

**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 Picton every morning at.....	9 30 a. m.
Arrives from Picton 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.

"Bliss"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6.30, 8, 9, 11, a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 6.30, p. m. local time. Sundays at 2 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, Mutch 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.

Kennington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.

Montague—Macdonald House.

St. John's—Stewart's Hotel, Mann House.

Hampton—Pleasant View House.

Port Hill—Fort 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 may be obtained upon application to 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.)  
 CHAPTER XI.  
 PARADISE.

Hastings knew what lay before him, and was also aware of the value of time in a case where tremendous perils hung like a pall over their heads.

He advanced full upon the colossus with the three heads. The exceeding brightness of the flash-light powder penetrated every niche and corner of the dusty and musty old chamber, revealing an accumulation of horrible atrocities in the line of idols that might have staggered even a cool customer like Jim Bludso; and while the cowboy gave no evidence of alarm, no doubt his flesh experienced that peculiar prickling sensation as if red ants were creeping over the surface of his body.

As for the professor, he was wildly exuberant, and poured forth a jargon of French and English, regardless of the fact that no one paid the slightest attention to his rhapsody, each being concerned in his own affairs.

It seemed to Rex that the triple headed squatting monster glared at him with the eyes of a demon, and the stone arms appeared ready to clasp him in their cold embrace; but Rex had looked upon this monster before and was not at all alarmed.

He passed between the king idol and the one on his left, which resembled a carved Buddha he had seen in an Indian city. As he stood there, the three heads were fully six feet above his shoulders. The shadows behind the great image were clean cut and intense, just what might have been expected when a white flash illuminated the centre of the apartment.

Rex knew what to do. He had been posted even on his first visit, thanks to the explicit directions given him in advance. His hand touched the cold stone, slipped along it carefully until a certain projection reached when the proper pressure caused a portion of the pedestal to give way, revealing an inky black cavity.

The adventurous American was down on his knees instantly, and thrust his head inside the opening. Strange colored fires seemed to gleam above—lanes of green and blood red and golden yellow flashed across each other. Rex knew the origin of those—that they came through the eyes belonging to the three heads of the heathen image, eyes formed of great jewels perhaps, rubies, emeralds and topaz, through which Lord Bruno's photographic flash-light shone with the power of an electric flood.

Another instant and Rex had drawn a match along the cold stone, and as the flame burst forth he applied it to a small candle which he had taken from his pocket, which in turn was fastened to the flag that formed the base of the idol's interior, using a little melted wax to secure it there.

He gave but a single glance of curiosity upward, and smiled at what he saw, comprehending the use to which the stone steps must have been put in the time when this idol was worshipped by the people who had their habitation in the ancient crater of Krokato, ages before the Zulus appeared upon the scene.

Undoubtedly crafty priests were wont to secrete themselves within the hollow god, and in various ways suited to their unscrupulous ingenuity work upon the credulity of the prostrate worshippers who cast themselves before the stone image.

Rex knew that such impositions

were not altogether unknown in the present day, although perhaps they might not be so openly practiced—still, the abject devotees were just as blind with regard to the fearful deceptions practiced upon them.

After that one cynical survey of the empty space above his head, Rex turned his attention to another quarter, in which he had more reason to be interested.

The dust of ages had settled upon everything—a fine impalpable dust that upon the slightest movement filled the air, almost causing strangulation. When centuries roll on such an accumulation assumes generous proportions even in the most air tight repositories as the pyramids of Egypt—grain by grain it gathers, growing slowly but surely as the years creep on toward eternity.

As Rex Hastings knelt there, with his remnant of a wax candle serving as a torch, his eyes fell upon what appeared to be little more than an irregular heap of stones, lying at the foot of the rude steps, and covered with dust to such an extent that its nature could only be vaguely guessed at.

A second look might arouse still greater curiosity, for it would disclose the fact that something had recently occurred to disturb one end of the dust strewn ridge. Rex could no doubt have explained that to the queen's taste, since his hand had been the prime cause of it all.

Even now he lost no time in speculation, but reached out a hand that trembled in spite of his remarkable nerve.

Another instant and the decoration had been accomplished—the eyes of a latter day argonaut had fallen upon the treasure of the ancient gods.

The little pile seemed to be covered with a parchment like fabric that had resisted the ravages of time, and at the same time served to protect from the encroaching dust the precious collection which it shadowed.

When this cloth had been cautiously dragged aside, disturbing as little as possible the accretion of ages, Rex gasped for breath, and surely with cause, for certainly the eyes of adventurer never before were ravished with a more wonderful sight since the famous conquistadors of old, Pizarro and Cortez scoured Peru and Mexico, unearthing the treasures of the sun-worshippers and the ancient Aztecs, and gathering rooms full of gold and silver.

