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.
Accomodation leaves for the west.....	4 10 p m.
Accomodation leaves for the west.....	6 00 p m.
Accomodation arrives from the west.....	10 55 a m.
Accomodation 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.
Accomodation leaves for the east.....	3 00 p m.
Accomodation 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.

"Elfin"—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.

Montague—Macdonald House.

Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Manse 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 EXAMINER 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,)

"Far different is the state of affairs in 'colonies' under other flags. The horrors of Spanish rule in South America and the Indies are well known, as witness the barbarities attending the rebellion in Cuba as well as that in the Philippine Islands. For many years the Portuguese flag has been the chief shelter of the slave trade in South Central Africa. The Dutch colonists, from the Cape to the Limpopo, have offered the natives no other choice than that between slavery and extermination. Of German rule in Africa the case of Carl Peters is a sample. Says a recent writer: 'In the Cameroons the Germans seem to have devoted their energies chiefly to the wholesale thrashing of natives, male and female, and to the repression of rebellions that have broken out in consequence of this conduct.' Naturally enough, the growth of these 'colonies' is slow. Germany has occupied Togoland, which is nearly half as large as New York State, for a dozen years, and yet its white population to-day comprises only seventy-nine Germans, six Frenchmen and three Englishmen. She has owned for the same time the Cameroons, a region as large as all the North Atlantic States and Virginia to boot, yet has there only one hundred and fifty-seven Germans, thirty-three Englishmen, seventeen Americans, fifteen Swedes and eight other white men. In German Southwest Africa, with an area twice that of all the Northern Atlantic States, the white population after twelve years is scarcely twelve hundred.

"The fact is the Anglo-Saxon seems to be the one great colonizing race. The Latins had the start of it in America, but it has immeasurably outstripped them. The Dutch and Portuguese were the first in South Africa, but must now yield place to the British. France got the first grip upon India, but had to loosen it in favor of her island rival. New Zealand and Australia are other examples of the marvelous ability of this race in founding and developing new States. Men of other blood come in later, as they came to the United States by millions, and made admirable citizens; but the pioneers are of Anglo-Saxon origin.

"It is a strong, proud race, sometimes arrogant and domineering, but on the whole both just and generous. It has established in every quarter of the globe such an empire, political, commercial and intellectual, as no other in this or any day has ever dreamed of, covering six times the area of the Roman Empire at its greatest, and comprising one-third of the whole population of the globe. And with all this achieved, it is still so fresh and vigorous and full of vital energy that every would-be rival seems weak and decaying in comparison with it. It has played a great part in the history of the last century. It will dominate the doings of the century to come."

Such were the thoughts of Hastings while he listened to the story of how the fierce Matabele had been driven back toward their strongholds of the Matoppo hills, now aflame with signal fires, and echoing with the hollow music of the war drum.

No wonder that men living in a country where such events come to pass find their opportunity to prove that the age of heroes has not yet gone — no wonder they strive to emulate the many glorious examples set by Anglo-Saxon valor of past ages.

Destiny is at work, and nothing can stay the march of progress.

Only a few years must pass ere the traveler will find it possible to journey from the region of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope without once leaving territory controlled by the sons of St. George; and that day will mark a new era in the history of the so-called Dark Continent, since the blackness of superstition must give way before the torch of civilization.

The little band rode on.

Sounds of the night came to their ears, sounds that were more indicative of life than the whisper of the wind among the tops of the forest trees.

Wild animals roamed through the region, and at intervals their voices could be heard in the distance as they sought for food.

Every man kept his rifle ready for immediate use, since there could be no telling when it might be needed.

Conversation had utterly ceased, only an occasional whisper being heard as Bludsoe conferred with Lord Bruno, or gave orders to his faithful fellows.

Professor Jules stood it like a stoic—small man that he was, he had spent so many years in an arduous chase after an elusive chimera yclept frame, that his system had in a measure become hardened, and he was thus enabled to withstand knocks which might have used up many a man apparently much stronger.

