

**PICTURESQUE**  
**Prince Edward Island**  
 25c at all Bookstores.  
 An illustrated book on P. E. Island, an interesting souvenir for tourists.

**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.
Express leaves for the east.....	2 25 p. m.
Express arrives from the east.....	7 05 a. m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	9 10 a. m.
Accommodation arrives from 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.
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**CITY OF GHENT.**

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....	Leaves for Halifax every Friday.....
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**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.

"Edin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 5.30, 8, 9, 11, a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, p. m. local time. Sundays at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2, 3, 4 p. m. Returning 1.15, 2.30, 3.15 and 6.30 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.

**All Business Men**

And most Professional men on Prince Edward Island will have to have a certain amount of printing done this fall.

If you are a business man or a professional man we would like to do your printing for you—we would like to give you prices on it anyway.

We think we can give you better satisfaction in the Job Printing line than you can get anywhere else. We have put in a lot of new type, etc., this year, enabling us to turn out better work than ever before—and—"we have work done when we promise it."

**The Examiner Job Print**  
 Ch'town's Leading Printers.  
 Cor. Queen and Richmond Streets  
 —upstairs.

**Notice:**

There has been on my premises, since July 15th last, four strayed heifers, one black and one red and white spotted (two year old), one white and one red and white (one year old.) Unless claimed within ten days and all damages paid they will be sold by public auction on Saturday, 22nd day of Sept. at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., on my premises to cover expenses.

**JOSEPH McDONALD.**  
 Glencoe, Sept. 11th, 1900.  
 dy and wky. Sins.

**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.)

It was a journey never to be forgotten—a journey to which in years to come they would look back with the strangest sensations possible. Seldom did anyone speak, and when it became absolutely necessary, the words were uttered in a whisper. The moon was a friend in one way, since it gave them light by means of which they could see where to walk and thus in a great measure avoid obstacles that in the darkness might have served as snares to their feet; but at the same time there was always hovering above them the danger that this same mellow glow which shed itself abroad over tangle and plateau and plain, might reveal their presence to the keen eyes of the vengeance seeking Zambodi, wandering hither and thither in the hope of just such a lucky windfall.

If one lone warrior discovered the little expedition, his signal cries would be echoed from mouth to mouth, until the welkin must ring with the tidings, and from every quarter the surging black impi would come sweeping to the attack. No wonder, then, the members of that little band felt a grave responsibility resting upon them—no wonder their nerves were excited to a tension that became absolutely appalling ere the night march was half-completed.

In every suspicious sound Rex fancied he could hear the tread of an enemy. From almost each thicket looming up on either quarter he could imagine that hostile eyes detected their movement; and many times he actually believed he heard the strange hurrying sound of an assegai spearing through the air, when it turned out to be the humming flight of some owl or night bird of another character, which had been frightened by their approach.

As hours passed and nothing occurred to disturb the silence of the night, these fears which Rex entertained on account of Marian's presence more than anything else, gradually grew less in volume, for he realized that they were putting much ground between themselves and the burnt kraal, and with each passing hour their chances of ultimate escape grew brighter.

Bludsoe announced that they were now in the country of the Matabele, which adjoined the Zambodi territory. This, of course, did not improve their position, since the cousins of the Zulus were at war with the British, and in every quarter during much of the day could be heard the roll of the war drum, while signal fires flashed their glowing messages from kopje and isolated peaks after the day king had sank to rest, and night brooded over the land.

Again a halt.

The night was well spent, and Marian weary.

Bludsoe had been on the alert, and once more took his little company into retired quarters where the day might be passed without more than the ordinary chance of discovery.

Of course a certain risk hung above them always, for if passing eyes noted their trail, suspicion would be engendered, with a possible chance of discovery.

As before, Jim selected an elevation for their second camp. Its advantages were numerous, and every one recognized them.

Here they passed the second day. Bludsoe had managed to arrange matters so that their trail appeared to pass the elevation and ended at the drift beyond.

Anyone following them would doubtless believe they had gone down.

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease this disease was incurable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

**Diabetes**

is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

**The stream.**

It was well they did so.

