

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes: "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got her Hagard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents.

A PRAYER TO JESUS CHRIST FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

Through the courtesy of the "Independent" the Sacred Heart Review received this excellent translation of the Pope's prayer.

CHAPTER XXVII. "PIECES OF EIGHT."

Owing to the cant of the vessel, the masts hung far out over the water, and from my perch on the cross trees I had nothing below me but the surface of the bay. Hands, who was not so far up, was, in consequence, nearer to the ship, and fell between me and the bulwarks. He rose once to the surface in a lather of foam and blood, and then sunk again for good. As the water settled I could see him lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two whipped past his body. Sometimes by the quivering of the water he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron, yet it was not so much these real sufferings that distressed me, for these, it seemed to me, I could bear without a murmur; it was the horror I had upon my mind of falling from the cross-tree into that still, green water beside the body of the cookswain.

I clung with my both hands till my nails ached, and I shot my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulse quieted down to a more natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself.

It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk; but either it struck too hard or my nerve failed me, and I desisted with a violent shudder. Oddly enough, that very shudder did the business. The knife, in fact, had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down faster to be sure, but I was my own master again, and only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt.

These last I broke through with a sudden jerk, and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. For nothing in the world would I have ventured, shaken as I was, upon the overhanging port shrouds, from which Israel had so lately fallen.

I went below and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal, and still bled freely, but it was neither deep nor dangerous, nor did it greatly grieve me when I used my own arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger—the dead man, O'Brien.

He had pitched, as I have said, against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, anguished sort of puppet, life-size, indeed, but now different from the life's color or life's comeliness! In that position, I could easily have my way with him, and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran, and, with one good heave, tumbled him overboard. He went in with a sounding plunge, the red cap came off, and remained floating on the surface, and as soon as the splash subsided, I could see him and Israel lying side by side, both waving with the tremulous movement of the water. O'Brien, though quite a young man, was very bald. There he lay with that bald head across the knees of the man who had killed him, and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both.

I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadows of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

I began to see the danger to the ship. The jibe I speedily doused and brought tumbling to the deck, but the mainsail was a harder matter. Of course, when the schooner canted over, the boom had swung outward, and the cap of it and a foot or two of the sail hung even under water, I thought this made it still more dangerous, yet the strain was so heavy that I half feared to meddle. At last I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the water; and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge the downhaul, that was the extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest the Hispaniola must trust to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow—the last rays, I remember, falling through a glade of the wood, and shining bright as jewels on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill; the tide was rapidly fleeing seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her beam-ends.

I scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and holding the out hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist; the sand was firm and covered with ripple-marks, and I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving the Hispaniola on her side, with her mainsail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay.

About the same time the sun went fairly down and the breeze whistled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence empty-handed. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truancy, but the recapture of the Hispaniola was a clinching answer, and I hoped that Captain Smollet would confess I had not lost my time.

So thinking, and in famous spirits, I began to set my face homeward for the block-house and my companions. I remembered that the most easterly of the rivers which drain into Captain Kidd's anchorage ran from the two-peaked hill upon my left; and I bent my course in that direction that I might pass the stream while it was small. The wood was pretty open, and keeping along the lower spurs, I had soon turned the corner of that hill and not long after waded to the middle of across the water-course.

This brought me near to where I had encountered Ben Gunn, the maroon, and I walked more circumspectly, keeping an eye on every side. The dusk had come aigh hand completely, and as I opened out the cleft between the two peaks, I became aware of a wavering glow against the sky, where, as I judged, the man of the island was cooking his supper before a roaring fire. And yet I wondered in my heart that he should show himself so careless. For if I could see this radiance, might it not reach the eye of Silver himself, where he camped upon the shore among the marshes?

Gradually the night fell blacker; it was all I could do to guide myself even roughly toward my destination; the double-hill behind me, and the Spyglass on my right hand loomed faint and fainter, the stars were few and pale, and in the low ground where I wandered I kept tripping among bushes and rolling into sandy pits.

Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about me, I looked up; a pale glimmer of moonbeams had alighted on the summit of the Spyglass, and soon after I saw something broad and silvery moving low down behind the trees, and knew that the moon had risen. With this to help me, I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, impatiently drew near to the stockade. Yet, as I began to tread that grove that lies before it, I was not so thoughtless but that I slackened my pace and went

White Watery Pimples. Five years ago my body broke out in white watery pimples, which grew so bad that the suffering was almost unbearable. I took doctors' medicine and various remedies for two years but they were of little benefit, whenever I got warmed up or sweat the pimples would come out again.

A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad I followed his advice, for four bottles completely cured me. That was three years ago and there has never been a spot or pimple on my skin since. James Lashouse, Brechin P.O., Ont.

A trifle warily. It would have been a poor end of my adventures to get shot down by my own party in mistake. The moon was climbing higher and higher; its light began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts in the wood, and right in front of me a glow of a different color appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened—as it were the embers of a bonfire smouldering.

For the life of me I could not think what it might be. At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The western end steeped in moonshine; the rest, and the block-house itself, still lay in a black shadow, checked with long, silvery streaks of light. On the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into clear embers, and shed a steady, red reverbation, contrasting strongly with the mellow paleness of the moon. There was not a soul stirring, nor a sound beside the noises of the breeze.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the captain's orders, somewhat niggardly of firewood, and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent. I stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a convenient place, where the darkness was thickest, crossed the palisade.

