

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 arrives from the west.....	6 00 p. m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	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 east.....	4 50 p. m.

STEAMERS
PRINCESS.

Leaves for Picton every morning at.....	9 30 a. m.
Arrives from Picton 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.....	10 a. m.
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.....	10 a. m.

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.

"Billsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.....	
"Edna"—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 6 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, Bevere 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.
 - Verzon River Bridge—Finlay House.
 - Georgetown—Aitken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.
 - Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.
 - Tignish—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
 - Kennington—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 office.

SACRED BEN.
 The Whale of the Cross.
 By James Cooper Wheeler.

A better man than Portuguese John never slipped the deck of a whaler with his foot. All of marine New Bedford 30 years ago which was fiercely skeptical of Dago virtue freely allowed that John was the exception which proves the rule. Therefore no one was surprised when old Hank Timrod, master of the Java, signed him as fourth mate. As this officer acts as captain's boat steerer when the "old man" lowers and heads the starboard boat when he does not it goes without saying that he must be good timber through and through.

It was not common on an American whale ship for a Portuguese to berth aft, but before the Java had crossed the western ocean on her way to the southern whaling grounds John was accepted by Coffin, Holder and Bigelow, the mates, as an all around goodfellow and as capable a seaman as ever sniffed brine. His whalemanship was an unknown quantity, for none had sailed shipmates with him before. But they took it for granted and grew fond of the grave, undemonstrative man who never courted, but always welcomed, their rough fellowship.

One day in the south Atlantic a "lone" bull whale was raised from the mainmast head. It was breaching a long distance to windward, and it took the bluff bowed Java three hours to beat up to where the lonely monarch could be seen from the deck. Bigelow, the third mate, was in the slings at the main royal yard with his glasses. He scanned the whale long and closely while it lay spouting without thought of enemies. Suddenly he sent his voice to the deck:

"I never seen a sperm bull like this one, Cap'n Timrod. He's queer, an no mistake!"

The "old man," pacing his quarter like a penned animal, paused in his swift stride and looked inquiringly aloft. "What do you make of him, sir?"

"I'm blowed if he's a Protestant!" answered Bigelow, with a brief chuckle. "He's marked with a cross on his head."

Portuguese John, who stood by the starboard boat near the master, gave a sudden start as the whale was described and was about to speak, but he restrained himself, and Bigelow continued:

"Seems like the cross was painted on with white lead. The long streak goes from the nose to the hump, an the cross-bar reaches clear athwart his head."

Captain Timrod happened to glance at his fourth mate, and to his surprise John's swarthy face had turned that livid yellow which takes the place of emotional paleness in the Latin races.

"What is it, John?" he asked in surprise.

The Portuguese's voice was husky, and he shivered as he answered, pointing in the direction of the bull: "Sacred Ben, sir! The whale of the cross!"

"Hey!" exclaimed the "old man," with an expression of deep interest. "I've heard of him. He's got a bad record!"

Portuguese John moved nearer and laid his unsteady hand on the master's arm. "Captain," he said in a strained whisper, "that whale mean death. He kill my broth' three year ago in the Indian ocean. An many more! He stove three boats of the Mary an get away with four 'irons' an all the lines. That time I know, for I was there. My broth' Anton, he steer Misser Brown, the mate, an all that boat crew Sacred Ben kill. An many more! I hear of him in other ships. He always kill an always get away!"

"I heard something of the Mary losing her boats. I was in the Okhats that year," answered Timrod. "Well, what of it, John?"

"Captain, for Christ his sake do not lower after the whale of the cross!"

The sailor in Hank Timrod quaked because of the superstition begot by the sea, but after a moment the tough Yankee sprit of the old New England whale hunter surged up in his breast. "Sacred Ben will try out like any other whale, I reckon," he grimly muttered.

John made the sign of his faith. He saw the skipper's jaw set and knew the breed. With the instinctive gesture he resigned his welfare to the care of his patron saint and braced himself to do his duty whatever might befall. The "old man" took his glasses from the companionway rack and climbed the weather main rigging to a height where he could see the bull plainly.

"The whale of the cross right enough," he murmured when he had adjusted his

focus. "I'll give him a wairi for luck. Then he snapped his glasses together and roared, "Stand by to lower away."

The masthead lookouts seemed to drop to the deck. The crew, on hot foot since Bigelow's first call from aloft, ranged themselves at their stations. "Lower away, all!"

The falls creaked. In a twinkle all four boats touched the water, and the men were on their thwarts. Timrod, with the smartest of the crew, was the first away from the side. "Vast pulling!" commanded he. "Peak oars! Step the mast! Shake that sail loose! Throat and peak halyards hoist!"

Almost as he spoke the well trained men had the mast secured, the sheet passed aft, and the sail took the wind. "Drop your centerboard. Let her go!" he said to the midship oarsman. Down it went and held the boat up to the wind as the "old man" laid her head straight for Sacred Ben. "Pull, all!" The men laid back on their oars again, and the foam curled from the cutwater.

