fullness; and with it, the greatest blessing life can hold! A few minutes ago I almost fancied I was going to wake and find that this had been the delirium of fever."

"That delirium," she said, touching his cheek softly with her fingers, while a shadow stole into her eyes even at the mention of it, "has passed forever, Day, and God has given us to each other."

And at her touch his gaze came back, and his weak arms were folded about her, strong for that moment in their sense of ownership.

A call under the open window, but Honor only looked down with a nod and a smile, while she tempted Royden back to his couch.

"Honor thinks, as he has ever on purpose to fetch me, that he must give me constant reminders of the time," she said, with a laugh; "but I shall trust to Gabriel. He is there with Hervey, and he says there is no need of haste."

"Gabriel knows how precious every moment is to me."
 "It will be such a comfort to feel he is with you, Roy; and I will take such care of Alice. But I want to ask you one question before I go. May I?"

"So doubtful, is it not, my sweet?"
 "I want," she said, her face and voice both full of earnestness—"please to understand me, Royden—I want old Myddelton's money to go to old Myddelton's heir."

"Who is that?"
 "Gabriel, of course. He is the only Myddelton; and he ought to go back to Abbotsmoor, and make the old name loved and honored there."

"Honor, my darling, the power to distribute this wealth was put by old Myddelton himself into his sister's hands, and she chose you. Gabriel was not disinherited. He was to have the same chance as you all had."

"Yes; but he never had it, because of the injustice which had banished him. But for that, Royden, I am sure that Lady Lawrence would have been the very first to acknowledge his prior claim."

"True, dear one; but the fact stands. She left it in no whim, but with sound judgment, built on long thought and observation."

"You are only tempting me, I think, or trying me," she said, with a pleading touch upon his arm.

"Am I?" he asked, with his rare smile.

"Yes; and I believe you really think as I do, that Gabriel Myddelton must have Abbotsmoor, and his uncle's wealth."

"His name is free now from reproach," said Royden, "and can be borne uprightly. He has sufficient to buy a little estate to hold himself and Alice, and to keep sorrow from the door. He tells me that is the extent of his ambition. So, even if you offered him this gift, you would only hear him refuse it. For years he has believed in the old legend of there being a curse on old Myddelton's money, and one can see, even yet, the traces of his old timidity and self-distrust."

"Royden, I am sure you are jesting or teasing me. Gabriel cannot really believe that old superstition; and does he know now that you will help him? He cannot shrink from wealth because of its evil, when you have unconsciously shown him its good. Roy, you are the friend to whom he will always listen, so you will join me in urging this?"

"Honor, my darling, if anything could kill the old superstition in his mind, it would be the knowledge he is gaining now of what old Myddelton's money has been in your hands."

"I have never even lived at Abbotsmoor yet," said Honor, blushing vividly. "The work there has to be begun. I am so glad it is for him to begin."

"Is there anywhere you have lived

where they could not tell of help, and comfort and relief, which old Myddelton's money, passing through these gentle hands, has given? My sweet, look up! I will not pain you even by words so true. But remember, the money was entrusted to you by one who was deeply anxious for it to do good. And remember how many noble and generous plans you have begun to work out."

"Gabriel is very earnest and very generous," said Honor, softly, as she arose. "I know—as well as I know how unjustly persecuted he has been—that he will wisely and kindly use that wealth which ought naturally to be his. Abbotsmoor must be Gabriel's, of course; and Roy, I think you were only tempting me in jest, because you know there can be really no doubt about it."

"There can be really a great deal of doubt about it," put in Royden, looking into her face with a pride which he tried in vain to hide, as he maintained his argument still. "Gabriel will be the first to see this doubt, and all the world will see it afterward."

"Don't you think," she asked, softly, "that he will rather see that duty bids him make the old name loved and honored in the old home? Royden, I know you will help me to persuade him."

(To be continued.)

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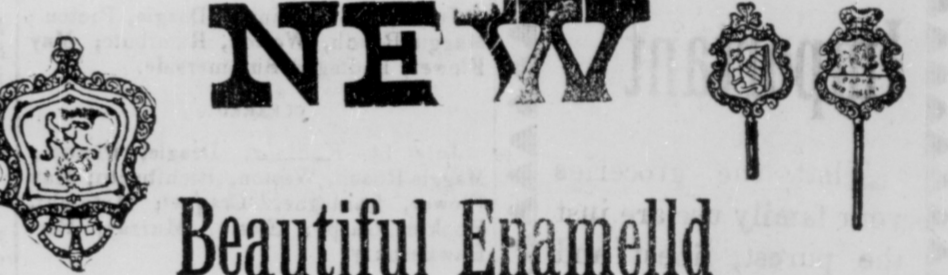
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