

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 20 a. m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	3 00 p. m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	4 30 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.
 "Edin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6.30, 8.30, 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, 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, Match House.
 Brackley 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, Manu 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

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.)

Beyond them lay the remains of a fire, the ashes still throwing out a dull red glow, and no course promised to take them close by these glowing coals.
 As if making up his mind to bring matters to a focus, Walkulla hastened to his steps.
 So did Rex.
 Thus the three came together just beside the smouldering coals of the late council-fire.

CHAPTER XIX.

DUEL UNDER THE STOCKADE OF THE KRAAL.
 The war chief spoke to the girl—his language seemed warm to Rex, even though he failed to understand its tenor. He believed Walkulla had allowed his passion for the fair god to overcome the reverence he was expected to pay her as a deity.
 As he talked rapidly he made extravagant gestures. Rex could not but note his graceful carriage, and his stalwart form, even while critically eyeing his figure as might an athlete in the Roman arena, upon discovering a gladiator with whom he believed the fates were destined to speedily throw him in personal contact.

She answered the war chief in his own strange tongue, which she spoke fluently, but her cold manner, perhaps the stinging rebuke in her words, did little toward quenching the new fever that had begun to run amuck in Walkulla's veins.
 That fever was jealousy.

It finds lodgment in the breasts of untutored savages, as well as among people of cultivation and refinement—indeed, the closer we draw to the natural state the more prominent does this failing appear.
 The war chief seemed to be unsatisfied by the answers she made, for he suddenly whirled upon Hastings.

What he said could not be written—the English language does not contain sounds with which to express Zambodi words.
 And indeed, Rex could only faintly guess the meaning of the tirade. Did some learned linguist fire a torrent of phrases from Sanscrit or another dead language at his poor head, he could grapple with it just as successfully as with what Walkulla declaimed.

Perhaps the war chief demanded why he dared follow the fair god when she ventured to walk forth, or it might be he went even further and threatened all manner of evil if the venturesome warrior ever again cast an envious eye upon his prize.

Hastings ventured upon no response. It was not that the impassioned harangue had taken away his power of speech, but his inability to grapple with the Zambodi tongue made him just as helpless with regard to replying as he had been in understanding the drift of the torrent poured upon his head.
 His silence showed considerable exasperation, though it evidently inflamed the anger of the chief, who pressed him with what appeared to be another question, if one could judge from the rising inflection.

Rex remained as mute as the sphinx that surveys the Egyptian desert under the shadow of Pharaoh's pyramids.
 At the same time he prepared for the worst.
 Walkulla, despairing of drawing a reply from his mute unknown rival, tried other tactics, which proved somewhat more successful in discovering life in the black statue.

He suddenly bent forward and thrusting out his hand caught the

other's nose between his fingers and gave it a vicious pinch that brought the tears to Hastings's eyes.
 That was quite enough.

Walkulla accomplished his end, though the result may have somewhat surprised him.
 Such an insult no self-respecting argonaut could put up with, and the pugnacious spirit that prompts every Anglo-Saxon to use his hands in a like emergency, caused Rex to land a blow squarely in the war chief's face.

It came straight from the shoulder with all the muscular vim and power of which he was capable. The Zambodi went flying backward as though shot from a gun, and landed on his back with a thump that must have caused him to see stars.

He was like a cat in his ways, and could not be kept down. As though made of Indian rubber he bounded to his feet. The light of the embers gave Rex a good view of his face, and such a physiognomy he never in all his life hoped to look upon again—distorted by passion, smeared with paint, and now streaked with gory stains as the effect of the sled-runner cut he had received.
 Of course they were in for it now, since nothing but death could wipe out the insult of that blow.

Rex would certainly have avoided the encounter had he been alone, but it was thrust upon him, and he had no alternative.

A duel with a savage chieftain, enraged to a point of demoniac fury, and within a few hundred feet of the stockade surrounding his kraal, where some scores upon scores of black impis moved restlessly about, was not a consummation of his adventure devoutly to be wished.

Straight as the arrow flies from the bow, Walkulla went at him. One of these tigerish Zambodi braves springing to the attack is an object that might well inspire some little alarm in the stoutest breast; but though Rex may have felt such a thrill, it did not prevent him from meeting the attack of the black as should a brave man.

Of course Rex was not an adept in the use of the assegai, but at close quarters where the weapon could not be thrown and would have to be used as a sword or spear, he hoped to successfully meet the attack of his on-rushing enemy.

Taken in all it was quite a neat little affair, and Hastings really did himself proud. Perhaps the fact that a pair of bright eyes watched every movement, and that the sympathies of the fair god were extended to him, nerved that good arm of his.

