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CHARLOTTETOWN TIME TABLE (LOCAL TIME) Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Express leaves for the west, Accommodation leaves for the west, etc.

STEAMERS (PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND)

Table with 2 columns: Ship Name, Time. Includes Pictou every morning, Pictou every evening, LA GRANDE DUCHESSE, HALIFAX, CAMPANA.

CITY OF GHENT

Table with 2 columns: Ship Name, Time. Includes Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon, Leaves for Halifax every Friday, JACQUES CARTIER, FERRY BOATS.

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, Moran 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, Veron River Bridge—Finlay House, Georgetown—Aitken House, Tapper House, Acadia House, Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel, Digby—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel, Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel, Montague—Macdonald House, Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mansions, Hampton—Pleasant View House, Fern Hill—Port Hill House.

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.) Again they were in the little grotto and the quaint lamp threw its light around. Rex had been greatly impressed by the charming simplicity of his companion who, being free from the conventionalities which continued intercourse and the restraints of civilization throw upon the sex, spoke so frankly of her past life and the longing she entertained for the future that he readily entered into the subject with a zest.

Gradually too he told her of his friend and aroused her deepest curiosity when he spoke of the Lord Bruno wore, containing a locket picture that looked like her. "You spoke of him as your enemy—what reason have you for believing that?" he asked, determined to know more. For the Englishman was very dear to his heart, and he could not believe such a thing could be unless there was a gigantic misunderstanding somewhere.

"I cannot explain. I only know that I have heard my father speak the name in his sleep many times, and always with bitterness, as though his sufferings had come from such a source. Gradually I came to believe some one named Lord Bruno had wronged him, and I tried to hate the name. That was why I shuddered when you mentioned it. I am unable to say more, because all his papers connected with the past he destroyed."

"Does it not strike you there was something like guilt about that act—might it not be possible that it was he who had done the wrong to my Bruno or his father? Men hate those they have injured—there is no hate that is more blighting. Perhaps his bitterness came from that source," he ventured.

"It may even be so. Surely, he would have told me something, unless he had reason to be ashamed of it," she admitted, as though Rex stirred up thoughts that had once troubled her, now long since dormant.

"Do you even know positively that he was your father?" he asked, boldly. Startled by the question she allowed her eyes to seek his.

"Oh! why do you ask me that?" "The same doubt has arisen in your mind at some time?" he continued, following up the advantage gained, with the persistence of a lawyer.

"I cannot deny it. He was always kind to me, and yet there were times when something seemed to tell me he did not love me as a father should his child. It is shrouded in mystery. I do not even know why he came among these savage tribes, burying himself from all his kind."

"But you shall soon know, for I am sure Bruno can tell all. Even at the end he maintained the same awful silence with regard to the past?" "Yes, because as you know he died suddenly. A tree fell upon him during a terrible tornado. They brought him home to die. I nursed him tenderly, but he had only one lucid moment before death claimed him. Then he drew my head down and tried to tell me something but it was too late."

"You see, my speculation may not be such a wild one after all; but this is no time to be indulging in conjectures. Our situation is desperate while that old rogue lives to stir up the heathen, and it would be well if we talked of escape. Would you mind telling me your name—since we are to be friends and companions it would be better if I knew how to address you, and I have already given you mine."

"He always called me Maid Marian."

"It was the simple response. Rex repeated it—strangely enough that had always been a favorite of his. Once he had known a little sister whose name was Marian, but death had claimed her as a shining mark, and she remained only a precious memory in the minds of those to whom she had been attached on earth.

At the same time he thought how strange and appropriate that his favorite name should belong to this girl who had entered his life in such a remarkable manner, never to be effaced from his memory.

Then they fell to talking of flight. She had had such a contingency in her mind for a long time, and by degrees prepared for what seemed the inevitable conclusion of the whole matter.

Rex knew the folly of delay, and urged immediate action. While the girl was just as anxious to get away, she showed him the folly of such haste, telling him time had passed while he lay senseless in the prison lodge, and that the morning would soon dawn.

Delay was therefore imperative. She had a hidingplace where he could spend the hours that must elapse ere another night fell, as there were duties that would take her to the village, for she must pay a visit to the sick under her charge.

Rex stowed himself away in the secret niche which the hermit had evidently fashioned against a day of danger, when the blacks might invade his sanctum, under the lead of some disgruntled witch doctor. Plenty of food was given him, and there were robes made of loin and giraffe skins, upon which he could rest and woo the coy goddess of sleep. He was tired enough to sleep standing, and once he closed his eyes he knew nothing more for hours.

When he awoke himself it was still daylight, as he could see, thanks to a chink in the wall above. Had Maid Marian returned? He fancied he heard some one moving in the refuge, but it might be the native girl?

Upon making an investigation, however, by means of the little peep holes made in the wall on purpose for such a service, he discovered that the same old danger menaced him. It was Hassaje again. The shy old dog had taken advantage of his rival's presence in the kraal, nursing certain sick women upon whom his incantations had failed to produce any effect, but who were now on the road to recovery, thanks to common sense and a few simple drugs.

