

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.
Express leaves for the east.....	2 25 p. m.
Express arrives from the east.....	7 05 a. m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	9 10 a. m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	3 00 p. m.
Express leaves for the west.....	4 50 p. m.

STEAMERS

PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning at.....	9 50 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.
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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.

"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.	
"Hills"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 5.30, 8.9, 11. a. m.; 1.2, 4.6, p. m. local time. Sundays at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2.3, 4 p. m. Returning 1.15, 2.30, 3.15 and 6.30 p. m.	
"Southport"—Raus up East River every Tuesday, leaving at 5.30 a. m., and 3 p. m. local. Raus 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.

A CARD

R. MACNEILL, M. D.,

Having 30 years experience in the practice of his profession, may be consulted on all branches of general medicine including the specialties. Office and Residence—Prince Street 3rd door above Kindergarten Hall. Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 1 to 3 and 6 to 8 p. m. dy & wly 3 mos.

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.)

He was too old a campaigner to believe this success would be permanent. His study of these strange people led him to think such continuous disasters must only increase the fury of the blacks, and cause them to determine upon more desperate plans than ever to bring about the destruction of those at bay upon the rocks.

From the camps below they heard such sounds as marked a warlike movement of the impis—the hoarse notes of the tom-tom throbbed upon the night air, and there was a continuous series of weird shouts, such as Rex had heard the Zambodi warriors give vent to when dancing around the council-fire.

Marian told them what it meant—the witch-doctor with others of his ilk, had instituted this programme with the design of arousing the latent passion in the breasts of those whose bitter experience in the earlier engagements might be inclined to make them loath to again face the deadly guns of the besieged.

By degrees their savage natures would be inflamed until the point was reached where nothing could hold them back.

That was the hour Bludsoe looked forward to with apprehension, for he knew their fate hung in the balance.

Again some trick was unearthed by means of which they hoped to catch the defenders of the heights napping.

Again a rally, a fusillade of stones, and a shot or two.

This time as before, they were successful in dislodging the foe, whose evident design it was to annoy them rather than carry the fort; but the end was not achieved without some little waste of energy, and several less cartridges to account for.

No doubt the wily Hassaje knew what he was doing, and had set about a systematic method of utilizing his immensely superior numbers. When a detachment of his men had grown weary they could be withdrawn and a fresh batch pushed forward in their stead, while with the whites there was no relief.

The strain must tell in the end. This may not appear to be a generous mode of conducting warfare, but it is good soldiering, for the end and not the means count when foes meet in battle array.

At midnight they had repelled just five such assaults, very much on the same order.

There would come the discovery, a bombardment of stones and the flight of a few assegais from those points where strong arms could send them over the ramparts, the whole melee being accompanied by a series of screeches that a legion of fiends in Tophet might have envied, every warrior in sight of the fort lending his voice to swell the racket.

Then the whole affair would die away, and an interval elapse before the next outbreak.

Such a night will remain stamped indelibly upon the memory until time shall be no more with those who take part in its tragic occurrences.

Bludsoe and his employer held many conferences, while Rex talked in a low voice with the young girl, whom he found bearing up under the strain in a remarkable manner, thanks to the self-reliance which necessity had taught her during her life among the brabarians.

She never tired of asking questions about the world, which she knew only from reading, and the descriptions given by the man she had called her father.

Rex found himself more than ever charmed by her naive simplicity, and the noble character of her mind—indeed, he could not remember ever

having known so grand a nature in woman. Part of this was doubtless due to her own disposition, but the man who had kidnapped her in order to be revenged, must have experienced qualms of conscience that compelled him to do everything in his power to educate the mind of this wilderness flower.

Again and again Rex would find it necessary to suddenly leave her side in order to lend his assistance toward repelling some sudden attack.

He went from love to war with the readiness such a soldier of fortune always shows. Besides, he could not forget that his blows were struck to defend Marian as well as in any other cause, and this thought alone was enough to nerve his arm to wonderful deeds of valor.

Thank God! the night was wearing on.

A few more hours and in the east would appear the first gray lines of coming dawn.

Would they all be there to welcome it?

Who could say? Each man was grimly resolved to do his duty. No doubt, facing such a dread outcome, their thoughts roamed over vast distances to scenes that were dear to them. To Lord Bruno appeared his beloved England. How many miriads of her sons yearn after that green isle of the sea when separated by desert and oceans from home? There is no country on earth, however remote, where an Englishman may not be found, driven there perhaps by the feverish pulse of business, or it may be, the love of adventure, that has ever been and always will be a predominant trait in the Anglo-Saxon constitution.

Thus far the allies had not gained any appreciable advantage, while many of their men were placed hors de combat by encounters with the missiles so energetically driven down upon their heads by those entrenched above.

Bludsoe was inclined to believe the impis were gathering for a grand assault all along the line, when the heights would be stormed in every available quarter by eager fanatics to whom death had little terror since the incantations of the witch-doctor had promised a quick passage to Paradise on the part of those who fell.

In this particular the Matabele and their cousins are not unlike the Mohammedans, a part of whose belief it is that to fall in battle is the most glorious fate allotted to man below, since those who die thus are favorites of the Prophet, being immediately transported to rest in his bosom in the beautiful gardens where perpetual fountains play and all is peace.

Numerous little things gave Jim this idea, and his training told him to beware of the hour before dawn.

Strange that the instinct of savages the world over teaches them to select this time for an attack—doubtless because as a usual thing men sleep the soundest at the latter end of the night, and are most likely to be surprised.

Every precaution had been taken that lay within their power. The rest must be left to heaven.

Many times Lord Bruno and Rex would crouch behind the ramparts and looking yearningly toward the region from whence help must come if it ever did come, listen with all their might, hoping to detect some far away sound that would give them new courage—the distant trampling of hoofs, the faint melody of a bugle, or perhaps such cheers as only hearty Anglo-Saxon lungs are capable of sending forth.

