

**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.  
 "Eliz"—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, Match 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.  
 Montserrat—Clarke's Hotel, Man-of-War House.  
 Rampton—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.

**She Tried to Be True.**  
 But Found It Difficult to Keep Her Promise Since She Loved Another.

Although the little village of Olden was beginning to look bright with the green of early spring, down here by the cove all was gray—sand, rocks, sky, even the water had the same dreary tint—not a gleam of other color, except that of the crimson shawl which the girl, sitting on a ledge of rock, had wrapped around her.

Laurence Dare, coming along the road which ran above the beach, saw the patch of red and paused.

"That is Monica," he muttered.

He made a few long strides and stood beside her.

"Monica," he said softly.

The girl turned her head with a quick movement.

"Oh, Laurence!"

There was a displeased tone in her voice and her brows came together in a frown as she regarded him.

"Monica, you are cruel."

The girl made no answer.

"Monica, last summer you gave me a faint hope that in time you would listen to me. What have you to say to me now?"

She turned around to him, her eyes full of tears.

"I was wrong to let you think you might hope, Laurence, for I can't do as you wish. Don't you understand? It seems wrong for me to listen to you. Think; I belong to Allen. I was to have been his wife. He was always talking of Cousin Laurence. You seemed Cousin Laurence to me too. Don't you see? I belong to Allen. I can't marry you."

"But Allen is not!"

She interrupted him quickly.

"Hush! We don't know; he must be living."

"Monica," he said, with great gentleness of voice, "think! It is four years. He was to have returned in ten months."

"I must be faithful to him."

Dare flushed. "This is nonsense, Monica," he said half angrily. "If Allen is living," he went on, "why have we not heard from him all these years? Are you going to waste your life in this little village and give up all chance of happiness for a fanciful idea of being bound to him? And think of me! I have loved you so long. Come to me. I shall love you so much that you must love me in return. Come, I swear that you shall never regret it, Monica."

"I can't, Laurence."

"Will you spoil both of our lives?"

"I must not listen, Laurence. I wish that you did not care for me."

"I can't help caring for you. I think I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and now that you are free!"

"I am not free."

"Monica, listen!"

She stood up. "I must not, Laurence. Try to forget me. I am going home. Do not come."

And before he could stop her she had darted away.

She went along swiftly until she knew that she was out of view from the cove. Her thoughts were in a whirl. Why should she not yield? She knew that her happiness would be secure with this strong, tender man. How little he guessed her struggle to resist his pleading! He thought she did not care. In the old days she had compared Allen with him, and always to the former's disadvantage. For after the first glamour of their engagement she had seen the shallowness and selfishness of Allen's nature, and in the close relations into which through her engagement she was brought with Allen's cousin Laurence she had recognized the strong and noble character of the latter.

And these last years how the tenderness of his nature had shown out! What care he had given to Allen's desolate mother! He had almost filled the place of her son. Still at first her feeling for him had been only a strong admiration. In spite of her recognition of Allen's weak nature, the fascination of his glance and soft voice had held her a captive. But now! When Allen had gone west on the prospecting tour, which was to occupy ten months, she had promised to be ready to marry him upon his return. But the ten months had passed, and other months had grown into years, and he had not returned. They had no news of him after that last letter, written seven months from his departure. Laurence had employed every means at his command to find some trace of him, but in vain. He appeared to have vanished utterly. The only reasonable solu-

tion of the mystery was that he was dead. His mother believed it, but Monica did not. She could not. She had promised to wait for him. She dared not break that promise. Allen had loved her. She must—she would—be faithful. She would not yield to Laurence!

Dare did not again see Monica, although at each visit he made his aunt during the spring he called at the parsonage. But Monica had always been out. The minister and his wife received him most cordially. They would gladly have seen their daughter his wife.

One day in June Monica was returning home from a walk down to the cove. Her way was in the neighborhood of Allen's mother's. As it was still early in the afternoon she decided to go and pay her a call. She had not gone to see her often of late through fear of meeting Laurence.

She felt that she would run no risk of meeting him this afternoon, he having visited his aunt the previous week. On reaching the house she found the hall door open. She knocked lightly and without waiting for a response walked into the little parlor, where she knew Mrs. Dare was in the habit of sitting.

But at the threshold Monica paused, for there stood Laurence by the window, an open letter in his hand. His aunt sat near him, apparently in a state of great excitement.

As she saw Monica she cried out: "He lives, Monica! He lives! My boy lives! My own Allen is living! Come in and hear the letter!"

Then she fell to weeping and repeating over and over, "My boy is living."

Monica looked from her to Dare in bewilderment. She had turned very white. Laurence went up to her and drew her to a chair. He, too, was pale.

"Is it true?" gasped Monica at length.

"Yes." But he did not look at her.

"When?"

"I received the letter this morning and came home by the first train."

"He is well?"

"Yes."

"Where is he? I don't understand."

"In California."

Monica looked at him confusedly.

"Why—why haven't I—ba! I have been out all afternoon. I suppose that I shall find a letter at home."

Dare did not reply. His aunt was still crying. She now looked up at Laurence.

"Finish the letter, Laurence. Listen, Monica; our Allen is still living."

Dare had folded the letter and was putting it into his pocket.

"There is little more of importance, dear aunt."

"But Monica must hear it, Laurence. Monica, dear child, we'll be happy now. Read the letter for her, Laurence."

"My dear aunt, you must try to calm yourself or you will be ill."

Monica was puzzled by Dare's evident desire not to read the letter to her. She went over to Mrs. Dare and embraced her.

"Laurence is right; you must try to be calm, dear Mrs. Dare."

"Joy never kills, child. I must cry for pure happiness."

"I shall go home now," said Monica.

"Perhaps there is a letter for me."

