

Sprained Arm.

Mary Overton, Jasper, Ont., writes: "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagar's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25c.

A CLOSED GENTIAN.

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTEROP. Haunter of heights, where solitude reposes; Dreamer of dreams, in dreamland's own domain; Dumb soul and desolate! Thine air discloses The secret of thy loneliness and pain. In the tall pines the morning winds have risen; Thrushes awake, the mists of night are gone, Glad streams flash by, released from snowy prison; Sombre, austere and grave, thou broodest on. The glory of noon sunshine thrills the mountains; Far, far above their peaks are shining white; Within thy soul is hidden heaven's azure,— Wilt thou not open it to love and light? Night after night stars circle into silence, Night after night the moonbeams woo the snow; When Slumber bears her bosom to the darkness, Then dost thou dream of the bliss that others know? Still art thou mute, beloved of the shadows? Psyche of flowers, thine Eros comes! Arise! Unveil thy heart, and let each dewy petal Mirror the lovelight in his eager eyes. —Ave Maria.

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART II.

THE SEA COOK.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPY-GLASS.

When I had done breakfasting, the squire gave me a note addressed to

John Silver, at the sign of the Spy-glass, and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks, and keeping a bright lookout for a little tavern with a large bright telescope for a sign. I set off, overjoyed at this opportunity to see some more of the ships and seamen, and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, for the dock was now at its busiest, until I found the tavern in question.

It was a bright enough little place of entertainment. The sign was newly painted; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded. There was a street on either side, and an open door on both, which made the large, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of tobacco smoke.

The customers were mostly seafaring men, and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and at a glance I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was out off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old Benbow. But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and thought I knew what a buccaner was like—a very different creature, according to me, from this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord.

I plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he, "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?" And when he saw the squire's letter he seemed to me to give something almost like a start.

"Oh!" said he, quite aloud, and offering his hand, "I see, you are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you."

And he took my hand in his large, firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made

for the door. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry had attracted my notice, and I recognized him at a glance. It was the tall, swarthy man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the Admiral Benbow.

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! It's Black Dog!"

"I don't care two coppers who he is," cried Silver, "but he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up and started in pursuit.

"If he were Admiral Hawke he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand, "Who did you say he was?" he asked, "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaners? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan—an old, gray-haired, mabogony-faced sailor—came forward pretty sheepishly, rolling his quid.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John, "you were white, 'you never slipped your eyes on that Black—Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan, with a salute.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you," exclaimed the landlord. "If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would have never put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," answered Morgan.

"Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye?" cried Long John. "Don't rightly know, don't you?" Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps?

Come, now, what was he jawing—'y'gates, cap'n's, ships? Pipe up. What was it?"

"We was a-talkin' of keel-hauling," answered Morgan.

"Keel-hauling, was you? and a mighty suitable thing, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me, in a confidential whisper, that was very flattering, as I thought:

"He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, only stupid. And now,"

he ran on again, aloud, "let's see—Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I think I've—yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used."

"That he did, you may be sure," said I. "I know that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew!" That were his name for certain. And he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen run better than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the powers! He talked of keel-hauling, did he?" I'll keel-haul him!"

All the time he was jerking out these phrases he was slumping up and down the tavern on a crutch, slapping tables with his hand, and giving such a show of excitement as would have convinced an Old Bailey judge or a Bow Street runner. My suspicions had been thoroughly reawakened on finding Black Dog at the Spy-glass, and I watched the cook narrowly. But he was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and by the time the two men had come back out of breath, and confessed that they had lost the track in a crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver.

"See here, now Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney—what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking of my own rum!"

Body-builder.

Food. In health, you want nothing but food; and your baby wants nothing but food. But, when not quite well, you want to get back to where food is enough.

The most delicate food, that is known to man, is SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil.

When usual food is a burden, it feeds you enough to restore your stomach; baby the same.

The body-builder is food; the body-restorer is Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

If you have any trial, send for free sample of SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil, 1/6, 1/3, 1/2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here I let him give us all the elip before my blessed dead-lights! Now, Hawkins, you do me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when you first came in. Now, here it is: What could I do, with this timber I bobbed on? When I was an A B master mariner I'd have come up alongside of him, hand over hand, and broached him to in a brace of old shakes, I would; and now—"

And then, all of a sudden, he stopped and his jaw dropped as though he had remembered something.

"The score!" he burst out. "Three goes 'o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers, if I hadn't forgotten my score!"

And, falling on a bench, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I could not help joining, and we laughed together, peal after peal, until the tavern rang again.

"Why, what a precious old sea-calf I am!" he said at last, wiping his cheeks. "You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy I should be rated ship's boy. But, come, now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cocked hat and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For, mind you, it's serious, your messmates; and neither you nor me's come out of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you, neither, says you; nor smart—none of the pair of us smart. But dash my buttons! that was a good 'un about my score."

