

**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.**  
 "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. 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, Bureka House, Ocean House, Railway House, Leppage 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, Mantou 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.)  
 ing himself but of taking the fair barbarian with him. What is impossible to a spirit of that calibre?  
 As Hastings turned the corner of the lodge, he reached that side away from the nearest fire. Here the shadows lay thickest, and here he was to look for his fair benefactress. That she did not immediately appear he laid to his ferocious make-up as a full-fledged warrior of the Zambodi, and desiring to reassure her he said aloud:  
 "I am ready!"  
 Then a figure, coming from he knew not where, appeared at his side, and touched his arm. She was dressed in black, and with a veil over her wondrous face appeared like a phantom, whereas in white he had deemed her an angel.  
 A sense of his remarkable appearance almost overwhelmed Rex, and he mentally thanked the friendly shadows that in a great measure concealed his savage garb. He felt more foolish than at any time in the whole course of his life.  
 However, a man can undergo varied experiences and still live to tell the tale, and by degrees he became, in a measure at least, accustomed to the peculiar role fate had marked out for him.  
 The girl made no comment—possibly because she was quite accustomed to the sight of Zulu and Matabele and Zambodi warriors in all their weird toggery, since she must have spent years among them.  
 "We must lose no time, sir—you can hear those savage shouts rising higher all the while. That comes from the widows of the warriors lately slain by your friends. They are singing your death song," she said.  
 "Come, that is pleasant," remarked Rex, as the chant reached such a ferocious pitch as to send a shudder over him.  
 "Presently, when they have succeeded in working themselves up to a pitch of demoniac fury, a rush will be made for the prison lodge, with the intention of dragging you out and tearing you to pieces."  
 "Regular Amazons, I guess; which makes me feel doubly under obligations to you, my good friend. If you will lead the way I shall follow close behind."  
 "You have the weapons I left—we must hope and pray there will be no occasion to use them; but remember, it is your life that is at stake."  
 "There's small danger of my forgetting that," answered Hastings, as he moved away just a few steps behind her.  
 He grasped in his hand an assegai, but the weapon did not give him half the pleasure that sprang from the possession of his own revolver, hidden under the ring of cat-tails around his waist, though how she had managed to secure this treasure was a mystery that puzzled him greatly.  
 In and out among the lodges they passed, without attracting attention, thanks to the amazing disguise of Rex.  
 He could see men and women give way before his guide, shrinking back as they caught sight of her sombre garb and in secret Hastings chuckled to think what a great thing it was to have a goddess for a guardian, whose presence caused many to throw themselves prostrate, and thus kept curious eyes from too searching a survey of his person.  
 The girl while heading for the gates of the kraal, was wise enough to avoid as far as possible any piles of burning wood, which fact Rex could not but note with exceeding pleasure.  
 His attention was directed toward a group of females indulging in a series of contortions that would have put the best warrior to the blush, all the while shrieking as they tore their hair, in the utter abandonment of grief and unholy rage.  
 This was not a very pleasing sight for Rex to gaze upon, realizing as he did that these frantic souls were the widows who longed to avenge their loss by tearing him limb from limb.  
 On the whole he was quite satisfied to leave these warm friends in the lurch, since their interests in his welfare was decidedly too personal.  
 Thus moving along they drew near the gate of the stockade. Rex remembered how he had seen the river of dancing blacks come pouring forth like a living stream, as they advanced in obedience to the tom-tom signal that called them to the war dance.  
 Once outside the gate the chances of discovery would be considerably lessened, although he was puzzled to know how their ultimate escape might be effected.  
 Perhaps she meant to secrete him in the depth of some lonely cavern until the hunt had been given up,

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

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when they might arrange to depart together.  
 Her presence was an incentive to him and he was ready to follow her lead without a question, no matter through what danger she might take him.  
 There were times when he almost rubbed elbows with stalwart warriors in his passage, and more than once guttural words were spoken, doubtless addressed to him, but he only returned a shake of the head and strode onward, for the language of the Zambodi was worse than Greek to him.  
 All seemed going well.  
 The gates were at hand, and open, for warriors came and went, since the advent of the white argonauts had dispelled sleep within the kraal for this night at least.  
 It was just at this juncture Rex awakened to the fact that trouble lay in store for him. His attention was first directed to the actions of his girl guide, whom he saw turn her head several times, as though peering through her veil toward that side of the kraal nearest the foot of the hill.  
 His attention being thus directed thither he became aware of the fact that a moving figure was keeping on a line with them.  
 It was a Zambodi, in full war dress, though he carried no rhingorous hide shield. Something in the dancing plumes told Rex he had seen him before, and then he remembered that among the dancers had been one more agile than all the rest, whom Jim Bidson marked as the head war chief of the tribe.  
 What caused him to act in this manner?  
 Were his suspicions aroused by something lacking in the walk of the disguised paleface?  
 Upon looking more closely Rex noticed that as yet the ferocious war chief seemed to pay but very little attention to him. His eyes were glued upon the gliding figure of the fair god.  
 Then light broke in upon his mind, and he began to grasp the true inwardness of the situation.  
 This great warrior, who had doubtless gained his position through his prowess in the chase, and in time of battle, had dared to presume so far as to fall in love with the beautiful being whom his tribe had set up as a thing to be worshipped.  
 At the bare thought Rex felt his blood boil within him. Perhaps the time that had elapsed since his first meeting with this fair maid of the wilderness had been exceedingly brief, but it was not jealousy that sprang to arms so much as the sense of repulsion at the bare thought of one so lovely being wooed by a savage.  
 He gripped his assegai more fiercely and gritted his teeth in a significant way that boded no good towards the war chief should they come to blows in the near future.  
 "I'll keep an eye on you, my hearty, and if you show your hand look out for squalls," was what he muttered.  
 Thus they passed through the gates.  
 Rex breathed freer when this occurred, for it was a relief to find himself beyond the limit of those everlasting conical lodges forming streets and lanes that were crowded with excited throngs of the Zambodi.  
 He was keeping watch and ward upon the war chief, and noticed that Walkulla had moved closer to the girl.  
 Evidently the stalwart Zambodi had also discovered his presence, and begun to suspect he had a rival in the field—at least Rex saw him glance towards him several times, and once the war chief made an imperious gesture which being interpreted might mean that he was to betake himself off without delay.  
 The fact that the unknown brave did not appear to notice his mute command seemed to further enrage the chief.  
 A climax was inevitable.

(To be Continued.)

**Itching Piles**  
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 FOUND.—On Wednesday, at East Suffolk, lady's cape. Owner may obtain same by proving property and paying expenses. Ad-ply at this office.

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