Sick with Worms.

Mrs. J. D Mayo, South Stukely, P. Q., wrote the following: "One of my children took sick with worms and after trying everything without getting relief we procured Dr. Low's Worm Syrup which acted promptly and effectually.

FREEDOM'S FORTRESS.

BY THE R REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

Free men alone are they who do the right,
For liberty obedience is to law;
And they who from this service sweet withdraw
Are made the slaves of a stern tyrant's might.

To serve within our place and in God's sight,
To keep our lives unstained and without flaw,
To walk in humbleness and holy awe
Is to be clothed with freedom as with light.

The truth, the Blessed Saviour said, makes free;
And they who do the right the truth shall know,
And only they are sons of liberty.
No laws of men the heavenly gift bestow;
Tho soul is freedom's fort by God's decree,
Which naught but our own deeds can overthrow.

—Ave Maria.

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART V.

MY SEA ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

THE EBB TIDE RUNS.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth and cut one strand after another, till the vessel swung by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the cockswain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was, of course, my friend of the red night-cap. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening, one of them with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something, which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for awhile, until the next crisis came, and, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp-fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

"But one man of the crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five."

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacked once more, and with a good, tough effort, put the last fibers through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the Hispaniola. At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor, and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct, but once I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had already fetched up level with the camp-fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window sill I could not comprehend why the watchman had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand on the others' throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but these two furious ercrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp-fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the Hispaniola, when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All around me were little ripples, coming over me with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The Hispaniola herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp-fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shot followed another from on board. I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder, and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have laid for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weakness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors, until sleep at last intervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old Admiral Benbow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE.

It was broad day when I awoke and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow, the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all, for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, with incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea-lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close about me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and set up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle, dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interferred with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First moving with all care I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," though I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land.

No sooner thought upon than done There I lay on my elbows, in the most tying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of the sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the Hispaniola under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken, but I was so distressed for want of water, that I could scarce know whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The Hispaniola was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing, she was lying a course about northwest, and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I, "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east and west, the Hispaniola sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaker beside the fore-companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose and set myself with all my strength and caution to paddle after the unsteered Hispaniola. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird, but gradually got into the way of the thing and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bow and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner. I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about, and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose, but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down perhaps, and do what I choose with the ship.

(To be continued.)

"Aha!" exclaimed the policeman, "you claimed to be a blind man."

"So I am," replied the beggar, who had been taken off his guard. "My trade is putting blinds on windows."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat; and all wrong, if too thin already.

Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion.

Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however; you'll pay for it.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work--you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

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.

KIDNEY DISEASE FOR TEN YEARS.

A Glen Miller Man's Terrible Trial.

He Found a Cure at Last in Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. P. M. Burk, who is a well-known resident of Glen Miller, Hastings Co., Ont., was afflicted with kidney trouble for ten years.

So pleased is he at having found in Doan's Kidney Pills a cure for his ailments, which he had begun to think were incurable, that he wrote the following statement of his case so that others similarly afflicted may profit by his experience: "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for about ten years and have tried several remedies but never received any real benefit until I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. My back used to constantly ache and my urine was high colored and milky looking at times. Since I have finished the third box of Doan's Kidney Pills I am happy to state that I am not bothered with backache at all and my urine is clear as crystal. I feel confident that these pills are the best kidney specific in the country."

B.B.B. Cures to Stay Cured

The most chronic diseases of the Stomach, Liver, bowels and Blood.

Thousands of testimonials from those who have been permanently cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters speak of its unfailing efficacy in Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Liver Complaint, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Hives, Ringworms, and all blood humors.

If you want to be cured to stay cured, use only B.B.B.

It will work while you sleep, without a gripe or pain, curing Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FRIENDLY HAND.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's
feelin' kind o' blue.
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy
an' won't let the sunshine
through,
It's a great thing, O my brethern, for
a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes
the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the
region of the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes;
you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder
in a friendly sort o' way!

O' the world's a curious compound,
with its honey an' its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but
a good world, after all,
An a good God must have made it—
leastways, that's what I say
When a hand rest on my shoulder in
a friendly sort o' way!

Laxa-Liver Pills are a positive cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all stomach and liver complaints. They neither gripe, weaken nor sicken. Price 25c. at all dealers.

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of a provision dealer said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

"Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

Doctor the Horses.

Mrs. Thos. Thompson, Roland, Man., writes: "My husband would not be without Hagyard's Yellow Oil in the house, as he uses it a good deal for doctoring up the horses and considers it splendid. Price 25c.

Grump.—Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?

Waiter.—We hain't anxious about de religion of our customers, boss.

After a night with "the boys" there is no better remedy to clear the head and settle the stomach than Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. Price 10c. and 25c. at all dealers.

Lady.—I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite.

Dealer (meditatively).—I guess you'd better get an iron one, mum.

Neuralgia.

"I had been suffering about six months with Neuralgia when I started taking Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. They did me more good than any medicine I ever used. Mrs. Annie Ryan, Sand Point, N. S.

First Man.—Does the train stop here long enough to let you get something to eat?

Second man.—No: just long enough to let you pay for what you order.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

WOMEN WILL TALK.

Can't Blame them for Telling each other about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR WEAK NERVOUS WOMEN.

It's only natural that when a woman finds a remedy which cures her of nervousness and weakness, relieves her pains and aches, puts color in her cheek and vitality in her whole system, she should be anxious to let her suffering sisters know of it.

Mrs. Hannah Holmes, St. James Street, St. John, N.B., relates her experience with this remedy as follows:—"For some years I have been troubled with fluttering of the heart and dizziness, accompanied by a smothering feeling which prevented me from resting. My appetite was poor and I was much run down and debilitated.

"Since I started using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, the smothering feeling has gone, my heart beat is now regular, the fluttering has disappeared, and I have been wonderfully built up through the tonic effect of the pills. I now feel stronger and better than for many years, and cannot say too much in praise of the remedy which restored my long lost health."

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.

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.

BEER & GOFF,

GROCERS.

JAMES H. REDDIN,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
CAMERON BLOCK,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
Special attention given to Collections
MONEY TO LOAN.

Farm for Sale!

On Bear River Line Road.

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,
Jan. 31—tf Executors.

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, Soliciotr, Notary,
BROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN

ALL KINDS OF
JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Tickets
Posters
Dodgers
Note Heads
Letter Heads
Check Books
Receipt Books
Note of Hand Books

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Send in your orders at once.
Address all communications to the HERALD.

If this should Meet the eye

OF ANY PERSON IN NEED OF GOOD

Crockery,
Chinaware,
Glassware,

Or anything in that line, let them remember that the best place for them to go for value and satisfaction is to

W. P. Colwill's,

Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

Big Slaughter Sale

—AT—

D. A. BRUCE'S,

—OF—

Men's Furishings.

:x:

33⅓ per cent. off all Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Overcoats, Shirts, Gloves, Neckwear, Valises, Handbags, etc.

COME QUICK FOR BARGAINS

D. A. BRUCE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,
Morris Block.

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.

COLD WEATHER and STOVES

We are sure to have the former, and if you need the latter call and see the large assortment of STOVES we carry.

Fennell & Chandler.

The Bazaar Bookstore

Is to the front with a well assorted stock of

Fancy Goods, Toys, Chinaware, Books, Christmas Cards, Calendars, etc.

Do your Christmas buying at the Bazaar Bookstore. Prices guaranteed the lowest, quality the best.