

Hoarseness.

Helen Decker, Jordan Ferry, N.S., writes: "A few months ago I had a severe cold in my throat and chest and became quite hoarse. A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup soon relieved the hoarseness and cured the cold."

A NEW CENTURY.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

(The Twentieth Century will be for the people.—CARDINAL MANNING.)

Hark! for the poets of thy passion speak, But no new song is this upon their lips!

This is the song that pealed from Calvary's peak, When one Man's death wrought the dread sun's eclipse.

Moses, Isaiah, Amos, Paul and John, Down through the ages ring their passionate plea, Echoing the prayer: "That all men may be one!"

Made by the Master in His agony, Yes, Christ the Victim on the criminal's cross Crying aloud with infinite love: I thirst!

Yes, Christ the Workman, counting all gain as loss— Teacher of Paul—of social men the First; His is the song that never can grow dumb, The old song, ever and forever new; "Blessed the poor! to them the kingdoms come;

On them My peace shall fall, as falls the dew!"

"Blessed is he who hungers and who thirsts, Thirsts with the passion of My great Heart's desire."

High o'er the ancient hills the day-star bursts! Seraphim, cherubim, fly like living fire.

Onward they come, straight on upon their path; No power can stay them in their marvellous might; No man can live, and look upon their wrath;

No man can comprehend their love, their light. Bidding God's time they wait upon the poor, As erst they waited on the Poor Man, Christ,

Telling them He shall help them to endure, He, Who for Paul's strong, Spirit-awakened soul sufficed.

Leave them their altars where they blindly kneel, Tear-blinded, but with faith in Him Who wept!

Leave them their White Christ, Who for them can feel; To Whom bruised feet the broken-hearted crept!

Earth's realms shall fall, but His strong kingdom stands Built on the rock, and towering to the skies.

His own He gathers out of all the lands, And wipes the tears forever from their eyes.

* An Answer to Edwin Markham's "Hark! the new song."

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART IV.

THE STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XIX.

NARRATIVE RESUMED BY JIM HAWKINS—THE GARRISON AT THE STOCKADE.

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the colors he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm and sat down.

"Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough."

"Far more likely it's the mutineers," I answered.

"That!" he cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gentlemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, you don't make no doubt of that. No, that's your friends. There's been blows, too, and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was the man to have a headpiece was Flint! Barring rum, his match was never seen. He were afraid of nops, not he; or Silver—Silver was that gentel."

"Well," said I, "that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends."

"Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but you're only a boy, I'll tell you. Ben Gunn is fit, Ram would bring me there, where you're going—not rum wouldn't, till I see your born gentelman, and gets it on his word of honor. And you won't forget my words: 'A precious sight' (that's what you'd say), 'a precious sight more offence'—and then slips him."

And he pinched me the third time with the same air of cleverness.

"And when Ben Gunn is wanted you know where to find him Jim. Just where you comes is to have a white thing in his hand; and he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn' says you, 'has reasons of his own.'"

"Well," said I, "I believe I understand. You have something to propose, and you wish to see the squire or the doctor, and you're to be found where I found you. Is that all?"

"And when? says you?" he ad-

ded. "Why, from about noon observation to about six bells."

"Good," says I, "and how may I go?"

"You won't forget?" he inquired, anxiously. "Precious sight and reasons of his own, says you. Reasons of his own; that's the main-stay; as between man and man."

Well, then—still holding me—"I reckon you can go, Jim. And Jim, if you was to see Silver, you wouldn't go for to sell Ben Gunn? wild horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says you. And if them pirates come ashore, Jim, what would you say but there'd be widders in the morning?"

Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannon-ball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand, not a hundred yards from where we two were talking. The next moment each of us had taken to his heels in a different direction.

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles.

But toward the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture in the direction of the stockade, where the balls fell oftentimes, I began, in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour to the east, crept down among the ashore-side trees.

The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was far out, and great tracts of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket.

The "Hispaniola" still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger—the black flag of piracy—flying from her peak. Even as I looked there came another red flash and another report, that sent the echoes clattering, and one more round shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade.

I lay for some time, watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade; the poor Jolly-boat, I afterward discovered, lay near the mouth of the river, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and the ship one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen so gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum.

At length I thought I might return to the stockade. I was pretty far down on the low, sandy spit that incloses the anchorage to the east, and is joined at high-water to Skelton Island; and now, as I rose to my feet, I saw, some distance further down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an isolated rock pretty high, and peculiarly white in color. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted, and I should know where to look for one.

Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear, or shoreward side, of the stockade, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and the log-house was made of unpeared trunks of pine—roof, walls and floor. The latter stood in many places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this

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porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand.

Little had been left beside the frame-work of the house; but in one corner there was a stone slab laid down by way of hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire.

The slopes of the knoll and all the inside of the stockade had been cleared of timber to build the house, and we could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil had been washed away or buried in dirt after the removal of the trees; only where the streamlet ran down from the kettle a thick bed of moss and some ferns and little creeping bushes were still green among the sand.

Very close around the stockade—too close for defense, they said—the wood still flourished high and dense, all of it on the land side, but toward the sea with a large admixture of live oaks.

The cold evening breeze, of which I have spoken, whistled through every chink of the rude building, and sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers, sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle, for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and the rest eddied about the house, and kept us coughing and piping the eye.

Add to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a out he had got in breaking away from the mutineers; and that poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark, under the Union Jack.

