

Constipation Cured.

Mrs. James Clark, Commanda Ont., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Headache and Constipation. I tried Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me more good than anything I ever took."

IF.

If all who hate would love us, And all our loves were true, The stars that swing above us Would brighten in the blue; If cruel words were kisses, And every scowl a smile, A better world than this is Would hardly be worth while. If purses would not tighten To meet a brother's need The load we bear would lighten Above the grave of greed. If those who whine would whistle And those who languish laugh, The rose would rot the thistle, The grain outrun the chaff; If hearts were only jolly, If grieving were forgot, And tears and melancholy Were things that knew no rest; Then love would kneel to duty And all the world would seem A dream within a dream. If men would cease to worry And women cease to sigh And all be glad to bury Whatever has to die; If neighbour spoke to neighbour, As love demands of all, The rust would eat the sabre, The spear stay on the wall; Then every day would glisten, And every day would shine, And God would pause to listen, And life would be divine.

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART III.

My Shore Adventure.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST BLOW.

I was so pleased at giving the slip to Long John, that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in. I had creased a marshy track full of willows, bulrushes, and odd, outlandish, swampy fish trees; and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun. I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants, unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes; and one raised his head from a ledge of rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live, or ever-green, oaks, I heard afterward they should be called—which grow low along the sand-like brambles, the bows curiously twisted, the foliage compact like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top of one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and the outline of the Spy-glass trembled through the haze.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great crowd of birds lunging screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived, for soon I heard the very distinct low tones of a human voice, which, as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest live-oak, and squatted there, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and I almost fancied, but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down, for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp. And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so fortuitously as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overbear

them at their councils, and that my plain add obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all fours, I made steadily but slowly toward them, till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them, Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blonde face, all shining with sweat, was lifted to the other man in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I think gold dust of you—gold dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a warning of you? All's up—you can't make no mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if some of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you're money, too, which lots of poor sailors has't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? Not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn agin my dooty—"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at the same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of 't, and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spy-glass re-echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of birds rose again, darkening heaven with a simultaneous whirr; and long after that death-yell was still ringing in my brain silence had re-established its empire, and only the rustle of the reeds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had

not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on the crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John," said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me, with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass.

"That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan?" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're a mate of mine no more. If I die like

whatever disease is caused by weakness of the stomach or bowels is likely to yield to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

We don't say sure; and you may not be sure that your, or your little one's trouble is due to weak stomach or bowels.

Doctors can't always trace a disease to its cause; and you can't.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the easiest food for a tired digestion. But that isn't all; it encourages stomach and bowels to tackle their work; it gives and gets them strength from the other food they are able to take. Give it time.

Food is the best of medicine: food that sets the body going again.

This is health: give it time.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

a dog I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp and fell.

Whether he was injured much or little, none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot. But he had no time given him to recover, Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush I could hear him pant aloud as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver and the birds and the tall Spy-glass bill top going round and round and topsy-turvy before my eyes, and all manners of bells ringing, and distant voices shouting in my ear.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood-stained knife the while upon a whisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still shining mercilessly upon the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had actually been done and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since, before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal, but it instantly awoke my fears. More men were coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people. After Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so I could hear bells coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades and the

danger rent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket, I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers, and until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could anyone be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare to go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking from their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snake's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought. Good-by to the Hispaniola, good-by to the squire, the doctor and the captain. There was nothing left for me but death by starvation, or death by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and, without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the wild oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearings and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, some fifty, some nearer seventy, feet high. The air, too, smelled more freshly than down beside the march.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a stand-still with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV.

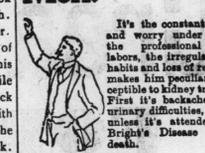
THE MAN OF THE ISLAND.

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spot of gravel was dislodged and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear, or man, or monkey, I could in nowise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of this new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, out off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking non-descript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to 'lose I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boat.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and, making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate, but had I been as fresh as when I ran, I could see it was in vain for me to counter it in speed with such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running man-like on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, sleeping almost double as it ran.

