

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 DUCHESS.

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.
 "Ella"—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 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, 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, Mansel House.
 Bonaventure—Pleasant View House.
 Port Hill—Port Hill House.

Besides, there are a good many private houses throughout the province where reasonable accommodation at a reasonable rate 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.)

He was partially covered with gree-grees, or charms, consisting of human bones, small gourds containing pebbles of gold, and balls of human hair and bird feathers. Taken in all he looked like a worthy satellite of the Old Nick, running loose on earth in a search for souls, and this was doubtless the very idea he meant to convey, since his prime object in life was to terrify those who believed him in league with the great god M'limo. In his bony hand this demon-like dancer held a small wooden idol which he waves in the air from time to time as though invoking the good will of the oracle.

Hastings could not tear his eyes away from this grisly figure, which seemed an epitome of all that was horrible in the land of the fetish worshipper. Every deed of blood that marks the dark pages in the history of South African colonization may be laid at the door of these wizard priests whose sole business it is to incite by every devilish means in their power, the evil passions of the impis, and send them forth burning with the desire to do murder, to burn and destroy, so that the whites may be utterly wiped from the face of the earth.

Long the war council kept up, until the dancers were exhausted, and the orators hoarse with wild haranguing. Then the great fire was allowed to burn down, after the high priest had cast some witch powder into the flames that turned everything green and glisty, and had a grewsome effect upon the superstitious blacks, though simple enough to those who watched from above. Gradually the assemblage dispersed. Hastings had many times looked eagerly in the direction of the ledge where on his previous visit the fair goddess had appeared to ravish his senses, but alas, she came not.

As the fierce warriors trooped back through the wooden gates of the kraal, the hand of his hearty English friend fell on his shoulder.

"Come," said Lord Bruno, "now to the great work we have cut out for ourselves."

CHAPTER IX.
 HOW THEY WENT DOWN INTO KROKATO.

Indeed, the task which these bold argonauts of the South African wilderness had set for themselves, was a stupendous achievement, that might well stagger the most adventurous of men, and none but those of Anglo-Saxon blood would have dared undertake it.

To venture into the enemy's country where the foot of a white man had seldom if ever pressed, and invade the sacred crater of old Krokato in search of a treasure that had lain there for ages—one would be apt to believe this a dream conjured up in the mind of a madman; and yet here was a little company of free lances pledged to carry the wonderful scheme to a successful termination or leave their bones among the kopjes.

The council fire was burning low, and the monotonous tom-tom of the war drum had finally ceased, for which they were sincerely thankful, as it had tortured their ears while in blast.

Again they crept along that narrow ledge and lost sight of the kraal with its hundreds of pointed lodges, teeming with black life.

The soul of the artist had been deeply stirred by the picture upon which his eyes had just rested. It appealed to his nature, and had been so impressed upon his mind that he

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ruin, almost ruined from view by bushes and vines.

To descend into this dark abyss was a difficult task, and one that might have brought the cowboys' lassoes into play, only that Hastings' memory failed him not, and he took them unerringly to the path which ran along the face of the rocky wall.

Lord Bruno noted with considerable curiosity that this trail had been cut out from the solid rock, and by

mortal hands, but in ages long since past. Thousands of feet had swept up and down this path. What a strange and interesting story it could tell if gifted with the power of speech.

They moved down into what seemed the bowels of the earth—silent as spectres, each man keenly on the alert for danger, and making both hands and feet do service in guarding against such a mishap as fell to Red Eric's share.

All seemed peaceful about them—from the crater came only the sound of some night bird's song, and the whirr of wings close to their ears was occasioned by the fitting of some bat, disturbed in his crevice by their passing.

Once Lord Bruno knew that his leader had passed, but what the cause of it might be Jim Bludsoe said not.

Hastings too had caught what seemed to be a single flash of light in the valley, and was mystified to guess its meaning. Could it be possible some vagrant flame from the fires far below had found an outlet—such a thing was really beyond the bounds of reason. He was more inclined to lay it to human agency than to believe it a will-o'-the-wisp haunting the ruined temple which perhaps also served as a sepulchre in ages ago.

At any rate, remembering his own experience with the guards who watched the remains of the temple, he was a little worried by the flashing of that light, fearing that it might prove to be a signal which would bring enemies down upon them with the same eagerness that wolves and hyenas display when running their quarry to earth.

All drew a breath of relief when finally they ceased to longer descend. A stream gurgled at their feet, and several stooped to drink. Hastings looked keenly around in order to get his bearings, while Lord Bruno and the cowboy chief kept very close in order that if necessary they might confer.

There seemed to be something uncanny in the singular condition of the valley—one was bound to be impressed with its remarkable history of the past, and in fancy might expect the spirit of those who had worshipped at this shrine centuries ago to marshal themselves in serried ranks when the desecration of their heathen temple by godless hands was threatened.

Truth to tell, however, these very practical invaders who had come in search of the Golden Fleece, were more worried about the resistance they might meet with from the human sources than that proceeding from spirits of the departed.

Hastings had figured upon the matter since his last visit to this mysterious region, and was firmly convinced that there must be some connecting link between the wizard valley of the temple and that ledge where the white god had shown herself—some passage underground, constructed by artful priests for a purpose of their own, and utilized under the present regime.

As they once more set themselves in motion, every one of the little company felt his nerves tingling with intense eagerness. The spirit of adventure was upon them, and those advocates who worship at this shrine scent the presence of a carnival of riotous action just as readily as the war horse discovers the odor of burnt powder drifting from the battlefield.

Though panting heavily from his exertions he seemed to be rather tickled over his narrow "squeak" as he termed it, than anything else. It took considerable to alarm this dare-devil, who yearned for adventure with all the eagerness shown by a Don Quixote.

When the hedge was left behind Hastings drew a breath of relief, for there had always been a chance that any of them might take the dizzy plunge, and he hardly dared hope that in case it fell to him to lose his footing he would be quite as fortunate as Eric.

Still higher they mounted, climbing over the rough elevations and pushing a passage through brush that opposed them. Hastings kept his wits wide-awake, for to him was entrusted the task of serving as guide to the expedition, and the success or failure attending their movements would depend a great deal on how well he remembered his bearings.

Considering the fact that he had only been in this vicinity once before, and then while the night held away, he was really doing remarkably well.

So they scrambled and worked their way up the side of the extinct volcano, until the edge of the crater had been gained. Once upon a time, ages ago, a magnificent cone must have towered above this vast cavity, which had been gradually undermined by the fierce fires below, and finally, during some ancient eruption more violent than its predecessors, this crown had been blown off, leaving the awful gulf of boiling lava, which as centuries rolled on, cooled, became covered with soil, and finally possessed a growth of rank vegetation.

The crater was now a valley, surrounded on all sides by walls of dark stone—a valley where in years long ago, some people who inhabited the land had built a temple, which in turn mouldered in the grasp of remorseless time, and became a vast

(To be Continued.)

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