

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 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 30 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.....	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.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	2 p.m.

FERRY BOATS.

"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.....	
"Elfin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6 30, 8, 9, 11, a.m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 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, Bevers 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, Ocean House.
 Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.
 Rustico—Sea Side Hotel.
 Stanhope—Cliff House, Mutch House.
 Brackley Point—Shaw House.
 Alberton—Seaforth House, Albion Terrace.
 Malpique—Holgson 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.
 Montserrat—Macdonald House.
 Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mount Stewart 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 LETTER BOX.

The Jealousy of a Judge Came Very Near Being His Ruin.

One day as he entered the vestibule of a large house inhabited by merchants and government officials he found the janitor sorting the morning mail and putting some of the letters into the mail boxes which were nailed to the wall near the front staircase. Somehow Hansa caught a glimpse of one of the letters. The address struck him as being in a familiar handwriting, and no sooner had the janitor dropped the letter into one of the boxes than it flashed upon him that it was Wilhelmina's. A wild feeling of curiosity took hold of Hansa. His sweet-heart had never told him she knew anybody in this remote part of the city, much less that she was in correspondence with a resident of this house. Who could it be? Or was he mistaken? Was it merely an accidental similarity of handwriting? He burned to see the letter once more, and as his eyes met the janitor's he asked involuntarily:

"Whose box is it?"
 "A young gentleman's. He has lived here since Christmas. He is a young painter. He is single, yet he occupies a large apartment. He's rich and handsome," said the janitor, with obsequious garrulity.
 Ludwig's heart sank within him. At the same time he was overcome with a keen sense of his self humiliation at discussing a gentleman with a janitor.
 "You are not asked to tell all this," he said gruffly and betook himself to the house of his uncle, the old town hall clerk, on the third floor, rear staircase.

That evening Hansa said to Wilhelmina:
 "As I passed through K— street this morning I met an old chum of mine whom I had not seen for three years," and as he spoke he watched her closely to see the effect which the mention of the street would have on her. She blushed, sure enough! The blood rushed to his face, then back to his heart, and he felt held to the spot. Was he mistaken? If he was, why did she not even ask what he had been doing on K— street? At all events, he repeated the name again and again, staring her full in the face. She did not exactly blush, but her eyes certainly had an unsteady look in them. She seemed to be painfully embarrassed.

"What's the matter, Wilhelmina?" he asked.
 "Nothing."
 "Are you sick?"
 "What's got into you?"
 "But you look—er—I thought—er—you looked—er—indisposed."
 She burst out laughing, and he couldn't help joining in, but in the depths of his heart lay a trouble which was growing more excruciating every minute. If he could only ask her and have done with it! But this he had not the heart to do. Indeed she might take offense and return his engagement ring. The judge shuddered to think of it.

The next day he went to his uncle's. As he passed the painter's letter box he took a look at the peepholes in the door. There were no letters within.
 His curiosity kept growing and with it his wretchedness.
 "What were you laughing at the other day, Wilhelmina?" he inquired.
 "When?" she asked with a blank face.
 "When I was telling you about K— street."
 "K— street?" she echoed. "Where is K— street?"
 "Can it be that she does not remember the way she burst out laughing that day or is she acting a part?" he asked himself. "She certainly heard me speak of K— street."

"Why, I told you I met a friend whom I had not seen for three years, and"—
 "That I remember, but what has that got to do with K— street?" she demanded rather testily.
 "Simply this," he answered morosely, "that I told you how my friend and I had met on K— street."
 "But what of it? What difference does it make whether it was K— street or Charlotten street or any other street?"
 "To you it does not perhaps, but to me it does," he declared vehemently and dropped his glance.
 "I don't know what you're talking about, Ludwig," she rejoined, whereupon he scrutinized her face for some moments, and, convincing himself that her remark was perfectly sincere, he broke into a merry laugh as he said:
 "I don't know what I am talking about myself."
 They went out for a walk and passed

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of **KIDNEY DISEASE** is

DROPSY

for which **Dodd's Kidney Pills** are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually **dammed up**, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one **Kidney Medicine**

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

a happy evening together, and as he proceeded on his way home he berated himself for a jealous idiot and a booby. He went to bed in excellent spirits and slept like a top. Nevertheless the next morning as he bent over his washstand and began rolling up the sleeve of his undershirt a disagreeable thought planted itself in his brain. There was a question mark to that thought. "Can it be that she was fooling me; that it was all acting?" he asked himself. "If she loves somebody else, what made her accept me?" he argued and regained his composure, but the next moment he reflected that the painter might be prevented from marrying Wilhelmina. He imagined a weird love intrigue, a mysterious plot with his Wilhelmina as its central figure, and his curiosity and the mystery grew and grew.

