

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.....	9 10 a. m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	3 00 p. m.
Express leaves for the west.....	4 50 p. m.

STEAMERS
PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning	9 50 a. m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening	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, 6.30, p. m. local time. Sundays at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2, 3, 4 p. m. Returning 1.15, 2.30, 3.15 and 6 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, Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.
 Souris—Sea View Hotel, Ocean 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, 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 price may be obtained. Further information may be obtained upon application at the EXAMINER office.

THE MISSING MESSENGER

Why the French Were Unsupported in the Franco-Prussian War.

Many people have wondered, and not without reason, why Napoleon III plunged France into a war with Germany, unsupported as he was by any of the great powers. Yet at the first the emperor's tone was one of proud confidence; it was only too late he discovered that he had been overreached by the man who was the bane of his existence, his arch enemy—Bismarck.

But Napoleon III was neither so blind nor so rash as is generally supposed. He had taken certain measures beforehand and counted upon support which was destined to fail him. Had matters turned out as he expected the issue of the struggle might have been vastly different.

The prime minister of England drove in haste to the foreign office late in the afternoon, for the matter which engaged his attention at the moment was one of pressing and vital importance. He had just returned from an official visit to Windsor, where a document upon which hung the fate of a European nation had received the sanction and signature of her majesty.

Upon reaching the foreign office he encountered the secretary on the stairs, and they proceeded together to the private room of the latter. Depositing the treaty on the table, the premier inquired: "Is the messenger ready?"

"He is waiting here. When must he start?"

"This evening. The treaty must reach the emperor in the morning, for war may be declared at any moment."

"It has received her majesty's sanction, then?"

"It has. It will come as a surprise to Germany, no doubt, when it is made known, but we are bound by motives of interest and policy alike to support the French in this struggle. Backed up by England, France can scarcely fail to be victorious, and then we can dictate terms to Europe."

"But Bismarck—does he suspect?"

The premier paused before replying. It was the one point upon which he did not feel quite secure.

"No," he said at length; "though he is ever on the alert, on the watch. I think we have effectually blinded him on this move. But this messenger, can we rely upon him?"

"I think I can answer for Mr. Wharton, a man of tact and resource."

"Very well. I will write a dispatch at once. Meanwhile we must communicate with the emperor by wire, informing him that our messenger leaves for Paris tonight with the treaty. He will then feel his position secure and can act accordingly."

An hour later Mr. Spencer Wharton was summoned into the premier's presence, who with his own hands delivered to him the secret treaty.

"I need scarcely impress upon you, Mr. Wharton," he said, "that this is a matter requiring the utmost secrecy and dispatch. This document must be placed in the emperor's hands tomorrow morning or the consequences may be fatal."

Having seen the treaty safely sealed up in the messenger's dispatch bag, the premier went home, not a little relieved at having got this weighty matter off his mind. Added to this there was the pleasing consciousness of having overreached the wily Bismarck, who had been making strenuous efforts to secure the neutrality of England.

Meanwhile Mr. Spencer Wharton lingered at the foreign office, never trusting his precious dispatch bag out of sight.

This hasty journey to Paris was not altogether without its attractions for him. In fact, he was impatient to be off, to get this state mission over, so that he might have a day or two in the French capital, which he intended to devote to purely personal affairs.

Just as he alighted from his cab at the station his attention was attracted to a group of loungers and one or two grinning porters. In the center stood a lady who was being subjected to the abuse of a drunken cabman. Just then Mr. Spencer Wharton caught sight of her face. He started and the next moment was elbowing his way vigorously through the crowd.

"Mme. Vincent!" he cried in amazement. "You in England! I thought—"

Instantly the lady turned toward him

HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

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with a look of surprise and interest and held out her small gloved hand.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "what a slightly foreign accent, what a foreigner behind a friend! This man is surely not French. He has lost one of my letters and I am sure he never received it. What are you doing?"

"Leave me to deal with him," replied Wharton, with rising indignation. "If you go inside, I will join you in a moment."

He roundly berated the cabman for his incivility, but could get little out of him. The man declared he had never seen the box, and Wharton, with a sigh, turned off with taking the messenger and hastened to rejoin Mme. Vincent.

"Ah, how grateful I am to you, my friend!" she said, raising her eyes to her companion's face with a look that thrilled through him. "Get my box? Shall I recover it?"

"I hope so," returned Wharton. "I have taken the man's number and will see to it on my return from Paris."

"Paris!" she cried. "You are going to Paris?"

"Yes."

"How fortunate! I am returning there myself. I confess that I dreaded the journey, but now I shall travel with an easy mind, for I know there is a friend at hand."

"I shall not trust you out of my sight," he said in a low voice. "Fear nothing; you will not be exposed again to such insolence. But how comes it that you are in England? I thought you had settled down in Paris and looked forward to the pleasure of seeing you when I had transacted the business which takes me across the channel."

