

**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.
Accommodation arrives from the west.....	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 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.  
 "Edg"—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, Ocean House.  
 Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.  
 Rustico—Sea Side Hotel.  
 St. John's—Cliff House, Mutch House, Brackley Point—Shaw House.  
 Alberton—Seaforth House, Albion Terrace.  
 Malpeque—Hodgson House, North Shore House.  
 Pownal—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.  
 Montague—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 Examination office.

**The Subaltern's Story**

A Story of a Plucky Young Officer in the Boer War of 1881.

By Frederick G. Engelback.

A group of recruits were "growling" for all they were worth at everything in general and the drill sergeant in particular.

"Seems to me," snarled one, "that when these 'ere recruit officers is drilling along of us it's we poor coves 'as got to bear the blame if they makes a mistake."

"And a good job, too," chimed in a fresh voice from behind. "It's part of your training."

The lads swung round angrily and found an old soldier standing beside them. One glance at his good conduct stripes and another at the long string of war ribbons across his breast hushed every surly murmur.

"Look here, lads," he began, "just shut up and listen to me while I tell you a yarn of the Boer war of 1881. These young officers may now and again be fools on parade, but wait till the band begins to play, wait till your heart's going pit-a-pat, and you won't have far to look for them then. You'll see them walking up and down while you're lying on your belly, and they'll call out, 'Come on, lads. There's no 'Go on, lads,' about them."

"I'd been in the corps 12 months when the war began, and I just missed being sent to the depot with a lot of our youngsters. We had serving with us a young officer called Tryon, and, do what he could, the drillbook fair mastered him. Gawd's truth! What a mess he'd make of our squad sometimes and how we got it hot from the sergeant! Worst of it was Mr. Tryon was as nice a young chap as you'd meet anywhere, and the chaps fair loved him. He'd got a jolly sort of smile on his face as made you feel he wasn't thinking himself better nor you because he was an officer. Well, he managed to come out with us somehow, and we were glad enough, too, for we knew he'd pan out all right, Gawd rest his soul! We got stuck away at Newcastle, in Natal, a long way from everybody and 50 miles from our base, and the old man got nervous.

"You see, lads, although we were really at war, we were supposed to be at peace, and so in such times you get to expect treachery. Our telegraph office was going pretty nigh all day long, what with one thing and another, and the colonel, knowing that there was an office at Ingogani, thought he'd see that all was on the square. You follow me, eh?"

"The question was beside the mark, for every lad's mouth and eyes were wide open.

"Sure as fate, me and nine others were told off to tramp down to that Gawd forsaken little hole, with young Lieutenant Tryon in command. Ten solid miles, lads. My Lord, didn't we cuss and swear!"

"Off we went, with orders to sleep that night at Ingogani and to make our report next day at Newcastle. It didn't take us long to find out, what some knew already, that the young officer was a real good un, and I'm blowed if he didn't give each of us two jolly good cigars which he had brought from the officers' mess. So we lit up and slung along as cheerful as grigs on a hearth, laughing and talking as though war was out of the question. It was nigh on 10 o'clock before we got near the town, which was quite deserted. It seemed like walking through a dead place, for every house was shut up and not a light showing anywhere. Then we made for the railway station, where the telegraph office was, and there we saw a light showing in the window.

"That's all right," said the officer to me. "Push on, men; we shall all be glad of a rest."

"Without a thought of anything wrong we marched up to the station, and on the platform slipped off our straps and belts while the lieutenant walks up to the office and opens the door. Almost before we could do more than open our silly mouths out tumbles a lot of Boers right into the middle of us. We hadn't half a chance, and not one of us got to his rifle in time to fire even a shot. I marked one chap with a clip on the jaw, but he paid me out for it when we were all strapped up, curse him, for he jammed his rifle butt into the small of my back till I could have hollered. Then they marched us into the office, with our hands tied behind us, and there we found the lieutenant. In front of the telegraph instru-

ment sat a sniveling man, white as a low candle and looking fit to drop, while on each side of him stood a Boer in shirt sleeves, with a Martini rifle lying snugly on his arm.

"Now, roineks," said a big fuzzy whiskered man, "I've trapped you like rats in a trap. You didn't think that we were going to sit still forever, did you? You didn't think we had grit enough to get behind your camp, did you?"

"We were in a hole, and that was certain, and I gave up hope of ever seeing the old regiment any more. Our chaps tried to put a bold face on it, but it was a poor attempt, a very poor attempt. I looked over at the officer, and, by all that's holy, lads, he was quite chirpy. There was a bit of a smile on his face, and it heartened me up.

"Now, you," the Boer snarled at our officer, "you've got to telegraph up to Newcastle as if from your headquarters and order your regiment to go down by rail to Ladysmith tomorrow. The cur, then—he pointed to the telegraph man—"knows the way to get to business. If you hadn't come along making noise

enough for a whole commando, you'd have caught us nicely. Now, then, we'll give you five minutes to make up your minds, and if you refuse—well, every man dies inside of seven minutes."

"He said something to his men, and they trooped out of the room, and we could hear horses moving up and down. The big clock ticked away like a bell, and for a few seconds no one said a word. I suppose my face was the same color as the others, and theirs were green enough.

"Now, my lad," began Mr. Tryon, coming near to the telegraph man, "we've got to do our duty—his hands were tied tight behind him, but he didn't wince, not he. 'If you send off that message, these devils will ambush the regiment or blow up the train as it goes down tomorrow, and we may—mind, I say may—save our skins. If, on the other hand, you wire up the truth to Newcastle, the regiment will march down with all precautions, and we shall die.'

