

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

**LA GRANDE DUCHESS.**

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.....	

**CITY OF GHENT.**

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

**JACQUES CARTIER.**

Leaves for O'well Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.....	3 p m
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday.....	3 p m
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	2 p m

**FERRY BOATS.**

"Edith" Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.	
"Edith" 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.	

**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'town's Leading Printers.  
 Cor. Queen and Richmond Streets—upstairs.

**DR. GORDON ALLEY**  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON**  
 (Graduate McGill University)  
 Office and Residence—Dorchester Street  
 Office Hours—9 to 10, a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8, p. m.

# 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.)  
 She started.  
 "You are a bird, and you are actually proud to be a sparrow, are you?"  
 "Yes, my feet seem to be so heavy."  
 "I thought not of your own, but of the power of that old magician whose hatred exceeded all bounds."  
 The girl indignantly refused to profit by her superior lightness of foot, and preceding him in the mad race seemed to be only intent on selecting the easiest route so that he might make time.

Pursued they were beyond a shadow of a doubt, for on every hand wild shouts rang out; while the rush of feet and the swish of branches after the passage of swift forms, all told the story.  
 Rex could see but one finis to such a mad chase. It would be utterly impossible to elude their pursuers, swarming after them, more than one of whom might be a mortal Mercury so far as speed was concerned.

By degrees they would be overhauled, and sooner or later must turn at bay, to stand almost panting for breath and meet the rush of scores of enraged savages.  
 He could in imagination see the blacks swarm about him as he stood at bay—with each chamber of his revolver he might down a warrior; but how puny such a defense. The air would sing with the rush of assegais, and they would make a human pin cushion of his wretched body.

Well, what of that every one must die some time or other, and a brave man cannot ask a more glorious end than the fate of a soldier, his face to the foe.  
 How many thousands of valiant souls thus met their fate at Balaclava, Inkerman, Waterloo—at Gettysburg and the host of battles around Richmond? Bah! after all, only a little strengthening of the nerves is needed to go down a hero, looking the inevitable calmly in the eye. There are souls that remain unconquered even in death. Witness the commander of a British troopship that foundered off the African coast—when it was discovered that the vessel must go down, and the boats were lost or splintered, he defied the grim monster, sounded the call to quarters, marshalled his men on deck, and as the vessel sank the military band was playing "God Save the Queen."

It was not about himself Rex felt the most concerned—the thought of Marian's probable fate racked his heart with anguish and almost forced a groan from his lips.  
 Not once did the idea enter his head that she might have some object in altering their course—indeed, it was doubtful whether he knew of the fact, his whole attention being taken up in trying to maintain his equilibrium and produce as much speed as possible, so that she might not be delayed.

It was such a race as must remain like an ugly dream forever in a man's mind—a test of endurance and swiftness the outcome of which must be life or death.  
 Three separate times Rex sprawled his full length upon the ground, but he was up again like a flash, and speeding on.  
 His breath came in gasps, his brain seemed on fire, and every fibre of his body was trembling under the strain.  
 Never in all his life had he put forth such violent exertions, and it was really disheartening to find them all in vain.  
 No matter how he dashed along

over all manner of obstacles, regardless of bruises and cuts, following the lead of his guide, the sounds of pursuit followed close at his heels, with the steady persistence of fate.  
 He even had a sudden horrible fear that the black warriors were heading them off; and that it was only the quick turns on the part of the girl that prevented this catastrophe from being consummated.

Of course such tactics, while successful for a time, could not long prevail.  
 Hastings gripped his weapon with a feverish eagerness to open upon the foe—he felt as though a volcano seethed within his breast, and that a vent must speedily be forthcoming—his nervous system was in fact wrought up to such a pitch that something must give way, so great was the strain.

Still he found no mark at which he could discharge one of the death's messengers concealed within the cylinder of his modern six shooter, for while the runners were on either side they did not seem to believe the time had come to close in.  
 Though the American had not been aware of the fact, and had believed her occasional words of encouragement were simply intended to buoy up his spirits, Maid Marian had a deep motive in changing the line of their flight, so that instead of running directly away from the mountain they were now headed in such a way that would require but a slight turn to bring them directly into the kraal.

She knew full well that with these men tigers in pursuit they would never escape by direct flight.  
 A terrible tragedy was impending. She doubtless thought more of the American than of her self. If a stay in the execution could be secured, something might crop up in their favor.  
 This was the utmost of her hope—to put off the evil moment as long as possible.  
 She knew of a chance—perhaps a very slim one, but anything was better than the certain fate awaiting them if they continued to exhaust themselves in the unequal race.

Without warning Rex suddenly saw the stockade on his left, and by this he knew they had almost retraced their course.  
 Then for the first time it dawned upon his mind that Marian had some plan in view—he watched her more closely than before, endeavoring to recruit his almost exhausted strength in order to be ready for the crisis, which he knew must be close at hand.

A wall loomed up in front—what appeared to be the front of a log cabin, strange as such a thing might seem in this country where the natives seldom dream of putting up a shelter more substantial than those made of grass and bark, with thatched roofs.  
 The girl darted through the doorway, and Hastings followed, but staggering, fell.  
 She seized hold of his arm and with a strength he had not dreamed she possessed dragged him across the sill, even while the savage shouts sounded in his ears that told of the arrival of the enemy.

