

PICTURESQUE
Prince Edward Island
 25c at all Bookstores.
 An illustrated book on P. E. I. is issued, 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 east..... 6 00 p.m.
 Accommodation arrives from the west..... 10 55 a.m.
 Accommodation arrives from the east..... 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 west..... 3 00 p.m.
 Accommodation arrives from the east..... 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..... 10 a.m.
 Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.

CITY OF GHENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon..... 10 a.m.
 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 8.30, 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 vicinity:—

Charlottetown—Hotel Davies, Queen Hotel, Revere Hotel, Eureka House, Opera 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 Hotel.
 Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.
 St. John's—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.
 Verdon River Bridge—Finlay House.
 Georgetown—Aiken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.
 Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.
 Digby—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
 Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.
 Montague—Macdonald House.
 Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mansel 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.

AT THE SIGN OF SAINT LILAC.

How a Go Between Made Two Matches Instead of One.

I had paced the close cut sward at least a dozen times. The sun was already turning his fiery eye toward the west. It was not my lady's way to be unpunctual, and, seeing the nature of her business, I had not looked for delay.

Each time I passed the lilac bush I paused, fancying I heard the scrunch of her tiny shoes over the loose gravel path that led down from the house. And again and again was I disappointed. The hour grew near.

I fumbled in my bosom for her letter, to make a certainty of the matter. I muttered over the words to myself; but I had no need to hesitate upon them, for my lady's fingers could grasp the pen with a lucidity of expression and a comfortable style that in the broad noontide was as good as, nay, better than, any clerks'. It ran:

Your request is a strange one, dear friend, but I will do myself the pleasure of talking with you at the Sign of Saint Lilac. The place is well chosen, I think, and the hour propitious. Beauclerc will be favorably impressed with my poor looks, have no doubt, despite the cold light of 4 o'clock. What made you choose such an hour—save that you are a man? Still, it is like your kind heart to be scheming for my better fortune, and I will marry your good Beauclerc, provided he will have me and I like the trim of his beard. I kiss the page—here. Deliver the message faithfully or expect no mercy from your little friend.

AUDREY.

I had told her 4 o'clock so that I might enjoy a full hour's speech with her myself and make quite clear the nature of the thing—that Beauclerc, my friend, was an honest and an amiable man and actuated by no unworthy motive in thus leaving me master of his choice in regard to a wife. I had felt diffidence in the business at first, but when I bethought me of poor little Audrey—so lonely and so comfortless up at the big house—my heart had swelled with a monstrous pity, and I had undertaken the commission at a breath.

Beauclerc had reasoned with me thus—that I (being a poorer man and consequently more honest than he) should know better of a fitting helpmate for his declining years. "One must have a woman about the house, friend John," he had concluded, "at the last. 'Tis ill going out of the world leaving behind no one to fight over your fortune or carry on the name, and I will be a docile old beast in harness do you but find me a gentle and patient lady. Nay, marriage is all a lottery; I would have you choose for me, so that I can have the small consolation of not blaming myself overmuch should the venture prove a failure. Dip your hand in Dame Fortune's lucky bag and draw a prize, friend John, for me."

So I had mentally decided upon Audrey, though I could have wished to have been "dipping" for myself. But I wanted to make life brighter—not worse—for my lady and so banished the thought as best I could. But the pricking was there nevertheless.

I glanced at the sundial. It was nigh on to 5. Beauclerc might come at any moment. It was certainly most provoking. I dug my heels vengefully into the turf and had ventured "just like a woman" betwixt my set teeth when of a sudden I heard a quick, impatient step, and my tryst was at an end. "How late!"

I stopped. It was not Audrey after all, but a stranger. I bowed stiffly and began an apology.

"Sir," said the fair unknown, cutting me very short, "do I address a friend of George Beauclerc?"

"Madame," replied I, with my best bow, "it is my good fortune to name that gentleman on the list of my acquaintances."