He knew something of sword play, fortunately, and applied this acquaintance with arms to advantage.
 Walkulla may have engaged in many a fierce fight in which the deadly assegai of the Zulus was employed at close quarters; but he certainly never met an antagonist who gave him so much concern, and sprung upon him such a variety of surprises as this one.

All the same he proved himself a fighter worthy of the name, and if the tactics to which he was accustomed were met by a superior play of the keen-pointed weapon, he never once faltered nor looked over his shoulder with the air of a man who conceives the idea of retreat.

The ass gais writhed and twisted like battling serpents. Rex applied his knowledge of sword tactics toward keeping his antagonist from utilizing any trick he might wish to bring into play, and Walkulla seemed tremendously surprised at being unable to even raise his weapon when he saw a chance to bury its point in the unprotected breast of his enemy.

His surprise turned to amazement as he found himself several times made to give way, giant that he was, under the strategic rushes of the other.

Rex was in no humor for play. He knew this thing had to be settled in a desperate hurry, and since the war chief was bound to accomplish his destruction if he could, Rex made up his mind to return the compliment.

Besides, his danger was very great, since at any instant a swarm of hostile blacks might come dashing out of the kraal, attracted by the clashing of arms or some signal cry to which the war chief might deign to give vent.

Walkulla dared aspire to the hand of this delightful being whom a strange destiny had made a goddess in exile—therefore Walkulla must die—it was decreed, and his arm to write the sentence of the powers that be.

From mere defensive tactics the change to offensive was but a step. The war chief proved game, for up to this time he had scorned to call assistance, even though one shout would have resulted in the undoing of his foe.

When Rex started the new regime the Zambodi for the first time began

to have suspicions of the truth—that under the paint of his enemy's face there might lie the white skin of a hated Anglo-Saxon.
 What might be deemed a startled exclamation broke from his lips, indicating that he had made a discovery.

Pressed back as he was by the rush of his adversary, it could be seen that while he struggled against the threatening assegai that whirled about his head with dazzling rapidity, it was something else that caused him to fasten his keen black eyes on the arms of Hastings.

Perhaps there may have been some spot which Rex unconsciously neglected when using the ointment in the dark, and it was this patch of white skin that had riveted the native's attention.

At any rate, as he suddenly became aware of the truth, his scruples with regard to sounding the alarm vanished, and from his lips pealed a far reaching shout that echoed from crag to crag overhead.

It was Walkulla's last slogan. Hastings had discovered his chance, and nerved to the deed by the desperate nature of his situation he sent the steel of the assegai cushing through bone and muscle, until the keen point protruded from the back of the unfortunate war chief.

The Zambodi staggered back and fell to the ground—he endeavored to once more gain his feet, while his painted face looked like that of a devil from Tophet; but now the blow been swift and sure, and Walkulla could only scowl and shriek for reinforcements.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RETREAT OF THE FAIR GOD.

To have conquered so valiant an adversary with his own weapons, was something of which young Hastings might speak with pardonable pride at some future day, always provided he survived the dangers that seemed to be gathering around his head in such limitless numbers.
 Just then his one thought was escape.

No sooner did he see his determined foe man disposed of than he snatched up the assegai that had fallen from the palsied hand of Walkulla at the time the weapon of the adventurer pierced his vitals.

"Come, oh, come!" cried the girl, in an agony of apprehension, lest he should linger just a little too long; and once the blacks came sweeping through the gates to surround them, she could guess the horrible fate that must overtake this bold white man.
 Really Rex needed no urging, since it was far from his intention to waste any time, in a case where every second counted.

He saw his guide start swiftly away, and being light of foot himself found little difficulty in reaching her side.

Then again in his heart he found cause to thank heaven for the friendly darkness that received their flying figures in its gentle embrace, and immediately blotted out all indications of their presence.

Back in the direction whence they had come there arose a mighty shout and Rex, even while risking a stumble in the gloom, could not keep from turning his head to take a flying glance over his shoulder.

The picture that met his startled vision was doubtless an exceedingly strong one; but it might have appeared more heartily to his artistic temperament if he had seen it from a place of safety, instead of filling the position of the hunted fox.

Again that human black stream was pouring through the gates of the kraal, with many extravagant gestures, and brandishing of arms.
 The signal cry of their war chief had been heard, and to a man they obeyed his call, possibly expecting to discover a host of enemies in battle array, since the shout had been one of extreme urgency.

Leaping and tossing they kept pouring forth by scores, and advancing in the direction of the late council fire.

(To be Continued.)

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- 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.

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