

A Terrible Cough.

Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: I caught a severe cold which settled on my throat and lungs and my friends thought it would send me to my grave...

A HARVEST SLEEP.

What can match the delight Of a windy night. When the only cloud that veils the sky Is the Milky Way; When the crisp trees sway And the weather-cock heaves its sigh?

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART II.

THE SEA COOK.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Trelawney," said the doctor, contrary to all my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire, "but as for that intolerable bumbag, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unseemly, and downright un-English."

"Well," said the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came on deck the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-hoing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

The new arrangement was quite to my liking. The whole schooner had been overhauled; six berths had been made astern, out of what had been the afterpart of the main hold, and these of cabins was only joined to the galley and forecabin by a sparred passage on the port side.

"Orboard!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves the trouble of putting him in irons."

But there were, without a mate; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was the likeliest man aboard, and though he kept his old title, he served in a way as mate.

Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. And the boatswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything.

He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him.

Aboard ship he carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It said he, what's this?"

"We're changing the powder, Jack," answered one.

"Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "if we do, we'll miss the morning tide!"

"My orders!" said the captain, shortly. "You may go below, my man. Hands will wait supper."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the cook, touching his forehead, he disappeared at once in the direction of the galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied Captain Smollett. "Easy with that, men—easy," he ran on, to the fellows who were shifting the powder; and then suddenly observing me examining the swivel we carried amidships, a long brass nine—"Here, you ship's boy," he cried, "out of that! Off with you to the cook and get some work."

And then as I was hurrying off I heard him say, quite loudly, to the doctor: "I'll have no favorites on my ship."

I assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply.

CHAPTER X.

THE VOYAGE.

All that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their place, and hostings of the squire's friends, Mr. Blandly and the like, coming off to wish him a good voyage and safe return. We never had a night at the Admiral Benbow when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe, and the crew began to man the cabin-bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck, all was so new and interesting to me—the brief cop-

mande, the shrill notes of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, tip us a stove," cried one voice.

"The old one," cried another.

"Ay, ay, mates," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest"— And then the whole crew bore chorus: "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

And at the third "ho" drove the bars before them with a will.

Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old Admiral Benbow in a second, and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus. But soon the anchor was short up; soon it was banging dripping at the bows; and the sails began to draw, and the lead and shipping to flit by on either side, and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber the Hispaniola had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate the voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it; for, after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with heavy eyes, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell out and himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes for a day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work at least passably.

In the meantime we could never make out where he got the drink. That was the ship's mystery. Watch him as we pleased, we could do nothing to solve it, and when he sneaked him to his face, he would only laugh if he were drunk, and if he were sober deny solemnly that he ever tasted anything but water.

He was not only useless as an officer, and had a bad influence among the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright, so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

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was something to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and, propped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his cooking like some one safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces—Long John's ear-rings, they were called; and he would hand himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said the cookwain to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded, and brave—a lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I see him grapple four, and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind; and always glad to see me in the gally, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up burnished, and his parrot in the cage in the corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint—I call my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaner—here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our voyage. Wasn't you, cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

"Now, that bird," he would say, "is, may be two hundred years old, Hawkins—they live forever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England—the great Cap'n England, pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the 'Viceroy of the Indies' out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a baby. But you smelled powder—didn't you, cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch pitch and not be muddled, lad. Here's this poor old innocent bird of mine swearing blue fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking, before the chaplain." And John would touch his forehead with a solemn way he had, that made me think he was the best of men.

In the meantime, squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted. He owned, when driven into a corner, that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew, that some of them were as brisk as he wanted to see, and all had behaved fairly well. As for the ship, he had taken a downright fancy to her.

"She'll lie a point nearer the wind than a man has a right to expect of his own married wife, sir. But," he would add, "all I say is, we're not home again, and I don't like the cruise."

The squire, at this, would turn away and march up and down the deck, chin in air.