Hastings was for a time puzzled to account for his willingness to return, but finally believed he had alighted upon the true reason when he remembered a chance meeting that had occurred with a strange creature possessing a tail, and which in describing to Verdant he had declared possessed many of the attributes of a wild man.

Yes, the eager professor actually believed this might turn out tp be the long sought "missing link" of Darwin's theory, and could he but make such a discovery his claim to a niche in the column of Fame was assured.

Thus, it will be seen that quite a variety of motives influenced the members of Lord Bruno's little expedition in making their way northward.

The bright stars swept on in their westward course—the moon hung suspended in the heavens almost as round as a silver cart wheel, being near her full.

How like an old friend she seems to travelers far distant, this guardian of the night that now hangs over them in South Africa, and in a few hours will smile upon their beloved nests in England or America. How many have fondly wished they could entrust fair Luna with a message to loved ones at home; but alas, the wizard of to-day has not yet arrived at a solution of this perplexing problem.

That same old moon has looked down upon all history from the time of Adam—wars and conquests have been carried on, the spread of civilization has girdled the earth, America from being the home of the savage has become the abiding place of teeming millions whose magic influence is for the benefit of mankind. And in ages to come the calm heavenly luminary will look down upon an earth that "blossoms like the rose," upon which superstition and idolatry and darkness have no place, and where war is no longer the dread arbiter of nations.

Hastings' ruminations were suddenly distributed by a sudden exclamation from Bludsoe, who at the same time drew in his horse.

"It is an hour past midnight—the beasts are tired, and we had better rest," said the scout.

Immediately the small detachment of venturesome spirits went into camp. Every man appeared to know just what duty was assigned to him, such was the remarkable accuracy with which Bludsoe had inculcated his ideas among his followers.

In ten minutes after the word to halt was given, the little laager presented an appearance of peacefulness and rest. Horses had been hobbled, sentries posted, and the remainder of the band lay upon the ground wooing the gentle goddess of slumber.

Hastings had endured many discomforts during the last three months, and to feel a saddle under his head for a pillow, with a warm blanket between his body and the chill night air were luxuries rather than otherwise. Hence, it was not the lack of comforts to which he had become accustomed that caused him, weary as he was, to lie there and stare up at the yellow moon, glimpses of which could be seen through the branches of the trees.

Nor did the thoughts of the marvelous treasure-trove of which he had come within an ace of being possessed, have aught to do with his wakefulness.

Between his eyes and the magic orb of the moon there came in imagination the face of the fair god of the Zambodi. Again he was staring at her as she waved her white arms and sang — again in imagination he could see the spellbound impis crouching on the plain below, groveling and worshiping this angel of light who seemed to sway their destinies.

Who was she—what was she—how came such a lovely being in the midst of these savage and merciless blacks — what connection had her past life history with that of his artist friend Lord Bruno?

These were the questions that rioted through his brain and baffled his efforts to obtain sleep. Again he seemed to fell the mystic influence of her wonderful presence; again he experienced that overpowering determination to learn more of her history, and assist her to escape from confinement if, as he suspected, she proved to be a prisoner even while a god.

Over the hills in the west the moon hovered ere Rex Hastings' thoughts became an incoherent jumble, and he finally drifted away in the boat of the dream king.

There may have come to him while he slept visions of that same charming face which seemed destined to have such an influence over his whole future; but we draw the limit of our powers of divination at dreams, so that his secret must remain such.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSIEUR JULES AND THE "MISSING LINK.

There was no stirring reveille to arouse the occupants of the little camp in the heart of the enemy's country, no beating of drums or blowing of cavalry bugles such as might have marked the hour for rising in a military laager.

Instead, a hand touched the face of Rex, who opened his eyes to find the sun up, a small smokeless fire blazing in a cleft, an aroma of coffee in the air, and his friend Lord Bruno bending over him.

"Breakfast is about ready, Rex. Just give you time to dash some water in your face from the little brook yonder. This may be the last cooked meal we shall have for some days, so we'll make the most of it."

