

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. |
| Accommodation arrives from the west..... | 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 | 9 30 a.m. |
| Arrives 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 the following Monday evening. | |

CITY OF GHENT.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Leaves from Halifax every Thursday afternoon..... | 10 a.m. |
| Leaves for Halifax every Friday..... | |

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 Southport every half hour.
St. John's—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6.30, 8.3, 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.

All Business Men

And most Professional men on Prince Edward Island will have to have a certain amount of printing done this fall.
If you are a business man or a professional man we would like to do your printing for you—we would like to give you prices on it anyway.
We think we can give you better satisfaction in the Job Printing line than you can get anywhere else.
We have put in a lot of new type, etc., this year, enabling us to turn out better work than ever before—and “we have work done when we promise it.”

The Examiner Job Print
Ch'w'ss's Leading Printers.
Cor. Queen and Richmond Streets—upstairs.

Vaccination Act 1886.

After Monday August 20th, next, vaccination will be attended to by the undersigned, under the provisions of this Act, at their respective offices, from 2 to 4 p.m., daily, for the present.
(Signed)
RICHARD JOHNSON, M. D.
PETER CONROY, M. D.
Supts. of Vaccination.
St. John's, Aug. 15th, 1900.—law 11.

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.)

The daring warrior who had led a charge upon the door managed to push his wretched body half way through the opening, but there he remained, for with a mighty rush the daymare swept down upon its fatal mission.

A significant thud, a groan, and the hole was temporarily blocked.

Then those outside dragged the unfortunate back and a second form filled the gap.

The same terrible scene was repeated, for Rex was prompt to accept the gage of battle thrown down by the impis.

So long as his arms were able to rise that good old steel, he would hold to the task, or until he had by such hacking and hewing reduced the warrior band to a minimum.

The task was intensely disagreeable, and only a positive necessity for such action could reconcile him to its repulsive features.

By the time three of their members had been prostrated beneath the swinging blade, the blacks began to reason together, for they appeared to have a little common-sense.

At least they ceased to invite the inevitable by entering such a death trap, and set their wits to work engineering some new scheme whereby the enemy might be outwitted.

Luckily it did not occur to them to use that besom of destruction, a fire-brand, perhaps because of excessive caution with regard to the kraal.

A high wind had sprung up and chanced to be blowing directly from the cabin in the direction of the conical lodges, so that in case the hut went up in a blaze, a myriad of sparks must be carried across the stockade and on to the thatched roofs with a most disastrous result.

This was not the only means that might be employed in order to accomplish the ruins of the young man who stood so bravely at bay and defied them. There were others.

Presently when the cunning Hassaja had been given a chance to think, an attack was made upon the structure itself.

Willful hands were ready to assail it, and when two score of athletic fanatics are turned loose upon one little cabin there is but small chance of the latter withstanding the assault any length of time.

Some of the blacks began to smash in the remnant of a door, using a log for the purpose of a battering-ram.

No doubt it is an old trick, since just such things were quite the go in the early days about the time of Richard the Lion Hearted; and the history of the American border presents numerous instances where a tree-trunk has opened a passage for those seeking ingress to block house as well as feudal castle.

Time has not reduced its effective qualities, and it serves the purpose of those who wield it in the wilds of South Africa to-day just as well as in the time of chivalry, when bolts from cross-bows, and shafts from good yew bows, instead of leaden bullets met the charging assailants.

This was only a beginning. Others of the blacks swarmed upon the roof where they worked like beavers, intent upon tearing the structures to pieces, just as a pack of infuriated wolves might rend the quarry that had fallen into their power.

It was plain to be seen that the end was very near, nor could poor Rex imagine how the inevitable might be warded off much longer.

When the artisans working so industriously above had succeeded in tearing off the main portion of the

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

roof, they would at a signal come tumbling down upon him like a swarm of bees, while at the same time others just as eager and blood-thirsty would come pouring in through the doorway.

He might make a few passes with the venerable Scottish claymore, and then—well, they sleep sound who fall in battle, says an old Arab proverb.

Before that fearful end came he would like to touch her hand again and say good-bye.

The calmor was deafening, so that it would have been useless for him to have called her name.

