

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 arrives from the west.....	6 00 p.m.
Accommodation leaves for 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 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, Bever 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—Hodgeon 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, Mansions.
 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 172 King Street.

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.)

The ledge seemed to extend some distance in one direction, though its presence might not be suspected, even by the keenest eyes below.

Above them the wall still reared its massive crest, nor did it seem to offer quite as good opportunities to the daring climber.

Jim was of the opinion that they would do well to make a tour of observation before tackling the job, for indeed it promised additional dangers, and little chances of ultimate success.

Time had been consumed in all this business. They must not imagine their enemies had been asleep while the minutes passed.

Across the way a fire had been started on the heights, and they could see numerous figures passing and repassing. Presently it was discovered that some means of communication had been effected with the bottom of the crater, for figure after figure was seen to approach the brink and suddenly vanish. Perhaps a long rope had been brought into service, or else a series of ladders, the presence of which had been unknown to the fugitives of Krokato.

The truth of this reasoning became evident when lights appeared amid the scrub bushes around the entrance to the ancient temple—lights that dashed hither and yon like giant fireflies of the tropics, constantly increasing in number until they spread in a line directly across the crater, steadily advancing across from wall to wall.

How the black legions discovered the facts, unless aided with savage cunning to follow a blind trail, it would be hard indeed to say, but no matter—it was only a brief time before they had gathered at the foot of the cliff directly under the shelf upon which the little company of adventurers had found lodgment, and their fierce outcries warned the whites that their position was accurately known.

CHAPTER XVII.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

Bludsoe was fain to lay it all to the witch doctor, who had been able through his knowledge of the Black Arts to divine whether they had

down—at least he so expressed himself, and swore upon the first opportunity to clear up his reckoning with this arrant old humbug of a magician.

In his own mind the cowboy knew better than this, realizing that it was the exercise of remarkable sagacity in the line of trailers that had achieved such a result for the war blacks.

The situation was far from cheerful, and it certainly required pluck of no ordinary calibre in order to face the music without flinching.

Silence was a thing of the past, for when heaven's artillery deigned to refrain from bombarding their ears with a series of terrific explosions, the black warriors were exchanging signals with those of their ilk on the top of the cliff.

To ascend was no longer the one ambition of the adventurers, since it was evident that should they arrive at the top after a most arduous and dangerous climb it would only be to face death at the hands of the waiting Zambodi warriors whose assegais had been whetted for bloody service.

What then?

Between the upper and the nether stone they seemed in danger of being pulverized. Indeed, some plan of action appeared to have been arranged between the two wings of the hostile army, for presently stones began to crash downward from the heights.

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

stones that were both large and small, and which increased in number until it seemed as though from the murky heavens this deluge must proceed.

They scarr'd the ledge here, there and everywhere—they chipped off pieces of the gneiss as though with the blow of a trip hammer, such was the tremendous power gained by their downward plunge.

It would seem almost miraculous that any living being could remain upon that shelf and exist, but thanks to the formation of the cliff in one place, where the rock was hollowed out, they were able to flatten themselves beyond the danger line and wait for the furious bombardment to cease.

Whether the energetic fellows above had used up all the available supply of loose trap-rock, or fondly believed they must have pulverized their enemies by this time, the shower of descending missiles finally grew less in volume, until at last, some signal caused it to cease altogether.

Jim Bludsoe crept forth to reconnoitre, and the rest awaited his report.

He was gone five, ten minutes, and they began to grow a trifle anxious. In whispers they consulted as to the best move they could make in order to outwit the black wolves who howled for their blood; but it was a hard nut to crack, and the puzzle could not be solved until they heard the cowboy's report.

And as they crouched there, listening and waiting, a sharp sibilant hiss from Red Eric warned them of impending danger.

Rex had hardly raised his head than his attention was attracted by some moving object that came between the cloudy sky and his eyes, an object that quickly resolved itself into a wriggling human figure dangling at the end of a rope.

Of course it was a daring Zambodi scout, sent down by those above to ascertain the true status of affairs on the ledge.

Lower came to follow. Of course his eyes were strained to discover any evidence of human presence around him, but he would have needed the eyes of a feline to have made out the shadowy forms against the black rock.

Just then, as though in a vicious mood, the electric plant of nature took particular pains to send a zig-zag bolt earthward somewhere among the hills, and the whole scene was illuminated as by a magician's wand.

The dangling warrior's face was turned directly toward that line of crouching figures, and such was the amazing brightness of the heavenly torch that Rex could distinctly see the look of sudden fierce joy that flashed over the cruel features as he discovered where the covey of fugitives had found refuge.

There was no time to see more, for darkness succeeded, so deep and profound after the passing of that dazzling white light, that Rex seemed suddenly stricken blind.

He felt Red Eric spring from his side, and could give a shrewd guess as to the nature of his mission, so that he was not very much surprised when almost immediately on the heels of this mortal agony there came a shriek of mortal agony that started on a line with the ledge and ended fully thirty feet below, to be quickly followed by a dull shock, full of the most dreadful possibilities.

The danger from that source was no more.

Another shower of rocks might be looked for, but failed to materialize, which was pretty good proof that their enemies had other game in prospect.

Then Bludsoe put in an appearance, and without vouchsafing any information bade them follow him, which they of course did with alacrity, believing he must have made a discovery of some consequence to account for his actions.

