

**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	9 30 a.m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening	8 30 p.m.

**LA GRANDE DUCHESE.**

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.....	3 p.m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	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 Davies, Queen Hotel, Revere Hotel, Eureka House, Ocean House, Railway House, Lepage House, Dancoan House, Finlay House, McFadyen House.

Summerside—Clifton House, Russ Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.

Souris—Sea View Hotel, Ocean House.

Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.

Stanhope—Sea Side Hotel.

Stanhope—Cliff House, Mutch House.

Brookley 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—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, Manly 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 price 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.)

They halted not upon the order of their going, but struck out. There was danger hovering in their rear. The blacks might take it into their miserable heads to swarm down the face of the wall, either by the aid of ropes, or simply utilizing their monkey-like ability to cling fast to the rocks; but if once the platform was reached it would not take long to have them on the heels of the fugitives. Hence first warning of their proximity might be the whirr of steel shod shafts tipped with quick death. So they eagerly pushed on, following the course of the subterranean channel, hoping that presently they might discover an exit which would relieve their anxieties.

Ever and anon Bludsoe, cautious Jim of the prairies, would come to a halt in order to listen; and Rex could not but notice that he seemed more concerned with what might occur in their rear than the unknown depths before, which they were yet to pierce.

So far as Hastings could tell, the only sounds that came to them were the old familiar flutter of frightened bats' Satanic wings, as they beat the air in a frantic rush to escape from the hated light; but the practiced ears of the cowboy were long detected something more than this, if the nervous way in which he played with the revolver he held in his hand was any criterion, and one could guess the meaning of his more frequent backward glances.

They were pursued, and the blacks, as if to keep their courage up, were giving tongue occasionally like a pack of hounds.

"Faster!" said Lord Bruno, mentally calculating on the chances of a ruckion in the narrow chamber they were traversing.

Evidently matters were drawing perilously near a crisis of some sort, though the wonder of it was how their enemies could make better progress in the dark than they did by the aid of the torch, and Red Eric voiced the impression of them all when he muttered something to the effect that the rascals must have cat's eyes.

Judging from the distance they had covered, it would seem as though they must surely be near the other side of the ancient volcano, and eyes were strained to discover some sign of an outlet.

Louder grew the shouts from the rear, and Bludsoe suddenly discovered there were lights in that quarter, which fact explained several things that had appeared strange.

"There's no use talking, we must turn at bay and show our teeth," he declared, and no man ventured to argue the matter.

So the friendly torch was dropped under their feet and trampled upon until the last spark had been stamped out.

Then low words of command were given and the little group of African argonauts threw themselves almost flat, each man taking advantage of what cover fortune threw in his way, perhaps an out-cropping rock, or if nothing better the saddlebags laden with gold. Rex, crouching there with this barrier in front, wondered whether in the history of the world any other man than himself had ever been given a chance to do battle from behind such a precious rampart.

They were granted little time for speculation as to the possible outcome.

Their pursuers came on with the speed of men who meant business. Several waved torches above their heads, while numerous other dusky figures flitted behind.

**Weak, Sickly Children**  
 Are Restored to Health and Vigour by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Many children are pale, weak, and bloodless from their birth. Many others have their blood and nerves exhausted, and their systems broken down by the ravages of disease, or as the result of over-study at school.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the ideal treatment for children. It supplies the very elements which are lacking in the pale, weak, and nervous. It restores the colour and richness to the blood, invigorates the nerves, and builds up the system. As a restorative after the exhausting and debilitating effects of measles, scarlet fever, and such ailments, it is of incalculable worth.

Mrs. Stephen Dempsy, Albury, P. E. county, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, worn-out appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Company, Toronto.

well conceived than was presented by these fantastic Zambodi warriors, decked in all the panoply of the warpath, with their ugly black faces painted to resemble fiends of Tophet, and brandishing weapons and torches while they covered ground with tremendous leaps.