"Perhaps I should have said the friend," continued she, with a heightening color. I noticed her looks more narrowly now that we stood side by side in the shade of the lilac. She was older than my lady, and there was a line 'twixt her white brows that told of a history, yet she was of a trim build and very beautiful still. Meanwhile she eyed me with diffidence. "I scarce know how to make my errand clear to you, sir," she went on presently, "but you have, if rumor lies not, a delicate commission of your friend Beauclerc upon your hands?"

I bowed again.

"We were formerly acquainted," she said and paused. "But, like most friendships, ours had an end. Sir, cannot you

guess what I am at so much trouble to make clear? Has George never even mentioned to you so little as my name?"

"Madame," said I, "if so be you are the lady through whom my friend Beauclerc so nearly lost his life, I will be candid with you. In stating the nature of the commission with which I have the honor of being intrusted, my friend expressed one condition—that the lady who would consent to his proposals should not be of the same name as—yourself."

"But if it were all a mistake?" she cried. "If I could prove that it was a mistake? Sir, credit me with a little truth. That letter arranging the assignation which so nearly terminated his life was never penned by me. It was long after I had foolishly steeled my heart against him and had utterly lost his esteem that the truth reached me—that George Beauclerc, so far from being the despicable man I had deemed him, was really smarting under the sense of a deadly affront, apparently offered him by me. But you men will more readily believe a woman faithless than misdoubt that fine thing honor!"

Her words came all in a rush; her voice was so piteous that I could not but feel for and believe her. "The proof, madame?" I asked weakly.

"Is here!" She flourished a paper before me, addressed to Beauclerc. "The true writer of that abominable letter avows himself at last! Yes, it was a gross forgery, sir! See for yourself!" She flung it to me imperiously and triumphant.

I read the letter, and my heart sank for Audrey. Here in truth was the woman that should mate with Beauclerc, if so hap he were willing, and this I was fain to think he would be now that the truth was clear. I handed back the paper with a sigh, yet my heart was lighter than I would have imagined.

"Madame," said I at last, "your case is now my own. Yonder comes Beauclerc. Go you to meet him. There is my brief. Tell him from me I dare swear that you will do his business more thoroughly than I." I gave her my card, with a bow. Across the back I had scribbled while I spoke, "The bearer, dear friend, is my choice." In a moment I and Saint Lilac were once more alone.

But I trembled when I thought of Audrey. What would she say? Had I not deliberately brought her on a fool's errand? I stood mightily perplexed, my chin in my hand, half hoping that my lady would not come, after all, now that she was so late. Perchance I might get to her home. I could explain then with a better grace, although my knees knocked together at the prospect of the interview. "Zounds," I half muttered, "what a path I am in, to be sure!"

"Tis a bad sign you should talk with yourself," suddenly came a voice from behind the lilac. "Either you are so concerned as to deem no other view of your speech or else your wits must be wool gathering."

It was Audrey. I knew her dear tones at the first word. Strangely enough, now that I was embarked on what bid fair to be a perilous time, my spirits revived.

"You offer me a meager choice," I said, rallying. "I will tell you why you find me here so out of conceit with the world."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, friend John," said she, coming into view. "I have been under the shelter of our patron's wing"—she bowed to the lilac—"all through your strange interview."

"Then you have heard?" I gasped.

"Every word," replied my lady, nodding her little head. I had not dared to raise my eyes, but I could tell from the tone of her voice that her golden curls were shaking at me. "You are a naughty man," she said severely.

I stealthily raised my glance, first taking in her little shoes, then slowly up that dainty form till I reached her soft blue eyes.

"You have made a great fool of me," she went on.

"My dear," said I, gaining a little courage, "listen how much greater fool you have made of me. I love you with all my heart and soul! Not till I was so near to losing you altogether did I know how dear you were. My scheming on your behalf I fancied to be only for the sake of friendship. But I love you—I loved you always. I knew you were not happy, and Beauclerc is an honest fellow and rich, while I—I am too poor—too humble. You would but have been exchanging one misery for another. I have made a rash venture, and I have lost all!"

I looked away as I spoke. I could not meet that gentle reproach in her eyes. "I thought I should have been happy," I stammered on, "in seeing you happy, and that the next best thing to having you myself would be to find you an interest in life and a home."

