

THE SUPPER OF ST. GREGORY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A tale of Roman guides to tell,
To careless sight-worn travellers still,
Who pause beside the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Caesarian hill.

One day before the monk's door came
A beggar, stretching empty palms;
Fainting and fast sick, in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give—
The silver cup my mother gave;
In Christ's name take thou it and live."

Years passed, and called at last to hear
The pastor croak and keys of Rome,
The poor monk in St. Peter's chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside—
An unknown stranger with their seat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake
"Oh stranger; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldaeans gazed—
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen and
Bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven,
I am the Wonderful, through whom
Whatever thou askest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain,
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul;
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still whosoever piteously
Is bread with sorrow, want and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The unvisited Guest comes in.

Unheard because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, the Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to him.

TREASURE ISLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART I.

THE OLD BUCANEER.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

THE BLACK SPOT.

He was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me, for my father, who was very low that day, needed quiet; besides, I was reassured by the doctor's words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by the offer of a bribe.

"I want none of your money," said I, "but what you owe my father, I'll get you one glass and no more."

When I brought it to him he seized it greedily and drank it out.

"Ay, ay," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?"

"A week at least," said I.

"Thunder!" he roared. "A week! I can't do that; they'd have a black spot on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail what is another's. Is that seemly behavior, now, I want to know? But I'm a saving soul. I never wasted good money of mine, nor lost it, neither; and I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid of 'em. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again."

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, coupled as they were in meaning, contradicted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He passed when he got into a sitting position on the edge.

That doctor's done me, he murmured. "My ears is singing, lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him he had fallen back to his former place, where he lay for awhile silent.

"Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that seafaring man to-day?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog!" said he. "He's a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away now, and they tip me the black spot, mind you, it's my old sea-cheat they're after; you get on a horse—you can, can't you? Well, then, you get on a horse and go—well, yes, I will—to that infernal doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands—magistrates and sitch—and he'll lay 'em aboard at the Admiral Benbow—all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one as knows the place. He gave it to me to Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach unless they get the black spot on me, or else you see that Black Dog again, or a seafaring man with one leg—him above all."

"But what is the black spot, oap gain?" I asked,

"That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they can get that. But keep your weather eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoon-like sleep, in which I left him. What I should have done had all gone well I do not know. Probably I should have told the whole story to the doctor; for I was in mortal fear lest the captain should repent of his confessions and make an end of me. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbors, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on in the meanwhile, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of him, far less to be afraid.

He got down next morning, to be sure, but he was as usual, though he ate little, and had more, I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the bar, scowling and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to cross him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was shocking, in that house of mourning, to hear him singing away his ugly old sea-song; but, weak as he was, we were all in fear of death for him, and the doctor was suddenly taken up with a case many miles away, and was never near the house after my father's death. I have said the captain was weak, and indeed he seemed rather to grow weaker than to regain his strength. He clambered up and down stairs, and went from the parlor to the bar at back again, and sometimes put his nose out of doors to smell the sea, holding on to the walls as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast, like a man on a steep mountain. He never particularly addressed me, and it is my belief he had as good as forgotten his confidences; but his temper was more flighty, and allowing for his bodily weakness, more violent than ever. He had an alarming way now when he was drunk of drawing his cutlass and laying it bare before him on the table. But, with all that, he minded people less, and seemed shut up in his own thoughts and rather wandering. Once, for instance, to our extreme wonder, he piped up a different air, a kind of country love-song, that he must have learned in his youth before he had begun to follow the sea.

So things passed until the day after the funeral, and about three o'clock of a bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone drawing slowly near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and wore a great green shade before his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood that made him appear positive, if deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful looking figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and raising his voice from an old sing-song, addressed the air in front of him:

"Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defence of his native country, England, and God bless King George! where or in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are now at the Admiral Benbow, Black Hill Cove, my good matey," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he, "a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vice. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw, but the blind man pulled me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

He gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawnout face. Another gentleman—"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he, and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain, and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and toward the parlor, where the sick old buccaner was sitting dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in one iron fist, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this," and with that he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that I was so utterly terrified by the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain, and, as I opened the parlor door, cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him and left him staring sober. The expression of his face was not so much of terror as of mortal sickness. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe he had enough force left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the beggar. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from the hollow of the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man, and at the words he suddenly left hold of me, and with incredible accuracy and timbleness, skipped out of the parlor and into the road, where, as I stood motionless, I could hear his stick tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses; but at length, and about the same moment, I released his wrist, which I was still holding, and he drew in his hand, and looked sharply into the palm.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours! We'll do them yet!" and he sprung to his feet.