Fortunately there were hearts of steel in that little company, and they faced this deadly peril without a quiver.

Jim was to give the word. He had directed them to spare the link bearers with the first tornado of lead, so that light might be afforded them to do as much damage as possible, which course stamped the cowboy a natural leader of men in time of battle.

Closer still, until the very whites of the leader's eyes could be seen in the weird glare of the blazing torches—had Bludsoe forgotten to give the word, or was he paralyzed?

"Now!" suddenly rang out, and the exclamation was drowned in the awful crash of six revolvers, flashing out their fiery contents.

The scene was one that almost beggars description—with the shrieking black devils waving their flambeaux and hurling assegais and spears toward their unseen foes, it was not unlike a page from the history of the Inferno as pictured by the pencil of a Dante.

The roar of firearms again awoke a thousand echoes in the confined space. It was as though some thunder-bolt, forged by immortal Jove, had been hurled upon the earth to be shattered into fragments.

Men were sent bowling down—some fell to lie there like logs, while others rolled over, or else attempted to scramble to their feet, still filled with the battle fervor, since more daring souls do not live than these black barbarians, fetish worshippers that they are.

And the terrible flashes continued to cut the darkness beyond, each seeming like the fiery tongue of some monster serpent that lay in wait to receive the invaders of this haunted passage; while the cruel messengers of lead tore through the ranks of the assailants.

Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. The Zambodi had borne up under the storm with a bravery that would have done credit to the Old Guard of Napoleon, but there was a limit to their valor.

Those who were able turned and fled in terror. The torch bearers even forgot to throw down their lights, and thus screen their retreat; but a considerate foe refused to fire after them once the victory was won.

"How is it with you, boys?" shouted Lord Bruno, making himself heard above the wild death chants of a couple of wounded braves, who doubtless fully expected the first move of the victors would be to knock them on the head, since those were the ethics prevailing among the Zulu races of South Africa.

Reassuring replies came from all sides.

The murderous assegais with their keen points often dipped in poison, had found no victims; thanks to the sheltering ramparts, and the fact that they were cast at random, in the midst of tremendous excitement.

Quick and sharp came Bludsoe's directions, and taking hold of hands for additional security the little party again moved forward.

What lay before them was utterly unknown, since the most intense darkness reigned.

At any moment they might stumble into a gulf the counterpart of that which swallowed up the wretched black scout.

This caused a fearful strain upon their nervous systems, and presently the cowboy refused to sanction it longer.

"We might have light," he declared, firmly.

So the torch was again brought out, and Jim had drawn forth a match which he meant to use in starting a little fire, when an exclamation from Phil directed their attention beyond. No sooner had Bludsoe turned his eyes in the quarter indicated than he cried out in joy:

"The opening of this devil's hole, boys, thank God!"

**BOOK III.**  
**CHAPTER XVII.**  
**IN DURANCE VILE.**

A faint light had been discovered, which they could reasonably presume came from the Zambodi kraal, as they drew nearer, the outlines of the mouth of the cavern became visible.

Of course Jim no longer desired to ignite his torch, since the chance were it might betray them to the enemy.

In five minutes they had gained opening and the scene was spread before them.

**WHEN YOU** are feeling tired and out of sorts you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

Darkness still wrapped the earth in her sable mantle, and while an occasional flash came from the clouds, the rumble of thunder seemed more distant, as though the storm had gone around—indeed, at this time of year such a disturbance was singular enough to attract more than passing notice, since it corresponds to our December in latitudes north of the equator.

Before them was the great kraal of the warlike blacks. Fires burned in many places, and the most intense excitement reigned.

Loud rolled the war drum, and savage shouts from men and women and even children testified to the tremendous influence the presence of our little party had upon the self-constituted guardians of the sacred crater.

Even Bludsoe looked up, on the exciting scene with unusual interest. It reminded him of a disturbed beehive, or a pole that had been violently thrust.