And he began to laugh again, and that so heartily, that though I did not see the joke as he did, I was again obliged to join him in his mirth.

On our little walk along the quays he made himself the most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed by, their rig, tonnage and nationality, explaining the work that was going forward how one was discharging, another, taking in cargo, and a third making ready for sea; and every now and then telling me some little anecdote of ships and seamen, or repeating a phrase till I had learned it perfectly. I began to see that here was one of the best of possible shipmates.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Doctor Livesey were seated together, fishing a quart of ale with a toast in it before they should go aboard the schooner on a visit of inspection.

Long John told the story from first to last with a great deal of spirit and the most perfect truth. "That it was how it were, now weren't it Hawkins?" he would say, now and again, and I could not help but smile at his

utterly wretched.

She: "Most people admire my mood. Do you?"

He (absent-mindedly): "I think it is simply immense!"

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., writes: "It affords me much pleasure in saying that my experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price 5/6 a box."

"I was an intimate friend of your late husband. Can't you give me something to remember him by?"

Widow: "How would I do?"

Mrs. Fred Laine, St. George, Ont., writes: "My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

A raw Scotch lad had joined the local Volunteers, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a' of 'em out o' step but our Jock."

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping."

"Yes, Sir," said the subordinate, touching his cap, "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all day."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa-Liver Pills. They cure constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickening. Price 4/6.

"In choosing a bicycle you must judge by appearances. You must judge by reputation and reliability. If you stop to think you will acknowledge that for years the wheels of reliability have been the

Massey-Harris, Cleveland, Welland Vale

Season after season these bicycles have led in improvements that have won the praise and patronage of the general public, and for 1900 with the five-fold facilities of capital and equipment at the disposal of their makers, places them in a sphere of their own.

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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.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Take a hint from business men who have used them.

"I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at the Medical Hall here, for rheumatism and pain in the small of my back, with which I have been afflicted for the past six years. They did me so much good that I heartily recommend them as an excellent medicine for rheumatic troubles and backache. Cures C. Pitzer, dealer in agricultural implements, Orlino, Ont.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lame legs, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, sediment in the urine, too frequent urination at night, rheumatism, and weakness of the kidneys in children and old people. Remember the name, Doan's, and refuse all others. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 50c. at all druggists.

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

require an explanation of his words. You don't you say, like this cruise. Now, why?"

"I was engaged, sir on what we call sealed orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he should bid me," said the captain. "So far so good. But now I find that every man before the mast knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now do you?"

"No," said Doctor Livesey, "I don't."

"Next," said the captain, "I learn we are going after treasure—hear it from my own hands, mind you. Now, treasure is ticklish work; I don't like treasure voyages on any account; and I do like them, above all, when they are secret, and when (begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to the parrot."

(To be continued.)

GOOD NEWS FOR OUR READERS

Who have scrofula taint in their blood, and who have not. Scrofula in all its forms is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which thoroughly purifies the blood. This disease, which frequently appears in children, is greatly to be dreaded. It is most likely to affect the glands of the neck, which become enlarged, eruptions appear on the head and face, and the eyes are frequently affected. Upon its first appearance, perhaps in slight eruptions or pimples, scrofula should be entirely eradicated from the system by a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla to prevent all the painful and sickening consequences of running scrofula sores which drain the system, sap the strength and make existence

Good morning Pat, did you hear the Devil is dead? The Irishman put his hand in his pocket and gave each of them a copper. They asked what that was for, to which the droll individual replied; "The swags a custom in Ireland, when the father is dead, to give something to the orphans."

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring-bone, with five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a month there was no ring-bone, and no lameness.

DANIEL MURCHISON, Four Falls, N. B.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa-Liver Pills. They cure constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickening. Price 4/6.

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13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months; finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B. When one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

B.B.B. FOR THE BLOOD

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?"

"Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it, replied Tommy."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Judge Scarem—"What is your trade?" Prisoner (who was caught in a gambling house raid)—"I'm a locksmith," Judge—"What were you doing in there when the police entered?" Prisoner—"I was making a bolt for the door."

A bright little girl, who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

Props: "You've got to cut out that great scene when you light your cigarette with a \$1,000 note."

David Garrick Keen Macready; "Aed why?"

Props: "Because the tobaccoist refuses to supply another smoke until you have settled his bill of 75c."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents, all dealers.

An Irishman who was travelling through London met two smart Yankees, who thought they would play a joke on him. One of them said,

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.

Choosing a Bicycle!

In choosing a bicycle you must judge by appearances. You must judge by reputation and reliability. If you stop to think you will acknowledge that for years the wheels of reliability have been the

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