

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.
Express leaves for the east.....	2 25 p. 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....	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 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 Davie, Queen Hotel, Bevere 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, Frederick House.

Truro—Acadia Hotel.

Rustico—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.

Vernon River Bridge—Finlay House.

Georgetown—Aiken 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.

Resides, 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.

RIGHTED AT LAST

By Mary Cecil Hay.
 (Continued.)

"And you will?" questioned Phoebe, with a quick and inexplicable blush.
 "Not I."
 "Can you picture Jane alone at the Larches?" she asked, with a perceptible lightening of her tone. Honor is going to ask her to Abbotsford, though she has so many times refused to come here.
 "But have you heard the latest news of all?"
 "About whom?"
 "Your ex-gardian's ex-clerk. My man told me this evening, when I called at my rooms. It seems that the day before yesterday Slimp wrote to Mrs. Trent (with whom Lawrence had always had business intercourse), saying that, as he had a private communication of great importance to make to her, by which he could save her from heavy financial loss, he should have the pleasure of waiting upon her immediately after his letter. He drove to Harley street in a hired wagonette, and just as the driver pulled up the horse before my aunt's door something frightened the animal, and it shied suddenly. Slimp had been leaning back in his seat at that moment, his neck against the edge of the rails, and the sudden start in that attitude broke his neck. He lived for an hour, and spent that hour in a vain and horrible effort to speak—useless, of course; and no one will ever know either what important information he had been going to give my aunt, or what possible confession he might, in that last hour, have wished to make. I don't know of course," concluded Hervey, "but I fancy that the statement he wished to make would have been a betrayal of somebody's confidence, for a purpose of his own; but let us give him the benefit of the doubt, as death overtook him so horribly."
 "It was horrible, indeed! I remember Lawrence told us he was in London."
 "Yes, and strange to say, my man saw him going from here only a few minutes before he sent the letter to Miss Trent. I cannot understand it."
 "Nor, of course, could either of his companions. Of the only two who understood it, one was on the Atlantic, and the other watching beside a sick-bed."
 Hervey Trent had decided to go back to Westleigh Towers next day; so, before he left, Alice Myddelton went away to write a letter to her husband.
 "And you, Phoebe?" questioned Hervey. "Shall you write to Honor?"
 "No, I think not. You can tell her all I could tell, and she will not care to have to read letters now."
 He was looking curiously at her, wishing he could have seen or heard her reception of the news of Lawrence Haughton's departure, which she had told him so coolly.
 "Phoebe," he asked, standing before her, and laying his soft, white hands upon her shoulders, "are you fretting?"
 "Fretting! How do you mean, Hervey?"
 "I mean—pardon me, Phoebe, because we are such old friends—I mean are you sorry Haughton has left England?"
 A real laugh ran through her lips.
 "I did not care at all," she said, honestly; "I cannot even understand now how I ever could have cared."
 "That's right."
 "Why?" she asked, puzzled more by his manner than his words. "It would have been quite natural to have fretted for my old guardian."
 "Quite. But still I would rather you did not."
 "Why?" she asked again.
 "You would have fretted for him if you had loved him still."
 "Of course I should."
 "And equally, of course, I would rather that you did not fret."
 "I thought it unnatural not to feel it more," she said, only vaguely comprehending Hervey's meaning, yet feeling a quiet sense of happiness steal over her, as she read a new interest in his face and tones.
 "Phoebe," he said, presently, "do you think that any one who has spent a good many years of his life loving one person with all his heart would be