Somehow I found her at my side—her hand on my arm. "You can still find me a home, friend John," she murmured, and her voice was the sweetest music in this world. "But to make me happy—ah, then you must share that home too."

I looked up amazed. "I would not have married your Beauclerc," she went on rapidly—"no, not for all the riches in the world! But I did want to tease you, friend John. Listen. Love is a master—not a servant. We must dance to his pipe, no matter how alluring the gilded palace may seem, no matter how brilliant the diadems that ambition may offer. The honest hearth and the one I love—these are God's gifts that I will not barter for all man's money—no, not if it were heaped right up to the skies! Kiss me, John!"

I did her bidding, the happiest creature on poor old earth, while Saint Lilac waved his hands in perfumed blessing over our heads and sighed with us 'a sheer contentment.

ENVIRONMENT.

A lily grew in a garden far
 From the dust of the city street.
 It had no dream that the universe
 Held aught less pure and sweet
 Than its virgin self, so chaste was it,
 So perfect its retreat.

When night came down, the lily looked
 In the face of the stars and smiled;
 Then went to sleep—to the sleep of death—
 As the soul of a little child
 Goes back to the clasp of the Father soul
 Untouched and undegled.

A lily bloomed on the highway close
 To the tread of the sweeping throng;
 It bore the gaze of a hundred eyes
 Where burned the flame of wrong.
 And one came by who tore its heart
 With a ruthless hand and strong.

It caught no glimpse of a garden fair,
 It knew no other name
 For a world that used and bruised it so
 Than a world of sin and shame,
 And hopeless, crushed, its spirit passed
 As the evening shadows came.

And who can say but the sheltered one
 A sullied flower had been
 Had its home been out on the highway close
 To the path of shame and sin,
 And the other forever angel white
 Had it blossomed safe within?
 —Elizabeth Gallup Perkins in Boston Transcript.

Pleasant Work For Spare Minutes.

General Lewis M. Peck, a distinguished veteran of the civil war, a bibliophile, if not a bookworm, was the leading worker on the volunteer committee which prepared the famous index of magazine and other short articles for the Brooklyn Library, then under the management of the late Dr. Noyes. This work was an extension of Poole's famous index to periodical literature. Not long after the task was completed the general met at a reception a young woman who had just been elected librarian of a social club.

"I am thinking," she said, "of getting up a nice, complete catalogue of all the leading magazine articles for my library. I have considerable leisure time and like hard work. How long do you think it would take me?"

"It depends upon the amount of your leisure. The last one took 100 men five years each."

The Bishop's Whist Game.

I dined one evening at a hotel and sat next to an Episcopal bishop from England. The bishop, if I may be allowed to use such a disrespectful expression, was chortling. He was doing it slyly and unobtrusively, but he was undeniably tickled.

The night before he had found himself alone in a Pullman with a prominent rancher and a Japanese student from an American university. They had read all their papers, talked themselves hoarse, and the rancher suggested a game of whist. To get a fourth they enlisted the services of the colored porter on the car.

"The porter played a remarkably fine rubber," said his lordship gleefully. "The Jap had only played twice before, but he picked it up in the most wonderful manner; but I wonder what they would think of such a quartet over in England!"—Blackwood's.

Trouble in The Stomach

Which Doctors Failed to Remove, Cured by Less Than Two Boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The experience of Mr. Blackwell is similar to that of many sufferers with chronic indigestion. Stomach medicines will seldom really cure indigestion. The kidneys and liver must be set right, and the bowels made regular and active.

Mr. Joseph Blackwell, Holmesville, Ont., says:—"I derived more benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than from any other medicine I ever took, and can highly recommend them for stomach troubles. I was in a terrible state and could hardly work at my trade. I tried most every kind of medicine and doctors, until I was tired doctoring, and before I used one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I could see that they were helping me, and after taking a box and a half, found that I was cured."

Nearly every family on the continent has used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills or heard of the remarkable cures they have effected. One pill a dose, 25c 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 'bird door above Kindergarten Hall.

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

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.

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, Cameron 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

Blood Disorders

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

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
I CAMPBELL