

Hoarseness.

Helen Decker, Jordan Ferry, N.S., writes: "A few months ago I had a severe cold in my throat and chest and became quite hoarse. A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup soon relieved the hoarseness and cured the cold."

"BLESSED ARE THE POOR." BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Some simple shepherds in the night Saw heaven open; and the light That issues from the Eternal Throne Around them in the darkness shone. And downward floating came a throng Of angels with a wondrous song— A song that echoed through the spheres, A song that echoes through the years, A song that shook the listening sky With "Glorious God on high!" A choral promise from above Of God's eternal peace and love. And so revealed to simple men Was God's own Truth. And so again, The lowly-hearted, such as they, Found the Light on a day to day.

Before the kingly folk and wise Who saw His beacon in the skies, And sought Him in Jerusalem, He chose the hinds of Bethlehem; And they were first to kneel before Their Infant Saviour, and adore— The first in simple wise to trace His Mother's likeness in His face; The first perhaps, to understand The trembling of St. Joseph's hand; To pierce the meaning of his awe At all he saw, and all he saw; The first to hail with reverent word The coming of the Promised Lord; The first within that stable dim To welcome and to worship Him!

Today God's love is just as sure; The simple-hearted folk and poor Are His, as when a babe He lay Long years ago, long leagues away, In far Judea, and He chose The shepherds (out of all of those Who waited for His coming long) To hear the angels' wondrous song, To marvel at the Light of men That ne'er would sink in night again; To be, though lowly, first on earth To hail the Saviour at His birth. —Catholic World.

Treasure Island BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. PART IV. THE STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XVII.—JOURNALS. NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR—THE JOLLY-BOAT'S LAST TRIP. "Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added; "the crew of the other is most likely going round by shore to cut us off."

"They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain. "Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the round shot. Carpet bow! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us square, when you see the match, and we'll hold water." In the meantime we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; thirty or forty strokes and already beached her, for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand below the clustering trees. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was not making reparation and delaying our assailants. The one source of danger was the gun.

our half-crippled state, but the fear before us whether, if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen, they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case—a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted for a man-of-war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly boat and a good half of all our powder and provisions.

"Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless." They exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool, as he had been since the beginning of the hostile, hung a moment on his heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my pistols. It did all our hearts good to see him spit in his hands, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces farther we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the enclosure about the middle of the south side, and almost at the same time, seven mutineers—Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head—appeared in full cry at the southwestern corner.

They paused, as if taken aback, and before they recovered, not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce from the block-house, had time to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattering volley, but they did the business; one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading we walked down the outside of the palisade to see to the fallen enemy. He was stone dead—shot through the heart. We began to rejoice over the good success when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whizzed close past my ear and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his back on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot, but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder. Then we reloaded and turned our attention to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him, and I saw with half an eye that all was over. I believe the readiness of our return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for we were suffered without further molestation to get the poor gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade, and carried, groaning and bleeding, into the log-house.

gallery; he had followed every order silently, doggedly, and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sallow, old, servicable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child. "Be I going, doctor?" he asked. "Tom, my man," said I, "you're going home."

"I wish I had a lick at them with the gun first," he replied. "Tom," said the squire, "say you forgive me, won't you?" "Would—that respectful like, from me to you, squire?" was the answer. However so be it, amen!

After a little while of silence he said he thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added apologetically, and not long after, without another word, he passed away.

In the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully swollen about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various—swords and pistols, a Bible, a coil of stout rope, pen, ink, the log-book, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a long fir-tree lying felled and cleared in the inclosure, and with the help of Hunter, he had set it up at the corner of the log-house where the trunks crossed and made an angle. Then, climbing on the roof, he had with his own hand bent and ran up the colors.

This seemed mightily to relieve him. He re-entered the log house and set out counting up the stores, as if nothing else existed. But he had an eye on Tom's passage for all that, and as soon as all was over came forward with another flag and reverently spread it on the body. "Don't you take on, sir," he said, shaking the squire's hand. "All well with him; no fear for a hand that's been shot down in his duty to captain and owner. It mayn't be good divinity, but it's a fact."

A Terrible Cough.



If people would only meet coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer homes desolate. The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption yield readily to this powerful, lung-healing remedy.

Read what Mrs. Theo. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, and as I could scarcely speak above a whisper, I also had a terrible cough which my friends thought would send me to my grave. I tried different remedies but all failed to do me any good until I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and the contents of one bottle completely cured me."

the loghouse in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landman, shot by the mutineers: James Hawkins, cabin-boy—

MISCELLANEOUS.

NO CHANGE. In a Sheffield workshop, when the men absented themselves, they were expected to produce a doctor's certificate. An Irishman, absent, however, on a second occasion, and told to bring his certificate, gave in the one used before. The manager looked at it and said:— "Why, Maguire, this is an old certificate!"

A Gift to Give.

It is often difficult to decide what to get your friends for holiday gifts. Here is a suggestion: "Good morning, Jennie, I have brought you a nice present," said Gertrude, as she handed her friend a neatly wrapped package.

Sick Headache.

Mrs. Joseph Woodworth, Ohio, U. S., says: "I have been troubled with sick headache for over a year. Lately I started taking Liver-Liver Pills and they did me a world of good, acting without pain or griping."

HOLIDAY SEASON IN ENGLAND.

London despatches state that the city is very quiet at present as a great many people have gone to the country for Christmas. A round of home parties such as England has not seen for years has been arranged for with merry makings of a kind that a century ago made English Christmas famous.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

All through the evening they kept wandering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand in the inclosure; but they had to sit so high that the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soil sand. We had no ricochet to fear; and though one propped in through the roof of the log-house and out again through the floor, we soon got used to that sort of horseplay and minded it no more than cricket.

Busin Me acks.

Only one sure way to cure a man who has used them: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at the Metropolitan and pain back, with which I have been afflicted for the past six years. Good that I heartily recommend to all who are afflicted with an excellent medicine and booklet."

DOAN KIDNEY PILLS.

Take a hint from a man who has used them: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at the Metropolitan and pain back, with which I have been afflicted for the past six years. Good that I heartily recommend to all who are afflicted with an excellent medicine and booklet."

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, 29 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."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Castor Oil or other Cathartic is not need after giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This remedy contains its own purgative and not only destroys but carries off the worms. Price 25c.

Grippe Headache.

Mrs. C. Appleton, Whitewood, N. W. T., writes: "Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders have given me great relief from the terrible pains of La Grippe in my head and through my back." Price 10c. and 25c. All dealers.

13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Westcott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experienced 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 medicines I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried Burdock Blood-Bitters. With one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better."

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Gout are all completely cured by Milburn's Rheumatic Pills, the great specific rheumatic remedy. Price 50c. a box at all dealers.

Have you Dickens's Tale of Two Cities?

"No, sir," replied the new selection at the bookstore, after a glance at the shelves; "but I see we have 'Remembrance of Two Worlds,' by M. de Corail. Won't that do?"—Ontario Tribune.

FOR THE BLOOD.

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

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 steak, 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.

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