

PICTURESQUE
Prince Edward Island
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 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.....	3 00 p. m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	4 50 p. m.

STEAMERS
PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning.....	9 00 a. m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening.....	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.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	2 p. m.

FERRY BOATS.

"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.....	
"Elin"—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. 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.

Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.

Montserrat—Macdonald House.

Mont 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 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.)

It spurred them on as with a goad. They yearned for excitement, and had come a long distance to find it. No danger then, of any weakening among these hardy fellows should the worst happen. Secretly, perhaps, they were in great hopes of a battle with the black hosts before quitting the neighborhood. If this were so, the most zealous among them could find no occasion to complain in the treatment accorded by a benign fortune, for they were certainly destined to see much of action ere old Phoebus again gilded the tips of the cliffs that guarded the crater.

In and out, under the matted foliage, and between black rocks that remained to tell of the infernal fires that had once tossed their red arms above this mouth of Hades, they moved, in a sinuous array, now starting a bird from its roost, and anon hearing the hissing of a serpent as it glided away from their line of march, until at length Hastings slackened his pace and finally came to a halt.

Then they knew they were close to the secret entrance of the crater temple.

CHAPTER X.

THE GUARDIAN DIETIES OF THE TEMPLE.

Rex had not forgotten. He had taken his bearings as well as the circumstances permitted, for the tops of the cliffs being outlined against the heavens, certain trees were marked in silhouette which on the occasion of his former visit he had especially noted.

Here he had throttled a fierce black who had hurled himself upon the intruder with a recklessness that could only spring from the abandon of a fanatic, set to guard a sacred shrine.

Having made sure of his position, Rex suddenly dropped on hands and knees and began crawling along the ground. The others, realizing that this was a genuine game of "follow my leader" did not hesitate an instant about doing the same, and considerable dexterity was shown in the endeavor to accomplish the task.

As yet there had been no signs of the guards whom Rex had found in the valley, mutes selected for this special purpose by the great medicine-man whose word was law throughout the land of the Zambodi.

Nevertheless, it would not do to grow careless. Perhaps the former invasion of the whites had aroused the guardians of the treasure, and they had set a trap, so arranged that it would insure the capture or destruction of these daring adventurers, intent upon robbing the ancient temple of its relics.

Ah! Rex no longer continued to creep along under the bushes. He had come to a halt and appeared to be intently examining the ground. That this meant something they readily guessed, and the whisper he started back along the line confirmed the suspicion.

Closing up around him they found that he gazed upon a pile of rocks, some large, others small, the whole appearing like a cairn some five feet in height.

Just such a monument might the old worthies of Abraham's time have made in order to commemorate certain events; and Lord Bruno had more than once in his strange wanderings seen a similar heap of stones mark a grave.

"Here is where the entrance lies. I know it from many things; yes, I could swear to it. But the pile of rocks is new. You can see yourselves no moss has grown over them. They have filled the opening up, taking care to leave no other visit

Well, here goes to remove the debris."

As he thus whispered Rex set to work, and raising one of the pieces of rock carried it away as silently as he could.

The others waited for no other invitation, but started in at once, working like beavers to accomplish the task. To have dropped upon them without warning must have given one the impression that the gnomes or Brownies were at work, for not a word was spoken, though the pile of rocks diminished in size with incredible rapidity.

Nor was Hastings' prediction at all wrong, as they discovered when the last of the stones had been removed, for there was revealed a cavity that yawned before them, above which the builders had raised the cairn after the fashion of an arch.

The entrance to the ruins was displayed.

Bludsoe whispered a caution. He was in the humor to believe these black idol worshippers would be equal to any devilry in order to trap them.

Rex, however, was filled with eagerness to advance, remembering how near he had been to this rich haul on the former occasion.

So they all entered the tunnel, which was hardly more than a fissure in the rock. Lord Bruno had come prepared, and without delay flashed a little bull's-eye lantern upon the scene. It was well chosen since, when carried by the leader, the little party would remain in darkness while a great light shone ahead.

More than that, it might yet serve them in the way of necromancy, for the superstitious blacks could easily believe it to be the one glaring eye of a spirit monster, seeking fresh victims.

They advanced cautiously. Rex could not forget how he and the professor had illuminated their way with a torch which, waved above the lead had created a tremendous emigration on the part of innumerable bats so that at times the bold explorers were compelled to call a halt in order to prevent their light being extinguished by the current of air created by the myriad of unseen mystical wings.

The passage wound this way and that, now fairly comfortable and anon so narrow that some of them had to squeeze through.

Once they entered a round apartment, and as Rex flashed the light about, the others held their breath with awe.

And no wonder, for it seemed a chamber peopled with spirits of departed giants. To the left and to the right could be seen the ugliest old demons ever devised by human hands. Vishnu was not in the same class with them, and Buddha might well hang his head in shame. Had there been a prize offered for the most frightful effigy the skill of man could devise, some of these ancient idols would have been hard indeed to beat.