Captain Timrod, the only man in the boat with his face to the whale, looked out ahead with a dancing devil in his gray eye. His blood was afire with the chase. The whale of the cross, doughty old sea warrior as he was, had an antagonist who would tax his art and test his fighting quality. A mile—two miles—were passed, and the black bulk lay a quarter mile distant, looming like a bare rock in mid-ocean. His great hump was six feet above the sea. At times he spouted, sending a jet of steam 30 feet in the air, and anon in the wantonness of might he thrust his huge body half above water with a writhe of his muscles and falling back splintered the brine into foam 100 yards around.

Nearer came the boat. Portuguese John, watching Timrod's eye, saw it glow as the dancing devil leaped with maddening bounds, but he never turned his head, though he knew that Sacred Ben was close behind. Then the captain spoke again as he threw the boat's nose into the wind—this time in a strained whisper that shivered along the men's nerves like an electric current:

"Take in the sail—cleverly! Down with the mast. So! Stand up, John! Pull hard!"

He accompanied the last order with a swing on his steering oar, and by the time Portuguese John had knee in clumsy cleat and hand on his "iron" he was facing the whale of the cross not ten feet abaft his fin. John, though Dago, was grit clear through, and if Timrod remembered his shaking hand when the whale was first sighted he knew now that the fourth mate would send his harpoon home with as brave a heart as beat under his own Yankee ribs.

"Give it to him!" The old man spoke in a fierce whisper. The hearts of the men leaped, and they gripped oars in arrested stroke with fingers of steel that almost dented the ash. John's "iron" went above his head like lightning, and with a swish its barbed point sung through the air and stabbed deep into the side of Sacred Ben.

Like report of gun after touch on trigger he responded. A hundred tons sprang into activity as lightly as a wildcat meets its foe. "Starn all!" roared Timrod. "For your lives, starn all!" With their very souls in the strain the crew pushed on their oars. A maelstrom of blinding foam encompassed the boat. Whirlpools of angry water spouted vicious gushes over its side, and a deafening rush as though of Niagara was in Portuguese John's ears, while the boat reeled and danced beneath his feet. But the latent tiger at the bottom of his heart was aroused, and he did not give back an inch. Wiping the spume from his face with his left hand, with the right he sought and grasped the "second iron."

Timrod at the stern had for a moment a clearer view than his boat steerer, and now he cried, "See, he's milling!"

So it was. The bull had settled in the water at the prick of the steel, and with two strokes of his fins and a lash of his flukes (which had caused the vortex) he was milling (turning) his bulk as though on a pivot, with the effect of bringing his tail underneath the whaleboat. Timrod was too old a blubber hunter not to know what that meant. An upward stroke of that tremendous engine of destruction would send the boat and crew 50 feet into the air as though thrown aloft by an exploding mine. He gave a great heave on his long steering oar, and the boat whirled about. John stood, harpoon upright. His eyes, searching the whirling eddies in front, saw the flukes of the whale of the cross, curved like a bow, ascending from the depths.

The next instant Timrod bent to his blade again, and the boat again swung from the rising death. The captain did his best, but even as the bow turned the great tail came from the sea smoothly, silently, as though driven by some irresistible mechanical force. John gazed at the black horror in momentary paralysis, his "iron" poised for the dart. Its point was caught by the corner of the fluke and flipped as a boy jerks his knife in mumblepeg. The harpoon turned upon its axis, and John was impaled upon it. In continuance of the motion the flukes rose high in the air and then sunk from sight. Sacred Ben had sounded, and the line hissed over Portuguese John's prostrate body through the checks in the bow.

There is no time for horror in a whale-boat. All is action. The men, scarcely realizing the tragedy, but knowing the whale to be fast, peaked their oars. Timrod reached for the line and tossed two flukes from the tub to give play that he might bring it over the snubbing post in the stern sheets. It coiled through his hands like a hissing serpent, and in the very act of accomplishing his purpose a fluke leaped into the air and, opening like the loop of a cowboy's lasso, dropped over his shoulders. It seemed for a second that nothing could save him from being cut in two. But the bow oarsman happened—by the Almighty's favor—to see the fatal loop as it sprang in the air. In a heart beat his sheath knife flashed, and the line was severed before it had time to nip or become tant on the "second iron."

The "old man" cast the loosened coil from his body and settled back in the stern sheets. "Jonas," he said to the bow oarsman, "I guess you saved my bacon. But now look to John. I'm afraid

his crossed whale of the cross has nixed him."

Not so many years ago the gathering of samphire for purposes of pickling was a regular occupation on various parts of the English coast. This trade is a very ancient one and is alluded to by Shakespeare in—

Samphire.
 Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head!

This plant still grows abundantly on the white chalk cliff known as Shakespeare's cliff at Dover, though the "dreadful trade" has ceased. Fifty years ago, however, it was regularly followed by the Isle of Wight. "The warm aromatic pickle prepared with this plant," wrote the author of "Flora Vectensis," about the year 1848, "is greatly esteemed and commonly seen at table in this island. The herb minced is also served up with melted butter in lieu of caper sauce."

For the purpose of pickling it is annually collected in large quantities from the cliffs at Freshwater and sent up to some wholesale houses in London by the cliffsmen, who make samphire gathering a part of their summer occupation, and for which when cleaned and sorted they receive 4 shillings per bushel. It is put up in casks with sea water for its better preservation on the journey and probably also to extract any bitterness it may contain.—Longman's Magazine.

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Mrs. Stephen Dempsey, Albury, P. E. county, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, worn-out appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

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