

**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 30 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.....	
"Edin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6.30, 8, 9, 11, a.m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 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, McPadyen House.
Summerside—Clifton House, Russ Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.
Souris—Sea View Hotel, Ocean House.
Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.
Bastion—Sea Side Hotel.
Stanhope—Cliff House, Mutch House, Brackley Point—Shaw 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; 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.

**THE THREE LETTERS**  
 Dorothy Sargent, Being In Doubt, Left the Choice of a Husband to Chance.  
 BY LOUISE CLARK.

"Who is she?"  
 "Old John Sargent's daughter. He died when she was a child, you know, and left his entire fortune to her."  
 "Why isn't she married?"  
 "They say she has buried her heart in Charlie Cutter's grave. You remember, poor Charlie was thrown from his horse some five years ago and broke his neck and her heart at one blow. She is a stunner, though, isn't she? No use trying to get her, Billy. Settle down and calm yourself. My sister says she never had a spark of sentiment about her. But now she seems to have lost all interest in anything. Oh, no, not a mean, stingy streak in her nature! She is very generous with her money, but gives as though she did not care a straw what she was giving the dust to—unnatural, very. I am afraid of her myself, but she is a thoroughbred; never saw her do or look a thing out of the way."

"By Jove! I think the girl has a heart within her, and if I were going to be in town this winter I would try and reach it. She walks like a queen. What is she doing here?"  
 "Going to the cemetery. They say she comes here at all hours of the day, but there is never a flower on Charlie's grave. She makes no outside show. Give me a match."  
 "Does she live alone?"  
 "No—a houseful of servants and a cousin or something as a companion. She used to go slumming, but I heard she got mixed up in a row one night and was hustled off to the station house before the policeman found out who she was. Then the whole force went down on their knees, and she was sent home, so they say, in the Black Maria. Anyway, she gets some one else to slum nowadays, and she pays the bills."

"Is she a bluestocking?"  
 "Certainly not. She is nothing but what a man would want his wife, mother or sister to be, with a couple of millions thrown in. She takes a box by the season at the Savoy and turns it over to the young folks, like a dear that she is; but, by Jove, she would give you the same kind of a nod if she met you as she would her cook, and there would be no more heart or soul in her greeting than in a dish of uncooked mushrooms. I hate to have a woman so independent and so polite that one can't catch hold of a straw for a good foundation for criticism. I wish you were going to be here, Billy. If any one could move her, you could. But she is a stunner and no mistake. Here comes Ned in his trap—about too. Good luck. We'll ride home. Hi, Ned! Room for two? Thanks."

Today Dorothy Sargent entered the silent city of the dead with more than sadness in her sweet face, and as she reached the grave that held all that was mortal of the one man she had ever loved she pressed her face against the marble cross and in her anguish cried aloud:  
 "Help me, dearest!"  
 Suddenly, as though the load were lifted from her heart and her prayer answered, she sprang from the ground and hurried home.  
 Going at once to her room, she took from her desk three letters. Bowing her head upon her hands, she whispered:  
 "Whatever is it right. My love will guide me. I will be satisfied."  
 A messenger had brought to her the first letter from the National club. She drew it from the envelope and reread the lines she knew she would have to answer:

Before you opened the envelope which holds this letter, Dorothy Sargent, you knew who was the writer, and you knew what he had to tell you.  
 By breaking the seal you have proved you are willing once again to listen to me.  
 I have returned to my native land after an exile of ten weary years. God knows I did my best to give my wife the love she craved, and he knows I did my best to make her happy and was as true as steel to her, but in his wisdom, which I dare not question, he gave her pure mind the power of seeing beyond what I gave her, and the dear child returned to her Maker broken hearted, leaving me and four motherless children to you, my one love, my one thought and my dearest wish.  
 Would that you were poor that I might give to you what you could not otherwise have!  
 Nothing but pity for Marion's children, for my children, can tempt you to come to me now. Come! I will make you love me, I will, and you must know it.  
 No man ever gave to a woman a purer love than

**Lumbago**  
 is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is  
**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

is offered to you again.  
 Give to me this one word I crave in the name of the innocent woman who knew she held the heart that belonged to another. I cry to you—and not in vain!  
 JOHN H. NORTON.