It did taste remarkably fine. Rex hardly realized how much he had missed the luxury of a hot cup of coffee until given the opportunity to indulge. They chatted over the meal, and laid all manner of plains, which no doubt would undergo the ordinary metamorphosis consequent upon the shifting surrounding conditions.

They were in no hurry to leave their present camp, since a further advance could only be made in safety under cover of darkness, owing to the danger of discovery.

Through the morning they lounged about.

The sentries were repeatedly changed, and taking advantage of the chance presented, Rex and Lord Bruno clambered up the side of a steep elevation near by, from the top of which they hoped to have a view of the surrounding country, which would aid Hastings in his efforts to locate the situation of the great kraal, upon which he and the professor had looked at the time of the white god's appearance.

The view amply repaid them for their efforts, since they were able to mark out their future course.

Smoke attracted their attention in several quarters, but Lord Bruno declared these were signals of the blacks, it being a favorite method of passing communications around.

Whether these smoke columns had anything to do with their presence in the neighborhood was a question they could not solve, nor would Jim Bludsoe have been any better able to have read the secret in those spirals that crept into the ambient atmosphere from various hilltop signal stations.

Having accomplished all that was possible the two friends commenced the descent, which was more of a task than the climb had been. Lord Bruno had, at the suggestion of Bludsoe, carried a lasso, without which no respectable cowboy would ever mount a horse.

(To be Continued.)

Rheumatism..

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the *cause* of those fearful shooting pains and stiff, aching joints. There is but one sure way—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Backache for 18 Years.

Suffered Much—Was Unable to Work or Sleep—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Made Him Well.

Too many endure the misery of backache without knowing that it is the unmistakable symptom of kidney disease. As you value your life do not neglect a backache. It tells of the beginning of the most fatal of diseases—Bright's Disease of the kidneys.

Mr. D. C. Simmons, Mabee, Ont., writes :—"My kidneys and back were so bad that I was unable to sleep or work. My urine had sediment like brickdust, and I had to get up three or four times every night.

"I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised, and decided to give them a trial. I have only used one box, and am a well man again. I can saw wood or do any kind of work, and am not bothered with backache or kidney troubles. I also enjoy good rest and sleep, which is a great relief after suffering for eighteen years."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers; or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Electric Light Sports

FIRST OF THE SEASON.

—ON THE—

Grounds of the C. A. A. A.

—ON—

Thursday Evening, August 23rd

LIST OF EVENTS

1. One-half mile bicycle, (handicap).
2. 220 yards run, (handicap).
3. Hose Reel competition, one quarter mile, open to Firemen.
4. One mile bicycle, (handicap).
5. Drill competition, open to companies Boys Brigade.
6. Relay race, one mile, 4 runners, one quarter mile each, open to Militia Companies.
7. Three mile bicycle, (handicap).
8. Hurdle Race, 120 yards.
9. High Jump.
10. One half mile run, (handicap).

Entry fee—25 cents for each event. Entries to be in the hands of the Secretary at 2 p m on Monday, 13th,

Refreshments on Grounds.

Band of 4th Regiment in Attendance.

Twenty-five cents admits to Grounds and Grand Stand

B. C. PROWSE, President.

REG. STEWART. Secretary

$8.25

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DOUBLE BREASTED

ALL WOOL

WORSTED SUIT

AT

D. A. Bruces

Summer Furniture

REED, RATTAN

FURNITURE for the porch, hall ways and any room where ease, comfort and coolness are desired We have some strikingly pretty and handsome designs to select from.

WE HAVE ALSO

Those comfortable Basket work chairs which we sell at $2.00 and rockers at $2.25. Call and see them. They are just the thing for the verandah or lawn.

John Newson

Summer Suiting.

Our importations of clothes for spring and summer is now complete, and we invite inspection of the largest and nobbiest stock of suitings, overcoatings and trousering, to be seen in this city. Correct style, perfict fit and best workmanship guaranteed. Always on hand, a full line of gents' furnishin

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