To make assurance surer, I got upon my hands and knees, and crawled, without a sound, toward the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It was not a gleasant noise in itself, and I have often complained of it at other times, but just then it was like music to bear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their sleep. The sea-ory of the watch, the beautiful "All's well," never fell more reassuringly on my ear.

(To be continued.)

To be Prepared For war is the surest way for this nation to maintain peace. That is the opinion of the wisest statesmen. It is equally true that to be prepared for the spring is the best way to avoid the peculiar dangers of the season. This is a lesson multitudes are learning, and at this time, when the blood is sure to be loaded with impurities and to be weak and sluggish, the millions begin to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, expels all disease germs, creates a good appetite, gives strength and energy and puts the whole system in a healthy condition, preventing pneumonia, fevers, and other dangerous diseases which are liable to attack a weakened system.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa-Liver Pills. They cure constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickening. Price 25c.

Tailors' Bad Backs. The cramped up position in which a tailor works comes hard on his kidneys and back. Very few escape backache, pain in the side and urinary troubles of one kind and another. Oftentimes the first warnings of kidney disease are neglected—think it will be all right in a day or two—but sick kidneys won't get well without help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Are the best friend of kidneys needing assistance. Read the proof from a tailor who has tried them. Mr. John Robertson, merchant tailor, Durham, Ont., gives his experience as follows: "I had been ailing with my kidneys for more than a year when I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at McFarlane's drug store, and am sincerely glad that I did so. The worst ailment of my kidneys made me sick all over and caused me much inconvenience and pain. This is now a thing of the past, because Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. I have had no trouble or inconvenience with my kidneys or back since I took these remarkable pills, and you may be sure that I gladly recommend them to other sufferers."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS are the ladies' favorite medicine. They do not purge, grip, weaken or sicken. They act naturally on the stomach, liver and bowels, curing constipation, dyspepsia, sick headache and biliousness. Price 25c.

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STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Mays, 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."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FINEST SIGHT. A major in the Irish Fusiliers and a major in the Royal Canadian Artillery met at Modder River. The Canadian was happy.

"We have just had word to start for home," said he of the Maple Leaf. "You don't tell me so," said the Irishman. "Well, you're in luck." "Yes, were off to Cape Town tomorrow. Well, you'll soon see the finest sight in South Africa."

"What's that, Major?" "Cape Town, from the stern of a steamer."—Canadian Magazine.

Mrs. Fred Laine, St. George, Ont., writes: "My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc. TWO FOOLS. They tell in Southwest Missouri of a young man there who advertised under an assumed name for a wife. The fellow's sister happened to see the advertisement and answered it, also under an assumed name, and then they exchanged photographs. The outcome may be imagined, but what the old folks said when they found that there were two such fools in the family may not be repeated in print. The law forbids it.—Exc.

Beware of worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. THE MAIN THING. "Your medicinal water seems to have a great reputation as a cure-all," remarked the customer. To what do you attribute its great curative powers?" "To judicious and extensive advertising, principally," the druggist frankly admitted.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. "You can't sit here, mum. These seats are reserved." "You don't seem to be aware that I'm one of the director's wives." "And if you was his only wife, mum, I couldn't let you sit here."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's Price to and 25 cents, all dealers.

Curious Villager—Ay, Sandy, an' ye was wounded at Magerfontein. Whit was you struck wi'?" "Sandy (tired of answering questions)—"I was struck with wonder when I kent I wisna killed."

Muscular Rheumatism. Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford Ont., says: "It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price 50c. a box.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial Diseases. Pleasant to take, prompt and effective in its results.

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring. It will work while you sleep with out a grip or pain, causing irritation, constipation, sick headache and drowsiness, and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

Cheap Pickles

We have a few dozen bottles of Canadian pickles on hand. This week we offer 2 pint bottles Mixed Pickles for 25 cts 2 quart bottles Mixed Pickles for 45 cts

Marmalade 2 glass pot Marmalade for 25cts 7 lb pail Marmalade for 75cts 7 lb tin Keiller's Marmalade 95cts

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JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN. Special attention given to Collections MONEY TO LOAN.

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 Mackenzie 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. 31-14

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. R. I. Agency, Charlottetown. HYNDMAN & CO. Agents. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898. A. A. McLEAN, L. B., Q. C., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, GROWN'S BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN

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What Next? Colwill's at it again!

W-H-A-T?? Giving bargains in Crockery to the people of course. This time it's a BANKRUPT STOCK OF CROCKERY. Are you in need of plates. Now is the time to replenish your stock. Just drop in and see 'em and ask the price. All our stock of Fancy Cups and Saucers Half Price. You can't afford to miss this. Everything selling low.

W. P. Colwill's, Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

DEAR SIR:— Having furnished a statement of your account to 31st December, we ask you to favor us with the amount so that we can meet our obligations.

Yours truly, D. A. BRUCE.

Final Notice!

If your account is past due do not be surprised should you receive a summons to appear on a set day at either the County or City Court.

We have on our Ledger some 300 accounts that we are going to collect by process of law. We would much prefer if those we refer to would call and arrange for payment at once.

MARK WRIGHT & CO., Ltd.

COLD WEATHER and STOVES

We are sure to have the former, and if you need the latter call and see the large assortment of STOVES we carry.

Fennell & Chandler.

The Bazaar Bookstore

Is to the front with a well assorted stock of Fancy Goods, Toys, Chinaware, Books, Christmas Cards, Calendars, etc. Do your Christmas buying at the Bazaar Bookstore. Prices guaranteed the lowest, quality the best.