

Constipation Cured.

Mrs. James Clark, Comanda. 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."

THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning, And the heart and the foot are light, When the flags are all a-duster, And the world is in gay and bright, When the bugles lead the column, And the drums are proud in the van, It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march; Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music, With your comrades all in line, And you don't get tired, you feel inspired, And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening, And the color-bearer's gone, When the merry strains are silent, That piped to bravado, And when you miss the drum and felloe, Who started out with you, When it's stubborn and starchy, forward, march Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence, And the road has become grown, A life is a bitter cup to drink; But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us, A task we may never shirk, In the gay time and the sorrowful time We must march and do our work. We must march when the music cheers us, March when the strains are dumb, Plucky and valiant, forward, march, And smile, whatever may come.

For whether life's hard or easy, The strong man kept the pace, For the desolate march and the silent The strong soul finds the grace.

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."

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART II.

THE SEA COOK.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

COUNCIL OF WAR.

"Now, captain," said the squire, you were right and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders."

"No more an ass than I, sir," returned the captain. "I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed signs before, for any man that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps according. But this crew, he added, 'beats me.'"

"Captain," said the doctor, "with your permission, that Silver's a very remarkable man."

"He'd look remarkably well from a yard-arm, sir," returned the captain. "But this is talk; this don't lead to anything. I see three or four points, and with Mr. Trelawney's permission I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," said Mr. Trelawney, grandly.

"First point, began Mr. Smollett, 'we must go on because we can't turn back. If I give the word to turn back they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us—at least until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later, and what I propose is to take time by the forelock, as the saying is, and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, I take it, on your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

"As upon myself," declared the squire.

"Three," reckoned the squire; ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins here. Now about the honest hands?"

"Most likely Trelawney's own men," said the doctor; those he picked up for himself before he lit on Silver."

"Nay," replied the squire, "hands was one of mine."

"I did think I could have trusted Hands," added the captain.

"And to think that they are all Englishmen!" broke out the squire.

"Sir, I could find it in my heart to blow the ship up."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "the best I can say is not much. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright lookout. It's trying on a man, I know. It would be pleasant to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know our men. Lay to and whistle for a wind; that's my view."

"Jim, here," said the doctor, "can help me more than anyone. The men are not shy with him and Jim is a noticing lad."

"Hawkins, I put prestigious faith in you," added the squire.

I began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless, and yet, by an odd train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety came. In the meantime, talk as we pleased, there was only seven out of the twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely, and out of these seven one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

PART III.

My Shore Adventure.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW I BEGAN MY SHORE ADVENTURE.

The appearance of the I-land when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly failed we had made a great deal of way during the night and were now lying becalmed half a mile to the southeast of the low eastern coast. Gray-colored woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by the streaks of yellow sward in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in clumps; but the general coloring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the spires, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

The Hispanics were rolling soupers under in the ocean swell. The boats were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay and the world turned giddily before my eyes, for though I was a good enough sailor when there was way on this, standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a quail or so, and above all in the morning, on an empty stomach.

Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was the look of the island, with its gray, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach—at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots, and from that first look onward I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

We had a dreary morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out and manned and the ship worked three or four miles round the corner of the island and up the narrow passage to the haven behind Skeleton Island. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had of course no business. The heat was sweltering and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order he grumbled as loud as the worst.

"Well," he said, with an oath, "it's not forever."

I thought this was a very bad sign, for, up to that day, the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business, but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.

All the way in Long John stood by the steersman, and coned the ship. He knew the passage like the palm of his hand; and though the man in the chains got everywhere more water than was down in the chart, John never hesitated once.

"There's a strong scour with the ebb," he said, "and this here passage has been dug out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade."

We brought up just where the anchor was in the chart, about a

third of a mile from either shore, the mainland on one side and Skeleton Island on the other. The bottom was clean sand. The plange of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying over the woods, but in less than a minute they were all down again, and it was once more silent.

The place was entirely land-locked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hills-tops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphitheatre, one here, one there. Two little rivers, or rather two swamps, emptied out into this pond, as you might call it; and the foliage round that part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship we could see nothing of the house or stockade, for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not been for the chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf booming half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage—a smell of sodden leaves and rotten tree-trunks. I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing, like someone tasting a bad egg.

"I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I'll stake my wig there's fever here."

