

The Ladies' Favorite.

Laxa-Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite medicine. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness and Dyspepsia without griping, purging or sickening.

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

BY LIONEL BYRNE.

Think not of in coming years an epoch-making morning, When duties that you shrink from now full easy will appear; To-day is all of time you own: the future none may borrow.— There's no time like the present a straightforward course to steer.

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART VI. CAPTAIN SILVER

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.) THE TREASURE HUNT—FLINT'S POINT.

I never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The color went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others; Morgan groveled on the ground. "It's Flint, by gum!" cried Merry. The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off, you would have said, in the middle of a note, as though some one had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth. "Coming so far through the clear, sunny atmosphere among the green tree-tops, I thought it had sounded airy and sweetly; and the effect on my companions was the stranger.

"But there's one thing not clear," said Merry. "There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I do believe to know? That ain't in nature, surely?"

"This argument seemed weak enough to me. But you can never tell what will affect the superstitions, and, to my wonder, George Merry was greatly relieved. "Well, that's so," he said. "You've a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mate! This here crew is on a wrong tack, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clear away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice now—it was liker—"

"By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver. "Ay, and so it were," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn it were!" "It don't make much odds, do it, now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more'n Flint."

But the older hands greeted this remark with scorn. "Why nobody minds Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody minds him." It was extraordinary how their spirits had returned, and how the natural color had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening; and not long after, bearing no further sound, they shouldered the tools and set forth again, Merry walking first with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line with Skeleton Island. He had said the truth—dead or alive, nobody minded Ben Gunn.

Dick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with fearful glances; but he found no sympathy, and Silver even joked him on his precautions. "I told you," said he—"I told you, you had sp'iled your Bible. If it ain't no good to swear by, what do you suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not that!" and he snapped his big fingers, halting a moment on his crutch.

But Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was plain to me that the lad was falling sick; hastened by heat, exhaustion, and the shock of his alarm, the fever, predicted by Mr. Livesey, was evidently growing swiftly higher. It was fine open walking here upon the summit; our way lay a little downhill, for, as I have said, the plateau tilted toward the west. The pines, great and small, grew wide apart; and even between the clumps of nutmeg and assaie, wide open spaces bared in the hot sunshine. Striking, as we did, pretty near north-west across the island, we drew, on the one hand, ever nearer under the shoulders of the Spy-glass, and on the other, looked ever wider over that western bay where I had once tossed and trembled in the ocean.

Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat and all wrong, if too thin already.

Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads—over-work and under-digestion. Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however, you'll pay for it. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

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. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up the previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was bound up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasure that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting on his crutch, his nostrils stood out and quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot and shiny countenance; he plucked furiously at the line that held me to him, and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. Certainly he took no pains to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read them like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past; and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure; find and board the "Hispaniola," under cover of night, on every honest throat about that island, and sail away as he had first intended, laden with crimes and riches.

Shaken as I was with these alarms, it was hard for me to keep up with the rapid pace of the treasure-hunters. Now and again I tumbled; and it was then that Silver plucked so roughly at the rope and launched at me his murderous glances. Dick who had dropped behind us, and now brought up the rear, was babbling to himself both prayers and curses, as his fever kept rising. This also added to my wretchedness, and, to crown all, I was haunted by the thought of the tragedy that had once been acted on that plateau, when that ungodly buccannier with the white face—the who died at Savannah, singing and shouting for drink—had there, with his own hand, cut down his six accomplices. This grove, that was now so peaceful, must then have rung with cries, I thought; and even with the thought I could believe I heard it ringing still.

We were now at the margin of the thicket. "Huzza, mates," altogether I shouted Merry; and the foremost broke into a run. And suddenly, not ten yards further, we beheld them stop. A low cry arose. Silver doubled his pace, digging away with the foot of his crutch like one possessed, and next moment he and I had come also to a dead halt.

Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this were the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing-cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name "Walrus"—the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear to probation. The cache had been found and rifled—the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE FALL OF A CHIEFTAIN.

There never was such an overturn in this world. Each of these six men was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almost instantly. Every thought of his soul had been set full-stretch, like a roser, on that money; well, he was brought up in a single second, dead; and he kept his head, found his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to realize the disappointment.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble." And he passed me a double-barreled pistol.

At the same time he began quietly moving northward, and in a few steps had put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded, as much as to say, "Here is a narrow corner," as, indeed, I thought it was. His looks were now quite friendly; and I so revolted at these constant changes, that I could not forbear whispering, "So you've changed sides again."