wrong to end by loving some one else?"
 "Why should he be?" she questioned, simply.
 "And do you think that you could trust any one who said he loved you if he owned at the same time that you were not his first love, nor—nor loved quite in the same way?"
 "I do not quite understand you," said Phoebe, her face suffused with blushes. "Are you throwing back upon me my old silly love for Lawrence?"
 He smiled at the feeble little barricade through which the fire of her blushes frankly displayed itself. "I am telling you," he said, growing more and more earnest, "of a love for Honor which I have always nourished without a shade of encouragement. I am telling you that I now know this love to be most hopeless, and I am asking you if you think that, having felt this love, I have any right to offer another love elsewhere?"
 It is not to be supposed that Phoebe understood his nature sufficiently to see that he had never yet felt deeply enough really to suffer, and that this affection was as likely to be lasting as his first ambitious and persistent love. She only said, in a tone which gave him more hope than could any other reception of his confession:
 "No one could help loving Honor."
 "Thank you," Phoebe, he exclaimed, heartily; "and you see how hopeless that love is for me, because Honor's going to Westleigh Towers shows that she loves some one else."
 "Yes."
 "I knew before," he added, softly.
 "And I feel as if I had always known it."
 "I used to fancy it, but I was never sure until she heard of his illness. And," she added, with a thoughtfulness which was new to her voice, "none of us who know Honor can believe in the possibility of her loving a second time."
 "I never dreamed of that, Phoebe, never. I have put away the old love forever."
 Another pause, and then he gently took her hands, and, holding them between his own, asked her one more question.
 "Phoebe, we know all about each other, don't we?—even about those other loves which will never be anything more to either of us—and we have been good friends, and we get on well together. I am not quite the vain and idle fellow I used to be, and with Honor's gift of the bank partnership, I shall be able to take a comfortable house, and live in good style. Phoebe, will you think this over, and when I come back tell me if you would be my wife? I do not ask for your answer now," he added, pitiless for her blushes, as he kept her there before him, "because it would be unfair, as you have not thought it over, and I have; but let your answer be Yes, Phoebe."
 "I—I forgot something I want to send to Honor," cried Phoebe, and ran from the room in nervous haste.
 "It was best to give her time," mused Hervey, encouraging the pleasant consciousness that (won either now or then) Phoebe's answer would be a happy little Yes. "It was more fair, and she will tell Honor before I need. She is a good little thing, and very amiable. I'm really glad she is not handsome—like Theo."

CHAPTER XLII.

A heavy, mournful silence brooded over Westleigh Towers, but this silence centred and culminated in the chamber where Royden lay. It was lofty, like all the rooms at the Towers, but not large. Though handsomely, it was but richly furnished, and the old carved bed on which he lay was shrouded by no curtains.
 Beside this bed sat Honor, in her soft white dress; lovely, in spite of the pity and the sadness on her face. At the window, Miss Henderson was spilling her work with tears, though she sewed on with a nervous persistency.
 Shaded from the light, the dark worn face upon the pillows moved to and fro restlessly.
 In the dressing-room beyond the half-closed door, the nurse sat waiting for a summons, and down-stairs the physicians were again consulting; and still again reached the one reiterated conclusion:
 "If he could but sleep!"
 "Honor!"
 The girl's head was raised, and she listened with drawn-in breath. Again a moment of hope, and then her heart sank, as it had sunk a hundred times before, for this was no recognition, only a part of the persistent and terrible delirium through which she sat beside him in the awful actual pain of her watching and her love, while she was unknown to him, and unheeded.
 "Honor—Honor!" The whisper, in its intense and passionate entreaty, reached to every corner of the room. "You said you would not come—here to my house. But Mrs. Payne—promise! Come, dear—let me show you—my name. Why stay beside the statue? I remember—Leda and—and who, Honor? We talked about it—you and I—and then you said—you loved me. Ah! I thought the joy would have killed me. But joy never kills—pain kills—and fire. Put your hand upon my head—Honor—and feel—the flame."
 But when she laid her soft, cool palm upon his brow, he shrank from her touch, and cried how quickly the waves

"Honor—Honor!"
 So, the name, hour after hour, to be heard, sometimes whispered very softly in his exhaustion, and sometimes uttered passionately in fevered strength, when she knelt beside him, and with his restless eyes, he only whispered with a smile, that she was safe with him, and he would bring Gabriel back. Frequently, sometimes she called him by his Christian name, stroking his hot

and restless hands, or holding them gently to her lips. But still he did not know her; and gazing into her troubled face, would cry for Honor still. Sometimes he rose and pushed her from him with a sudden momentary strength; but sometimes he lay as motionless as death, his eyes so unnaturally large and bright fixed where she could not follow them.
 Scene after scene from his past life he lived again in this delirium, but only a very few of them could Honor comprehend. She knew when he was cheering and encouraging Alice; she knew when he was answering Lawrence Haughton's base suspicions, and she knew he was telling Gabriel how surely his innocence would one day be acknowledged. But worst of all it was to hear him hasten his horse through the rising flood of waters, and to see him hold his clasped hand for hours on his breast, guarding Gabriel's secret.
 Now he was pitiful, now angry, now troubled, and now glad. Now he would lie for hours, as if wrapped closely in one all-engrossing thought, and now he would wake the echoes of the silent house with quick, clear laughter. It was a terrible time for all the watchers, but far the most terrible for Honor; and still that sleep upon which the physicians built their only hope seemed as far off as ever.
 (To be continued.)

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