Even as he did so, he reeled, put his hands to his throat, stood away for a moment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face foremost to the floor.

I ran to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was all in vain. The captain had been struck dead by thundering apoplexy. It is a curious thing to understand, for I had certainly never liked the man, though of late I had begun to pity him, but as soon as I saw that he was dead I burst into a flood of tears. It was the second death I had known, and the sorrow of the first was still fresh in my heart.

CHAPTER IV.
THE SEA-OBEISE.

I lost no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew, and perhaps should have told her long before, and we saw ourselves at once in a difficult and dangerous position. Some of the man's money—if he had any—was certainly due to us, but it was not likely that our captain's shipmates, above all the two specimens seen by me—Black Dog and the blind beggar—would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dead man's debts. The captain's orders to mount at once and ride for Doctor Livesey would have left my mother alone and unprotected, which was not to be thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house; the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarm.

The neighborhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlor floor and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand and ready to return, there were moments when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must speedily be resolved upon, and it occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek help in the neighboring hamlet. No sooner said than done. Battered as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and the frosty fog.

The hamlet lay not many hundred yards away, though out of view, on the other side of the next cove; and what greatly encouraged me, it was in an opposite direction from that whence the blind man had made his appearance, and whether he had presumably returned. We were not many minutes on the road, though we sometimes stopped to lay hold of each other and hearken. But there was no unusual sound—nothing but the low wash of the ripple and the creaking of the crows in the wood.

It was already candle-light when we reached the hamlet, and I shall never forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and windows; but that, as it proved, was the best of the help we were likely to

SALT RHEUM. A SARNIA LADY

Tells How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her Nervous Troubles and Strengthened Her Weak System.



I had Salt Rheum in my face and hands for three years and could not get anything to cure me till I used Burdock Blood Bitters. "On taking the first bottle there was a great change for the better and by the time the second bottle was finished I was completely cured and have had no return of the disease since."

"I have great faith in B.B.B. as a cure for blood and skin diseases." Miss Maud Bruce, Shelburne, N.S.

get in that quarter. For—you would have thought men would have been ashamed of themselves—no soul would consent to return with us to the Admiral Benbow. The more we told of our troubles the more—man, woman and child—they clung to the shelter of their houses. The name of Captain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough known to some there, and carried a great weight of terror. Some of the men who had been to field work on the far side of the Admiral Benbow remembered, besides, to have seen several strangers on the road, and, taking them to be smugglers, to have bolted away; and one at least had seen a little lugger in what we called Kitt's Hole. For that matter, anyone who was a comrade of the captain's was enough to frighten them to death.

The short and long of the matter was, that while we could get several who were willing enough to ride to Dr. Livesey's, which lay in another direction, and not one would help us to defend the inn.

They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had his say, my mother made them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy. "If none of the rest of you dare," she said, "Jim and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to you big, halking, chicken-hearted men! We'll have the chest open, if we die for it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our lawful moneys in."

Of course I said I would go with my mother; and of course they all cried out at our foolhardiness; but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol, lest we were attacked; and to promise to have horses ready saddled, in case we were pursued on our return, while one led was to ride forward to the doctor's in search of armed assistance.

My heart was beating fiercely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers.

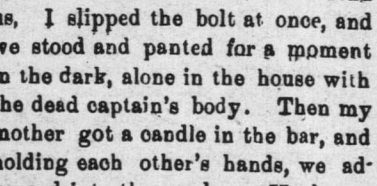
We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we hear or see anything to increase our terrors till, to our huge relief, the door of the Admiral Benbow had closed behind us. I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlor. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off that; and who's to touch it, I should like to know?" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once, and on the floor close to his head there was a little round of paper, blackened on one side. I could not doubt that this was the black spot; and, taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten to-night."

