

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 east..... 3 00 p. m.
 Accommodation arrives from the east..... 4 50 p. m.

STEAMERS
PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning at..... 9 30 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.... Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.

CITY OF GHENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon..... 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.
 "Elfin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6.30, 8, 9, 11, a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 6.20, p. m. local time. Sundays at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2, 3, 4 p. m. Returns 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, Revere 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.
 Malpeque—Hodgson House, North Shore House.
 Pownal—Florida Hotel, Dominion House.
 Veron 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.
 Montague—Macdonald House.
 Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Manse 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 Exam. office.

A Goddess of Africa
A Story of the Golden Fleece.
 BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE
 Author of "MISS CAPRICE," "DR. JACK'S WIFE," "DR. JACK," ETC., ETC.

(Continued.)
 Hastings was equally opposed with Lord Bruno to putting the wretch to death, and yet something told him they would have cause to regret their merciful treatment of the brave—that Bludsoe was right in advocating the sternest of measures when dealing with such merciless creatures as these African blacks.

At no time was it actually dark, for the moon hung back of the cloudy curtains that screened the heavens, though under the trees great care had to be taken to watch their course on account of the dangers which lurk in a South African forest after night has closed in.

Hastings found himself at a loss to determine whether they were making progress in the right direction or at random, and yet he did not consider himself a novice in woodcraft—indeed, his recent feat in penetrating the unknown heart of Africa, and reaching his destination after traveling hundreds of miles through a wilderness where savage beasts, and tribes of even more merciless blacks abounded, was quite enough to stamp him as anything but a greenhorn.

He had confidence in the silent man who so much resembled Colonel Cody—whose whole life had been spent in reading the secrets of Nature until every rustling leaf, every blade of grass, even the whispering wind itself revealed truths as plainly to him as the pages of a printed book might to a scholar.

Several times the little column came to an abrupt halt. No verbal order was given, but the leader had thrown up his right arm as he drew his horse in, and this signal was passed like magic down the line.

Then horses and riders would remain as motionless as though cut in bronze, while eager ears were strained to catch the sounds that had been the cause for the halt.

Once it was some animal that Bludsoe had sighted on the left flank, and which alarmed by their presence stood still for a minute and then plunged heavily through the thicket lying in that direction.

Again it was the report of a gun, distinctly heard booming on the night air, a sound that under ordinary conditions might not have even aroused curiosity, but which now caused the most prolific speculation as to the nature of the marksman, and what he could be firing at in the night-time.

The third time they halted for even a more significant reason. Along with the sweltering night wind, which was in their faces, came the faint but unmistakable notes of that weird war drum of the savages, the tom-tom, and from the clearness of the sound Hastings mentally figured that it could not be more than a couple of miles distant at the most.

Bludsoe, though comparatively new in South African wilds, had managed to make himself familiar with numerous matters connected with the habits of the natives, and could tell what many of their signal cries meant.

He listened to the peculiar rhythm of the tom-tom's hollow notes, and drawing his horse alongside the steed of his employer, informed the artist that they were within a mile and a half of the great kraal which Hastings had so minutely described, and that the beating of the drum was the signal for a grand powwow or council known as an indaba, which was never called unless the warriors meant to go to war, or some grave peril threatened the village.

That they could not longer use their mounts was evident to every

BACKACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

member of the party. The danger of discovery would be too great in the first place, and if this were not sufficient inducement to cause a desertion, the nature of the ground made it imperative.

Gradually the country had grown more broken as they entered among the hills, for it is in such sections the natives with an eye to security from hostile demonstrations locate their collection of conical huts. When their course chanced to lead them under the shelter of a forest, the tangled undergrowth proved a decided barrier which only Bludsoe's wonderful ingenuity had thus far enabled them to battle.

So it was decided to call a halt and leave the horses under the charge of the doctor, who groaned in disgust when he heard the verdict, but proved himself too good a soldier to raise any remonstrance.

Bludsoe called upon them one and all to note the peculiarities of the spot as well as the conditions would allow, for should they have a howling pack of black warriors at their heels on their return, it would be a matter of tremendous consequence for them to be able to make a beeline for their mounts, upon the backs of which they might bid their enemies defiance.

Hastings was in hopes Monsieur Jules might volunteer to keep the doctor company in his lonely vigil, and even cast out a gentle hint in that direction; but the little naturalist had set his mind upon accompanying the expedition, with a Frenchman's superb disdain for the peril involved, and could not be induced to remain behind.

The horses were looked after in order that while ready for immediate service, they might not betray their presence to any lurking enemy by an incautious neigh or whinny. Trust veteran cowboys for understanding all the tricks of their trade.

So the doctor was left behind in charge of the horses and rifles while the six shadowy figures crept out of the tangle and glided in the direction whence came the muffled notes of the war drum.

Jim Bludsoe led them with unerring instinct, occasionally deviating from a direct route in order to avoid some obstacle for, as Hastings knew from his former experience, the region was a volcanic one, and there were fissures that yawned here and there, as well as cliffs barring their progress.