Rigid and white as death, she threw the letter on the burning coals and watched the flames devour the paper till there was nothing left but a gray mass that trembled and fell to pieces as a whiff of wind blew across the grate.  
 Opening the second letter, she read:  
 Dearest—For the years I have known and loved you I have never till now dared to tell you of my love.  
 You were rich; I was poor. Shame on me that I would so belittle you! As though you did not know an honest man's heart is worth more than Croesus' wealth.  
 You know what I have done in the scientific world, but you do not know what I have accomplished has been through you and that for you alone I have succeeded.  
 I dare now offer to you the heart and life which will go on and on working for you, spurred by the glorious knowledge that you have said, "I love you."  
 May I come to you and take you in my arms and hold you close to the heart that beats for you alone?  
 That I have told you of my love makes me happy. That you will bid me come is the prayer of thine,  
 SYLVESTER NEWCOMB.

As the poor girl finished reading this letter she threw it, as she had done the other, in the fire. As she watched it burn, she said aloud:  
 "I could be happy with him. His profession would be more to him than he imagines, and he might not see I cannot love as he does."  
 And she read the third letter:  
 My Dear Dorothy—You were a little girl when I saw you first. I loved you then because your beautiful eyes were so like those God had given to the woman I was soon to marry.  
 You know of the short year of happiness which was granted me, and you know what a long, weary life I have led since my wife died.  
 You, dear, have been and are the one woman in this world to whom I can offer myself and what is left of my life and heart.  
 Thou art not my first love.  
 I loved before we met,  
 But the vision of that summer dream is pleasant to me yet.  
 Thou art my last love,  
 I will not say my best;  
 My heart has shed its outer leaves  
 To give thee all the rest.

I do love you, not with the boyhood passion you may crave, but with the true and honest love of a man old enough to be your father. For years I have loved you thus, but would not tell you, dear. I wanted you to have the happiness which a younger man might give you, and I loved you so tenderly I wanted you to have what would please you most.  
 You know your own heart's story. I do not ask you to tell me anything, but if you will be my wife I will do all in my power to make you as happy as I know you can make me.  
 Send me one word, dear, and I will promise to watch over the treasure God has placed in my care if you will bid me come.  
 JOHN H. NORTON.

"He asks so little. I ought to be able to live with him and be happy. I shall be making less sacrifice if I give my heart to him, and his dear, old, gentle life will be a benediction indeed."  
 With tears in her eyes she laughed aloud as she threw this last letter in the fire, and while watching it burn she said:  
 "I can't marry them all."

Taking a sheet of paper in her hand and smoothing it gently, as though giving it a little blessing, she dipped her pen in the ink, and, with a shudder, as though it were with her own blood she were writing, she wrote the one word:  
 Come!  
 Folding the paper, she put it in an envelope and sealed it.  
 She then drew another sheet from the case before her and wrote upon it:  
 My Dear, Dear Friend—I love you too well to give myself to you, and myself is all I have to give.  
 God grant you may find a woman worthy of your honest love is the prayer of  
 DOROTHY SARGENT.

In closing this letter in an envelope and sealing it, she gave a sigh of relief and took another sheet of paper, on which she wrote:  
 No woman living ever grieved more in saying no to a devoted suitor than does your sincere and unhappy friend,  
 DOROTHY SARGENT.  
 And she sealed this as she had the others and went to the library, leaving all three of her answers on her desk.  
 Touching the bell in the hall as she passed through, the butler answered her call.  
 "James, tell Poole to bring me the three letters on my desk. She may stamp them first."  
 Her maid brought her the letters. Stepping to the table, she bowed her head and whispered:  
 "God help me to direct these aright."  
 On one she wrote, "John H. Norton, Esq., National Club."  
 On the second, "Professor Newcomb, Cambridge."  
 On the third, "Hon. Thomas Sewell, Hotel Cecil."  
 "Give these to James to post. I am not at home if any one calls this evening and will dine alone."