"A trifle more of that man," he would say, "and I should explode. We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the 'Hispaniola.' Every man on board seemed well content and they had been here for a while; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff on odd days, as for instance, if the squire heard it as any man's birthday; and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist, for any one to help himself that had a fancy.

"Never knew good to come of it yet," the captain said to Dr. Livesey. "Spoil folk's hands, make devils that's my belief."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

This is how it came about. We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after—I am not allowed to be more plain—and now we were running down for it with a bright looking day and night. It was about the last day of our outward voyage, by the largest computation; some time that night, at latest, before noon of the 7th,

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

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They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island. We were heading S. S. W., and had a steady breeze abeam, and a quiet sea. The Hispaniola rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. All was drawing slow and aloft; every one was in the bravest spirits, because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure.

(To be continued.)

A Druggist's Opinion.

Mr. W. J. Sisson, Austin, Man., writes: "Our customers speak so highly of Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders that it is a pleasure to recommend them to others. They never disappoint but always cure." Price 10c. and 25c.

A MISTAKEN SITUATION.—The other day a man with an Irish brogue passed at a news agent's shop in London, where a poster was exhibited with the words, "Situation in the Transvaal." Entering the shop, the man said: "Share I've come about that situation ye're advertin'!" "What situation do you mean?" inquired the news agent.

"This is the one," said the man, pointing to the poster, "in the Transvaal, I'm after." "Pooh!" replied the agent, "that's on the state of affairs." "Begorra!" exclaimed the man, "I don't care whose estate it's on; begorra, I'll take it!"

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK. Fredericton.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "S' the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

If you want to quit being a weather prophet, have your rheumatism cured by Milburn's Rheumatic Pills, a guaranteed remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia and Lumbago. Price 50c. at all dealers.

"Pa! Oh, pa! I know how to make a alm'nac." "How, Tommy?" "Why, 'jes' get up a lot of eclipses an' make 'em come off somewheres where they ain't visible."

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own oasther.

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White Watery Pimples.

Five years ago my body broke out in white watery pimples, which grew so bad that the suffering was almost unbearable.

I took doctors' medicine and various remedies for two years but they were of little benefit, whenever I got warmed up or sweat the pimples would come out again.

A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad I followed his advice, for four bottles completely cured me.

That was three years ago and there has never been a spot or pimple on me since. James Lashoue, Brechin P.O., Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote in this election," said a campaign worker last week, "I've heard tell he's on the fence."

"He wuz thar," replied his neighbor, "but one o' the candidates let fall a dollar on the off side o' the fence, and Bill got dizzy an' fell over."

What Would You Give

To be cured of Catarrh? If you or your friends have this disease, you know how disagreeable it is. Its symptoms are inflamed eyes, throbbing temples, ringing noises in the ears, headaches, capricious appetite, and constant discharge of mucus.

Fortunately its cure is not a question of what you will give, but what you will take. If you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great constitutional remedy, which thoroughly purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, you may expect to be completely and permanently cured. The good blood which Hood's Sarsaparilla makes, reaching the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues and ultimately cures all symptoms of catarrh.

Minard's Liniment relieves Distemper.

Excited lady (on the beach)—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—

Chief Coast Guard (hurriedly)—We are doing all we can, madam, and have sent the crew a line to come to shore.

Excited lady (to her companion)—Good gracious, Matilda, just fancy—the silly fellows were actually waiting for a formal invitation.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

"You must come and see us, my dear," said a lady to a little girl of her acquaintance. "Do you know our number?"

"Oh, yes," responded the innocent child. "Papa says you always live at sixes and sevens."

Suffered 15 Years.

Mrs. Wm. Ireland, 170 Queen St East, Toronto, wife of the well-known shoemaker suffered from indigestion and constipation for over 15 years. Nothing did her any good till she tried Laxa-Liver Pills, which cured her.

"Have you seen my umbrella?" asked the gentleman of another.