He had crept up to the eyrie bent upon some diabolical purpose. Hastings was glad of an opportunity to pay back some of the debt he owed this ugly old sinner, and he might even have taken more severe measures but for the fact that he was averse to shedding the miserable old reprobate's blood in the charming little boudoir of his hostess.

He watched the movements of Hassaje, and speedily became convinced that the sorcerer had paid this sly visit in the hope of discovering some of the terrible secrets of the white god, which were beyond his ken.

ous night in descending the hill head over heels and vice versa. Rex had come out of hiding and fallen into a chair weak from laughing when he heard a sound and looked up to see the girl there in her sombre mantle, hooded and veiled.

CHAPTER XXIII. CROSSING THE ZAMBODI TROCHA.

There was little need to tell Maid Marian what had taken place, for the amused smile upon her face declared plainly enough that she had been a witness to the ridiculous antics of that abusing though vindictive clown, the witch-doctor, and upon seeing him take such a reckless header down the steep hillside, regardless of cuticle and bones, she could readily supply the motif for such strange action, even if his shrill cries to the effect that he was burning up, and his skin full of fire had failed to reach her.

The day being pretty well spent, it was now high time they prepared for flight. While carrying out her gentle and merciful mission to the Zambodi kraal, Marian had not forgotten to listen to what talk was going on around.

She repeated her little budget of news to Hastings, and there was good as well as bad. First of all his companions had undoubtedly escaped, since none of those who hunted for them had returned with the news of their capture or death, as would undoubtedly have been the case had such an event followed the chase.

This fact of course pleased Rex greatly, and set him to wondering whether the daring little band had set out for Buluwayo or returned by some new route to search for him. Many of the impis were absent from the kraal, and yet no general expedition had been undertaken against the whites, so that it could be set down as positive that these braves were scouring the surrounding country for the fugitives, or else formed a trocha around the hill where the white goddess had her retreat. Hassaje being determined to prevent the escape of the party she had assisted from the prison lodge.

Even this state of affairs did not appear to daunt the girl, who evidently had gained assurance by long being compelled to rely upon her own powers. She conversed quietly on the subject, and her manner gave Rex the utmost confidence in the probable result. A meal was cooked and set before him.

In many ways it was a strange a supper as he had ever sat down to in all his life, but with that delightful being on the opposite side of the board that served as a table the whole affair was charming. Association has much to do with one's enjoyment, and under this bewitching presence, the decoction that went under the name of tea, and which Rex as a connoisseur might at another time have deemed an extremely bitter herb, now tasted like ambrosia, nectar fit for the gods.

He was already under the influence, and in a fair way to be hard hit. Their plans were speedily arranged, and the docile Zambodi girl entered into them, ready to do all that her beloved mistress said. She owed her life to Marian who had saved her when a mad parent in obedience to the promptings of the witch-doctor, had been about to sacrifice his own child at the stake, in order to propitiate the terrible god M'limo.

Although the girl would have met her sad fate with the remarkable fortitude of her race, possibly with songs on her lips as the fire curled unaround her, just as martyrdom has done in the years gone by; at the same time she was sweet to her, and when Maid Marian dashed the burning fagots aside, cut the thongs that bound her, and declared defiance to Hassaje and all he represented, carrying the intended victim off to become her attendant ever after, it was natural that this young heart should worship her as a being sent from Heaven, and only await an opportunity to make the sacrifice of her life in that way she could repay the debt.

(To be Continued.)

To Those Interested.

The makers of THE HIGHLAND RANGES were unable to ship all of our ranges this week but we expect to have a large shipment by next trip of S. S. Halifax from BOSTON and those who have ordered may count on getting them then. We ask your kind indulgence for the delay.

"Agents for American Ranges." FENNEL & CHANDLER

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

- The undersigned offers for sale at 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

NEW Beautiful Enamelled

Belt and neck clasps, broaches, cuff links, hat pins, scar pins, coffee and tea spoons. We have them with British, Canadian, Scotch, Irish and French coats of arms. Also flag and maple leaf pins from 10c. and 15c. up. We have sold a number of wedding rings lately, but as we are MAKERS of rings can quickly supply any style of ring required. New gold spectacles and eyeglasses.

E. W. TAYLOR OPTICIAN

Lumbago is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys do their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is Dodd's Kidney Pills

Trouble in The Stomach Which Doctors Failed to Remove, Cured by Less Than Two Boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The experience of Mr. Blackwell is similar to that of many sufferers with chronic indigestion. Stomach medicines will seldom really cure indigestion. The kidneys and liver must be set right, and the bowels made regular and active. Mr. Joseph Blackwell, Holmesville, Ont., says: "I derived more benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than from any other medicine I ever took, and can highly recommend them for stomach troubles. I was in a terrible state and could hardly work at my trade. I tried most every kind of medicine and doctors, until I was tired doctoring, and before I used one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I could see that they were helping me, and after taking a box and a half, found that I was cured." Nearly every family on the continent has used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills or heard of the remarkable cures they have effected.

LOST - In June, between Queen Street and