Alas! they waited in vain.

No signal of hope came out of the south. It looked as though they were stranded there, and must win their own fight or die in the last ditch.

The cowboys showed never a sign of alarm. Before now they had known what it was to lead a forlorn hope, and while perhaps none of them had ever experienced just such a predicament as this, it was all the same in the end—plenty of work, with a possibility of a glorious and Time crept on.

Lord Bruno struck match after match in the endeavor to see the dial of his watch.

In half an hour the first thread of gray would appear. They might have taken heart of grace at this but for the positive belief that the storm was about to burst—the feeling was in the air—it affected them in divers ways they knew it, and often words are unequal to the task of explaining what appeals to our convictions.

Nor did they err. A brooding silence hung over all, which, in itself was enough to engender suspicion, after the clamor that

had made night hideous ever since the sun went down.

Then came a single cry, which Rex was almost positive must have proceeded from the old tyrant of a witch-doctor himself.

It came as a signal. If the cover were thrown from the infernal regions, and all the fiends of Tophet united in one grand outburst of diabolical sounds, the result could hardly have exceeded that frenzied combination of shouts following closely Hassaje's signal.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PASSING OF JIM BLUDSOE.

Now for it.

Each one of those seven men nerved himself for the terrible ordeal, and when the fact is positive that life and death are involved in the issue, many a weakling astonishes himself by the desperate energy he throws into his actions.

The allies had carefully planned the assault, and those various little attacks which were repelled without and tremendous display of force had been mere "feelers" as it were, to show what disposition the defenders would be apt to make of their strength.

When the attack was on in earnest it seemed as though the black whelps sprang up in almost every quarter—they must have by degrees sought hiding-places along the walls in each previous assault, acting upon orders, and remaining for hours awaiting the grand signal that meant business.

Through the defile they came in a dense mass, those behind pushing the wretches in the van, to be presently treated to a dose of their own medicine.

Down came the avalanche of rocks, and the little canyon became a slaughter pen, for men went under like ripe grain. Still those behind pushed on trampling upon the bodies of their comrades.

Men, weapons and great ox-hide shields all mingled in the greatest confusion, but those who had not yet tasted death advanced like so many machines.

It was a cruel business, but those who were above had nerved themselves for anything, and so long as the sharp-pointed missiles held out they showed no signs of halting.

By mere numbers alone, pushed on by their fanatical belief in the favor of the gods whom Hassaje represented, the horde of black, sinewy forams might crush its way to the top.

Having run the gauntlet of rocks they must face the blasting, withering fire of the Winchesters and revolvers, and if in spite of all this they forged to the top of the pass, making a gory mat out of their luckless fellows, it would be to meet three men who could fight like gladiators hand-to-hand, swinging their guns like cricket bats and hurling the impis back as fast as they crossed the line, so long as human nature could stand it.

And while this scene was taking place on one side of the fort, others hardly less desperate were occurring near by.

Every man had his hands full. Rex who had not suspected the enemy could steal such a march upon them was amazed to see the number of black forams that started to crawl over the barrier. He hardly knew which one to fire at first, but realizing the folly of delay made a start.

Such was the infernal din that he would hardly have known his piece had been discharged only from the flash of fire that shot from the muzzle, and the fact that his target fell off the wall.

Monsieur Jules had also found an object at which to blaze away, and the tremendous bellow of the great yager gun made its impression upon the general din. As for the savant, the recoil tumbled him over in a heap, though he was speedily on his feet again, as spry as a feline.

There was an abundance of work on hand for every member of that little band. Had they been individually favored with four hands instead of two, they might have kept busy.

(To be Continued.)

A Shake-up Among the Clothing

When you are spending good money get good clothing in return for it. The kind of clothing we sell is standard made—it's worth every penny you put into it, it gives good service and looks well as long as you wear it. The beginning of this month opens up the fall trade for which we are thoroughly prepared. We have received

- 500 pairs pants from 75c to \$4.50.
- 225 Men's Suits from \$3.50 to \$15.00.
- 125 Boy's Suits from \$1.00 to \$7.50.
- 300 dozen Men's Underclothing from 40c to \$2.50.
- Top Shirts from 25c up.

Will shake up the balance of our stock of summer underclothing at half price.

If saving \$'s is a hobby of you's, come in, well encourage the hobby.

J. B. MACDONALD and CO.

Where worth and low prices meet.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Is to get a boot that will wear and fit you, then you will have satisfaction. You also want something to suit you in price. You will find them all at

McQUAID'S,

LOWER QUEEN STREET

Boot and Shoe Store.



Belt and neck clasps, broaches, cuff links, hat pins, scarf pins, coffee and tea spoons.

We have them with British, Canadian, Scotch, Irish, and French coats of arms.

Also flag and maple leaf pins from 10c. and 15c. up.

We have sold a number of wedding rings lately, but as we are MAKERS of rings can quickly supply any style of ring required.

New gold spectacles and eyeglasses.

E. W. TAYLOR OPTICIAN

April 2nd 1900,

Camera Block, Charlottetown

Nervous Debility.

A Sufferer From Weak Blood and Exhausted Nerves Tells of His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes:—"For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

"I can say, frankly, that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a tonic and restorative of inestimable worth. It makes the blood rich, the nerves strong, increases the weight, and cures all weaknesses and diseases of the nerves and blood. In pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Eaton 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 at 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."

FENNEL & CHANDLER

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

Highest price paid for ladies and gentle left clothing. Call at their residence for them. Prep a card in the Post Office, or call to Richmond Street, opposite Nelson Bros, Mrs. Kirby, Clothing Store.