There was no time left for him to answer in. The buccanniers, with oaths and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit, and to dig with their fingers, throwing the boards aside as they did so. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a perfect sport of oaths. It was a two-guinea piece, and it went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

"Two guineas!" roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!" "Dig away, boys," said Silver, with the coolest insolence; "you'll find some pig-outs, and I shouldn't wonder."

"Pig nuts!" repeated Merry, in a scream. "Mates, do you hear that? I tell you now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him, and you'll see it wrote there."

"Ah, Merry," remarked Silver, "standing for cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, to be sure." But this time every one was entirely on Merry's favor. They began to scramble out of the excavation, darting furious glances behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us; they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

us, and nobody screwed up high enough to offer the first blow. Silver never moved; he watched them very upright on his crutch, and looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave, and no mistake.

"At last, Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters. "Mates," says he, "there's two of them alone there; one's the old cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this; the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates—"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead the charge, but just then—crack! crack! crack!—three musket-shots flashed out of the thicket. Merry tumbled head-first into the excavation; the man with the bandage spun round like a teetotum, and fell all his length upon his side, where he lay dead, but still twitching; and the other three turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could wink Long John had fired two barrels of a pistol into the struggling Merry; and as the man rolled up his eyes at him in the last agony, "George," said he, "I reckon I settled you."

At the last moment the doctor, Gray and Ben Gunn joined us, with smoking muskets, from the outmeg trees. "Forward!" cried the doctor. "Double quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats."

And we set off at a great pace, sometimes plunging through the bushes to the chest. I tell you, but Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man went through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were fit to burst, was work no sound man ever equalled; and so thinks the doctor.

As it was, he was already thirty yards behind us, and on the verge of strangling, when he reached the brow of the slope. "Doctor," he hailed, "see, there! no hurry!" Sure enough there was no hurry. In a more open part of the plateau we could see three survivors still running in the same direction as they had started, right for Mizzen-mast Hill. We were already between them and the boats, and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John, mopping his face, came slowly up with us.

"Thank ye kindly, doctor," says he. "You came in about the nick, I guess for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn?" he added. "Well, you're a nice fellow to be sure."

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied the maroon wringing like an eel in his embarrassment. "And," he added, after a long pause, "how do, Mr. Silver! Pretty well, I thank ye, says you."

"Ben, Ben," murmured Silver, "to think as you've done me." The doctor sent back Gray for one of the pick-axes deserted in their fight, by the mutineers; and then as we proceeded leisurely downhill to where the boats were lying, related, in a few words what had taken place.

It was a story that profoundly interested Silver, and Ben Gunn, the half-Indian maroon, was the hero from beginning to end. "Ben, in his long, lonely wandering about the island, had found the skeleton. It was he that had rifled it; he had found the treasure; he had dug it up (it was the hat of his pick-axe that lay broken in the excavation); he had carried it on his back, in many weary journeys from the foot of the tall pine to a cave he had on the two-pointed hill at the northeast angle of the island, and there had laid stored in safety since two months before the arrival of the Hispaniola.

When the doctor had wormed this secret from him, on the afternoon of the attack, and when, next morning, he saw the anchorage deserted, he had gone to Silver, given him the chart, which was now useless; give him the stores, for Ben Gunn's cave was well supplied with goat's meat salted by himself; given anything and everything to get a chance of moving from the stocks to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear of malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

"As for you, Jim," he said, "it went against my heart, but I did what I thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were not one of these, whose fault was it?" That morning, finding that I was to be involved in the horrid disappointment he had prepared for the mutineers, he had run all the way to the cave, and, leaving square to guard the captain, had taken Gray and the maroon, and started, making the diagonal across the island, to be at hand beside the pine. Boon, however, he saw that our party had the start of him; and Ben Gunn, being fleet of foot, had been dispatched in front to do his best alone. Then it had occurred to him to work upon the superstitions of his fellow-shipmates; and he was so successful that Gray and the doctor had come up and were already ambushed before the arrival of the treasure hunters.

"Ah," said Silver, "it was for nothing for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits, and never given it a thought, doctor."

"Not a thought," replied Doctor Livesey, cheerily. And by this time we had reached the gips, The doctor, with the pick-axe, demolished one of them, and then we all got aboard the other, and set out to round by the sea for North Inlet.

This was a run of eight or nine miles. Silver, thought he was almost killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and we were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea. Soon we passed out of the straits and doubled the southeast corner of the island, round which, four days ago, we had towed the Hispaniola.

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 me since. James Lashua, Breehna P.O., Ont.