"A dear friend of mine was ill here in London—dangerously ill," she replied. "I hastened across a week ago to see her. But you?" she added, raising her beautiful eyes to his face again. "I have not seen you for a month at least. I thought you had quite forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" he said ardently. "I assure you I welcomed this journey to Paris, as I hoped it would afford me an opportunity of seeing you again."

The train was rather crowded, but they selected a compartment in which two gentlemen were already seated, both deep in their newspapers.

On the journey down an extraordinary and somewhat ludicrous incident occurred. The two gentlemen—foreigners evidently—were discussing the burning question of the hour—the prospect of hostilities between France and Germany.

They appeared to hold different views upon the subject. The discussion waxed warm; high words arose. Finally one of the disputants seemed to lose complete control of himself. Springing to his feet, he dashed his newspaper into the other's face.

Madame screamed, and as it appeared highly probable the two excited politicians would come to blows, Wharton sprang forward to separate them. It was some little time, however, before he succeeded in pacifying them.

This incident, joined to the scene at the station, was evidently too much for Mme. Vincent's nerves. Upon reaching Dover she declared that she felt too weak and ill to proceed farther and would remain at a hotel for the night.

"I wish I could stay and see you safely across in the morning," whispered Wharton as he lingered by her side. "It is really too bad, but unfortunately there is no help for it. Duty renders it imperative that I should reach Paris early in the morning; otherwise—"

"Go," she murmured faintly. "You have been most kind and attentive. As for me, a good night's rest will restore me."

"When shall I see you again?"

"Tomorrow evening, in Paris. Oh, those wretched men! They have quite upset me. Now, do not miss your boat on my account. Goodbye till tomorrow."

Tucking his dispatch bag under his arm, Wharton stepped on board the boat, his mind agitated by conflicting emotions.

The following morning the secretary for foreign affairs reached his office rather earlier than usual, for the papers had announced to him that war had already been declared. The French emperor, relying upon the telegraphic communication which had reached him the evening before from the prime minister of England, had taken that decisive step. To the general public the announcement was startling, for many thought that actual hostilities were yet far distant.

The foreign minister was engrossed in a copy of The Times when he was interrupted by the hurried entrance of the premier himself.

"We have been either tricked or betrayed!" said the premier excitedly. Read this. It has just reached me from the emperor of France."

He laid a telegram on the table. The communication was in cipher, but the rendering of it was written underneath. It contained the startling announcement, "Messenger has not arrived."

Consternation reigned in the foreign office that morning. Messages were flashed to Dover, to Calais, making anxious inquiries for the missing messenger. It was found that he had reached the latter port in safety, but there all trace of him was lost.

It was too late, however, to remedy the evil, war having actually been declared. England was forced to withdraw from the position which she proposed to take with regard to France. She was compelled to remain neutral, which was precisely what Prince Bismarck desired.

Not for many years afterward was it discovered how or under what circumstances the messenger had disappeared. Then, strangely enough, news came of him from America.

It appears that he had been living there under an assumed name and upon his deathbed told his story to a friend. Briefly it was this:

Upon reaching Calais it had occurred to him to examine his bag in order to ascertain if the treaty was safe. He opened it and, to his horror, found—blank papers!

Looking at the bag more carefully, he saw that it was not really his, but one closely resembling it, even to the many half torn labels which covered it. Then the truth suddenly dawned upon him. His own bag had been perjured in the

to Dover and another substituted in its place.

And Mme. Vincent—she who had won the affections, who had repelled or encouraged him, to suit her purpose? Too late he saw that she was one of Bismarck's secret emissaries. It flashed across him that the scene at the station, the quarrel in the train, were all prearranged. While his attention was engaged with the two foreigners Mme. Vincent had effected the change of bags.

The wretched messenger, knowing the consequences that would ensue, was driven to despair. He vowed never to return to England. Disguising himself, he made his way to Havre, whence he embarked for the United States.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

An Egyptian Stern Wheeler.

An Egyptian stern wheeler is built to float over the shoals and rapids of the Nile. There is no going down long, slippery iron ladders to her engine room, for she has no hold, everything being carried above water line—cabins, stores and engines. Indeed the steam cylinders lie exposed, one on either side and a little forward of the very primitive looking stern paddle wheel, which looks more as if it belonged to some agricultural implement than a steamship. The reason for this is that, although nearly a hundred feet long, she only draws about 1 foot 9 inches of water, consequently she has no down stairs.

Probably those engaged in the engine rooms of some of the great liners which ply to the far east would be only too glad if when going through the Red sea they could bring their engine room on deck too, instead of seething below in a temperature which sometimes exceeds 130 degrees. What wonder they at such times faint away and are brought up and laid on deck, where they are brought round roughly but effectively by the free application of pails of water drawn from the tepid sea.—Chambers' Journal.

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