Then the heavy door was slammed shut and a bar dropped into place, but not an instant too soon, for the dull impact of human bodies striking the timbers could be distinctly heard.  
 Rex had by this time managed to struggle to his knees.  
 He was somewhat confused, but the fact that they were temporarily safe from the fury of the black horde made a deep impression on his mind.  
 Nor was he apt to soon forget that he had been drawn behind the barricade by the little white hand of the fair being across whose path he had been thrown by one of the strangest freaks on record.

With each passing second Rex became more like himself, and presently was able to use his voice.  
 Of course his first thought was to discover what manner of place it might be they had entered. Along the American frontier in days gone by, such cabins had sheltered the early settlers, and were on many an occasion of sudden attack turned into stout forts or blockhouses, behind the walls of which the inmates used their long rifles upon the Indians, with deadly effect.  
 A few words from the girl dissipated what there was of mystery clinging about the little hut.  
 It had been their home when they first came to live among the neighbors of the warlike Matabele whose headquarters had been Bulawayo. Later on they had abandoned the cabin and sought refuge up on the side of the mountain. The hermit had with his own hands built the lit-

tle structure just outside the walls of the kraal, and though years had since fled it was about as sturdy and substantial as when first erected.  
 After all it was but a respite or breathing spell that was granted them. The end seemed just as certain as when they were running before the impis.  
 Already came the thunder of weapons on the oaken panels of the rude door, as some of the more impatient among the braves started to break a passage into the cabin.  
 Rex had his revolver, but once that was exhausted how could he stay the awful tide?

Louder grew the pounding, whether done with rude axes or the points of spears, and Rex could hear the splinters of wood being torn away.  
 He nerved himself for the crisis, and took up his station near the door. At least he would block the passage with bodies for a time. When the revolver failed him he might use it as a cudgel, and thus fighting go down under the weight of his foes.

A splinter struck him, as one of the spears cut through the wood. This warned him to step to one side where he waited with feverish eagerness the opening of what he had every reason to believe would be his last mortal encounter.  
 Of course it was pitch dark, and he had not the remotest idea what the girl had been doing this while.  
 He was just on the point of calling out to warn her of the danger when he felt her tugging at his arm, and as he put out his hand his fingers closed upon something that felt wonderfully like the hilt of a sword.

"What's this?" he cried out in sheer amazement, half believing he must be dreaming.  
 "It is an old Scottish claymore he brought here with him, and which was hidden behind a log in this place while the emergency which never came to him lived. Use it, Rex Hastings, and may Heaven give you power, so you may bring credit to that unknown ancestor of mine who wielded that same weapon long ago on the bloody fields of Hastings and Stirling."

He heard no more, for the furious assault of the Zambodi had shattered the oaken door, leaving a hole large enough to admit a man; and Rex had only time to swing the bulky weapon above his head, using both hands to give force to his blow, when a dark form filled the opening, and the terrible conflict was on.

**BOOK IV.**  
**IN THE DAY OF BATTLE.**  
**CHAPTER XXV.**  
**THE BURNING OF THE KRAAL.**  
 A desperate man engaged in a hopeless enterprise may be capable of displaying a bravery far beyond the ordinary standard.  
 Rex saw no gleam of light ahead. The situation was appalling, and his only resolution seemed to be a fight to the last gasp, and inflict as much injury upon the enemy as he could before giving up the ghost.

History has many shining examples of the prodigies of valor performed by men whose only expectation was to die in harness.  
 Possibly the most illustrious on record is that of the heroes Crockett, Bowie, and Travis, who with their comrades died at the Alamo in Texas during the war for independence, after making a barrier of the dead bodies of their Mexican foes almost breast high.  
 And a man with more than the ordinary amount of strength in his arms could not easily discover a more serviceable weapon with which to perform such feats of valor than a keen-edged claymore, such as was worn upon fields like Bannock, burn of old.  
 Rex had Scottish ancestors, and the fire of battle swept strongly through his frame as he seized upon the historic weapon.

(To be Continued.)

**Every Kind of Backache**

**Yields to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Because They Act Directly on the Liver as Well as the Kidneys.**

Pains in the small of the back, over the kidneys, are usually due to derangements of the kidneys, and disappear when the kidneys are set right. But there are other kinds of backache, by far the greater proportion, that can never be reached by treating the kidneys. Pains in the shoulders, through the centre of the back, and in the sides are caused by a torpid action of the liver, and can only be driven out when the liver is made healthy and active.

To reach the liver, as well as the kidneys, to set the filtering organs in working order and to cure every kind of backache, there is but one unfailing remedy, and that is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It is the only treatment that has this direct and combined action on both liver and kidneys, and the only one that positively and permanently cures backache, whether caused by liver or kidneys.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and 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.

"Agents for American Ranges."  
**FENNELL & CHANDLER**

**\$8.25**  
**WILL BUY A**  
**DOUBLE BREASTED**  
**ALL WOOL**  
**WORSTED SUIT**  
**AT**  
**D. A. BRUCES**

The undersigned offers for sale to bargain 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

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 Famous Oil Heater**  
 WILL TAKE THE CHILL OFF A COOL ROOM IN A FEW MOMENTS.



Burns Coal Oil without smell or smoke. Can be used anywhere. A comfort at small cost. A useful ornament for parlor, library, or nursery. Saves the furnace in early spring or autumn. It supplements the regular heating apparatus on a cold night. Agents everywhere.

Pamphlet Free from your Agent or our nearest Agent.

London, Toronto, Montreal.

**THE MCGILARY MFG CO**