"What ails you?" she asked him one day, noticing his worried look.
 "Nothing at all."
 "But you look out of sorts."
 He assured her he was in good spirits, but inwardly wondered whether her questions were not part of a complex scheme to deceive him.

One day, as he entered the vestibule of the house where his uncle lived, he beheld a letter in the painter's box. He took a close look at it through the little holes in the door, and, oh, horrors, he was sure the "len" which he could make out near the corner of the envelope was in her handwriting. An ungovernable desire to pry out the letter and to see the whole address seized Ludwig. He struggled with the temptation like a lion. He cursed himself, he gnashed his teeth, he growled, but he took out his penknife all the same. He put it back into his pocket, asked himself whether he was crazy, but two or three minutes later, when he was about to open his uncle's door, he suddenly started back, and before he could stop himself he stood, knife in hand, struggling, not with his own temptation, but with the letter. He was all perspiring and the letter was fairly covered with the prick of his knife, and when he had got hold of it at last and was about to fish it out footsteps were heard outside the gate, and the judge, turning pale as death, let go of his quarry and tiptoed his way back to his uncle's door.

That night he dreamed of a letter box. It was somehow confused with his courtroom. Each peephole in the door was at the same time an eye, an eye which was winking, while a crowd of people were hooting and jeering at him.

"This foolishness must stop," he said to himself in the morning. But it did not stop, and a week had not passed before he found himself in front of the terrible letter box once more, grappling with his temptation and—the painter's letter. This time he fished it out undisturbed, but to his great joy and at the same time to his great chagrin, the address turned out to be so utterly unlike Wilhelmina's chirography that he hastily slid it back. But then the next letter he pulled out was addressed in a hand so strikingly like hers that his head grew dizzy, and he seemed on the verge of a fainting spell. He heard a noise, however, and in his rush to restore the letter to the box he escaped the fainting spell, which was an excellent thing to escape; but, then, how was he to find out what Wilhelmina was writing to that accursed painter? "Oh, heavens!" he exclaimed, dropping his arms in blank despair. "Who is he? What is he? Why have I not the courage to speak to her frankly, openly, and put an end to my misery?"

"What's the matter with my letters?" asked the painter, holding out one which was all slashed at one end and full of triangular holes in the center.
 "I'll ask the letter carrier," answered the janitor.

"Never mind asking the letter carrier," retorted the painter. "I have spoken to him myself, and he says he delivers my letters free from pockmarks. This is the fifth letter I have received in this condition. There must be some fiend in the case, some fellow who has a knife and doesn't know what to do with it, and I tell you, this thing will have to stop or I'll move to a place where my mail will be safe."
 The upshot of it was that a trap was set, and his honor was caught with an empty envelope in his hand.
 "So you are the chap!" shouted the janitor, grabbing him by the collar. "You are dressed like a gentleman, but you act like a miserable snail."
 "Hush, hush!" the unhappy young man besought his captor. "A great misfortune has befallen me, but I'll explain the matter to your satisfaction and make it worth your while if you only make no noise and let the affair go no further."
 "What! Brining me to keep quiet? Who are you, anyhow, and what do you do here so often? Are you a thief?"
 Hansa trembled. "After this I have no right to continue as judge. I am going to resign," he thought to himself. "I am going to commit suicide," he added, a moment later.

There was nothing for it but to tell the janitor about his uncle. As good luck would have it the uncle was an old and respected tenant, and, what was still more to the purpose, the aunt and the janitress were bosom friends. The matter was hushed up without Hansa being put to the necessity of telling the whole truth.

"It struck me as if it were the handwriting of a man whom I used to know," he said, and, although the explanation was anything but exhaustive, no further questions were asked. And as the offense was not repeated the janitor was satisfied and the episode soon faded out of his mind.

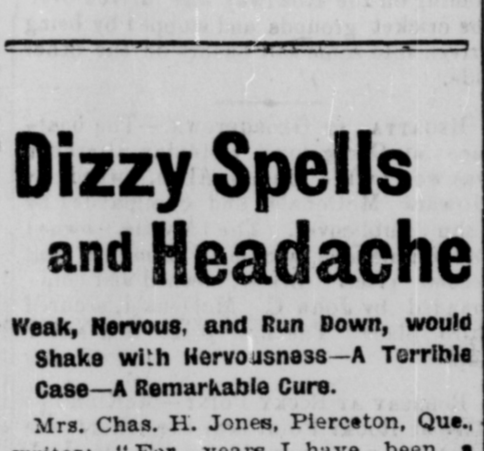
The incident cured Hansa of his jealousy and of part of his sentimentality. The wedding took place shortly after, and now he presides over the proceedings of his court with his old time dignity, but often when he gives himself airs, he checks himself. Often, too, when about to pronounce a heavy sentence the letter box stands forth before his mind's eye, urging the weakness of human nature and pleading for mercy. The judge smiles when he thinks of that affair. "What a child I was!" he says to himself. And yet the letter box has done him a considerable amount of good.—Translated from the German For Commercial Advertisers.