During the day the various bodies of marching impi that came within range of the field glass astonished them.

"Bless me," declared Lord Bruno, as he saw the tenth detachment of giant blacks pass in among the foot of the hills. "The country is alive with the beggars. I had no idea they were so thick. Cecil Rhodes must know this if I ever get through alive. I declare the British South African Company has a bigger affair on its hands than the good people in far away England ever dream. There are no limits to these black soldiers, apparently."

Once during the day they had a scare, when a small party came along following their trail; but Jim Bludsoe's American tactics were too much for Matabele shrewdness, and the last they saw of the warriors the whole clan was scurrying down the drift, eagerly looking out for some signs of the fugitives who were not.

Night again—blessed night, since it was to take them, another long step out of this country that swarmed with hostiles.

They had fared but poorly in the way of food. Marian did not know it, for Rex saw that she was well supplied. The cowboys had cooked the last bit of meat over an apology of a blaze in the middle of the day, and Jim still disguised as a Zambodi warrior had watched his chance to bring water to their camp from the nearby stream.

All were glad when the day, which had been a series of naps and alarms, was numbered with the past.

At least there was some satisfaction in being on the move.

Bludsoe's task as guide continued to grow in responsibility. It seemed as though they had wandered into a veritable nest of hostile camps. To the right could be seen the blaze upon a hill that sent messages to the next station, appearing and vanishing in a mysterious way that was intelligible only to the savage mind, and serving the purpose of a semaphore or a telegraph line as camp after camp took it up and flashed it on.

Other fires there were at times, which burned steadily, and here our friends knew the Matabele hosts rested, ready to gather when the proper time came, and sweep once more upon the land controlled by the aggressive British company over whose destinies that wonderful man Cecil Rhodes presided—the one individual able to control their fierce leaders by the magic of his logic.

Again and again their course had to be changed in order to avoid the dangers that lay in wait.

No one murmured at this—so long as discovery could be warded off they had no reason to enter a complaint.

The night was well on when they saw a light miles away, which Bludsoe examined through the glass when a chance presented itself, declaring that it must be a Matabele kraal in flames.

That the spectacle aroused the various camps to fever heat they could tell from the louder roll of the tom-toms, and occasionally with the night wind came a swelling chorus of fierce cries such as could only spring from the throats of Zulu kind.

All at once Bludsoe halted them, indicating that there was danger in front.

And while the little party stood there, in whispers deciding what was best to be done, the plain, unmistakable thud of horses' hoofs beating on the hard ground electrified them.

**CHAPTER XXVIII.**  
**THE GOD HUNTERS.**

There could be no mistake about it—horses were approaching them, horses that seemed to be going at their limit, but which in the experienced mind of the cowboy guide had been ridden far and furiously.

Various speculations flashed through the brains of the members constituting that little company. Hastings conceived the idea that the vanguard of the British force had reached this point, and believed he showed commendable discretion in waiting for Bludsoe to give the signal to greet them with a royal Anglo-Saxon cheer.

With Lord Bruno, the case was a little more to the point.

He recognized the fact that the hard ridden horses approached from exactly the wrong direction to be a relief expedition from Mangwe or Buluwayo—the animals came out from that quarter where the flaming heavens told of a Matabele village on fire.

The two things were not connected.

**WANTED.—Drug Clerk of one or two years experience. Apply, stating age, to P. O. Box 669, Charlottetown.**

**TO LET.—The McTavish House, King St. or for sale on easy terms. Apply at the EXAMINER office.**

in his mind as with Bludsoe. On the contrary Lord Bruno fancied these horses were their own steeds, and when Jim in a sibilant whisper bade them drop down in the grass, he imagined it was only a design on the part of the guide to waylay the robbers and recover their mounts.

But Jim Bludsoe had different views, though he made no attempt to enlighten the others.

Nearer came the sounds, and in the dim light two moving forms appeared—men mounted on weary, foam-flecked steeds, which they urged on with occasional exclamations.

The words startled Lord Bruno, since they stamped the riders as of the same race as himself, and neither savage Matabele nor Zambodi.

Nearer still, advancing in a straight line until it seemed as though they must gallop directly over the group crouching there.

