# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1900. NO. 22.



## Professional Cards.

**J. M. OWEN,**
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
**Every Thursday.**

*Consular Agent of the United States.*
*Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.*
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

**O. S. MILLER,**
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

**DENTISTRY.**
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

**J. B. WHITMAN,**
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

**DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,**
**DENTIST,**
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

**James Primrose, D. D. S.**
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

**JOHN ERVIN,**
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

**UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,**
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 600,000
Rest, - - - - 328,610

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President. WM. ROCHE, Vice-President.
HON. ROBT. BOAK, J. H. SYMONS, Esq.
C.C. BLACKADAR, Esq. WM. TWINING, Esq.
GEO. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S.
E. L. THORNE, General Manager.

Collections solicited.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

**Savings Bank Department.**
Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.

*AGENCIES.*—
Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager.
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, acting manager.
Liverpool, N.S.—E. R. Mulhall, manager.
New Glasgow, N. S.—R. C. Wright, manager.
North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazee, manager.
Sherbrooke, N. S.—W. R. Monigomery, manager.
St. Peter's, C. B.—C. A. Gray, acting manager.
Sydney, C. B.—H. W. Jubien, manager.
Wolfville, N. S.—J. D. Leavitt, manager.

*CORRESPONDENTS.*—
London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

**Progressive Bakers**
Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
**EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!**
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

**WANTED! WANTED!**
5,000 Hides,
15,000 Pelts,
For which the highest prices will be paid, **Spot Cash.** Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.
MacKenzie, Crowe & Company.

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER
*OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.*
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
T. J. EAGLESON,
36tf QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN

"CLEVELAND" AIM IS HIGH!

Nothing in the construction of the Cleveland Bicycles is left to chance. In the smallest detail of the making, in the littlest part of its mechanism, perfection is the aim. You'll find this favorite machine for 1900 "goes the past one better" in improvements, new features and general equipment.

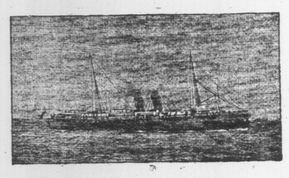
SEE
the hardened block pin which prevents the chain from wearing.
the combined ball and roller bearings.
the dust-proof skeleton gear case.
the improved ball-head spokes.
the chainless models and the combined coaster and brake.

Cleveland BICYCLES

We carry a full line of chain and chainless Clevelands in stock, and will give you a right price for cash or instalments.

☞We also have some big bargains in other makes, both new and second-hand.

JOHN LOCKETT & SON,
Agents, - Bridgetown, N. S.



THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.

On and after August 21st, this Company will make
Five Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz.:
Steamer "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening; and steamer "YARMOUTH" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Friday evening after arrival of trains from Halifax.
LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.
Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., August 13th, 1900.

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

We sell Shoes that Fit!
We are not of the belief that any make of Shoes are good enough for you to wear. Feet must not be tortured by misfit shoes. We don't charge for fit, we simply charge for honest, reliable, good wearing Shoes. Saving prices and high quality are linked together at our store.
Our Men's Dongola Kid, Laced or Congress Boot at $2.00 are extra good value.
Our Men's Russian Calf Tanned Balmoral or our Men's Chocolate Dongola Kid, with cloth top, at $3.00, are exceptionally good value.
Our Women's Vice Kid low Oxford Shoes, broad or narrow toe, at $1 00, $1 25, $1 50 and $1 75, are low priced and good value. You should see them.
MURDOCH'S BLOCK, E. A. COCHRAN.


### Undesirable Money.

(Montreal Witness.)

In view of the profits accruing to our banks from their paper issues, they could well afford to renew their notes more frequently. It is an old complaint that many of our banks suffer their notes to get into the most shocking condition, and at present there are in circulation many greasy and soiled notes, worn to rags. The teller of one of our leading banks, the other day, in paying out money to a customer, told him to return any bills too bad to use, and as many of these were dropping to pieces, the advice was carried to a certain extent. The insanitary condition to these bills goes without saying; they are indeed a real menace to health, and it would be supposed that the banks, for their own credit's sake, would be ashamed to circulate them. The Bank of England never reissues a note, and even notes used between one department of the bank and another are destroyed. Of course, this is for financial, not sanitary, safety, as the money chiefly used in circulation is gold. Canadian banks, of course, could not afford to adopt this expensive procedure, and such a radical recourse is not necessary; what should be made imperative, however, is that their paper should be whole and fairly unsoiled.

