

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 50 a.m.
Leaves from Pictou every evening.....	8 30 p.m.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

Leaves from Boston and Halifax every Monday.....	12 p.m.
Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday.....	10 a.m.

HALIFAX.

Leaves from Boston and Halifax every Thursday.....	7 p.m.
Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday.....	1 p.m.

CAMPANA.

Leaves from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday.....	10 a.m.
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal every following Monday evening.....	10 a.m.

CITY OF GHENT.

Leaves 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.

St. John's—Leaves Ferry Wharf for St. John's every half hour.....	
St. John's—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 8, 9, 11, a.m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, p.m. Local time. Sundays at 9 a.m., 12, 4, 6, 8, p.m. Returning 1, 15, 2, 30, 3, 15 and 6 p.m.	
St. John's—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 publish the following list of hotels and boarding houses in Charlottetown and elsewhere:—
 Charlottetown—Hotel Davies, Queen Hotel, Revere Hotel, Eureka House, Hotel House, Railway House, Lepage House, Duncan House, Finlay House, Finlay House.
 Summerside—Clifton House, Russ House, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.
 St. John's—Sea View Hotel, Ocean Hotel.
 St. John's—Acadia Hotel.
 St. John's—Sea Side Hotel.
 St. John's—Cliff House, Mutch House.
 St. John's—Blackley Point—Shaw House.
 St. John's—Seaforth House, Albion House.
 St. John's—Hodgson House, North House.
 St. John's—Florida Hotel, Dominion Hotel.
 St. John's—River Bridge—Finlay House.
 St. John's—Georgetown—Aitken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.
 St. John's—Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.
 St. John's—St. John's—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
 St. John's—Leopold—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.
 St. John's—Macdonald House.
 St. John's—Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mansions.
 St. John's—Pleasant View House.
 St. John's—Port Hill House.
 Besides, there are a good many private accommodations throughout the province where accommodations at a reasonable price may be obtained. Further information may be obtained upon application at

A Happy Mistake

Sept. 4, 1897, 10:30 a.m.—Just now, when I took my cup of coffee, I found him poring over a bill and looking worried to the verge of distraction. At last I drew from him that The Weekly Wag is wagging all the wrong way and is bound to go to the wall unless he can secure a few articles from some comic writer of note. But, though he has written to several with that object, nothing has come of it. "In a word, the paper has turned out a ruinous investment for me," he concluded bitterly.

As I came up stairs, feeling utterly miserable and depressed, a happy thought darted into my mind. Men don't like refusing a request when framed by feminine lips, so perhaps I may succeed where poor dad has failed. At any rate, "without a trial there's no denial," and a recent incident opens the way for me to make the trial.

A few days ago, while aunt and I were whiling away an hour in the British museum, she bowed to a librarian. He responded to her recognition with a courtly bow, and a polite smile relaxed for the moment his clean shaven, inscrutable face. "That was the celebrated Mr. Rutland, the writer of those clever articles, my dear. I met him last week at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained as we passed on into another room. Seeing that she had turned as red as a peony, I concluded that he was a celibate as well as a celebrity! But he certainly did not look a bit like I imagined him, for, strange to say, dad had been speaking of him to me that same morning, when he had enviously pointed out an attractive announcement in a rival weekly to the effect that a series of brilliant sketches from the pen of the widely known humorist, Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in its columns. I am very glad now that we chanced to see him, since it paves the way for me to call on him and explain in confidence the sad straits of The Weekly Wag and beg of him to contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at Forest Gate, in a beautiful residence known as Olive Lodge. So tomorrow morning I shall take heart of grace and start on this forlorn hope. Sept. 5, 1897, 1:10 p.m.—What a day of days this has been! I really ought to have dated it in red ink. This morning directly the dear, unsuspecting dad had started for the city. I put on my sailor hat and sallied forth on my secret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a broad flight of steps to the threshold of Olive Lodge, and I must confess that while I waited admittance my courage seemed to ooze out of my finger tips. "You are a little simpleton, Rose Harvey, quaking and shaking as though you were going to face an ogre instead of a wit," I said angrily to myself as a boy in buttons ushered me into a large drawing room, very handsomely furnished, but lacking in pretty trifles. Giving the boy my card I subsided into an easy chair. As I did so I caught sight of myself in a pier glass, and was relieved to see that I looked perfectly self possessed—which I certainly did not feel.

The next minute the curtained door swung open, and "the celebrated Mr. Rutland" entered the room. Unless I was much mistaken a gleam of relief flashed from his steel gray eyes as they alighted on me. Possibly, since my aunt and I bear the same names, he had expected to see her, and of "two evils" would rather deal with the lesser! Producing the current number of The Weekly Wag, I explained—rather abruptly, I'm afraid—the nature of my visit.

While he listened his gaze of polite attention became a stare of unbounded amazement, and, instead of accepting the proffered paper, he sprang to his feet with an exasperated gesture. "This is a most preposterous request,

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

young lady! It is utterly out of the question that any article from my pen should appear through the medium of The Weekly Wag." The slighting emphasis with which he named the poor little weekly, and the withering glance he cast on it, made me tingle with rage and mortification.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, except to apologize for having troubled you with this 'preposterous request,'" I said, rising to my feet. And making him a stiff little bow, I moved toward the door. He had the politeness to hasten to open it for me, and I passed out with all the dignity I could summon. At the same moment the hall door was hastily opened, and a tear blurred vision of a tall, straight figure in cricketer flannels made me redouble my efforts to repress my inclination to burst out crying.