If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should all have fallen in the blues, but Captain Smollett was never the man for that. All hands were called up before him, and he divided us into watches. The doctor, and Gray, and I, for one; the squire, Hunter, and Joyce upon the other. Tired as we all were, two were sent out for fire-wood; two more were sent to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put centry at the door, and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits and lending a hand where it was wanted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

"That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that it means a deal, Jim."

Another time he came and was silent for a while. Then he put his head on one side, and looked at me.

"Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked.

"I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not very sure whether he's sane."

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!"

Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand, and stood round him for a while bare-headed in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been got in, but not enough for the captain's fancy, and he shook his head over it, and told us we "must get back to this to-morrow rather livelier!" Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each of us had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects.

It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so low that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they either hauled down their flag or ran away with the "Hispaniola."

From nineteen they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and one, at least—the man shot beside the gun—severely wounded, if he were not dead. Every time we had a crack at them, we were to take it, saving our own lives, with the utmost care. And, besides that, we had two allies—rum and the climate.

As for the first, though we were about half a mile away, we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the doctor staked his wig that, camped where they were in the marsh, and unprovided with remedies, the half of them would be on their backs before a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not shot down first they'll be glad to be packing in the schooner. It's always a ship; and they can get to buccaneering again, I suppose."

Professional Men.



It's the constant strain and worry under which the professional man labors, the irregularity of habits and loss of rest that makes him peculiarly susceptible to kidney troubles. First it's backache, then urinary difficulties, then—unless it's attended to—Bright's Disease and death.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen and invigorate the kidneys—never fail to give quick relief and cure the most obstinate cases. Rev. M. P. Campbell, pastor of the Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "From my personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Sharon's drug store, I can say they are a most excellent remedy for kidney troubles, and I recommend them to sufferers from such complaints."

"First ship that I ever lost," said Captain Smollett. I was dead tired, as you may fancy; and when I got to sleep, which was not till after a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of wood.

The rest had long been up, and had already breakfasted and increased the pile of firewood by about half as much again, when I was awakened by a bustle and the sound of voices.

"Flag of truce!" I heard some one say; and then, immediately after, a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!"

And, at that, up I jumped, and, rubbing my eyes, ran to a loophole in the wall.

CHAPTER XX. SILVER'S EMBASSY.

Sure enough, there were two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing placidly by.

It was still quite early, and the coldest morning that I think I ever abroad in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun.

But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee deep in a low white vapor that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapor taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

"Keep in-doors, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick."

Then he hailed the buccaneer. "Who goes? Stand, or we fire,"

"Flags of truce," cried Silver. The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. He turned out and spoke to us:

"Doctor's watch on the lookout. Doctor Livesey take the north side, if you please; Jim the east, Gray west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

"This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself, "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself. "My, sir. These poor lads have chosen no cap'n, after your description, sir"—laying a particular emphasis upon the word "desertion."

"We're willing to submit, if you can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get up 'ot shot before a gun is fired."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

"That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John, cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that."

(To be continued.)

FINANCIAL PANIC.

A great financial panic was caused by the failure of the London and Globe Finance Corporation which caused the failure of twelve other stock exchange concerns, in London last week.

B.B.B. Makes Blood Pure.

If the blood is pure the whole body will be healthy. If the blood is impure the whole system becomes corrupted with its impurities.

Burdock Blood Bitters transforms impure and watery blood into rich pure blood and builds up the health.

Disease germs cannot lurk in the system when B.B.B. is used.

Miss Elsie McDonald, Liscomb Mills, Guy Co., N.S., writes: "I have found B.B.B. an excellent remedy for purifying the blood and curing sick headaches."

It had done me so well that I feel like a new woman and I am constantly recommending it to my friends."



Here's people free from pain and ache Dyspepsia's distressful ills. It is because they always take

Laxa-Liver Pills.

These little pills work while you sleep, without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache, and making you feel better in the morning.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. Heals and soothes the lungs and cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Canadian boy who was asked to illustrate the difference between "sit" and "set" recently answered, "The British Empire is a country on which the sun never sets, and the rest of the world never sits."

Sick Headache.

Mrs. Joseph Woodworth, Ohio, U. S., says: "I have been troubled with sick headache for over a year. Lately I started taking Laxa-Liver Pills and they did me a world of good, acting without pain or griping."

Stranger.—Boy, can you direct me to the bank?

Boy.—I kin for ten cents.

Stranger.—Ten cents! Isn't that high pay?

Boy.—Yes, sir; but its bank directors what gets high pay, you see, sir!

Castor Oil or other Cathartic is not needed after giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This remedy contains its own purgative and not only destroys but carries off the worms. Price 25c.

"Which is the head barber?" inquired the customer.

"We're all head barbers," replied the artist. "What did you suppose we were—corn doctors?"

Grippe Headache.

Mr. C. Appleton, Whitewood, N. W. T., writes: "Milburn's Storing Headache Powders have given me great relief from the terrible pains of La Grippe in my head and through my back." Price 10c. and 25c. All dealers.

Doctor.—Oh, well, influenza in itself isn't so terrible, but it is liable to be followed by terrible consequences.

The Patient.—Yes, I've noticed that before in your bill.

At this time of the year when sore throat, pain in the chest, rheumatic pains and aches are so prevalent, it would be wise to keep on hand a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It is a perfect medicine chest. Price 25 cents.

Teacher.—Now, Tommy, give me a sentence and then we'll change it to the imperative form.