

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 Picton every morning at..... 9 50, a m
 Arrives from Picton 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.
 "Hill-b. cngi" 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. 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, 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; Mans 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.)

"If I can assist you in any way, call upon me to the utmost," he said, and she gave him a rare smile that would haunt him for many a day. The native girl had followed her mistress, carrying several things. Evidently she had been well drilled for this emergency.

Left alone, Hastings examined his revolver which he found in first-rate condition. Then he reached out and picked up the assegai to which he had clung while escaping from the vicinity of the scene where his deadly duel with the war chief had occurred. It was Walkulla's assegai, and as fine a stick as could be run across from Zululand to Damaraland on the west coast.

His next move was to extinguish the light so that the little cabin should be wrapped in darkness.

This done he too stepped outside, desirous of being a witness to the strange scene about to occur.

The first thing that attracted his attention was the weird light arising from a myriad of blazing torches carried by the crowd of blacks on the steep hillside.

Rex stepped forward to find a place where he could see without exposing himself, for the tumult was enough to arouse his curiosity, even if his life had not been in peril.

What he saw he never forgot. It was a picture to haunt an artist's dreams—a page from the nether world, a mingling of countless black and painted faces, grotesque forms and flashing smoking flambeaux.

Ye gods, what a weird spectacle. He forgot for the moment that it was his life he sought, and only measured the scene as a basis upon which a masterpiece fit for the best hanging at the Paris Salon could be built.

This sensation gave way to one more practical. What was about to happen—would the mad imps forget their veneration for the fair goddess, and overwhelm her in their search for the person who had slain their chief?

Rex noticed with uneasiness that some of those in the advance were bending over as they advanced.

He did not require the training of Bludsoe to understand what this meant—that these men were the expert trailers of the tribe, and that they had followed his tracks from beside the smouldering council fire where the valiant Walkulla fell, to the retreat of the white god.

Did they know the war chief had been slain by a hated paleface—perhaps Walkulla had retained sufficient strength to inform them with his last breath, or possibly the foot-prints revealed this much to their keen eyes.

The main thing of course was the means to be employed in baffling their fury.

All depended on the girl. Rex drew back and glanced toward her as she stood upon an elevation. A peculiar glow began to surround her form, an unearthly white light very like that produced by electricity. Her figure stood out like a pale statue. She had discarded the black robe and was now as he had first seen her, an angelic being in purest white.

As the peculiar light increased even Rex was astonished—it seemed to proceed from the figure itself, just as may be seen in the glow-worm or the fire-fly. Of course he knew the cause was some ingenious contrivance which had been arranged by her father, with the purpose in view of controlling the superstitious blacks. The shouts began to grow less in

volume as those below caught sight of the girl at whose shrine they had worshipped these years.

She spoke to them in their own tongue, and an answer came back.

What was said Rex could only surmise, but he felt sure it concerned him.

Curiosity again urged him to glance over the edge. A few of the blacks were on their knees, but the main throng stood erect. Rebellion was in the air—the evil influence of old Hassaje had made itself felt, and only by a supreme effort could the fair god regain her superiority over these wavering superstitious minds, so prone to be led by sophistry and a show of power.

Could she do it? Somehow he had a great faith in her ability to cope with this new dilemma.

One thing he noticed, and this was the absence of the witch-doctor. Why had he not kept up with the procession—was he deep in some scheme for the overthrow of the white god?

Apparently she was explaining the presence of a stranger in some way to excite their wonder—perhaps she even hinted that it was the spirit of the departed returned to hold communion with her. They were inclined to scoff at the idea, and she felt called upon to draw on her resources, as bequeathed to her by her father.

These were simple enough in the eyes of one accustomed to the wonders of the latter-end of our present century; but when a hand mirror or a string of colored beads arouses the cupidity of a savage beast, small things appear gigantic before their vision.

So with a wave of the hand she caused the white light to turn into a ruby glow, and then gradually into a pale green.