Louder rolled the incessant alarm of the tom-tom, coming from beyond mounted the little party had a view mounted the little party had a view such as would certainly have thrilled the oldest veteran in the Matabele wars.

The kraal was lighted by several fires, with great care being taken to keep these away from the inflammable huts, which, being for the most part constructed out of rushes and grass, offered wonderful inducements for a blaze.

One conflagration in particular immediately attracted the attention of our adventurers, on account of its size and the fact that a host of moving figures seemed to be gathered in its immediate vicinity.

"The powwow!" said Bludsoe, grimly, watching the animated scene. They were not satisfied with such a distant view. Hastings kept at the side of the cowboy leader, for, as he had been there before, and his memory retained all the salient points concerning the peculiar topography of the country around the volcano Krokato, he could be of great value as a mentor.

Thus they climbed the face of the hill, making sure that at no time could their presence be discovered by the gathering impis, and by degrees drawing nearer the shelf of rock upon which Hastings and M. Jules had crouched when the fair priestess of the Zambodi appeared so suddenly to their wondering eyes.

Lord Bruno was evidently laboring under the most intense excitement, but he said little or nothing, yet his grip upon the deadly Winchester he carried was pregnant with great possibilities.

When finally the shelter of the rocks had been gained, they began to creep around toward the shelf from which a fine view of the great fire and the gathering warriors could be obtained.

To stand up would be to run a grave chance of discovery from those below, but by creeping on their hands and knees they were able to make the perilous passage in safety. It was a narrow ledge, in places only a couple of feet wide.

To tumble over the edge would bring about double danger, for not only might a man run the chances of having his wretched brains dashed out on the sharp-pointed rocks below, but his appearance was apt to invite a general onslaught from scores of dark-skinned warriors, eager to avenge an insult to their god, for such they would surely reckon the act of spying upon the indaba.

Even Monsieur Jules made the jour-

ney in safety—indeed, he seemed to have less trouble than Lord Bruno, who being heavier in build proved less agile than the Gaul.

At last the six had reached the point for which they aimed, and thus far nothing had occurred to give the enemy an inkling of their presence, which could be set down as a very fortunate thing indeed.

By this time the racket below had grown to such fearful proportions that it aroused the most intense curiosity, which they gratified by crawling to the front, though Jim Bludsoe whispered a hoarse warning against any one showing more than the tip of his nose beyond the line of rock, for these blacks were keen of sight, like all people born and bred in the wilderness.

The spectacle that greeted their gaze was one never to be forgotten, and even the most gifted of pens would fail to do the subject justice, with the flashing firelight, the adjacent huts so strangely formed, the circle of black women and old men, and those who took part in the council.

Hundreds of black and powerful looking warriors came pouring down past the kraal gates, dancing in the most grotesque manner as they advanced toward the council fire in crescent wedges, and making the most unearthly and awe inspiring noises.

Over their shoulders, each warrior wore a peculiar fabric of jet black ostrich feathers in a sort of hood that flouted and waved as if imbued with mysterious life every time the wearer made a sudden movement.

Around their foreheads were circlets of tawny fur, taken perhaps from the lion's skin, with long, steel-colored crane's feathers floating above.

About their loins were hung a variegated collection of monkey and cat skins, which dangled in long strips, the tails almost sweeping the ground. The most striking feature of their attire, however, were white and wavy tufts of ox-tail hair, which banded their arms and legs after the fashion in vogue among the Zulus. These, with a wonderful shield of rhinoceros hide and assegais, completed the terrific ensemble.

As they poured into the circle some of them purred like cats or growled like wild beasts while others chanted in low, rolling monotonous, and all of them kept up an incessant rattling on their parchment-like shields, the tom-toms adding to the general din. Taken collectively the racket was terrible enough to almost freeze the blood in the veins of a white pilgrim.

When all had gathered in a great semi-circle, with the fire in the midst, still keeping up a monotonous chant that would ring forever and a day in the ears of those who eagerly looked on, a tall buck suddenly sprang into the open where all eyes could behold his sinuous twists and curves, and began a pantomime to illustrate what a terror to the foe he would be in the day of battle.

He leaped high into the air with a venomous thrust of his assegai that would have driven the terrible weapons through an ox. Next he would crouch as though creeping upon an enemy, to suddenly bound erect, strike with his weapon, and finish with a whirl that would have done credit to a dervish.

A second joined him in the ring, to be followed by a third, and presently there were a dozen leaping and jabbering and spitting imaginary foes upon their keen-pointed assegais.

Those who observed this remarkable scene could not withdraw their eyes, such was the horrible fascination that appeared to chain them. Gradually the ring cleared, as the eccentric dancers wearied of their fantastic quick step movement.

But the end was not yet.

A single figure advanced with the oddest side leaps or springs imaginable. Bludsoe whispered in Lord Bruno's ears that this was the witch-doctor or high priest, a crafty schemer whose power over the people was even greater than that exercised by the war chiefs themselves. By means of these eccentric bounds this high priest, black and horrid, made the round of the fire, singing the most terrifying chant that ever racked mortal ears.

(To be Continued.)


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