Professional Men.



It's the constant strain and worry under which the professional man labors, the irregularity of habits and loss of rest that make him peculiarly susceptible to kidney troubles. First it's backache, then urinary difficulties, then unless it's attended to—Bright's Disease and death.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen and invigorate the kidneys—never fail to give quick relief and cure the most obstinate cases. Rev. M. P. Campbell, pastor of the Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "From my personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Sharn's drug store, I can say they are a most excellent remedy for kidney troubles, and I recommend them to sufferers from such complaints."

Yet a man it was; I could no longer be in doubt about that. I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape, and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenceless, courage glowed again in my heart, and I set my face resolutely for the man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time behind another tree-trunk, but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Gift to Give.

It is often difficult to decide what to get your friends for holiday gifts. Here is a suggestion:

Little E. Jennie, I have good for, anyhow?

Farmer Flintrock—To teach us the results of blowin' into unloaded shot-guns, buyin' gold bricks, gizzlin' patent medicines, lightin' the fire with coal oil, goin' up in balloons, skatin' on thin ice, tryin' to beat other people at their own games, endorsin' our friends' notes, thinkin' we know it all, dirlin' with grass widows, and so on and so forth, my son.

On New Year's Day Jennie was able to be out on the street, and to her friends who remarked how well she was looking she simply said, "Hood's Sarsaparilla," and every one of them knew it was this great medicine that had given back her health.

The Minister—I'm sorry too hear, Jock, that you're on strike down at the mill town. I'm surprised at you. Dinna ye ken that the Apostle Paul says, "Servants obey your masters in all things?"

The Elder—Aye, I ken, but that's just where me and Apostle Paul differs.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best. Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont. Joseph Saow, Norway, Me. Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S. Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S. Pierre Landry, senr., Pokenoche, N. B. Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

B.B.B. Makes Blood Pure.

If the blood is pure the whole body will be healthy. If the blood is impure the whole system becomes corrupted with its impurities. Burdock Blood Bitters transforms impure and watery blood into rich pure blood and builds up the system when B.B.B. is used.

Miss Etta McDonald, Liscomb Mills, Guy Co., N.S. writes: "I have found B.B.B. an excellent remedy for purifying the blood and curing sick headache. I had tried many remedies, but none of them did me much good. B.B.B. has made me so well that I feel like a new woman and I am constantly recommending it to my friends."

PEOPLE RECOVERING

From Pneumonia, Typhoid or Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, La Grippe or any Serious Sickness. It is well known that after any serious illness the heart and nerves are extremely weak and the blood greatly impoverished. For these conditions there is no remedy equals Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. It restores all the vital forces of the body which disease has impaired and weakened. Mr. T. Barnicoat, Aylmer, Ont., says: "About a year ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe which left my system in an exhausted condition. I could not regain strength and was very nervous and sleepless at night, and got up in the morning, as tired as when I went to bed. "I had no energy and was in a miserable state of health. "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Richard's Drug Store here, changed me from a condition of misery to good health. They built up my system, strengthened my nerves, restored brisk circulation of my blood, and made a new man of me. "I heartily recommend them to any one suffering from the after effects of Grippe, or any other severe illness."

ENGLISH Mince Meat



We have just received our stock of Mince Meat. It is put up in one and two pound tins, and also ten pound tins. It is very nice stock, and is put up by a good, reliable firm.

Heals and soothes the lungs and cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds.

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STOPPED HIS PAPER.

Stay, foreman, stay that ruthless speed, At task of type arranging, For at this moment there is need Of multifarious changing; Turn all the brass columns round, Take out the head and drape 'er With signs of woe—that prince of fools, Old Sneakley's stopped his paper. Stay, pressman, in thy busy flight, And heed this admonition; Thy labors are abridged tonight— We'll run a small edition; And join, O comrades, in our tears At this untimely oap, By which we lose the fruit of years, Since Sneakley's stopped his paper.

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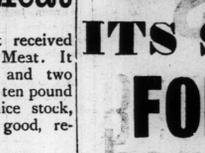
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