**Down a Mountain on an Avalanche.**  
 "We were prospecting on a mountain in Vancouver," said a Seattle (Wash.) man. "It was in the spring of the year, and the earth was soft and wet. When about half way up the side of the mountain, without the slightest warning an area about 100 feet square seemed to break loose from the rest and darted with lightning speed down the mountain-side. The avalanche seemed to be about five or six feet deep and carried with it trees, rocks and boulders. Fortunately, myself and companions were close to the upper portion of the sliding land and thus escaped being struck. The ride down the mountain side on that avalanche was the most rapid and perilous one I ever want to experience. I rode astride the trunk of a fallen tree, and my friends were clinging tenaciously to its branches. We covered a distance of about a mile in, I should say, about half a minute, although none of us held stop watches. The avalanche came to a stop near the foot of the mountain in a small valley, and, strange to say, none of us was hurt, save one fellow, who was struck on the leg by a boulder after we had come to a stop. Talk about rapid transit—that ride beat anything I ever experienced or heard of."

**Prince Edward Island—**  
 Illustrated  
 is the title of an interesting little book on Prince Edward Island profusely illustrated with illustrations from photographs.  
 For sale at all bookstores 25c. Sent on receipt of price to any address by writing the publishers.  
 The Examiner Pub. Co.  
 Charlottetown.

**WE TWAIN TOGETHER.**  
 Over wild and lovely lands  
 We twain together;  
 Touch of lips and clasp of hands,  
 We twain together.  
 Sometimes the hope, sometimes the fear,  
 The song, the sigh, the smile, the tear,  
 But evermore your love, my dear,  
 And we twain together!  
 Over seas of sad unrest  
 We twain together;  
 One's head on the other's breast—  
 We twain together.  
 Breathing one sweet or bitter breath,  
 The light of life, the dark of death,  
 Until the green sod covereth  
 We twain together!  
 —F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

**Same Thing.**  
 At a woman's euchre party the other day one of the fair players stopped the game with this query: "What do they call a little black cat in England?"  
 A number of the members had been in England, but they all had to give it up.  
 The riddle maker smiled sweetly as she trumped her partner's ace in true traditional style.  
 "Can't guess? Why, 'kitty, kitty'—just the same as anywhere else."—New York Mail and Express.

**Food Plants.**  
 A wonderful reserve fund for the human appetite is to be found in the vegetable diet of the Klamath Indians. A novel variety of food, forming a menu unknown to the civilized, is offered in the pulp of the great yellow water lily, which is converted into a farinaceous food; in the weed known as goosefoot, which bears a black seed that is ground up for loaves and cakes, and in the arrowhead, which in the fall develops a starchy white tuber at the end of the roots.

**Not a Bribe.**  
 "You say," pursued the chairman of the legislative investigating committee, "that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the campaign, so far as you know?"  
 "Yes, sir," replied the witness; "that is what I said."  
 "Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars?"  
 "Yes, sir, but them cigars wasn't bribes. Here's one of 'em. You can try it."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Victim of Piles**  
 For 20 Years—A Constant Sufferer From Bleeding and Protruding Piles—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.  
 In vain did Mrs. Jas. Brown, of Hintonburgh, near Ottawa, search for a cure for piles. In Europe and America she tried every remedy available, but it remained for Dr. Chase's Ointment to effect a cure.  
 Mrs. Brown writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the Old Country have tried most every remedy.  
 "I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."  
 Physicians and druggists recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the one preparation that will never fail to cure piles. It is guaranteed to positively cure piles, whether itching, bleeding, or protruding. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and 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 third door above Kindergarten Hall.  
 Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.      dy & wkly 3 mos.

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**TO BE LET.**  
 That well-known business stand, formerly known as the Central Hotel, containing 22 rooms, with large stable and yard, situated near the market, on Richmond Street. Rent moderate.  
 Apply to  
 T CAMPBELL

**The Gem Freezer**  
 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.  
**DO DD & ROGERS**

**JULY**  
 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**