More heads went down, while those figures that still held forth were wavering between the dread that made their hearts sick, and a sullen dependence upon the crafty witch doctor who had assured them he had the wires laid to overcome this woman spirit whose influence had ever been in the line of peace, rather than the natural aggressiveness of their race.

Then the girl brought about a climax—it was such a little thing that Rex would have laughed only for the grave consequences resting upon it—merely the commonest of all fireworks, known far and wide as a Roman candle, but to those black warriors a sputtering fire-demon bearing flaming messages of red and blue from dread M'lmo.

Perhaps she had never found occasion to use one of these before.

At any rate its effect on the most obstinate of the Zambodi warriors was profound.

They gazed awe-struck upon the spouting shower of sparks, but when with a bang a fiery red ball shot up over their heads, to mysteriously disappear, there was a howl of mortal terror, and to a man they threw themselves upon their knees.

And with each report, the flight of the colored ball was accompanied by a chorus of groans and cries that promised poor returns for the prophet Hassaje's future dealings with his wretched people.

The victory seemed won, for the blacks would not dare advance upon the retreat of their white god after this exhibition of her intercourse with the terror by night, the spirit of the hills, dread M'lmo himself.

When Rex arrived at this pleasant solution to the problem, he suddenly remembered there was one person not taken into consideration when thus settling the matter.

The witch doctor!

Where was Hassaje the cunning manipulator of charms, the magician who would invoke a blessing or a curse, who talked with M'lmo in the thunder of the storm, and received his messages on the forked lightning that scorched the towering oak or brought death to the huddled cattle!

Rex knew, and the information came to him with a shock. He caught sight of a skulking figure that crawled and crept along foot by foot in the rear of the shining form of the girl; and he knew this must be the desperate conqueror who had resolved to stake his all upon one effort to regain his lost hold on the minds of his former slaves, in danger of being emancipated by the stronger influence of his girl rival.

Yes, he had crawled up a secret path while the others advanced along the face of the hill, his object being to come upon the white object of worship from the rear, to take her by surprise as it were, and thus bring her reign to an end.

Heaven looked not with favor upon his dark plans.

No sooner had Hastings discovered the crafty witch man than he knew

to what use he could put his sn-shooter. To trust to an assegai with so much at stake would be taking too many chances.

Nearer crept Hassaje, like a tiger that creeps upon its prey—low he bent until he was almost flat upon the ground; but his glittering eyes never left his intended prey.

No doubt his flesh crept at sight of the myriad sparks that fell like rain apparently from the extended hand of the being he hated and feared; but he had primed his soul for this one supreme effort to assert his authority, and would not allow the coward flesh to control his actions.

Nearer still. Rex raised his arm, and allowed his weapon to cover the wretched charlatan. He felt no pity—the fellow had conspired to take the life of that beautiful being, and thus merited his doom.

Had it been a chimpanzee of the African woods he was about to shoot down Rex would not have aimed more deliberately.

He saw that Hassaje had slowly arisen—that he held something in his hand, something that glittered in the flash of the fountain of sparks. It was a knife, perhaps a poisoned blade. Some of these Zulus and Zambodi warriors show amazing skill in casting such a weapon even at a distance of ten yards, and it was evidently the intention of the zealous witch-doctor to send this blade hurtling through space, directed at the beautiful figure in white, emblematic of purity.

Hastings' intentions were all right, but he did not have occasion to use his firearm.

The girl suddenly turned and pointed directly at the magician, who had even drawn back his arm as if to make the cast.

Rex caught his breath, but Hassaje caught something more, for a sputtering fiery cotton ball of intensest scarlet hue shot out of the little tube she held—its last stroke as it proved—and struck him fairly between the eyes, as though directed by a sharpshooter.

It was a beautiful sight. The witch-doctor's desperate valor was not proof against such an onset.

He gave a scream that would have shamed a terrified elephant, and forgetting all about his desire to regain his old-time supremacy, thought only of escape.

