

Sick with Worms.

Mrs. J. D. Mayo, South Stakes, P. Q. wrote the following: "One of my children took sick with worms and after trying everything without getting relief we procured Dr. Lee's Worm Syrup which acted promptly and effectually."

THE POETS OF SOTTISHNESS.

May God forgive the poets who have sung These pleasant songs in every human tongue Which have, alas! too bright a halo hung Around "the drink" of every taste and line, The ruby wine, brown ale, and mountain dew, But all the poetry and music fall For those who into beastly bondage fall. Shame on the drunkard! made by heaven's decree A little lower than the angels, he, Endowed with mind and heart almost divine, Degrades himself beneath the grovelling swine. Shame on the drunkard! He's a selfish brute: Nay, so to call him a mild salate; "Brute" is for him a complimentary name. What beast o'er wallowed in such senseless shame? Alas the poor dumb insect holds its own, While godlike reason is debased, o'er thrown! Beasts cease from drinking when their thirst has ceased— The set drinks on till he outbeats the beast.

—Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART V.

MY SEA ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW I BEGAN MY SEA ADVENTURE.

There was no return of the mutineers—not so much as another shout of the words. They had "got their reasons for that day," as the captain put it, and we had the place to ourselves and a quiet time to overhaul the wounded and get dinner. Squire and I looked outside, in spite of the danger, and even outside we could hardly tell what we were at, for the horror of the loud groans that reached us from the doctor's patients. Out of the eight men who had fallen in the action only three still breathed—that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loophole, Hunter and Captain Smollett—and of these the first two were as good as dead; the mutineer, indeed, died under the doctor's knife, and Hunter, do what we could, never recovered consciousness in this world. He lingered all day, breathing loudly like the old buccaneer at home in his applepie fit; but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow, and his skull fractured in falling, and some time in the following night, without sign or sound, he went to his Maker. As for the captain, his wounds were grievous indeed, but not dangerous. No organ was fatally injured. Anderson's ball—for it was job that shot him first—had broken his shoulder-blade and touched the lung, not badly; the second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the calf. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but in the meantime, and for weeks to come, he must not walk or move his arm, nor so much as speak when he could help it. My own accident, but across the knuckles was a fleabite. Dr. Livesey patched it up with plaster, and pulled my ears for me into the bargain. After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side awhile in consultation; and when they had talked to their heart's content, it being then a little past noon, the doctor took up his hat and pistols, got on a cot, and put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder, crossed the palisade on the north side and set off briskly through the trees. Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the block-house, to be out of gunshot of our officers, consulting; and Gray took his pipe out of his month and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunderstruck he was at this occurrence. "Why, in the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Dr. Livesey mad?" "Why, no," says I, "He's about the inst of this crew for that, I take it." "Well, shipmate," said Gray, "mad he may not be, but if he's no, mark my words, I am."

took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear. All the time I was washing out the block-house, and then washing up the things from dinner, this distrust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger, till at last, being near a bread-bag, and no one observing me, I took the first step toward my escapade and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuit. I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was going to do a foolish, over-bold act, and I was determined to do it with all the precautions in my power. These biscuits, should anything befall me, would keep me at least from starving till far on in the next day. The next thing I had hold of was a brace of pistols, and as I already had a powder-horn and bullets, I felt myself well supplied with arms. As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. It was to go down the sandy spit that divides the anchorage on the coast from the open sea, find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain whether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat—a thing quite worth doing, as I still believe. But as I was certain I should not be allowed to leave the inclosure, my only plan was to take French leave and slip when nobody was watching, and that was so bad a way of doing it as made the thing itself wrong. But I was only a boy and I had made my mind up.

Well, as things at last fell out, I found an admirable opportunity. The squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his baggage; the coast was clear; I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thicket of the trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of companions. This was my second folly, far worse than the first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house; but, like the first, it was a help towards saving all of us.

I took my way straight for the east coast of the island, for I was determined to go down the seaside of the spit to avoid all chance of observation from the anchorage. It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny. As I continued to tread the tall woods I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thunder of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set in higher than usual. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me, and a few steps farther I came forth into the open borders of the grove and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running all along the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night, and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of ear-shot of their noise.

I walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment, till, thinking I was now got far enough to the south, I took the cover of some thick bushes and crept warily up to the ridge of the spit. Behind me was the sea, in front the anchorage. The sea breeze, as though it had the sooner blown itself out by its unusual violence, was already at an end; it had been succeeded by light, variable airs from the south and southeast, carrying great banks of fog; and the anchor-

age, under lee of Skeleton Island, lay still and laden as when first we entered it. The Hispaniola, in that unbroken mirror, was exactly portrayed from the trunk to the water-line, the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak.

It Hurt To Eat.

