

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 east..... 6 00 p. m.
 Accommodation arrives from the west..... 10 55 a. m.
 Accommodation arrives from the east..... 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 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.
 "Winn"—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. Arrives 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, Finlay 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 Terrace.
 Malpeque—Hodgeon House, North Shore House.
 Pownal—Florida Hotel, Dominion House.
 Vernon River Bridge—Finlay House.
 Georgetown—Atken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.
 Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.
 Lignish—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
 Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.
 Montserrat—Macdonald House.
 Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mansfield 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 price may be obtained. Further information may be obtained upon application at the 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 XIII.
 THE SNAP OF A ROPE.

It was easy to see that the cowboy had some plan of action in his mind—that even as he ran he had arranged a scheme by means of which he hoped and expected to accomplish the downfall of the black spy who scurried on before, and of whom they had occasional glimpses as he bounded from pillar to post in a sullen, unwilling way, as though he liked not the idea of being thus chased so heartily into the bowels of the earth. Rex entered into the spirit of the game with a zest known only to the hunter—an eagerness that is seldom reciprocated by the fugitive, be it man or beast, straining every muscle and nerve to escape.

He kept close at Bludsoe's heels, and waved the torch above his head so that with the draught caused by this double movement, the flame hissed and roared, and ate deeper into the wood of which the flambeau was composed. The air grew even more suggestive of the infernal regions—it was fetid and strongly impregnated with that sulphurous odor which they had noticed ever since plunging into the crack in the black rocks.

Still Jim Bludsoe ran on, and Rex would not allow any man to outdo him in an affair of this kind, no matter where it led. That was the Scotch blood of his way-back ancestors again—he owed much that was wholesome in his disposition to those sturdy men of brake and fen from whom he was descended.

As his eye rested momentarily on his companion he discovered that Jim had made his lasso ready—that that weapon which is more than knife or revolver in the hands of one to the manner born, and with which an adept can perform feats that might stamp him a wizard in the eyes of a tenderfoot.

He coiled it as he ran and woe betide the black fugitive once the rope was launched forth by that practiced arm.

All the while they gained, possibly because the man who fled before them experienced an unwillingness to explore the mysteries of the subterranean passage, and also on account of their avoiding obstacles he stumbled over, thanks to the light.

Now he could be seen very plainly—Rex even caught the look of deadly fear upon his dark face as he twisted his head around in the endeavor to discover whether they were still gaining.

He really felt sorry for the wretch, and yet, knowing what it meant for them should the Zambodi warrior escape to sound the alarm, and arouse the black imps within ten leagues of the sacred crater, he was just as determined as Jim to continue the mad race until it came to its legitimate conclusion.

Twice he shouted to the fellow to stop and surrender, but his voice sounded like a trumpet blast in that narrow, ragged cleft, and appeared to only inspire additional terror in the fugitive, judging from the fresh spurt he took, fear lending him wings.

Bludsoe was almost ready to hurl his rope—he had begun to swing it around his head as if to give warning to Rex that he might keep his distance.

The black runner no longer scrambled over the rocks like a frightened chamois—he had come to a full stop, and his attitude was that of a man who finds himself between the devil and the deep sea

Lumbago
 is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

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ages upon ages ago had boiled and bubbled in the tremendous crater, tearing the crown of the mountain away in their mad upheaval. And that river of fire had formed the sepulchre of the wretched black spy who would have sounded the alarm if given the chance, and brought his tribe shouting wild warcries about the devoted little band of adventurers. Perhaps it was just as well—in the fight for a continent, what matters one poor life, white or black—the beautiful land must be wrested from the grasp of fetish worshippers, and these seekers for treasure are really the pioneers of civilization. Possibly it is a strange philosophy, and yet the deeper it is examined the more pregnant with truths it becomes. Heroic treatment is sometimes necessary when glorious results are to be attained.

Jim Bludsoe looked grimly disappointed and it is to be feared was using some pretty strong language under his breath. It was not on account of the poor devil of a black he lamented, but the fact that the major portion of his trusty lariat had accompanied the fellow when he made that headlong plunge into the fiery Styx far below. For a cowboy to be in the wilds without even an apology for a lasso, is something little short of a dire calamity.

At first he vented his abuse upon the rope, and loaded it with all manner of opprobrious epithets for proving so treacherous, until he snatched the torch from the hand of his companion and examined the rock around which he had snapped a couple of coils with such instantaneous rapidity, when of course he speedily discovered the true inwardness connected with the parting of the strands.

Then he called himself a fool for making an effort to save a wretched "nigger" when his death meant life to them; and Rex found it exceedingly difficult to comfort him as they began to retrace their steps.

It was time they were getting further away from that terrible crack in the rocks, for so powerful was the sulphuric gas that crept out of the abyss that it choked them and they were almost overcome.

Upon reaching the main chamber of the temple, they found their companions awaiting their coming with no little anxiety.

They had plunged the treasure into the yawning mouths of the saddle bags, and disposed of the surplus about their persons, so that each and every one had a singularly corpulent appearance. As Rex and his companion emerged from the passage, they found Lord Bruno igniting one of Jim's torches, as the flash-light powder had given warning that it was about to yield up the ghost, while the professor had crawled inside the hideous three-headed image and was working its four arms.

In the endeavor to discover how the fearful groaning sound was produced.

Little Phil hovered near Lord Bruno, as usual, while Red Eric had climbed upon one of the idols and was busily engaged in a laudable endeavor to punch the eyes of the image out, under the impression that they were composed of jewels.

The return of the warriors was greeted in a noisy fashion, for Lord Bruno gave a hearty English cheer, Red Eric waved his hat and let out a genuine whoop such as was his habit when in mad chase of runaway cattle, and even the French savant worked the arms of the head god from his perch within, with the result that a succession of diabolical sounds floated upon the air such as might have frozen the blood in a Christian's veins and must have been very demoralizing to the ignorant and superstitious fetish worshippers in the long ago.

Lord Bruno had seen enough. Now that Rex declared his mission to the temple satisfied they must quit these strange realms where the relics of a departed race held sway. Besides, Lord Bruno was filled with a most intense anxiety regarding the prospects of an interview with the mysterious white god of the Zambodi.

(To be Continued.)

Mania for Operations

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