When Rex saw him scrambling over the brink, while still covering the squat figure he refrained from firing. It was just as well, since the magician's one idea was to put a little space between his precious body and the spouting fire-god. He fairly tumbled over the edge, and Rex could hear him rolling down the steep, now on his head and anon on his back, shrieking imprecations and incantations in the Zambodi tongue as only a sadly demoralized priest would be capable of doing.

At all events the evil machinations of the desperate sorcerer had been brought to naught, and for the present at least the refuge of the fair goddess remained sacred.

CHAPTER XXII.
MAID MIRIAM.


Gradually the sounds of excitement died away. The black warriors, when their lovely goddess had vanished, lost no time in sneaking down the hillside, as though afraid to remain longer near such sacred ground. But they did not return to the kraal. Rex could see the glow of their torches through the trees, and now and then a puff of air from that quarter would bring to his ears the sound of a high pitched voice which he knew belonged to the demoralized charlatan. Hassaje was not yet ready to give up the fight, while an arrow remained in his quiver or his scheming mind could plot new designs.

The girl had discovered Hastings' presence near by, and seemed affected by it, as though she could understand what motive had influenced him to thus issue forth. Perhaps she had also known of his design upon the life of the necromancer, for he still held his weapon in her sombre robe, she came to his side.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN HEATING WITH WOOD

USE A
FAMOUS MAGNET WOOD FURNACE



SIXTEEN styles and sizes. For brick or galvanized casings. Fire travels THREE TIMES the length of furnace before entering smoke pipe. Direct or Indirect Draft. STEEL radiator gives quick heat. Cup Joints throughout. Smoke cannot escape. Sectional Grates. Large Ashpit.

The most easily cleaned furnace made. All operations from the front. PAMPHLETS AND ESTIMATES FREE from our local agent or our nearest house.

THE McGLARY MFG. CO.
 LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER
 S. W. Crabbe, Local Agent, Charlottetown.

\$8.25
WILL BUY A
DOUBLE BREASTED
ALL WOOL
WORSTED SUIT
AT
D. A. Bruces

The undersigned offers for sale the following:

- One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
- 14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
- One Rip Saw and bench with carriage.
- One 30 in. Saw.
- One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks.
- One Matching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
- One Swing Saw complete.
- One Turning Lathe and Shaft—One Vice.
- Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

MATTHEW & MCLEAN

Had Piles
For 9 Years

Dominion Inspector of Steamboats Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

False modesty and fear of the surgeon's knife prevent most people from appealing to their physicians for a cure for piles.

Many people suffer on year after year, robbed of their rest and sleep by the terrible itching, when they could be entirely cured by a single box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. O. P. St. John, Dominion Inspector of steamboats, living at 246 Shaw street, Toronto, states:—"I suffered for nine years from itching piles, at times being unable to rest on account of the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost all remedies in vain I began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have recommended it to several friends, all of whom have been cured by its use." Dr. Chase's Ointment is recognized by physicians, druggists, and the public in general as the only absolute cure for piles; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd
OF LONDON.
Special Travelling Accident & Sickness Coupon Policy.

The above policy has just been issued by the greatest and most progressive Accident Company in the world to-day. The policy is issued by the agent in Charlottetown at a moment's notice and enclosed in a substantial pocket book.

The indemnities are as follows:—
 Death caused by accident in passenger Railway conveyance \$1500.00.
 Temporary Disablement caused by accident in Railway conveyance \$10.00 per week.
 Temporary Disablement caused by Smallpox, Varioloid Diphtheria, Measles, Asiatic, Cholera, Erysipilas, Appendicitis, Diabetes, Peritonitis, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Meningitis or Tetanus, \$10.00 per week.

PRICE OF POLICY—\$3.00 per annum.
JAMES J. JOHNSTON, Stamper Block,
CHARLOTTETOWN AGENT

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

LOST.—In June, between Queen Street and Navigation Co's Wharf, a parcel of clothing Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving me at this office.