(To be continued)

The Old Reliable Remedy for Diarrhea and Dysentery.



Grandma Mrs. Thos. Sherlock, Arrington, Ont., recently wrote: "My little girl, three years of age, was taken very bad with diarrhoea, and we thought we were going to lose her, when I remembered that my grandmother always used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and often said that it saved her life. I got a bottle and gave it to my child, and after the third dose she began to get better and slept well that night. She improved right along and was soon completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are an instantaneous suffering from any disease or derangement of the heart or nerves or whose blood is thin and watery.

Mrs. E. Manning, of 115 George Street, Sarnia, Ont., is one of those whose experience with this remedy is well worth considering.

It is as follows:—"I am pleased to recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nerve trouble, no matter how severe or of how long standing. For years my nerves have been in a terribly weak condition, but Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Geary's Pharmacy, have strengthened them greatly and invigorated my system, leaving me no excuse for not making known their virtues."

"I cannot refrain from recommending these pills to all sufferers as a splendid cure for nervousness and weakness."

"I've a dreadful cold, doctor."

"I see you have. Let me feel your pulse. H'm. Yes. You'd better take a hot bath, and under no circumstances get your feet wet."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"How's business, Bartie?"

"Oh, spanking, old man!"

"Let's see, what line are you in?"

"I'm a schoolteacher!"

"He makes a living with his pen."

"He is an author, then?"

"No a bacon merchant."

Ease and Disease.

A SHORT LESSON ON THE MEANING OF A FAMILIAR WORD.

Disease is the opposite of ease. Webster defines disease as "lack of ease, uneasiness, trouble, vexation, inquiet." It is a condition due to some derangement of the physical organism. A vast majority of the "disease" from which people suffer is due to impure blood. Disease of this kind is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, pimples and all eruptions. It tones the stomach and creates a good appetite, and it gives vigor and vitality to the whole body. It reverses the condition of things, giving health, comfort and "ease" in place of "disease."

Mabel—I would never marry a man I did not love.

Maudie—But suppose a really wealthy man should propose?

Mabel—I should love him, of course.

Standard Junction, P. Q., 12 Aug. 1893. Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

GENTLEMEN,—I fell from a bridge leading from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unloading a load of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back, and I struck on the ends of the sleepers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for it being very fleshy, would have broken it. In an hour could not walk a step. Commenced using MINARD'S LINIMENT, and the third day went to Montreal on business and got about well by the use of a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the best Liniment that I know of in use.

Yours truly,
C. H. GORDON.

"But," said a citizen of Kilkenny when the original proposition was made to fasten the two coats together by the tails and bang them over a clothesline, "how long will it take them to kill each other?"

"That," replied the purveyor of the entertainment, shrugging his shoulders, "is only a question of time."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Tired Housekeepers.

Disordered Kidneys bring them a multitude of pains and aches.

How often women give out before the day's work is fairly begun and sink into a lethargy that is utterly worn out.

But the housework must be done even though the back does ache, and the head feels ready to burst.

These women can't understand why they are never strong, why the night does not bring rest, why they are always tired, have no appetite and seem to be pained and aches all over.

As a rule the real cause of the trouble is the last one thought of.

It all comes from the kidneys. These delicate little filters of the blood get out of order, and as a result the uric acid and other poisons that they ought to carry off are sent back into the system.

There is no use trying to get relief until the kidneys are restored to health.

The easiest, safest, quickest way to accomplish this is to take Doan's Kidney Pills—nature's own remedy for all kidney diseases and derangements.

Mrs. Martha S. Frost, Little River, Digby Co., N.S., recently wrote as follows:—"I have much pleasure in stating that Doan's Kidney Pills have wonderfully improved my health. I had been suffering with lame back for a number of years and at the time I began taking Doan's Pills I was almost unable to do any housework."

"I have used three boxes and must say they have taken the pain out of my back and restored my strength. I don't think there is any other medicine equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney troubles."

D. A. BRUCE, Flour.

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For those who cannot wear cotton we have very fine and light weight made from Australian wool, the suit.....\$1.00

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Silk front Shirts with or without collars, Straw Hats at less than cost.

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