"What sort of an umbrella was it?"

"It had a hooked end."

"I have not seen it," was the reply; but I had a nice one once, and it had an end exactly like yours. It was hooked!"

Hegyard's Yellow Oil can be applied externally for rheumatism, stiff joints, chapped hands, chilblains, sprains, etc. It can be taken internally for croup, quinsy, bronchitis, pains in the stomach, kidney complaint, etc. Price 25c.

Short one—Go say, Tim, ut' tree moles that's before us!

Tall one—Sure an' that's phy O'm barrying. Oi want to git there before I git all tired cu!

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases. Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effectual in its results.

D. A. BRUCE, CUSTOM TAILORING AND MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Morris Block, Direct South of Post Office.

WE WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU.

We want your trade in Clothing and Men's Furnishings, we are doing our best to advance your patronage.

Our store is one of the prettiest and best lighted in Charlottetown, enabling you to carefully examine the goods and helping to make buying easy.

Make it a point to give our store a trial. We are sure you will be pleased with your visit and purchase. We have an unusually large and well selected stock. Here are a few lines we are selling quantities of just now.

Men's Underwear.

Men's Fine Cotton Shirts and Drawers usually sold for 20 to 25c per garment. Our reduced price.....15c Men's Double thread Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers regular price 65c. Our price.....45c A heavier weight.....60c Men's Natural Cotton Shirts and Drawers, well finished, feel like silk, well worth \$2.50. As we have an extra supply of this line we have reduced the suit.....\$2.00

Natural Wool, Medium Weight, although the manufacturers price is advanced, we will sell at old price.....\$2.25 For those who cannot wear cotton we have very fine and light weight made from Australian wool, the suit.....\$1.00

Men's Colored Shirts.

In this line we have the largest stock of up-to-date patterns found in the city. Stiff bosom, collar and cuffs attached, sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½ and 16. Reduced from 75c to.....60c Dark and medium dark stripes and checks, open fronts, regular prices \$1.25 and \$1.35 reduced to.....\$1.00 Silk front Shirts with or without collars, Straw Hats at less than cost.

Trade with us and you'll save money.

D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block.

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."

Fennell & Chandler.

Look Around

And see the Housekeepers who are Buying

Furniture

They buy here because they save from 10 to 25 p. c. Our stocks are very complete, and we are showing a large number of new designs never shown before.

MARK WRIGHT & CO., Ltd.

Bazaar Bookstore!

Formerly F. J. Hornsby, MORRIS BLOCK.

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Toys, Wall Paper.

A complete Stock of authorized School Books, Pens, Inks, Paper, Slates, Exercise Books, Scribblers, always on hand.

Lowest prices, prompt attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.

Kerosene Oil.

Kerosene oil is a burning question just now both with politicians and housekeepers. The former want to make political capital out of it, while the latter want to know where to get the best quality of oil for the best money.

We have just received part of our fall stock direct by schooner from New York. It is called "PRATT'S ASTRAL" and is the highest grade of refined American Oil. We are now offering it for sale in four gallon tins for 22c per imperial gallon Ask for Pratt's Astral, as there is no better. Special low price by cash.

BEER & GOFF, GROCERS.

JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Special attention given to Collections MONEY TO LOAN.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and commending to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Farm for Sale!

That very desirable farm consisting of fifty acres of land, fronting on "The Bear River Line Road" and adjoining the property of Patrick Moriarty and formerly owned by John Pidgeon. For further particulars apply to the subscribers, executors of the late William Pidgeon, or to James H. Reddin, Solicitor, Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

JOHN F. JOHNSON, F. F. KELLY, Executors. Jan. 31-11

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

The strongest Fire Insurance Company in the world. This Company has done business on the Island for forty years, and is well known for prompt and liberal settlement of its losses.

P. E. I. Agency, Charlottetown. HYNDMAN & CO. Agents. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

A. A. McLEAN, L.B., Q.C., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK