

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 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.

"Elleborough"—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.
 St. John's—Cliff House, Match 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, Man-ua 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.

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 XIV.
 THE THROWER OF ASSEGAIS.

Familiarity breeds contempt without a doubt, for while all of them have been more or less awed upon first entering the double chamber, and looking upon that silent assemblage of ancient and hideous deities, now that they had grown accustomed to the grinning or solemn-visaged chaps, it was small reverence they gave them.

Lord Bruno sounded the retreat, and two by two they stalked into the passage leading to the open air. The sudden presence of the black spy had warned them that the old temple was not unguarded—while the Zambodi might not be in sympathy with the religion practiced by those who had occupied this region centuries before their coming, still it was holy ground for them, and the invasion of white men must be severely punished.

Only by death could the adventurers atone for their audacity in polluting the cemetery of idols with their hated presence. Under the circumstances they kept a bright lookout as they advanced along the well remembered passage, heading for the exit. They could reach that spot none too speedily to please them, for the pure air of heaven would be like balm of Gilead to their distressed lungs and eyes, racked by the sulphur fumes of the cracked earth.

At last Jim Bludsoe in the lead, they reached the opening, and one by one crawled out of the depression. The first thing they did was to fill their lungs with air and expel it, only to pump them full again. It was more delicious than nectar of the gods, and Red Eric roundly swore he could never quaff enough of the invigorating ozone.

Bludsoe was already looking to the right and to the left in his usual cautious manner. Possibly some intuition of portending trouble weighed upon his spirits. Before his eyes had completed the circumference of the cliffs formed by the walls of the crater, Jim was heard to grunt in the peculiar way he had when something of an extraordinary nature was forced upon his observation.

His lordship knew what this meant, for he had made a special study of the cowboy's peculiarities.

"Where aways?" he asked, instantly, and then followed the line marked by the extended arm and finger of the other.

"Yonder where the dip lies, and the swell ain't quite as high as the rest. Keep your eye on it, sir—there, you saw it I reckon."

"I saw something flash, but it was quickly gone—just as a giant firefly might make a couple of plunges and vanish, or the lantern of a coast lighthouse gleam for an instant over the stormy waves, only to be followed by darkness."

"Just so, sir, this was a signal too, handed on from one black sentry to another on a second elevation, and telegraphed straight into the kraal at the foot of the kopje. What they are saying I don't know; but I can make a big bluff of a guess, and I reckon it's about us," was the other's cool response.

The breath of danger was incense to the nostrils of the rover, who scented the battle afar off.

Rex was hardly so composed, for somehow, the possession of those two little bags in his pockets gave him a feeling he could not have explained, but which was akin to a desire that he might reach the out-

Imitations

of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitations have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

D-O-D-D'S KIDNEY PILLS

posts of civilization as speedily as possible. He recognized the change that had come over the spirits of his dream, and even laughed quietly in scorn of his sudden discretion.

But Lord Bruno was disappointed. He had arranged his plans, and it was exceedingly hard for him to give up. The motive that urged him on was one that had been born in the heart. He had fostered it for many days and dreamed of it at night, until the idea of finding in this mystic goddess of the Zambodi the one who had so long been lost to kindred and friends had become the ruling passion of his life.

What to him were the eager longings of Rex Hastings, in his search for the Golden Fleece, or the equally mad desire of the French savant intent on discovering that strange freak long spoken of as the "missing link," and which was to send his name down the ages in harmony with such honored ones as Darwin and Spencer? The motives of the Englishman were of a much nobler character than these human desires for riches and fame.

That is why he contemplated the possible rising of the impis with a clouded brow. It was not any craven fear of personal danger, for Waterford had been in the army during his younger days, and demonstrated that he was a man who knew not the meaning of the word—upon the hot sands of Egypt with the column that struggled up the Nile to the gates of beleaguered Khartoum, only to arrive after brave Chinese Gordon had met his fate and the stronghold been sacked by the fanatical followers of the Mahdi, he had led his men in many a fierce scrimmage with fierce Arab and desert warrior, winning fresh laurels for his family name.

Lord Bruno was not the man to let his feelings get the better of his judgment. He knew just as soon as he heard Bludsoe's warning, that their business was to get out of the sacred crater as speedily as possible.

So far as they knew, there was but the one means of gaining the outer world. That was via the narrow, oblique shelf along which they had so cautiously picked their way when descending from the ragged black cliffs.

