

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 shine 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 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 swab? 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 tamed gymanst. "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

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 since I recall, 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 fortidly as to come ashore with those 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.

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 topsey-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 sound of a

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 bring 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.

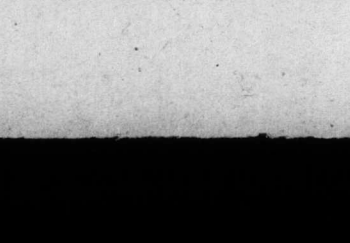
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a dog I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you." And with that this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a 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.

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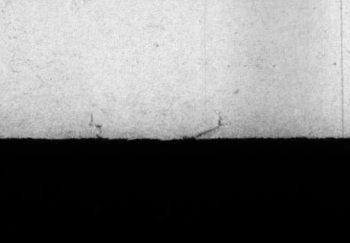
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Professional Men. It's the constant strain and worry under which the professional man labors, the irregularity of habits and loss of rest that make him peculiarly susceptible to kidney troubles. First it's backache, then urinary difficulties, then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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Strengthens and invigorates 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 Sharpe's drug store, I can say they are a most excellent remedy for kidney troubles, and I recommend them to sufferers from such complaints."

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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.

At that I once more stopped. "Who are you," I asked. "Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years." (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. A Gift to Give. It is often difficult to decide what to get your friends for holiday gifts. Here is a suggestion: Morrison's Jennie, I have

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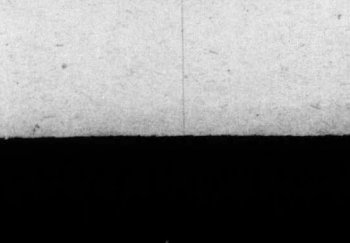
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APPLES. 175 barrels of first-class "Northern Spies" and "Baldwin" just received. If you want a barrel of nice apples for house use or for retailing, call and see our stock.

FIGS. Our Layer Figs are very fine stock this year, being large and juicy. The Cooking-Figs are also very good and cheap.

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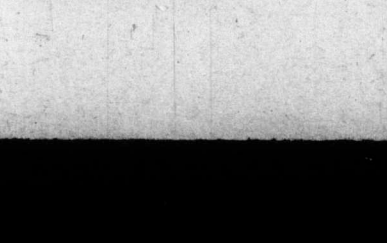
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We will be pleased to have you examine these coats. D. A. BRUCE, MERCHANT TAILOR, Morris Block.

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