"Well, the sooner we get out of this region the better for our health," remarked Lord Bruno, as his eye detected the swarming masses of blacks moving to and fro, many of them passing up the side of the hill as if ordered to join those who had gone to do battle with the profaners of the temple.

"My part of the mission has been completed, but how about yours?" asked Rex.

"Possibly it may have to wait until a more convenient season," was the reply of a practical man, accustomed to governing his actions by the conditions that prevailed.

At any rate it was exceedingly perilous for them to remain where they were, since danger menaced them from several quarters.

Bludsoe crept outside to take an observation and presently rejoined them.

"What are the prospects?" demanded Lord Bruno, as the cowboy came back.

"Bad enough, sir. We're on a shelf again, as it were. To go up is impossible, and I don't see how we can pass down except by using our lariats."

"But the wild beast—"

"Never came in this way—we must have missed his road, I reckon. It is too late now to go back and search for it. Get your ropes ready, pards, for we'll need 'em both."

Always prompt and reliable, Jim set to work in the endeavor to unravel the tangle that now threatened their future.

The double lasso was lowered, with Red Eric as ballast, and he signaled that all was right when his feet struck solid ground below. One by one they went down, taking the heavy saddlebags of gold along.

Jim was last, Jim, upon whom devolved the task of saving the ropes, which might even again come in very handy in assisting them when disaster threatened.

Bludsoe doubled the rope and passing down to its limit found a projecting rock which served as a spur, upon which he again repeated his tactics and reached his comrades in safety, when a pull on one end of the rope recovered it.

They found themselves against the cliff, between which and the kraal the impis had conducted their fantastic war dance under the direction of the witch-doctor.

The situation was full of danger, since at any moment discovery might come. At the same time they were bound to move in spite of a thousand aggressive warriors.

One and all were united with regard to their proper course, for it was easy to decide in which quarter the doctor awaited their coming.

They made a start, and began creeping along at the foot of the cliff, looking like ghouls from another world.

More than once Bludsoe uttered savage anathemas against the fires upon which the children of the kraal were heaping all the inflammable rubbish they could collect, to the imminent danger of a grand conflagration, should the grass conical huts once start burning.

(To be Continued.)

**Bleeding Piles**  
 A Prominent Business Man Testifies to His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Not a day passes but many people volunteer recommendations of Dr. Chase's Ointment as an absolute cure for every form of piles.

Mr. Jas. Jackson, of the Laurie Spool Company, St. Alexis des Monts, Que., writes:—"You may put my name to any praise you can give to Dr. Chase's Ointment, for it has done me more good than any medicine I ever used."

"I was troubled for two years with that cruel disease, bleeding piles, and after using Dr. Chase's Ointment, I can say I am entirely rid of it. It is a treasure to all suffering from piles."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to positively cure any case of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles. It has never yet been known to fail, and certainly will not fail in your case.

For many years Dr. Chase's Ointment has stood alone as the only absolute and guaranteed cure for piles and itching skin diseases: 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any remedy for throat and lung troubles. 25 cents a bottle.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—"Watermark" Also "Parkview" Cottage adjoining same. Apply to Hon. Geo. W. Hewison, or to D. O. McLeod, Solicitor. June 29th, 1900.

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**REED, RATTAN**  
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 Those comfortable Basket work chairs which we sell at \$2.00 and rockers at \$2.25. Call and see them. They are just the thing for the verandah or lawn.

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**ALL WOOL**  
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 Paints, oils, glass, carpenters tools, all cheap  
**FOR CASH.**  
 The celebrated Norton Machine Oil.  
**TERMS CASH.**  
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The undersigned offers for sale the following:

- One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
- 14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
- One Rip Saw and bench with carriage.
- One 30 in. Saw.
- One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks.
- One Matching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
- One Swing Saw complete.
- One Turning Lathe and Shaft—One Vice.
- Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.

All in first-class order.

**MATTHEW & MCLEAN**