

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 Bethleem; 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 bowls! 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 beach 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.

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd step and pick off another man." But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

"I cried the squirrel, quick as a flash, and the captain, quick as a flash, backed with a great heave, and at her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim heard, the sound of the squirrel's shot not having reached him. When the ball passed, not one of us—precisely knew, but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate the boat sunk by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and came up again, drooped and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could wade ashore to safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees, and held over my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandolier, and, like a wise man, look uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat. To add to our concern, we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stockade in

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.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR—END OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

We made our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us from the stockade, and at every step we took the voices of the buccanniers rang near us. Soon we could hear their footfalls as they ran, and the cracking of the branches as they broke across a bit of thicket. I began to see we should have a brush for it in earnest, and looked to my priming.

"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 battle, 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 squirrel 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—

"It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll go. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're perhaps as well without that extra mouth."

And he pointed to the dead body under the flag. Just then, with a roar and a whistle a round shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and plunged far beyond us in the wood. "O-ho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, my lads."

At the second trial the aim was better and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattering a cloud of sand, but doing no further damage. "Captain," said the squirrel, "the house is quite visible from the ship. Would it not be wiser to take it in?" "Strike my colors!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I," and as soon as he had said the words I think we all agreed with him. For it was not only a piece of stout, seamanly good feeling; it was good policy besides, and showed our enemies that we despised their cannonade.

All through the evening they kept wandering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand in the enclosure; but they had not time to get to 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.

"There is one thing good about all this," observed the captain: "the wood in front of us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good whyle, our stores should be uncovered. Vols. 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, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Consumption

is destruction of lung by a growing germ, precisely as in the case of the squirrel.

Emulsion of... It acts as a food; it is the easiest food. Seems not to be food; makes you hungry; eating is comfortable. You grow strong.

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

The squirrel 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 squirrel, "say you forgive me, won't you?" "Would—that you?"

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—

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 squirrel'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."

Then he pulled me aside. "Doctor Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squirrel expect the consort?" "I told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; and if it were not back by the end of August Blandly was to send to find us, but neither sooner nor later. You can calculate for yourself."

"Why, yes," returned the captain, scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, I should say we were pretty close hauled."

"How do you mean?" I asked. "It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll go. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're perhaps as well without that extra mouth."

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