Silver, thought he was almost killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and we were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea. Soon we passed out of the straits and doubled the southeast corner of the island, round which, four days ago, we had towed the Hispaniola.

As we passed the two-pointed hill we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave, and a figure standing by it, leaning on a musket. It was the squire, and we waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers, in which the voice of Silver joined as heartily as any.

Three miles further, just inside the mouth of North Inlet, what should we meet but the Hispaniola, cruising by herself. The last flood had lifted her, and had there been much wind, or a strong tide-current, as in the southern anchorage, we should never have found her more, or found her stranded beyond help. As it was, there was little amiss, beyond the wreck of the mainsail. Another anchor was got ready, and dropped in a fathom and a half of water. We all pulled around again to Ram Ovee, the nearest point for Ben Gunn's treasure-house; and then Gray single-handed, returned with the gig to the Hispaniola, where he was to pass the night on guard.

A gentle slope ran up from the beach to the entrance of the cave. At the top, the squire met us. To me he was cordial and kind, saying nothing of my escapade, either in the way of blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute he somewhat flushed. "John Silver," he said, "you're a prodigious villain and impostor—a monstrous impostor, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not. But the dead man, sir, hang about your neck like mill-stones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting. "How dare you thank me!" cried the squire. "It is a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back!" And thereupon we all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water, overhung with ferns. The floor was sand. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollet; and in a far corner, only dusky flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. This was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had cost already the lives of seventeen men from the "Hispaniola." How many it had cost in the amassing, what blood and sorrow, what good ships scuttled on the plank blindfold, what shot of cannon, what shame and lies and cruelty, perhaps no man alive could tell. Yet there were still three upon that island—Silver, and old Morgan and Ben Gunn—who had each taken his share in these crimes, as each had hoped in vain to share in the reward.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You're a good boy in your line, Jim; but I don't think you and me'll go to sea again, you're too much of the born favorite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?" "Come back to do my dooty, sir," returned Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain; and that was all he said. What a rupper I had of it that night, with all my friends around me; and what a meal it was, with Ben Gunn's salted goat, and some delicacies and a bottle of old wine from the "Hispaniola." Never, I am sure were people gayer or happier. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of the fire-light, but eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything was wanted, ever joining quietly in our laughter—the same bland, polite, obsequious squire of the voyage out.

(To be continued.) I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDER, Dalhousie. I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork with MINARD'S LINIMENT. EDWARD LINLIFF, St. Peter's, C. B. I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. THOMAS W. PAYNE, Bathurst, N. B.

DR. WOOD'S



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A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases. Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effectual in its results. Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured."

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

A poor idiot out in Illinois must have laid awake nights, says the Lyre, to compose this: "I knew a young lady from Michigan, to me her I never should wish again; she'd eat of ice cream till of pain she would scream, and she'd order another big dish-pan."

James Edge, of Edge Hill, Ont., writes that Don's Pills cured him of backache and kidney trouble. He only took one box and they cured him. Try them if you have backache.

"He says that his employers always regarded him as a valuable man?" "Yes, they offered a large reward for him when he left."

For cuts, wounds, chills, Chapped Hands, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insect, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Haygays Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

"You'd better eat it slow," said Johnny to the clergyman, who was dining with the family. "Mama never gives more'n one piece of pie."

Are you Nervous or Sleepless? Are you Faint and Dizzy Spells? Are you short of Breath? Is your System run down? If so, use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

A minister was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said: "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie." There was silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted: "Hand him up the dog!"

Anyone troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rash, Eczema, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, should use Burdock Blood Bitters externally and take internally. It will cure where others fail.

A subscriber to a local newspaper died last four years of subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave as the lid was being covered down for the last time; he said never a word, but put in a linen duster, a thermometer, a palm leaf fan, and a receipt for making ice.

The first trial of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will satisfy anyone that the Lyre healing virtue of the pine tree has now been refined into an effective and convenient cough medicine. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

"Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?" asked his uncle. "I'd like to tell you, answered Bobby, modestly. "Only papa says I must not boast."

Tailors' Bad Backs. The cramped up position in which a tailor works comes hard on his kidneys and hard on his back. Very few escape backache, pain in the side and urinary troubles of one kind or another. Oftentimes the first warning 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 kidney needing assistance. Read the proof from a tailor who has tried them. Mr. John Robertson, merchant tailor, Duluth, 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 wrong action 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 since I took these remarkable pills, and you may be sure that I gladly recommend them to other sufferers."

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