He had just started to grope his way toward the spot where he believed she must be, when suddenly a flash of fire illuminated the interior of that hut.

Then Hastings saw the girl in the act of applying a match to what he instantly discovered to be another little product of the firework manufacturer's art.

Even as he looked he saw the sparks began to fly, and held his breath in suspense. Could she save them by such a manifestation of her power? It might cause the superstitious blacks to cringe for the moment, but when the show was over would they not recover their courage, inspired by the passion of the witch-doctor who had determined to regain his olden supremacy or die in the attempt.

Sure enough, when the first colored ball flew through the open doorway and landed among the bold wielders of the battering-ram, they were almost paralyzed with sudden fright.

There is no fear so great as that induced by superstition, whether shown by a poor Kaffir, a Hottentot, or the ignorant man who meets a ghost in a country lane. The knees become weak and the whole system collapses.

No doubt there was an immediate falling down of the warriors, a hugging of the earth in absolute fright, and when a second gay ball floated up through the darkness, looking like a blood-red, angry eye, those on the roof scrambled down to terra firma with an alacrity that might have been extremely ludicrous at another time.

Rex was by this time at the side of the girl as she stood by the doorway.

“If you have another give it to me,” he whispered hoarsely, and she put the last remaining firework in his hand.

“Turn it toward the kraal—shoot every ball of fire over the stockade with the wind!” was what he exclaimed.

A sudden thought had flashed into his mind—no, it was more than an idea, it could only be called an inspiration.

She understood what it meant. The roofs of the huts, in most cases the lodges themselves, were constructed after the manner of a thatch.

Once let those blazing cotton balls drop upon such an inviting nest and the consequences might be readily discounted, for a match applied to shavings could hardly have a more speedy result.

Only a start was needed, and the blustering wind that blew from ocean to ocean would look out for the rest.

When both of the ten-ball tubes settled down to work bombarding the kraal, the effect was quite picturesque.

Singly or by doubles the colored balls mounted the stockade and descended within. It would have been a high barrier indeed that could have refused them entrance.

Rex was not there to entertain an audience—it meant life and death, everything on earth to him and to the fair being at his side. Others might serve as magicians and enthrall the fierce impis by lofty flights of fire balls that vanished mysteriously ere they had half completed their descent.

These fire-messengers were entrusted with a mission, and making but a slight curve, just clearing the top of the stockade, they flew some to the right, others to the left, causing the most painful sensation among the women and children of the lodges.

It would be strange indeed if nearly everyone of them did not find lodgment upon a thatched roof, starting incipient blazes that the hustling breeze would fan into a roaring, seething conflagration.

Perhaps it was a fearful means of distracting attention from themselves, but at the moment some such dexter resort seemed their only hope.

Nor was it in vain. The outcries from the interior the stockade grew louder. A ruddy glow began to appear. Increased with every passing second.

LOST.—In June, between Queen Street and Navigation Co's Wharf, a parcel of clothing. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving me this office.

and Rex Hastings knew, even before their reservoirs of sputtering sparks and colored balls had become exhausted, that their work was on a fair road to be accomplished.

The kraal of the Zambodi was doomed.

They had worshipped the god of fire, and now he had come to destroy them in his wrath.

Such an impending disaster simply paralyzed the blacks. White men would have at least exerted themselves to tear down the lodges that were on fire, and make a brave if useless effort to stop the spread of the flames.

Not a hand was raised for such a purpose.

No one got out the patent fire grenades or played upon the flames with a chemical hand engine—no clanging bells brought valiant fire ladders bustling up, to turn a hose upon the red demon, and rescue imperiled human beings.

Once the blaze took hold in such a confused mass of inflammable huts, and all hope was gone. Half a dozen of the best engines in London or New York could hardly have held the avalanche of fire in check when it reached its greatest force.

Billows leaped high into the air, myriads of sparks swept toward the heavens, and the roaring of the seething mass actually dwarfed the chorus of shrieks and cries from those who fled in terror before its mad advance.

It was a fearful sight, one that could not easily be forgotten—those rows of lodges going down like cardboard, swallowed in the greedy maw of the red avalanche, while in every direction men, women and children, all of them black as a South Carolina dandy, fled in abject terror.