Should they meet the blacks when half way out, there would be the deuce to pay, with the chances pretty much in favor of their leaving a legacy of bones in Krokato, over which future explorers would spin gauzy tales of speculative fancy.

"To the outlet!" was his slogan, and among them was not a man but who comprehended what this signified.

It was not a mad rush by any means—the weight of the gold laden bags would have prevented this even had there been any inclination to disorganization on the part of the little company; but each one seemed to recognize the value of time, and a bee-line was struck for the spot where they had landed.

The moon was still hidden by dense masses of clouds, and Bludsoe cast an occasional glance overhead as though he had some idea they would yet have to stand up under a flood when the gates of heaven were opened. Such a circumstance is a small affair in the eyes of a cowboy who flirts with nature's smiles and frowns every day of his life, learning to accept her unpleasant moods with as much equanimity as he does her favors.

Nothing occurred to disturb them while they pressed through copse and over blasted rocks, so that the wall was speedily gained.

Jim's judgment was as true as steel, for he had guided them to the identical place they wished to reach. So much for his faculty of observation, which long practice had made almost perfect.

Jim led off, with Lord Bruno at his heels, the others stringing out, and Red Eric bringing up the rear.

It is easier to climb up a wall of this character than to descend; besides, having once gone over the ground they were in a measure familiar with it.

Bludsoe held himself prepared for an emergency, and acting upon his suggestion every one of the others kept an eye on the man just ahead, ready to bring their progress to a sudden halt, should the signal be given.

Up they climbed. The narrow ledge was sufficient to give a foothold, but in places they were compelled to be very cautious lest a slip might prove fatal.

Half the distance had been covered and as yet no note of warning passed along the line. It was good. Their spirits arose, and hope once more came to the fore.

Then came the shock.

Bludsoe had started to creep around an angle, when his eagle eye detected a sudden movement beyond. True to his instincts the plainsman instantly flattened himself out on the narrow ledge, and none too soon, for something went hissing through space just where his body had been, to bury itself in the depths below—something that cut the air with a sound never to be mistaken—something that carried death in its whistle.

It was Zambodi assegai or spear. Ordinarily Jim would have been prompt to snatch a revolver from his belt, and return the courtesy with a few leaden cards that must have voiced his feelings; but under the peculiar conditions he was averse to making such a response just now, since it would positively throw off the mask, and give notice of their presence.

Hence, his first act was to shuffle back around the angle, much as a crab might retreat in the face of danger. Luckily there was room enough between Lord Bruno and himself to allow this movement.

The line no longer kept in motion, but its constituent members came to a stop, and huddled as close together as the narrow limits of their footing would admit.

All had heard the angry hiss accompanying the passage of the assegai that had shot through blank space, and no explanation was needed. They simply waited to hear what Bludsoe had in his mind—to carry out any suggestions he might offer.

After all, it was Hobson's choice, since to retreat meant in all probability annihilation in the crater, and they could not stay where they were.

The two leaders had their heads together and were busily engaged in deciding what should be their line of action. Since the alarm had already been quietly given, what difference would it make should they take prompt and decisive action? The path must be cleared at all hazards, come what might. Once out of the great hole it would devolve upon them to meet the assault of the black legions, and where force would not avail let Anglo-Saxon wit take its place.

So the decision was speedily made—they must force the passage at all hazards.

Bludsoe again advanced, but this time he was more cautious, knowing that a vindictive foe man crouched around the sharp angle, no doubt with a second assegai raised and ready to be hurled with all the force of a mighty arm.

Rex peering over the hunched shoulders of Lord Bruno could see that the cowboy had halted just at the point where the rock turned. He appeared busily engaged with something, and Rex found his curiosity aroused when he saw the wind frolic with the long locks of Jim Bludsoe.

Ah! now he made another move, pushing something out in front, so as to make its presence known around the angle, something which at first was a mystery to Rex, but he suddenly awoke to the fact that it was the cowboy's head gear, fastened to the end of a torch.

It was a venerable trick, a regular old chestnut along the frontier where Bludsoe had learned the ropes of his trade, and one he might have really been ashamed to have been caught practicing; but there was always an even chance that it had not become so familiar to the South African impis.

Again was heard that peculiar rushing sound, so associated with the swift flight of an assegai from a practiced hand—the sombrero was violently shaken, for the keen pointed dart had passed entirely through it with the utmost ease.

Bludsoe laughed outright at the eagerness with which his black foe man above had bitten at the bait; but even while thus giving vent to his appreciation of the good fortune that had befallen him, the cowboy was quick to set himself in motion.

(To be Continued.)

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