The United States often acts in a most undignified manner in its treatment of Canada. In the deepening of our canals, a purely progressive, economic measure, several of its journals pretend to discover an unfriendly act, and the whole intent of many of its politicians is to grab all that is possible from us, and, in regard to our rights, to repudiate what fairness would hasten to acknowledge. It is not fair, however, to blame the United States for taxing our bank notes ten percent when used for the purpose of circulation there, as that is purely a domestic matter. The tax has been in force as long as Febuary, 1875, and has to be paid by any banks receiving any notes, foreign or domestic, other than national bank notes, and paying them out again in the United States. It has been suggested that a retaliatory law might be passed here, but such a law is not necessary, as each Canadian bank has already sufficient interest in publishing the circulation of its own notes. Apart from the effect on the circulation of the banks, Canadians who observe how frequently United States bank notes take the place of Canadian bills here, object that even a hotel keeper will not change a Canadian bill in the United States without charging a premium. This action, however, is not founded solely upon distrust as is sometimes supposed, but is, to a great extent, founded upon the law of supply and demand. There is considerable demand for American bills in Canadian cities, for persons about to travel and for petty remittances. The traffic from the United States is so remunerative to our railways that they make no trouble about changing bills, and this applies to the hotels. Our banks, with their systems of branches and agencies, have in some instances quite an international character and can dispose of a surplus of these bills in the ordinary way of business.

With the bills of the United States redeemable upon a gold basis, their limited circulation here is not a matter of very great moment, but the case is different with the mutilated American silver now so frequently being received in change. Many efforts have been made to exclude foreign coins from general circulation, but, as this appears to be hopeless, palpably "sweated," "plugged," and other mutilated silver ought certainly to be rigidly banned and barred. This applies also to Canadian silver of the mutilated description, a great deal of which is at present in circulation, but, as the law does not seem to concern itself with this species of fraud, the only protection for the individual is to be more careful in his examination of the coins that are offered him in exchange for his good money. The Treasury Department does not provide any machinery, for withdrawing debased coin from circulation, and this traffic is left in the hands of private brokers, who will purchase debased silver coins by weight.


**Just as Good**

Perhaps; but if just as good as Putnam's is that not a very high recommendation for the original and best corn cure? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Refuse to accept any of the dangerous sore producing substitutes offered by greedy dealers who make larger profit and disregard the interests of consumers. Safe, painless, certain.


## Poetry.

### Whom the Gods Love.

I.

"Whom the gods love die young?"—Nay rather say
With bated breath—"Whom the gods love die old."
Shall the morn pale ere it hath coined its gold?
The sun go down while yet it is full day?
The statue sleep unmoulded in the clay?
The parchment crumble ere it is unrolled?
The story end with half the tale untold?
The song drop mute and breathless by the way?
Oh, weep for Adonis when he dies
With all youth's lofty promise unfulfilled,
Its splendor lost in sudden, dear eclipse!
With love unlived, and dreams half dreamed he lies—
All the red wine from life's gold chalice spilled
Ere its bright brim hath touched his eager lips!

II.

Whom the gods love die old! O, life, dear life,
Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
How year by year the summers come and go,
Each with its own abounding sweetness ripe!
They know though frosts be cruel as the knife
Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow
And daisies blossom and the green grass grow
Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife.
They know that night more splendid is than day;
That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark,
And the deep waters change to molten gold;
They know that autumn richer is than May,
They hear the night-birds singing like the lark—
Ah, life, sweet life, whom the gods love die old!

*—Julia C. R. Dorr, in the fiction number of Scribner's.*

## Select Literature.

### TREASURE ISLAND.

(By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

PART III.

My Shore Adventure.

*(Continued.)*

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver, and the birds, and the tall Spy-glass hilltop, going round and round and topsy-turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ear.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood stained knife the while upon a whisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun was still shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarcely persuade myself that murder had actually been done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since, before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal; but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, and with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear halls coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket, I ran as I never ran before, scarce heeding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew more and more upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could anyone be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking with their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snipe's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over I thought. Good-by to the "Hispaniola;" good-by to the doctor, the squire, and the captain. There was nothing left for me but death by starvation, or death by the hands of the murderers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and, without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the wild oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearing and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, near seventy feet high. The air, too, seemed more fresh than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a stand-still with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN OF THE ISLAND.