When it was discovered that the village was on fire the warriors who had been so intent upon securing the death of the fugitives, forgot all else in the fear that overwhelmed them in connection with the safety of the helpless ones now endangered.

Some sped away to the gates of the kraal, with feet winged by a fearful dread.

Others, urged on to more speedy action by the actual necessity of the case, started to climb the stockade, which could be accomplished by agile men when not harassed by defenders within; and their dark figures soon stood out in silhouette against the glowing background, as, reaching the top, they clung there a few seconds ere taking the plunge beyond.

Rex looked around eagerly. “The coast is clear—now is our time for flight!” he exclaimed.

Hope had dethroned despair within his heart, for there now appeared a chance of escaping the cruel fate that so lately had seemed to be their portion.

There were some forms upon the ground, but they showed no movement, for the edge of the historic claymore that the hand of a Bruce or a Wallace may once have touched had done its work well.

Maid Marion was not slow to recognize the truth of what he said. The chance was given them—such an opportunity would never come again.

She followed him across the shattered fragments of the door. Outside it was as light as midday, such was the illuminating power of the great torch that licked up the lodges as though they were grains of powder.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PAIR OF DROMOS.

Something that glittered caught the eye of Hastings. He knew it was the hammered and polished point of an assegai, and mechanically stooping possessed himself of it, though had he been asked he could not have told why he did so.

The confusion was at its highest point, but presently it would begin to ebb, when the fire-fiend no longer found fuel upon which to feed.

And while the clamor arose like the wail of lost souls in torment, they turned away from the thrilling scene.

(To be Continued.)

Nervous and Debilitated.

Almost a Victim of Nervous Prostration—Was Restored to Health and Strength by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. D. W. Cronsberry, 168 Richmond street west, Toronto, Ont., states:—“My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated, that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration.”

“Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.”

As a blood builder and nerve restorative, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value. It makes the blood red, the nerves strong, and the whole system healthy and vigorous. 50c a box—at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To Those Interested.

The makers of THE HIGHLAND RANGES were unable to ship all of our ranges this week but we expect to have a large shipment by next trip of S. S. Halifax from BOSTON and those who have ordered may count on getting them then. We ask your kind indulgence for the delay.

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WORSTED SUIT

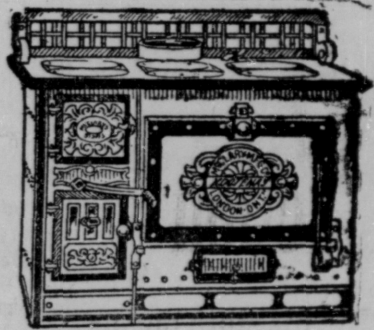
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D. A. Bruce

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Any size, any price, for any purpose. Made of the best patented steel sheets. Asbestos lining protects steel and prevents heat escaping. The ventilated oven keeps foods pure. Duplex grate. Heavy linings that cannot crack or crumble. Strong and durable. Will last a lifetime. Saves fuel. Just the thing for a farmer. A good baker and heater.



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S. W. Crabbe, Local Agent, Charlottetown.

Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd

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Special Travelling Accident & Sicknes Coupon Policy.

The above policy has just been issued by the greatest and most progressive Accident Company in the world to-day. The policy is issued by the agent in Charlottetown at a moment's notice and enclosed in a substantial pocket book.

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Temporary Disablement caused by accident in Railway conveyance \$10.00 per week.

Temporary Disablement caused by Smallpox, Varioloid Diphtheria, Measles, Asiatic, Cholera, Erysipilas, Appendicitis, Diabetes, Peritonitis, Pleurisy Pneumonia, Meningitis or Tetanus, \$10.00 per week.

PRICE OF POLICY—\$3.00 per annum.

JAMES J. JOHNSTON, Stampér Block,
CHARLOTTETOWN AGENT

Summer Suiting.

Our importations of clothes for spring and summer is now complete, and we invite inspection of the largest and noblest stock of suitings, overcoatings and trousing, to be seen in his city. Correct style, perfect fit and best workmanship guaranteed. Always on hand, a full line of gents' furnishings.

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