

Constipation Cured.

Mrs. James Clark, Commanche Ont., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Headache and Constipation. I tried Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me more good than anything I ever took."

"GOOD-BY-GOD BLESS YOU."

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech, With its direct revealings, It takes a hold and seems to reach Way down into your feelings. That some folks deem it rude, I know, And therefore they abuse it; But I have never found it so— Before all else I choose it. I don't object that men should air The Gaelic they have paid for, With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere," For that's what French was made for.

But when a crows takes your hand At parting to address you, He drops all foreign lingo and He says "Good-by-God bless you." This seems to me a sacred phrase, With reverence impressed— A thing come down from righteous days, Quaintly but nobly fashioned; It well becomes an honest face, A voice that's round and cheerful; It stays the sturdy in his place, And soothes the weak and fearful. Into the porches of the ears, It steals with subtle action, And in your heart of hearts appears To work its gracious function; And all day long with pleasing song, It lingers to caress you. I'm sure no human hearts goes wrong That's told, "Good-by-God bless you."

EUGENE FIELD.

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART III.

My Shore Adventure.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.) THE MAN OF THE ISLAND.

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 old 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 gait. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?" "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 buccaners, 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—cheese, 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."

And 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 child's pleasure in the presence of a fellow creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled elyness.

"If ever you get aboard again, says you?" he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?" "Not you, I know," was my reply. "And right you was," he cried. "N'w you—what do you call your-ee, mate?" "Jim," I told him. "Jim, Jim," says he, quite pleased, apparently. "Well, now, Jim, I've fired 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.

course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim!—looking all round 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 boldly: "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 remark?"

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 kind, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the town 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, besides, 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 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 water. 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."

After Typhoid

fever, or other almost mortal sickness, a man or woman sometimes will gain a pound a day from taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion and the gain be healthy.

The ounce gives strength to get the pound; there is no miracle in it. Body and mind are weak; digestion is weak; and hunger is ravenous.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the food to begin and go on with. It furnishes strength to digest a little easy other food; and a little grows to enough. But the gain is nearly all fat.

The bones had not lost much; the muscles had lost, and had not got back their strength; the fat was all gone. The fat has come back; the muscle slowly recovers its bulk, more slowly its strength—the bulk of muscle was fat—and the bones are about the same as before.

Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; 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 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 captain was displeased at that; but my mates were all of a mind, and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse 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-axe. 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, look you 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. "Nor 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 of his old mother, so as she's alive (you will 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 gentleman born than in these gentlemen 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 own two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst comes 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 belloyed to the thunder of a cannon. "They have begun the fight!" I cried. "Follow me!"

And I began to run toward the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten; while, close to 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 masted off on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cemetery—cemetery he must have meant. You see the mounds? I come here and prayed, nows and then, when I thought may be a Sunday would be about due. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn like; and then says you, Ben Gunn was short-handed—no chaplain, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving an 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 waiting; 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 forecabin. 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 wistling "Lillibulero."

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 leaped to their right; but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left

In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Marpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

guarding their boats seemed in a haste at our appearance; "Lillibulero" 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 bark back again to "Lillibulero."

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.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. 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.

The pale, weary looking girl, who was slowly recovering from severe illness, opened the bundle and held up a large bottle of clear, rich medicine. "Hood's Sarsaparilla!" she exclaimed. "I have been reading about it today and wished I had a bottle."

On New Year's Day Jennie was able to be out on the street, and to her friends who remarked how well she was looking she simply said, "Hood's Sarsaparilla," and every one of them knew it was this great medicine that had given back her health.

Little Willie—Say pa! Pa—Well, what is it now, Willie? Little Willie—Does grape-shot grow on smushes?

Cough of Grippe. In the Spring when Grippe was raging I had a bad attack and the cough was so severe that I thought I would cough myself to death. I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and it cured me in a surprisingly short time.

Mrs. J. H. Myers. Isaac's Harbor, N. S. Willie's Father—My boy, you must learn to paddle your own canoe. Little Willie—Whoopie! When are you going to get me the canoe?

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. "Do you mean to insinuate that I can't tell the truth?" "By no means. It is impossible to say what a man can do until he tries."

Mrs. Hibbert Beck, Newburn, N. S., writes: "I was in bed for weeks with rheumatism and could not move without help. I began using Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and one box relieved the pain and six boxes completely cured me."

Little Brother (bedtime)—Why don't you take your stockings off? Little girl (whose mother buys the cheap black kind)—I's got all off 'at will come off.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS. Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

ALL FOR \$1. "David," "Yes, Martha," "Something dreadful has happened."

There was a tremor in the voice, and the old man straightened up. He noticed that she held a letter. "What's wrong?" he asked. "Is any of the children sick?"

"No. Last week I saw a piece in our farm paper that said if I sent a dollar I could find out how to get rid of rats and roaches. I sent \$1."

"Here's what they wrote back: 'Move away.'"

Then the poor old soul wept as if her heart would break. "Ask for Minard's and take no other."

"Shall I order dinner for you?" asked the official of the jury, while the twelfth man was holding out against the eleven. "Yes," replied one of the eleven, "make it eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

Headache Vanished. Mrs. E. W. Le Gallais, St. Godfrey, P. Q., says: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders for sick headache. After taking two powders I felt better and was able to get up and go on with my work."

He—You climbed ze Matterhorn? Zat was a great feat. She—Great feat, you mean, count. He—Ah! Zin you climbed him more zan once? Magnifique.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. LAGUE. Sydney, C. B.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER. Yarmouth.

I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LEWIS S. BUTLER. Barin, Nfld.

Mrs. Brown—What color are your little boys eyes? Mrs. Robinson—Black, generally. He's a terrible fighter.

Hygard's Yellow Oil takes out pain, reduces swelling and allays inflammation. Cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Ooids, Sore Throat, Group, Quinsy, etc. It does not stain the skin or soil the clothing. Price 25c.

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.

MONEY TO LOAN. EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL. COMFORTING. Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and highly Nutritive Properties.

Special attention given to Collections. W. GRANT & CO. LePage's Old Stand, Queen Street.

Breakfast, London, SUPPER. Epps's Cocoa. Oct. 24, 1900-301. 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 Edgemoor. For further particulars apply to the subscribers, executors of the late William Edgemoor, or to James H. Reddin, Solicitor, Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

JOHN F. JOHNSON, F. E. KELLY, 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. HYNEMAN & CO. Agents. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898. A. A. McLEAN, L.B., Q.C., Barrister, Solicitor, 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

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

These little Laxa-Liver Pills block follow; act easily and naturally on the system; clearing away all bile and effete material; Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, water-brash—all disappear when they are used. Price 25c.

We Never Sold ITS SUPERIOR FOR \$10.00

That is what we wish to state about our READY-TO-PUT-ON OVERCOAT

It's made from all wool fine new beaver cloth, lined with an excellent quality Italian or farmers satin, silk stitched, velvet collar, good workmanship. We have for the past 30 years handled millions of samples of cloth and think we know a good deal about quality, and we can confidently say we have not seen a better coat for \$10.00 than we are offering.

We will be pleased to have you examine these coats. D. A. BRUCE, MERCHANT TAILOR, Morris Block.

FOR HAYING SEASON 1900. Deering Ideal Mowers, Deering Hay Rakes, Deering Harvest Oil.

Never thickens in any climate. Free from adulteration. A full line of Extras and Haying Tools.

W. GRANT & CO. LePage's Old Stand, Queen Street.

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. 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.

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