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged, and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear, or man, or monkey, I could in no wise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. but the terror of this new appiration brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off on all sides, behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the danger that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and, making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh when I rose, I could see it was in vain for me to contend in speed with such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running man-like on two legs, but stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was, I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered that I was not defenseless, courage again glowed in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you," I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burned by the sun; even his lips were black, and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had ever seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and sea-cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt which was the one thing solid in his whole accountrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you ship wrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years ago," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Whenever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

All this time he had been feeling the stuff of my jacket, smoothing my hands, looking at my boots, and generally, in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled slyness.

"If you ever get aboard agin, says you," he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply.

"And right you was," he cried. "Now, you—what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim Jim," says he, quite pleased apparently. "Well now Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother—to look at me?" he asked.

"Why no, not in particular," I answered.

"Ah well," said he, "but I had—remarkable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it began with chuck farthen on the blessed gravestones. That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicted the whole, she did, the pious woman. But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You can't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim,"—looking all around him, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face; for he repeated the statement hotly:

"Rich! Rich! I says! And I'll tell you what; I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me!"

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon my hand, and raised a forefinger threateningly before my eyes.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true; that ain't Flint's ship?" he asked.

At this I had a happy inspiration. I began to believe that I had found an ally, and I answered him at once.

"It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me—there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."

"Not a man—with one—leg?" he gasped.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver!" says he; "that were his name."

"He's the cook; and the ringleader, too."

He was still holding me by the wrist, and at that he gave it quite a wring.

"If you was sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose?"

I had made my mind up in a moment, and by way of answer told him the whole story of our voyage, and the predicament in which we found ourselves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done he patted me on the head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said; "and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn—Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help—him being in a clove hitch, as you remarked?"

I told him the squire was the most liberal of men.

"Ay, but you see," returned Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean giving me a gate to keep, and a suit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say one thousand pounds out of money that's as good as a man's own already?"

"I am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all hands were to share."

"*And* a passage home?" he added, with a look of great shrewdness.

"Why," I cried, "the squire's a gentleman. And, beside if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along—six strong seamen. They was ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old 'Walrus.' One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cutwater. But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead—dead and buried. How had he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quarter master; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!' That's just what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The cap'n was displeased at that; but my messmates were all of a mind, and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worst word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade, and a pick-ax. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

"Well Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I weren't, neither, I says."

And with that he winked and pinched me hard.

"Just you mention them words to your squire, Jim"—he went on: "Not he weren't, neither—that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, may be, think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, may be, think of his old mother, so he as she's alive (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say)—the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."

And he pinched me again, in the most confidential manner.

"Then," he continued—"then you'll up, and you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence—a precious sight, mind that—in a gen'leman born than in these gen'lemen of fortune, having been one himself."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying. But that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the hitch for sure. Well, there's my boat that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worse come to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the echoes of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Fol ow me."

And I began to run toward the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten; while, close at my side, the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily and lightly.

"Left, left," says he; "keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all mast-headed on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cetemery"—cemetery he must have meant. "You see the mounds? I come here and prayed, nows and thens, when I thought may be a Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was shorthanded—no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.

The cannon-shot was followed, after a considerable interval, by a volley of small arms.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood.

PART IV.

The Stockade.

CHAPTER XVI.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR: HOW THE SHIP WAS ABANDONED.

It was about half past one—three bells in the sea phrase—that the two boats went ashore from the "Hispaniola." The captain, the squire, and I were talking matters over in the cabin. Had there been a breath of wind, we should have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, slipped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and, to complete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and was gone ashore with the rest.

It had never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even chance if we should see the lad again. We ran on deck. The pitch was bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelled fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecastle; ashore we could see the gigs made fast, and a man sitting in each, hard by where the river runs in. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a strain; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat, in quest of information.

The gigs had leaned to their right; but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped off, and I could see the pair discussing what they ought to do. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and hark back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I steered so as to put it between us, even before we landed we had thus lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out, and came as near running as I durst, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness' sake, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I came on the stockade.