The pain, nausea and distress that Dyspeptics suffer after every meal can all be permanently removed by Burdock Blood Bitters. It tones up and restores the stomach to normal condition so that it digests food without causing discomfort. Here's proof positive: Miss Maggie Splade, Dalhousie, N.B., writes the following: "I have been a sufferer from Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia for the past two years and felt very miserable. I could not take much food as it hurt me to eat. My friends said, 'Why don't you try B.B.B.?' I did so, using two bottles, which made such a complete cure that I can now eat anything I like without it causing me discomfort."

the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the Hispaniola right in the fair way, hardly to be missed. First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for the farther I went the briser grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her bawser and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bow-string—so strong she pulled upon my anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea gully and the Hispaniola would go humming down the tide. So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the Hispaniola from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the southeast and south had bailed round after nightfall into the southwest. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the Hispaniola, and forced her up into the current; and, to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

(To be continued.)

SPOLIED HIS CASE. I remember of hearing of a law court case where a man had entered an action against a railroad company for an injury to his arm in an accident. Said the opposing lawyer: "I understand you have lost the use of your arm entirely through this accident?" "Yes," said the plaintiff. "How high can you lift your arm now?" "Plaintiff with great difficulty moves it about an inch." "Lawyer—" How far could you lift it before the accident?" "Plaintiff—" Right up here!—at the same time shooting it right up over his head.

Minard's Liniment relieves Distemper. The school boy inspector asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." He varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked: "What, then, does land and water make?" "Mud."

STRONG AND VIGOROUS. Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

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.

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 Morphett, 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."

MISCELLANEOUS. HUSBAND AND WIFE. Husband—What did the doctor say, Mary? Wife—Not much. He asked me to put out my tongue. Husband—Yes? Wife—And he said, "Overworked."

Doctor the Horses. Mrs. Thos. Thompson, Roland, Man., writes: "My husband would not be without Hagar's Yellow Oil in the house, as he uses it a good deal for doctoring the horses and considers it splendid. Price 25c." Stuttering Employer (writing a letter)—B-b-b-boy, hand me a b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b. Office Boy—A blotter, sir, do you wish? Stuttering Employer—Never mind n-n-n-now; the ink has d-d-d-dried.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. Two next door neighbors quarrelled, and one of them exclaimed excitedly: "Call yourself a man of sense! Why, you're next door to an idiot." After a night with "the boys" there is no better remedy to clear the head and settle the stomach than Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. Price 10c. and 25c. at all dealers.

There is one thing connected with your table," said a traveller to a landlord, "that is not surpassed even by the best hotels in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, or even London itself." "Yes," replied the delighted hotel keeper. "and what is that?" "The salt, sir!"

Neuralgia. "I had been suffering about six months with Neuralgia when I started taking Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. They did me more good than any medicine I ever used. Mrs. Annie Ryan, Sand Point, N. S.

The Professor's Wife—The professor is in the laboratory conducting some chemical experiments. The professor expects to go down to posterity—(From the laboratory) Br-r-r. Bang! The Visitor—I hope the professor hasn't gone.

Serofala in the blood shows itself sooner or later in swellings, sores, eruptions, but Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures it. Mrs. Day—"The doctor ordered your husband whiskey for his rheumatism. Does it do him any good?" Mrs. May—"He says it does him a world of good, but I notice the twinges come upon him more frequently than ever."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. Painters' Kidneys. The worst thing a painter has to contend with is the turpentine. The lead, of course, is bad too. But the turpentine cuts the kidneys, inflames and weakens them, makes the painter's life a dangerous and troublesome one. When a painter's back aches, its time for him to begin treating the kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Will fix them up—take out the inflammation and congestion, give ease to the aching back. Mr. J. Evanson, the well-known painter and decorator, 90 Ontario St., Toronto, Ont., said: "About eight weeks ago I was taken with an excruciating pain in my back over the kidneys. It was so bad that my wife had to apply hot cloths till the doctor came and gave me morphine. He said the trouble was due to a stone passing from the kidney to the bladder. My water was loaded with a brick dust deposit and scalded on passing. While in this condition I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and started taking them. It was not long before I got relief from pain and have been improving in health ever since. My urine is now clear and does not smart me, and I feel better than in years."

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"

FIGS Our Layer Figs are very fine stock this year, being large and juicy. The Cooking Figs are; also very good and cheap.

JAMES H. REDDIN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. CAMERON BLOCK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

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 Pidgeon.

John H. Reddin, Solicitor, Cameron Block, Charlottetown. JOHN H. JOHNSON, F. F. KELLY, Executors. Jan. 31—

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY ASSETS - - SEVENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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

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The Bazaar Bookstore. Is to the front with a well assorted stock of Fancy Goods, Toys, Chinaware, Books, Christmas Cards, Calendars, etc.

If this should Meet the eye

OF ANY PERSON IN NEED OF GOOD Crockery, China-ware, Glassware,

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

Big Slaughter Sale

33 1/2 per cent. off all Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Overcoats, Shirts, Gloves, Neckwear, Valises, Handbags, etc. COME QUICK FOR BARGAINS

D. A. BRUCE, Merchant Tailor, Morris Block.

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 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.

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 excuse, 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 from 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.