Removing his cap the young fellow ailed the door open for me, and keeping my smarting eyes bent on the ground I hastily made my exit. Never in all the 19 years of my life had I felt so annoyed and resentful. "So much for my 'happy thought!'" I reflected briefly, as I descended the deep stairway into the station. Having ascertained that my train was not due for 15 minutes, I fell to pacing the platform, where the flaunting posters of many a prosperous compeer of the luckless little weekly I still grasped gave a yet keener edge to my disappointment. Turning in my perambulation I was surprised to see the fanned clad figure of my tear blurred vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bigwig has repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought hopefully, while I bowed in response to the young fellow's doff of cap. "Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there has been some unfortunate mistake, and I have followed you here in the hope of straightening matters," he said, his quick breathing and heightened color testifying to the hot haste he had made. "I am the Rolf Rutland who scribbles nonsense; my uncle is a savant, and only writes for the scientific journals."

"A savant! No wonder he was so annoyed at my request!" I exclaimed, blushing painfully. "But, really, knowing you write humor, he might have guessed I had made some such mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten minutes ago. I have 'great expectations' in that quarter, and have kept my frivolous talent a dead secret from him," he replied, with a whimsical smile. "Then I hope you will have no reason to rue this stupid blunder of mine," I said impulsively.

"I should certainly have rued it sadly if I had never discovered it—which is a rank Hibernicism, I suppose." And a mutual laugh set us both at our ease. "And now, Miss Harvey, with regard to The Weekly Wag, I shall be most pleased to contribute to its columns," he said, as eagerly as though he were a struggling aspirant, anxious to see his effusions in print. In the midst of my delighted thanks the train dashed in, and all was confusion. When he had handed me into a carriage he told me that directly the cricket match was over he should run into the city and see my father. Then the train moved on, and as our eyes met in a last glance, I saw a look in his that made my heart dance as it had never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a telegram from dad, to the effect that Mr. Rutland would dine with us at 7. In a flutter of delight, I helped aunt to improve our menu and then hastened to make my dinner toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room, I was surprised to see how much older and distinguished he looked in evening dress than in his flannels, and for the minute I felt quite shy. But his genial frankness of manner soon brought us "in touch" again, and I have passed the most charming evening I can remember.

Sept. 5, 1898, 10:45 p.m.—My wedding eve, and exactly a year since the day I made that absurd blunder. And now, thanks to the spur given it by Rolf's pen, The Weekly Wag is the foremost of its class and its editor his cheery old self again. "But I shall never forget," he said to me this morning, "that it owes its success not to the editor, but to the editor's daughter!"—Exchange.

Cricket Versus Baseball.

Life is more strenuous in America than in England, and this is shown in the sports of the two nations. Take the game of football as an illustration. In the American college game the tackling is lower, harder and surer than in the English game. The backs hit the line as one man, like a battering ram. Every yard gained or lost is of great importance. Year by year the game grows more complicated, more fierce, and more perfect mechanically. It is getting to be like a fine piece of machinery in the harmony of the several parts. In England they play the game more loosely, much as their fathers did before them. Cricket and baseball are the national games of the respective countries, and nowhere do national characteristics appear more in evidence. Cricket is an all day, leisurely, social event; baseball is an hour of wild excitement. The English game

is a canon of the game. Baseball keeps the nerves too near the edge to leave much room for the interchange of fellowship and good will toward the opposing team.—Self Culture.

Franklin Set It Up.

The North American Notes and Queries says the first printing press in Montreal was set up by Benjamin Franklin in 1775, in order to print manifestoes appealing to the Canadians to cast their lot with the colonies farther south. The press was not long in operation, and was removed to the United States, but the vault in which it was set up is still standing. It is in the Chateau de Ramezay, a quaint old building whose history is contemporary with that of the city, and which is carefully preserved as a relic of the French regime in New France. Franklin's idea from the first was to include Canada in the confederation, and he wished to include Ireland as well. His journey to Canada later, however, convinced him that there was no possibility of the Canadian possessions joining in the revolt.

An Unforeseen Contingency.

Captain Staysall—Yes, madam, the needle of the compass always points to the north.

Miss Sweetthing—How interesting! But suppose you wanted to go south?—Brooklyn Life.

What You Pay For Medicine

Is no Test of Its Curative Value—Prescriptions Versus Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.

Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint, and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.

The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.

As a family medicine Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are unapproached. They keep the kidneys, liver, and bowels healthy, active, and regular, and so prevent and cure nine-tenths of the ills to which humanity is subject. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



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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.

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Men's Underwear.

Men's Fine Cotton Shirts and Drawers usually sold for 20 to 25c per garment. Our reduced price..... 15c

Men's Double thread Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers regular price 65c. Our price..... 45c

A heavier weight..... 60c

Men's Natural Cotton Shirts and Drawers, well finished, feel like silk, well worth \$2.50 As we have an extra supply of this line we have reduced the price, the suit..... \$2.00

Natural Wool, Medium Weight, although the manufacturers price is advanced, we will sell at old price \$2.25

For those who cannot wear cotton we have very fine and light weight made from Australian wool, the suit..... \$4.00

Men's Colored Shirts.

In this line we have the largest stock of up-to-date patterns found in the city.

Stiff bosom, collar and cuffs attached, sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½ and 16. Reduced from 75c to..... 60c

Dark and medium dark stripes and checks, open fronts, regular prices \$1.25 and \$1.35 reduced to..... \$1.00

Silk Front Shirts with or without collars. Straw Hats at less than cost.

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4 "	2.20

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33-Guinea BYCICLE (Ladies' or Gents') FREE.

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