Lord Bruno made an involuntary move toward his note book, as though his first thought was to secure a counterfeit resemblance of these jolly boys while the golden opportunity presented itself, for really the man who could transfer that collection of ancient beauties to his collection need never lack for a subject in the future.

"Come, none of that!" said Rex, grimly, knowing how overwhelming the artistic spirit controlled one who used the pencil to perpetuate the odd and the beautiful, so that millions might enjoy them.

"But I really must focus the light on that grisly old heathen with two heads. Do give me just five minutes, I beg," said Waterford, as might a man pleading for his life.

"Not a single minute in here. It would be wasted, I tell you. Why these chaps don't even hold a candle to the freaks in the next grotto. Come on—haste to the wedding. Once in there we will fire the pan, and you can scrtach away to your heart's content while I crawl into the stomach of the grand-daddy of all the idols and remove the booty."

Thus he artfully lured them on. Even the little Frenchman was shivering, not with fear, but excitement. Though he had seen these monstrosities before he was not averse to gazing upon them again, for strange to say they seemed to exercise a peculiar charm, as hideous objects generally do.

Another passage was traversed. It was no longer a tunnel. The work of man could be seen in the blocks of stone that shaped the walls and even the roof. When one remembered how this temple had for many hundreds of years been a ruin, it was almost like unearthing the relics of Babylon and Nineveh.

Upon these blocks of stone strange pictures had been cut, which no doubt formed stories recording the achievements of this remarkable people in bygone days when old Krokato was hardly cool after the last paroxysm. Many nations thus wrote

their history by means of crude pictures, and in both Egypt and America the reading of these stories has given the world much valuable information regarding the past. Suddenly the passage ceased, and another opening yawned before them. Rex kept the light almost at their feet as they advanced, so the others could see next to nothing, although they were impressed with a consciousness that fearful shapes hung out near them.

"Have you the pan ready with the flash-light powder?" asked Hastings. The sturdy Briton assured him all was in readiness for a plunge.

"Then touch it off, and remember—silence!"

Instantly there was a "click," and the dreadful darkness was shot into shreds by myriad flashes of dazzling light.

Eager eyes were turned around so as to take in the entire circuit, and in truth, such an amazing spectacle has seldom if ever before greeted human eyes.

No one uttered a sound—indeed, they were almost paralyzed with the sensation of awe that swept over them, and could only stand and gaze and turn their eyes from one colossal figure to another, as though the power of speech had been temporarily placed under a ban by a magician's wand.

As suddenly almost as it had flashed into being, the light died down leaving them in blackness again; but Lord Bruno had prepared for that, and a succession of charges was touched off, which promised to turn night into day so long as they lasted.

As they looked again it seemed to their excited imagination that the idols moved their heads, and a sensation of horror came over the venturesome intruders, who had dared the vengeance of gods in their quest of gain; but a closer examination disclosed the fact that a multitude of hideous bats, no doubt recognizing some affinity of the awful shapes that formed the circle, had attached themselves to ears and noses and chins in countless numbers and hung there, heads down, like brown stalactites.

The sudden flash of the sunlight, in the chamber where gloom had held sway, lo, these many hundreds of years, had startled the creatures of darkness, and there was a constant migration, as in clouds they sought various exits in the way of crevices.

The artist stood transfixed before the chief of all the idols, a monster with three heads and four arms, a fetish that if but glanced at a single time was hideous enough to give one the nightmare for a month.

And Lord Bruno stood there as if entranced, his face beaming, his nostrils dilating with eagerness, his hand creeping in search of his versatile pencil, and his book.

"Well?" asked Rex, smiling.

"I say, isn't he just a beauty now? Did you ever in all your life dream there could be such a monstrosity? Ye gods! I wouldn't miss catching his royal highness triple mug for the Shah of Persia's biggest diamond. Go on with your infernal robbery Rex, my boy, and leave me alone until I've transferred this treasure to paper, and then I'm with you heart and soul. Duty first and play afterward you know, old chap."

Just as he was already at it, and the way his pencil dashed over the paper spoke of aroused genius. Indeed, under ordinary conditions it would be something of a job to drag the excited artist out of the ancient temple until he had drawn the more remarkable among that collection of deities, since they excelled any he had ever run across in India or China, in temple, pagoda or mosque.

Rex left him to his idols, Rex who had something on the carpet that was of much more importance to him than all the ugly images the world ever knew, Rex who was quivering with eagerness to know whether he would, as on the previous occasion, be interrupted just when about to possess himself of the treasures of the crater temple.

"I say, isn't he just a beauty now? Did you ever in all your life dream there could be such a monstrosity? Ye gods! I wouldn't miss catching his royal highness triple mug for the Shah of Persia's biggest diamond. Go on with your infernal robbery Rex, my boy, and leave me alone until I've transferred this treasure to paper, and then I'm with you heart and soul. Duty first and play afterward you know, old chap."

(To be Continued.)

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