The ledge proved of considerable length, and yet there was but a small portion of it that was not subject to the bombardment of the Philistines, which proved what a streak of good luck had been theirs when they found such convenient shelter from the storm of weighty missiles that had recently poured down upon the shelf from above.

Rex was moving along, one hand upon the wall for guidance, when without the least warning in the world his fingers clutched vacancy.

He received quite a shock, under the impression that he was on the brink, and for the moment dared not move lest by even the slightest action in the world he precipitate the catastrophe that seemed impending, for he doubted not but that he was upon the ragged edge of an unfathomable gulf and though the stupendous fortune contained in the pockets of his

URINATION, resulting from weakness of the stomach, is relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great stomachic and cure for DYSPEPSIA.

coat might buoy up his spirits and lighten his heart when clouds weighed heavily upon him, he could not expect it to take wings and wait him gently to solid earth below.

But some one passed him by—it was the eager Englishman, Lord Bruno. At about the same time he heard a whisper that set his mind at rest.

"Behold—a yawning cave!" was what the cowboy said, for he it known Jim could at times be truthfully suspected of budding dramatic genius, possibly due to the influence of Buffalo Bill, in whose Wild West Bludsoe had for several seasons borne part as the gallant leader of the rescuing cattle rustlers, until the monotony of the daily grind for pay became too much for his adventurous spirit to longer endure, so that he had set out in quest of adventure, somewhat after the fashion of the illustrious Spanish gentleman of La Mancha, only Jim's exploits were of the genuine type, and not with windmill giants.

The discovery of the cave at least promised something of mystery, for no one as yet knew anything about its dimensions, where it ran, or whether there was a chance of ultimate escape through its means.

When they had crept cautiously along some little distance, it was decided that the danger of a light being seen by their enemies was reduced to a minimum, and so after a brief struggle a torch was induced to take fire. One and all they mentally blessed that wise forethought that induced Jim to cling to his lightwood, though had it come to the worst Lord Bruno could have produced a little more flash-light powder from the satchel, carried with a strap over the shoulder, as one might his field glasses.

Hardly had the bit of resinous wood commenced to send forth a flame that dissipated the dense darkness than six pairs of eager eyes were cast about in the endeavor to discover what species of place this strange slit in the gneiss adamantine wall might prove to be, and learn, if possible, what chances of ultimate escape it presented.

Rex saw nothing beyond the bare rough walls some six or seven feet apart, and the black shadows marking the limit of the torch's power of illumination overhead.

He heard an exclamation beside him, and there was Red Eric, holding something which he had just snatched up, and which appeared to be the white thigh bone of some animal.

It was not the only remnant of its kind to be seen, for as Hastings glanced down in the direction of the stone floor his eye was attracted by quite a collection in that line, evidently the remains of many a feast on the part of some wild beast.

As yet he failed to comprehend why the cattle-punchers seemed so pleased. In his eye the discovery of these bones indicated nothing pleasant—indeed, he felt a shiver pass over him at the thought that possibly their own remains might some day be found by similar bold explorers, perhaps a century hence, and most profound treatises be written based upon the mystery of their presence in that strange cavern leading from Old Krokato's crater.

"That settles it," remarked Jim, nodding his head in a complacent manner, which served to confound Rex more than ever.

Fortunately the next words that were uttered served to throw a gleam of light over the mystery, and he was positively charmed to think he had not spoken and betrayed his dense ignorance of cowboy lore.

"Well, if a beast could at some time have had his den in this place, we ought to be able to discover which way he went in and out, and I'm very sure it wasn't by the road we took in coming here," laughed Lord Bruno.

As Rex remembered that tremendous climb to reach the shelf, he was ready to echo this declaration on the part of the artist rover.

(To be Continued.)

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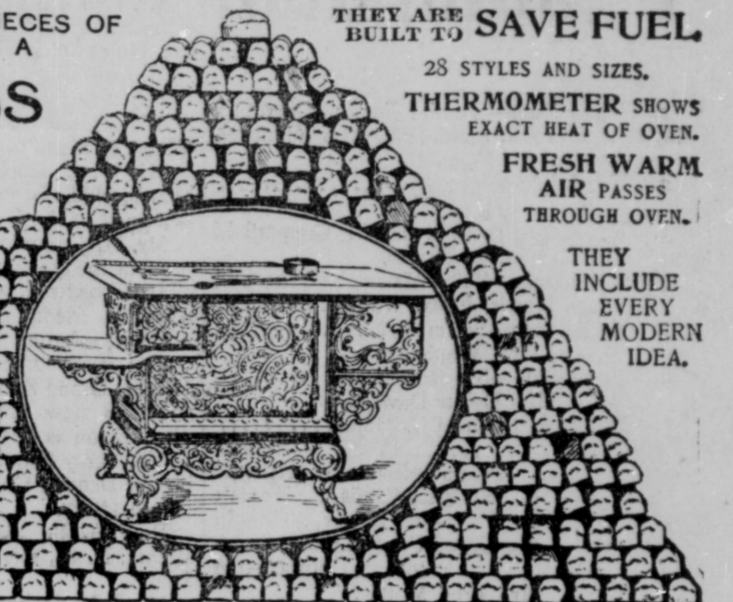
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