If the conduct of the men had been alarming in the boat, it became truly threatening when they had come aboard. They lay about the deck, growing together in talk. The slightest order was received with a black look, and grudgingly and carelessly obeyed. Even the honest hands must have caught the infection, for there was not one man aboard to mend another. Mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thunder-cloud.

And it was not only we of the cabin party who perceived the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in good advice, and as for example no man could have shown better. He fairly outstripped himself in willingness and civility; he was all smiles to every one. If an order was given, John would be on his crutch in an instant, with the cheeriest "Ay, ay, sir!" in the world; and when there was nothing else to do, he kept up one song after another, as if to conceal the discontent of the rest.

Of all the gloomy features of that gloomy afternoon, this obvious anxiety on the part of Long John appeared the worst.

We held a council in the cabin. "Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order, the whole ship'll come about our ears by the run. You see, sir, here it is. I get a rough answer, do I not? Well, if I speak back, pikes will be going in two shakes; if I don't, Silver will see there's something under that, and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to rely on."

"And who is that?" asked the squire.

"Silver, sir," returned the captain; "he's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a stiff; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I propose to do is to give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If they'll go, why, we'll fight the ship. If none of them go, well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right. If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs."

It was so decided; loaded pistols were served out to all the sane men. Hunter, Joyce and Redruth were taken into our confidence, and received the news with less surprise and a better spirit than we had looked for, and then the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore'll hurt nobody; the boats are still in the water; you can take the gigs, and as many as please can go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would break their skins over the treasure as soon as they were landed; for they all came out of their sulks in a moment, and gave a cheer that started the ebb in a far-away bill, and sent the birds once more flying and equaling around the anchorage.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of eight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party, and I fancy it was well he did so. Had he been on deck he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as daylight. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands—and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board—must have been very "upid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this: that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ring-leaders—only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any farther. It is one thing to be idle and skulk, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

A Terrible Cough.



If people would only treat 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. Carter, Northport, Ont., says: "I caught a severe cold, which settled on my throat and lungs, so that 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."

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver, began to embark.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side and curled up in the foreheads of the nearest boat, and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No one took notice of me, only the bow or saying, "Is that you, Jim! Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach, but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees, and I had caught a branch and swung myself out, and plunged into the nearest thicket, while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting. But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, dacking and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer. (To be continued.)

Worms effect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

Weary William—Dere's one 't'ing I tink I kin always git before you do. Tired James—Bet yer can't. 'Wot is it? Weary William—Tired.

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."

Yabsley—Did I understand you to say your uncle's attack of rheumatism was cured by Christian science? Mudge—No. I said his attack of Christian science was cured by rheumatism.

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

Stranger—What do you understand here by the "straight ticket"? Native—Well, as the machine controls this town, the straight ticket is the one's that's made up of crooked candidates.

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. "I wonder why they miss me?" wrote the poet in violet ink on gilt-edged paper. And the editor, as he tossed the manuscript into the yawning gulf at his side, murmured softly, "If they do they never ought to be trusted with a gun again."

Minard's Liniment cure Dandruff.

13 Running Sores. Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experience 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 medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B. When one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Works while you sleep without grip or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and makes you feel better in the morning. Price 25c. at all druggists.

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."

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness of heart and nerve, trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

O Gentle Subscriber Please pay up that bill Our printers need bread Their stomachs to fill They cannot have bread Without first having "dough" So send in your \$ 5's And please don't be slow.

Worms effect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

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Kerosene Oil.

Kerosene oil is a burning question just now both with politicians and housekeepers. The former want to make political capital out of it, while the latter want to know where to get the best quality of oil for the best money. We have just received part of our fall stock direct by schooner from New York. It is called "PRATT'S ASTRAL" and is the highest grade of refined American Oil. We are now offering it for sale in four gallon tins for 22c per imperial gallon. Ask for Pratt's Astral, as there is no better. Special low price by cash.

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GRAFEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and High Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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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 Pigeon. For further particulars apply to the subscribers, executors of the late William Pigeon, or to James H. Reddin, Solicitor, Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

JOHN F. JOHNSON, F. F. KELLY, Executors. Jan. 31-1f

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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.

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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.

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A complete Stock of authorized School Books, Pens, Inks, Paper, Slates, Exercise Books, Scribblers, always on hand. Lowest prices, prompt attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.

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EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil? There are others; why SCOTT'S? The good one is SCOTT'S. It's nearly 30 years old; it is used by intelligent people all over the world; and approved by physicians all over the world.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION is made in a certain way; of certain things; it keeps; it is always alike; it does what it does.

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The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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