English War Medals.

War medals, says The Army and Navy Journal, were instituted by Charles I to decorate the leaders of forlorn hopes. There were a good many forlorn hopes in the reign of Charles I.
 Gorgeous gold medals used to be given away after a "famous victory." The numbers of medals distributed in modern warfare make the use of gold impossible. The modern medal is made of the hard and lasting silver of the same standard as is used for the current coinage, and each medal is the size and weight of a 5 shilling piece (one ounce). They are struck at the royal mint from designs prepared by professional medalists.
 As many as 2,500 unclaimed medals have accumulated at a time at the war office. Unclaimed medals are ultimately melted down at the mint into coin of the realm, though every effort is made to trace the owner or his heirs.
 Some years ago a naval medal was struck and distributed to soldiers for a frontier trouble in India. This medal had "nothing to do with the case," and collectors have been puzzled by the ships and sails of an engagement fought on dry land.
 On one occasion 45,000 tin medals were sent out for the native troops in India. Tin has now been abolished, and silver and bronze are the orthodox medal metals.

A Scotsman's Economy.
 "Can ye oblige me with a light?" said a Scotsman as he bit off the end of a cigar and looked around a smoking carriage on the Great Northern railway.
 One traveler produced an empty box with apologies. Another said he didn't smoke and therefore didn't carry matches.
 "Can ye give me a light?" repeated the Scotsman to the third, who stolidly looked out of the window. Then the Scotsman's finger went reluctantly into his own pocket. "Weel, weel," he murmured, "I'll jist need to tak' ane o' my ain."
 —London News.

Dizzy Spells and Headache
Weak, Nervous, and Run Down, would Shake with Nervousness—A Terrible Case—A Remarkable Cure.
 Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes:—"For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me.
 "I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."
 Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes pale, weak, nervous men, women, and children strong, healthy, and happy. In pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



The One Who Cooks
 knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.
 We Can Help You There;
 We have the best of everything in that line. What we want is your trade; can we have it?
 JOHN McKENNA,
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 CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
 LOANS NEGOTIATED

FIT FOR A PRINCE
A. S. Thomson & Co.
Royal Blend
Scotch Whisky.

Grand Demonstration!
 — ON —
Monday, Aug. 27th, 1900
 — ON THE —
Athletic Association Park, Charlottetown.
 — IN AID OF THE —
WHELAN MONUMENT FUND.

The promoters of the Whelan Monument Fund, intend holding a Grand Demonstration on the Athletic Association Park, Charlottetown, on Monday August 27th, inst., in aid of the above-named Fund.
 Eating, drinking and dancing booths will be provided on an elaborate scale, and attended by capable and attentive waiters.
 Muttart's Steam Riding Gallery has been secured for the occasion, and Messrs. Miller Bros. of this city, have generously agreed to operate their splendid Graphophone, free of charge, in aid of the cause.
 There will be a Bicycle Competition for a valuable medal and other prizes.
 The Sons of England, The Ancient Order of Hibernians, The Free Masons, The Royal Orange Lodge, The Benevolent Irish Societies, of Charlottetown, Emerald and Souris, The Oddfellows, The Foresters, The Caledonian Club, and all other National and Fraternal Societies are hereby specially invited to join in making this Demonstration a grand success, by marching to the Park in their respective regalias.
 Geo. V. McInerney, Esq., M. P., Richibucto, N. B., Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Sir L. H. Davies, A. Martin, M. P., A. C. Macdonald, M. P., J. H. Bell, M. P., D. B. McLellan, M. P., Hon. Senator Ferguson, Hon. Senator Yeo, Mr. J. J. Hughes, Souris, and other Federal Candidates are hereby respectfully requested to attend and speak on the object of the Demonstration and

The Public Question of the Day.
 This will be the largest and most representative gathering held in this Province for years, and all who want to have a big day's sport should not fail to attend.
 Reduced train fares will be advertised later.
 Admission to grounds 25 cents.
 P. S.—Should the weather prove unfavorable the Demonstration will be held on the first fine day following.
 BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.
 August 7th, 1900. Island Papers.

The Gem Freezer
 and the Prices.
1 Quart \$1.25
2 " 1.50
3 " 1.75
4 " 2.20

DODD & ROGERS

\$8.25
WILL BUY A
DOUBLE BREASTED
ALL WOOL
WORSTED SUIT
AT
D. A. Bruce's