

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 50 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.
 "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. Returns at 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.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.

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.
 St. John's—Sea Side Hotel.
 St. John's—Cliff House, Mutch House.
 Brackley Point—Shaw House.
 Alberton—Seaforth House, Albion House.
 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, Mountain 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 may be obtained upon application at the Star 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.)
 This rope came in useful once on several occasions, when it was doubled over the outcropping limb of a tree, and allowed the two adventurers an opportunity to reach the foot of an abrupt descent.
 Thus they arrived at the base of the hill, and entered the dense stretch of forest.
 Game abounded on all sides, and but for the dangerous condition that rendered the discharge of a rifle especially hazardous, the temptation to use their weapons must have proven irresistible.
 It was while they were advancing in the direction of the secret camp that the Englishman suddenly clutched the arm of his companion, and pointed to the left, as though he had discovered that which demanded immediate attention.
 Rex turned his eyes in that quarter, fully expecting to see one or more black warriors in all the regalia of savage war dress, stealing along to cut off their passage to the camp.
 Indeed, he instinctively half raised his rifle as though in readiness to open the ball, knowing what advantage accrues to the party taking the initiative in such affairs; but he did not fire. Instead, a broad smile flashed over his face, as though the spectacle might be of the humorous order.
 The professor was in it, very much so, for at that moment there seemed to be a tug of war on the part of a large monkey and himself, between whom a rope was stretched, and the chances were apparently in favor of the gentleman of the African woods.
 Rex comprehended the truth as soon as he grasped the situation. Monsieur Jules, still harping upon the possibility of fame awaiting him in the wilderness, and perhaps in hopes of running across a specimen of the "missing link," had borrowed a lasso, and wandered forth for a little stroll in the interests of science.
 How in the name of all that was wonderful he had ever managed to cast that noose over the shoulders of the big monkey was a mystery that could never be explained; but he had done so, and doubtless started for camp, to examine his capture at his leisure, and determine whether it had any claims on science or merely represented a type of animal life.
 The beast, however, strenuously objected to such summary proceedings. Possibly he remembered an appointment made with a dusky belle of the wildwood about this time, and concluded to start for the rendezvous.
 Be that as it may, at the moment our comrades burst upon the scene the man of science, who had rashly fastened the other end of the lasso around his body, was engaged in a tremendous struggle to hold his own against the giant monkey, and being slowly but surely dragged into the depth of the woods where the beast doubtless had its home, though Jules contested every foot of ground, and strained and tugged as he planted his heels against each projecting root, all to no avail.
 What the ultimate result of the tug of war might have been but for the coming of the twain upon the scene, must be left entirely to conjecture.
 Whether the plucky scientist would have eventually succeeded in securing the mastery, or, finding himself being dragged at the heels of the monkey be compelled in self-defense to cut loose with his knife, must remain a mystery.
 At the appearance of our friends the animal redoubled his efforts, and poor Jules was tossed about like an acrobat's thistle-down.
 When Bruno managed to lay hold of the rope, a new element entered

HEART DISEASE
 is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is
Dodd's Kidney Pills