Then one of the riders said aloud: "The beasts are about done for. Armstrong—we must find a place to hide, come what will."

Bludsoe arose to his feet and gave a low call, such as Western men use with which to greet each other.

"Draw up, Burnham—don't ride over us," he said, laughing.

The horsemen pulled in their jaded and staggering steeds almost within arms' reach of the cowboy, and startled exclamations proclaimed their amazement at meeting civilized beings in the heart of this exceedingly hostile territory.

Jim quickly identified himself, and when other figures arose near by, the astonishment of the two riders increased.

These men were no other than the famous American scout Frederick Burnham and Mr. Armstrong, the superintendent of the Mangwe district, to whom had been entrusted the important task of making way with the high priest N'dubi, who had usurped the powers of a god, declaring he was the great M'limo, and from his hideous cave among the Matoppo hills, issued his orders that the Matabele war should be continued, declaring that by his magical influence he would change the leaden bullets of the white men into water.

It became evident to the authorities that so long as this arch demon who exercised such an influence over his people, remained alive, peace could never descend upon the distracted border, and hence the daring expedition of the god-hunters, one of the most venturesome on record.

Bludsoe knew where they had been, and his very first question as he squeezed a hand of each was to the point:

"Well, did you fetch him?"

"The black god went down—all his arts could not save him from lead after all," returned the scout.

His manner was far from boasting, and yet this quiet, unassuming hero had by his bold ride into the heart of a hostile country, and ridding the earth of a vile monster, not only avenged the death of his little two year old daughter Nada, who died on account of exposure when Buluwayo was besieged by the hordes of blacks; but possibly and probably saved hundreds of precious lives that must have fallen victims to the ferocious passions constantly aroused by the appeals of the black god.

Later on Rex heard their story, told in simple language. It has since been made known to the world—how they pierced the heart of Matabeleland, and found the dreaded M'limo's cavern home.

A large kraal of hundreds of lodges stood at the foot of the hill upon which they had been informed they would find the home of the Wicked One, where he was seen by none but his brother priests, who carried his commands to the war brigades of fighting men.

There was constant danger—they had during the day been seen by women carrying water, and doubtless bands of warriors were scouring the country in search of them.

A council was being held under the shadow of the very hill which they must mount in order to accomplish their work.

(To be Continued.)

**Backache for 18 Years.**

**Suffered Much—Was Unable to Work or Sleep—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Made Him Well.**

Too many endure the misery of backache without knowing that it is the unmistakable symptom of kidney disease. As you value your life do not neglect a backache. It tells of the beginning of the most fatal of diseases—Bright's Disease of the kidneys.

Mr. D. C. Simmons, Mabee, Ont., writes:—"My kidneys and back were so bad that I was unable to sleep or work. My urine had sediment like brickdust, and I had to get up three or four times every night.

"I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised, and decided to give them a trial. I have only used one box, and am a well man again. I can saw wood or do any kind of work, and am not bothered with backache or kidney troubles. I also enjoy good rest and sleep, which is a great relief after suffering for eighteen years."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers; or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

**THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT**

Is to get a boot that will wear and fit you, then you will have satisfaction. You also want something to suit you in price. You will find them all at

**McQUAID'S,**  
 LOWER QUEEN STREET  
 Boot and Shoe Store.

**A Shake-up Among the Clothing**

When you are spending good money get good clothing in return for it. The kind of clothing we sell is standard made—it's worth every penny you put into it, it gives good service and looks well as long as you wear it. The beginning of this month opens up the fall trade for which we are thoroughly prepared. We have received

500 pairs pants from 75c to \$4.50.  
 225 Men's Suits from \$3.50 to \$15.00.  
 125 Boy's Suits from \$1.00 to \$7.50.  
 300 dozen Men's Underclothing from 40c to \$2.50.  
 Top Shirts from 25c up.

Will shake up the balance of our stock of summer underclothing at half price.

If saving \$'s is a hobby of your's, come in, well encourage the hobby.

**J. B. MACDONALD and CO.**  
 Where worth and low prices meet.

- The undersigned offers for sale taa bargain 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**

**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, Erysipelas, 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