"But I'm not ready to die. Why should I? I'm afraid to die," moaned the poor chap, and in our hearts we echoed his words.

"I know that, my lad," said Mr. Tryon, "and so am I, but it's soon over, and we'll die together. It'll be company any way, won't it? Cheer up. I've got a mother and father, too, and they won't be ashamed of me if I die like a man. Shall we show these Boers how English men die? I know you men agree with me." He turned to us and laughed as he saw our faces. Then one grunted a bit, and then another, and then the fear of death went, and we were all as bold as brass, even the frightened chap at the instrument.

"Good," says Mr. Tryon. "Now let 'em all come."

"Lord, I fair laughed; I couldn't help it. It was a bit hysterical, but it made a man of me, and I didn't care a blow for anything. Then the Boers came in, and their leader began:

"Well, have you made up your minds?"

"All right," said the clerk, shaking with fear, but with a cocky gleam in his eye. "What shall I say?"

"Say what I told you, or—"

"We held our breath while we watched the play out, standing like dummies against the wall.

"Tick-tick-tick-tack, tick-tick-tick-tack, went the instrument, and then there was a horrible silence. He was calling up Newcastle, and we prayed that they might be on the qui vive to put us out of our misery.

"Then a bell rang, and the clerk gave a swift glance at the Boers' Martinis as he began thumping on the keyboard. Was he going to play the craven after all? We wondered. But we could do nothing but watch and listen to the ceaseless tick-tack of the indicator. The sweat was dripping off the clerk's face, but he plugged away until he had finished. Then our turn came, and Newcastle began to talk to us.

"What's the message?" suddenly cried the Boer leader, pushing his rifle muzzle against the clerk's forehead.

"The shock was too much for the man, strained as he was, and he blurted out: 'Am sending off to you!'—But he got no further, for, with an oath, the Boer roared out in Dutch: 'To your saddles! The roineks have betrayed us!'

**Nervous and Debilitated.**

Most Restored to Health and Strength by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. D. W. Cronsberry, 158 Richmond street west, Toronto, Ont., states:—"My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated, that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration.

"Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

As a blood builder and nerve restorative, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value. It makes the blood red, the nerves strong, and the whole system healthy and vigorous. 50c a box—at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**A CARD**

R. MACNEILL, M. D.,

Having 30 years experience in the practice of his profession, may be consulted on all branches of general medicine including the specialties.

Office and Residence—Prince Street—hard door above Kindergarten Hall.

Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. dy & wklly 3 mos.

"Without a thought for us the men rushed for their horses, while the leader seemed speechless with fury. Before he could make a move Mr. Tryon spoke up: 'On my head be it! I ordered him to tell the truth! Don't shoot him; shoot me!'

"Like a lion the man swung round and raised his rifle and covered our officer, while a shout came from without of 'Smit! Smit!'

"He gazed at Mr. Tryon, but he didn't blink, and then the rifle went higher and higher until it pointed full at the ceiling.

"Curse you! Why weren't you a Boer?" he said, and then he pulled the trigger and rushed from the room.

"Before the smoke cleared away we could hear the horses' hoofs ringing on the still air, and then it dawned upon us that there had been two white men in that office, for Mr. Tryon was un hurt.

"Thank God, lads!" he gasped. "It was a near thing. I expect he's told his men that he shot me, but, mind, you owe him his life if ever you set eyes on him."

The soldier turned as though to go.

"And what became of him?" they asked breathlessly.

"Died in the first big battle we had with the enemy—died in the front, too, the pride of his regiment," muttered the veteran. "There goes the 'dress.' Hurry up now; don't growse any more; the blessed army's full of Mr. Tryons!"—Navy and Army Illustrated.

**Gladstone's Self Possession.**

This faculty was strikingly manifested when, in the position of leader of the house, Mr. Gladstone had to write frequent letters to the queen giving his impressions as to public business. These letters he often wrote while sitting on the treasury bench after the dinner hour, and they sometimes appeared to tax even his mental resources. He wrote them in a small and not very legible hand, and their composition occupied a considerable

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and the Prices.

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

Refrigerators at cost. We guarantee our prices the lowest.

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Is our great cleaning month our prices during this month will be very low.

We had a big June trade, we want to make July even better. If you want a good suit of clothes at a small price see us, we'll do better for you than you can do elsewhere.

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.

Boots & Shoes at lowest prices.

**J. B. MACDONALD & CO.,**

Where Worth and Low Prices Meet.

**NEW**

Beautiful Enamelled

Belt and neck clasps, broaches, cuff links, nat pins, scarf pins, coffee and tea spoons.

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.

**E. W. Taylor**  
 OPTICIAN

April 2nd 1900, Camera Block, Charlottetown

**straw Hat**

**Enamel**

IN 15 TINTS.

Try a can, only 10 cents.

**SIMON W. CRABBE.**

April 11th 1900. Walker's Corner

**CITY HARDWARE STORE.**

For--  
 Builders, Farmers, Mechanics,  
**HARDWARE**  
 Paints, oils, glass, carpenters tools, all cheap

**FOR CASH.**

The celebrated Norton Machine Oil

**TERMS CASH.**  
**R. B. NORTON & CO. LIMITED**

**BACKACHE?**

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**