the game, and the beast's defeat was settled.
 Jules was released, and his end of the lasso fastened to a tree. Then an advance was made from several quarters, but the beast looked so fierce in his despair, that, being deterred from using their guns, they were compelled to resort to strategy in order to accomplish his downfall.
 Retreating before them the beast gradually shortened his circuit and wound himself up until he was powerless to resist and fell an easy prey to their combined assault.
 As the gentleman of science had ere this made up his mind he did not want the monkey half as much as he had thought, when the lasso had been recovered they allowed the brute a chance to shuffle off, which he did with the most frightful grimaces and chattering, as though invoking the curse of the great voodoo of the monkey race upon their heads on account of the indignities he had endured.
 It was now high noon, and all seemed well.
 A few hours more and they would feel at liberty to abandon the little camp, and push on in the direction which Rex had marked as their course.
 Lord Bruno was met by the chief of the cowboys upon their return, and heard their report. It was to the effect that several bands of moving imps had been seen by the sentries while our friends were away upon their expedition, but though their garb indicated that they were upon the warpath rather than engaged in a simple hunting expedition, they had not come close enough to detect any signs of the invaders.
 Slowly the time passed.
 It was somewhere in the neighborhood of three o'clock when Rex was lying there in a half doze, that he saw Bludsoe hastily enter the camp, coming from the lookout.
 His manner indicated that he had made a discovery of some importance. Rex saw him speak to Lord Bruno, who immediately picked up his gun, and accompanied the cowboy. They vanished among the trees in the direction from whence the expedition had come.
 That something was in the wind Rex could easily guess. The sleep had now vanished utterly from his eyes. He was never more wide-awake in his life.
 Sitting up he awaited the return of the two who had gone forth. The professor lay curled in his blanket sound asleep. Near by reposed the doctor, making the best use of his time. Not a sound came from the depths of the great forest save the cries of wild birds. One of the horses was pawing the ground. Was that a sign of hunger, or did the beast recognize the existence of danger in some shape near by? Really, Rex was not sufficiently educated in the sign of wood and plain to tell.
 Almost half an hour had crept by, and still the two had not returned. His ears had been on the alert, but the report of a gun either near at hand or far away had failed to reach him. His curiosity grew apace. Could they have gone to the hill again, so that Bludsoe might impress a mental map of the surroundings upon that wonderfully retentive brain of his? Rex could hardly believe it, since they had left the laager headed in just the opposite direction.
 This brought to mind the fact that they had themselves come from that quarter. What object could it be that induced the scout to go upon the back trail?
 He was still debating this subject without having arrived at any definite conclusion, when his attention was attracted by moving figures, advancing through the forest.
 The first sensation he experienced was one of sudden alarm, for his eyes had fallen upon the tall figure of a black warrior, decked in the paint, and cat-tails and gewgaws that go to make up an impi on the warpath.
 Then Rex drew a sigh of relief as he discovered another fact—on either side of the brave stalked a form, and in these he instantly recognized Lord Bruno and Bludsoe.
 Another glance, and he had discovered that the black, marching with a haughty step between his captors, had his hands bound behind his back, while a rude gag prevented him from making an outcry.
 Hastings could guess the truth now, remembering how the scout brought sudden news to mind, and the two had immediately gone out as if to battle.
 Undoubtedly the lynx eyes of Red Eric had discovered the black following their trail. All that was necessary for them to do was to select a choice position, and then after the fellow had passed by Bludsoe with a whirl of his trained arm had sent a coil of rope spinning through the air, the noose settling over the shoulders of the impi, when he was instantly hurled to the ground, to be

set upon by Lord Bruno ere he could understand what had befallen him, or gather his wits enough to send forth a signal whoop.
 What to do with the fellow was a conundrum.
 Bludsoe endeavored to communicate with him but the effort was a failure. Either the black did not understand, or else deigned to make no reply. At least he preserved his haughty demeanor.
 Had those rough riders been alone, they would speedily have settled the fellow's fate with a ready lasso. That is the code of the South African border, when enemies meet; a code that is as old as chivalry itself, and yields place very reluctantly to modern ideas of mercy.
 Lord Bruno could not give his consent, even though he knew his weakness might come home to him. He was no butcher, to end the life of a man captured in his own country.
 Bludsoe shook his head as if not satisfied, but said nothing. When the little party rode out of camp, the black remained, tied hand and foot to a tree, rendered incapable of speech; but his eyes had observed everything, even to the fact that he owned his wretched life to the kindly heart of an English gentleman.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE WITCH DOCTOR.
 It was just turning night when they quitted the camp, and took up their line of march. A change had come over the face of nature, since the sun had dropped to rest amid banks of forbidding clouds, and not a star appeared in the heavenly vault.
 Jim Bludsoe swept many a glance upward and seemed somewhat concerned; but men of his calibre seldom let the whims and caprices of the weather daunt them when they have any particular business in hand. Hastings had laid his course from the eyrie to which he and Lord Bruno had mounted with such labor, and Bludsoe, having also taken an observation knew the lay of the land, as only such a genius could grasp it.
 Like spectres they rode on, two by two, the only sounds arising from their progress being the dull plunge of horses' hoofs into the yielding turf, or it might be the swish of a branch striking the form of a rider, to spring back into place after his passage.
 No one uttered a word above a whisper, and then only when it was actually necessary. Indeed, the singular surroundings appeared to have an influence upon even the usually voluble little professor, for he contented himself with dodging the occasional gnarled branches that seemed like the tentacles of a gigantic octopus of the mysterious African forest, eagerly outstretched to tear him from his perch in the saddle.
 Hastings' thoughts during this sombre ride were legion. They ran the gamut of his recent adventures beginning with the daring invasion of that haunted crater in search of the ancient treasure.
 Again he could see the fair white priestess of the imps, as she held the host of black warriors spell-bound in her radiant presence—again the charm of her sweet bird-like music floated upon his hearing, and he experienced a sense of exultation at the thought of how speedily his dream of returning to the mammoth kraal backed by a determined force had been realized through the most remarkable as well as luckiest meeting of his life.
 There were times when he found it difficult to believe this strange thing had actually come to pass—when he feared it must be a wild phantasy, such as might come to the East Indian "hasheesh" eater, or the disciple of that subtle drug opium; but only a glance around at the determined comrades touching his elbows was needed to dissipate that delusion.
 One thing he could not forget so easily, and this was the black whom they had left in the camp, fastened to a tree and apparently helpless either to escape or draw the attention of his fellows.

(To be Continued.)

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