This was how it was; a spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a knoll. Well, on the knoll, and inclosing the spring, they had clapped a stout log-house, fit to hold two score people on a pinch, and loopholed for musketry on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a paling six feet high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labor, and too open to shelter the besiegers. The people in the log-house had them in every way; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they wanted was a good watch and food; for, short of a complete surprise, they might have held the place against a regiment.

What particularly took my fancy was the spring. For, though we had a good enough place of it in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," with plenty of arms and ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing overlooked—we had no water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death. I was not new to violent death—I have served his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and got a wound myself at Fontenoy—but I know my pulse went dot and carry one. "Jim Hawkins is gone," was my first thought.

It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to dilly-dally in our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore, and jumped on board the jolly-boat.

By good fortune Hunter pulled a good oar. We made the water fly; and the boat was soon alongside, and I aboard the schooner.

I found them all shaken, as was natural. The squire was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, the good soul! And one of the six forecastle hands was little better.

"There's a man," said Captain Smollett, nodding toward him, "new to this work. He came nigh-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the cry. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled on the details of its accomplishment.

We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the forecastle, with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection. Hunter brought the boat round under the stern-port, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder tins, muskets, bags of biscuits, kegs of pork, a cask of cognac, and my invaluable medicine chest.

In the meantime, the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the cockswain, who was the principal man aboard.

"Mr. Hands," said he, "here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six make a signal of any description, that man's dead."

They were a good deal taken aback; and, after a little consultation, one and all tumbled down the fore companion, thinking, no doubt, to take us on the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them in the sparred gallery, they went about ship at once, and a head popped out again on deck.

"Down, dog!" cries the captain.

And the head popped back again; and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, tumbling things in as they came, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got out through the stern port, and we made for shore again, as fast as oars could take us.

This second trip fairly aroused the watchers along shore. "Lillibullero" was dropped again; and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them whipped ashore and disappeared. I had half a mind to change my plan and destroy their boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close at hand, and all might very well be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to provision the block house. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our stores over the palisade. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them—one man, to be sure, but with half a dozen muskets—Hunter and I returned to the jolly-boat, and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed, when the two servants took up their position in the block-house, and I with all my power, sculled back to the "Hispaniola."

That we should have risked a second boat load seems more daring than it really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had the advantage of arms. Not one of the men ashore had a musket, and before they could get within range for pistol shooting, we flattered ourselves we should be able to give a good account of a half dozen at least.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window, all his faintness gone from him. He caught the painter and made it fast, and we felt to loading the boat for our very lives. Pork, powder and biscuit was the cargo, with only a musket and a cutlass apiece for the squire and me and Redruth and the captain. The rest of the arms and powder we dropped overboard in two fathoms and a half of water, so that we could see the bright steel shining far below us in the sun, on the clean, sandy bottom.

*(To be continued.)*

### Chinese in Canada.

Toronto, Aug. 9.—The Rev. R. P. MacKey, foreign mission secretary of the Presbyterian Church, states that there are 15,000 Chinese in Canada, of whom only 275 are in Toronto. It is a matter for congratulation, says Mr. MacKay, that in this city the Chinese have had to endure so little of the persecution to which Mongolians on the Pacific coast, and especially in the American cities, have been subjected. In Montreal and British Columbia even justice has not been shown, but in the end the British fair play usually prevails. There are five schools, Mr. MacKey says, in Toronto for the instruction of Chinese in English, with an attendance varying from fifteen to sixty-five, the total attendance being 185. The lessons taught are charged with Christian truth and to more advanced pupils in some cases, the Bible itself is the text book. The Chinese are proverbially grateful for kindnesses received and manifest it by word and look, and also by gifts more frequent and costly than their teachers are willing to accept.

### Trade With Trinidad.

Ottawa, Aug. 4—A report has been received from the Canadian commercial agent in Trinidad under date of July 20, in which he says that owing to the prolonged drought, especially during the latter part of 1899, the sugar crop, which ended last month, fell far short of previous years. The highest level of prices was fortunately maintained and next year's crop shows up well.

Exports to Canada have especially fallen off, he says, but this may be expected as long as the United States markets offer special advantages. The imports from Canada have grown slightly and may be expected to further increase when the fast line is established direct between Canada and the British West Indies.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