"Well, child, but come early tomorrow. We'll count the days now till we see the boy."

Laurence had left the room and stood at the entrance door.

"I am going with you," he said as Monica came out.

Dare regarded the girl stealthily as they walked along. He marveled at the unimpassioned manner in which she had received the news of Allen's being alive. She was still very white, and there was a strained look in her face—not the expression of joy he would have expected to see. She walked rapidly, paying no heed to Dare.

He put his hand gently on her arm.

"Do not walk so fast, Monica. You will tire yourself out."

She did not reply, but went more slowly.

"Monica," began Dare hesitatingly, "I do not think that you will find a letter from Allen."

She stopped still and looked at him.

"What is it, Laurence? You are hiding something. What is the mystery? Why did you not wish to read the letter?"

"Monica, I believe you are a brave girl. Call up all your pride now."

She gazed at him with wondering eyes.

"Laurence, what is it?"

He looked around hastily. It was but a short distance to the rocks at the cove, and the place was deserted.

"Let us go down there. I cannot talk to you here."

She followed him submissively. Thoughts of their last interview at this place came to her mind. How miserable she had been then and how miserable now. Allen was alive, and she, wretched girl, was not glad. She did love him. It was Laurence that she loved, but she must be faithful to Allen. Laurence must never guess what a wicked girl she was. Allen alive and she not glad, and what was Laurence going to tell her?

Dare seated her in a sheltered position and stood looking at her, a world of compassion in his eyes.

"Monica, I would give my life to spare you this. Allen is a scoundrel."

He drew the letter from his pocket, opening it slowly.

"What is it, Laurence? Why do you speak so?"

Then, as he did not answer, she said, with a touch of imperiousness in her voice:

"Let me read it."

He gave it to her, and she read. She passed hastily over the preliminary lines. But what was this?

"I shall wait until later, Laurence, old boy, to give you the details of all these years. Briefly, the enterprise upon which I came out here failed. I kept on trying others, hoping to achieve some measure of success before returning home, but one failure succeeded another. Finally I was taken ill with rheumatic fever. The woman at whose house I was staying nursed me through it, and her daughter, one of the sweetest girls in the state, helped her. Call me all the hard names you wish, but I fell in love with her, and we were married. I was a coward, I know, but she loved me to distraction, and we were very happy. Believe me, I have not been easy since I thought of my-

self. I was in California. But I met Monica last week as he was passing through to San Francisco. He told me that you all believed me dead and that Monica was reported to be engaged to you, so she is consoled and will forgive me. That is why I am writing to disclose my whereabouts. I am fairly prosperous and shall have mother come out here immediately. I know she will forgive me, and she will find the sweetest little daughter-in-law in the country. You will suit Monica far better than I should have done. You have the same high ideals of duty and all that sort of thing. I confess to living on a lower plane."

Monica read no further, but threw the letter down with a little cry and hid her face in her hands.

Dare stood looking at her sadly, cursing Allen in his heart.

"My darling, if I could have spared you this!"—he said.

"Laurence, I tried all along to be faithful to Allen, but"—

"But what, Monica?"

She stood up and looked into his eyes; fleeting glance, but it was enough for Dare.—Chicago Record.

**The Noise of Pavements.**  
 Which is the noisiest pavement—granite, cobble or asphalt? Observations made in Philadelphia show that a horse's hoofs make practically the same noise on granite and asphalt, but the sound is rather sharper on the granite. On granite and cobbles the noise of wagon wheels drowns that of the horseshoes. It amounts to about 90 per cent of the whole noise, and as it is practically suppressed on asphalt it follows that asphalt is the quietest. It is also the best for motor cars.—London Globe.

**A Seasonable Jest.**  
 "I tell you she's the very salt of the earth."  
 "But I think she overdoes it a little with her peppery temper."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Gloomy Future**  
 Made Bright, and Health and Vigour Restored by the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headache, backache, sleeplessness, despondency, and irregularities are the result of an exhausted condition of the body and nervous system.

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**FOR TOURISTS**  
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 made expressly for Haszard & Moore. Everybody should have a piece of this beautiful Island crest goods. All sorts of sizes and pieces. See our show window.



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**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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 We want your trade in Clothing and Men's Furnishings, we are doing our best to advance your patronage.

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Make it a point to give our store a trial. We are sure you will be pleased with your visit and purchase.

We have an unusually large and well selected stock. Here are a few lines we are selling quantities of just now.

**Men's Underwear.**  
 Men's Fine Cotton Shirts and Drawers usually sold for 20 to 25c per garment. Our reduced price..... 15c  
 Men's Double thread Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers regular price 65c. Our price..... 45c  
 A heavier weight..... 60c  
 Men's Natural Cotton Shirts and Drawers, well finished, feel like silk, well worth \$2.50. As we have an extra supply of this line we have reduced the price, the suit..... \$2.00  
 Natural Wool, Medium Weight, although the manufacturers price is advanced, we will sell at old price ..... \$2.25  
 For those who cannot wear cotton we have very fine and light weight made from Australian wool, the suit..... \$1.00

**Men's Colored Shirts.**  
 In this line we have the largest stock of up-to-date patterns found in the city.

Stiff bosom, collar and cuffs attached, sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½ and 16. Reduced from 75c to..... 60c

Dark and medium dark stripes and checks, open fronts, regular prices \$1.25 and \$1.35 reduced to..... \$1.00

Silk Front Shirts with or without collars.  
 Straw Hats at less than cost.

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**The Gem Freezer**  
 and the Priece.  
 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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**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—

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**KIDNEY**  
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 Our importations of clothes for spring and summer is now complete, and we invite inspection of the largest and noblest stock of suitings, overcoatings and trousering, to be seen in his city. Correct style, perfect fit and best workmanship guaranteed. Always on hand, a full line of gents' furnishings

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