Heaped upon each other, in a confused mass, just as they had been tossed into this sacred and secret hiding place ages ago, perhaps by the last priest of the oracle, were scores of golden images and vessels of the most amazing and grotesque shape imaginable, such as would fill the soul of an antiquarian with the most stupendous delight.

Many of these were possibly idols, others may have had some connection with the temple. One must admire the delicate workmanship shown in their construction, and it was very evident that this ancient people who lived in the heart of southern Africa, even before the blacks held undisputed sway, must have brought their knowledge of working in the precious metals either from far away India or from Egypt.

Little Rex cared at that particular moment what the origin of this exquisite gold filigree work upon several of the vases might be—his whole soul was wrapped up in contemplation of the collection, and the thought that by right of discovery it was his almost overpowered him, for at that moment of exaltation scruples were not apt to arise within his mind regarding his prerogative as claimant.

He again stretched out his hands and allowed his eager fingers to close about a vase that stood almost eight inches high. It was bound over the top with parchment tied with several ligatures, and as he raised the whole Rex found it necessary to exert considerable strength.

To snatch out his knife and score away the parchment was but the work of a second, when out poured a handful of small stones that glittered and glowed even in the feeble candle-light.

They were gems of the purest water, precious stones, rudely cut it is true, but many of them in such a prismatic way as to bring out astonishing beauty—rubies that may once have adorned the brow of a Cleopatra, dazzling diamonds that in the cycles of time passed since they were torn from their original lodgment in the dark mines of the earth, possibly glittered in the crown of some mighty rajah of ancient India, or the coronet of a Chinese Mogul. In mystery was a story wrapped, and in impenetrable gloom must it ever remain.

After lying here in the ruins of the Temple of Azor these centuries, when the world had made such progress, with the Anglo-Saxon race dominating its arteries of trade and seeking adventure and conquest in every land upon which the sun shone, behold, in due time one of this same venture some people, later to tear away the

barrier that had so long prevented these princely gems taking their rightful place among the coveted treasures of a world's admiration, and once more casting them forth to become an object of barter among the nations.

Rex was a practical man after all, and he sternly crushed down those feelings of awe and veneration which he must naturally experience upon gazing upon such a remarkable treasure trove.

There would be a better time and opportunity to consider these things in the future, when danger no longer hovered about them.

Just now the practical business in hand enlisted his whole attention and sympathy.

That he had anticipated this very pleasant moment became evident, for what should he do but haul out from a pocket several stout little canvas bags, such as are used by banks all over the world when transporting the gold coin of the realm.

Snatching up a handful of the gems he thrust them into the yawning mouth of a small bag.

As he did so, from the idol above came a rusty sound very like a dismal groan, and which naturally thrilled the adventurer, such was the strain upon his nerves.

Springing to his feet he dashed out of the cavity and sprang around the base of the idol, half expecting to have one of those many arms swoop down and thrust him through with a poisoned blade.

A cheery laugh greeted his appearance and did much to restore his equanimity, especially when his eyes also reassured him that all was well.

The man who laughed was of course Lord Bruno, still squatting on the head of a broken idol which Red Eric had rolled out for his benefit, and evidently making remarkable sketches of the assembled deities, which in due process of time would ravish the eyes of those who patronized the enterprising London magazine for which the artist travelled.

"Don't wonder it set your nerves in a tremble, my boy. It's only Jim, perched up on the pedestal, and moving one of the extra arms his royal ribs is provided with. I suppose the priests used to work it from the inside, and that awful groan sent the cold shudders through the multitude lying on their faces. Gad, they were up to delightful tricks in those good old days, eh, and yet in my travels I've seen things just as brazen practiced in communities supposed to be civilized to-day. Go on with your work, Rex. If it's as pleasant as mine you are to be envied I tell you."

Hastings waited not to argue the pro and con of that question, since he was quite in a fever to continue his task. He had travelled many weary leagues, had encountered innumerable perils from wild beasts and still wilder men, in order to enjoy this hour, and now that it had come his whole being thrilled with the sensation of victory such as but few men experience, and then only once in a lifetime.

Again he was on his knees beside that most wonderful pile, which had lain here as if slumbering through the ages—again his eager hand chased the glowing balls of color as they rolled among the baser images, as though playing a game of hide and seek.

In the hunt these golden vessels were tossed aside as though representing little value, which was possibly the truth when a comparison was made with those gems of Ophir, such as the Queen of Sheba might have brought as presents to Solomon when she came with such pomp to test his wonderful wisdom.

At last every fugitive jewel had been successfully cornered and carefully captured. There were two small bags of them, bags that bulged with riches as their like had certainly never done before, for seldom in the history of Mother Earth could so much wealth have been compressed into so small a compass.

Deliberately Rex took some cord and proceeded to tie up the mouth of each diminutive sack, and when this had been completed, he slipped them into the side pockets of his stout coat.

(To be Continued.)

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