

Does Children Good.

"I have used Dr. Low's Worm Syrup in my family, and it has always been effectual and has done the children good. I can highly recommend it."

MRS. JOSEPH LANGTRY, Brockville, Ont.

THE SHADOW OF LIFE.

BY MARIOS NUIR.

One of us two must some day turn and go into a silent valley dim and wide, Darker than dusk, and colder than the flow Of gray December's winter-bitten tide; And which it shall be we shall neither know Till one shall part and one forlorn abide.

TREASURE ISLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART I.

THE OLD BUCANEER.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS.

Well, mother was upstairs with father, and I was laying the breakfast table against the captain's return, when the perlor door opened and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before.

He was a pale, lanky creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had all ways my eyes open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of sea about him too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum, but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table and motioned me to draw near. I panned where I was with my napkin in my hand.

"Come here, sonny," said he. "Come nearer here." I took a step nearer. "Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked with a kind of leer. I told him I did not know his mate Bill, and this was for a person who stayed at our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my mate Bill would be called the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put, for argument like, that our captain has a cut on one cheek—and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well! I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

I told him he was out walking. "Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?" And when I had pointed out the rock and told him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as a drink to my mate Bill."

slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big. The captain spun round on his heel and looked at him; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost, or the Evil One, or something worse, if anything can be; and, upon my word, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger. The captain made a sort of gasp. "Black Dog!" said he.

"And who else?" returned the other, getting more at his ease. "Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate, Bill, at the Admiral Benbow Inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand.

"Now, here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?" "That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog; "you're in the right of it, Billy, I'll have a glass of rum from the dear old beer, as I've took such a liking to; and we sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates."

When I returned with the rum they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast table, Black Dog next to the door, and sitting sideways, so to have one eye on his old shipmate, and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He had me go and leave the door wide open. "None of your keyholes for me, sonny," he said, and I left them together and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly about, from the captain.

"No, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried on. And again, "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I." Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises; the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door the captain aimed the fugitive one last tremendous out, which would have split him to the chine had it not been intercepted by our big signboard of Admiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame this day.

That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels, and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Jim," says he, "rum!" and as he spoke he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall. "Are you hurt?" cried I. "Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!" I ran to fetch it, but I was quite unsteady by all that had fallen out, and I broke one glass and fopped the tap, and while I was still getting in my own way, I heard a loud fall in the parlor, and, running in, beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running down stairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard, but his eyes were closed and his face was a horrible color.

"Dear, deary me!" cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father sick!" In the meantime we had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor any other thought but that he had got his death-burt in the scuffle with

the stranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat, but his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaws as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in, on a visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?" "Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end!" said the doctor. No more wounded that you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life; and Jim here will get me a basin."

When I got back with the basin the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. "Here's luck," a fair wind, and "Billy Bones, his fancy," were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of a galloos and a man hanging from it—done, as I thought, with great spirit.

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, 'we'll have a look at the color of your blood.' "Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I. "Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin," and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him. First he recognized the doctor with unmistakable awe; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his color changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying:

"Where's Black Dog?" "There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor, "except what you have on your back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you head foremost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones—"

"That's not my name," he interrupted. "Much I care," returning the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance, and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I have to say to you in this: One glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one you'll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don't break off short you'll die; do you understand that? and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible. Come, now, make an effort. I'll help you to your bed for once."

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow, as if he were almost falling. "Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I clear my conscience—the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm. "This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "I have drawn blood enough to keep him quiet awhile; he should lie for a week where he is—that is the best thing for him and you, but another stroke would settle him."

CHAPTER III. THE BLACK SPOT. About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've always been good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver fourpenny for yourself. And now you see me, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one noggin of rum now won't you, matey?"

"The doctor—" I began. But he broke in cursing the doctor, in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doctors is always swabs," he said; and that doctor there, why, what do you know about seafaring men? I been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with yellow jack, and the blessed land a heaving like the sea with earthquakes—what do the doctors know of lands like that—and I lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me; and if I am not to have my rum now I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore. My blood'll be on you, Jim, and that doctor swab," and he ran on again for awhile with curses. "Look, Jim, how my fingers ridge," he continued in the pleasing tone. "I can't keep 'em still, not I. I haven't had a drop this blessed day. That doctor's a fool. I tell you. If I don't have a drain of rum, Jim, I'll have the por. rors'; I seen some on 'em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you, as plain as print; I seen him, and if I get the horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. Your doctor himself said one glass wouldn't hurt me. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim."

(To be continued.)

B.B.B. Cures Ringworm.

"I had ringworm on my head for nearly a year. I consulted three doctors but derived little or no benefit from their treatment. I then commenced to use Burdock Blood Bitters. Besides taking it internally I washed the affected parts with it and when the bottle was finished I was completely cured." Elsie Slaght, Teeterville, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Your greatest enemy is whisky," said the parson to an incorrigible member of his flock. "But," said the wayward one, "you have always told us to love our enemies." "Yes," answered the good man, "but not to swallow them."

All the lung healing properties of the pice are bottled up in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is the most satisfactory remedy for coughs and colds of all kinds. Price 25 cents.

An Irishman on weighing his pig exclaimed: "It does not weigh so much as I expected, and I never thought it would."

Stupefying headaches are cured, the head cleared, and the brain brightened by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. They do not weaken the heart. Price 10c. and 25 cents.

"Married yet, old man?" "No; but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it." —Chicago Times Herald.

Easache Cured. Mrs. J. J. Johnson, Innisfall, Alta., says: "I was troubled with Easache for a long time, and nothing helped me until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cured me completely."

Sergeant Brown—Halt! you can't go in there. Private Murphy—Why not, sir? Sergeant Brown—Because it's the general's tent, fathead.

Private Murphy—Then, bedad, what are they doing with 'private' over the door.

Luxa-Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite cathartic, as they do not gripe or pain, sicken or weaken or cause the slightest inconvenience. Price 25c., all druggists.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. Hogan—Do you believe in dreams, Mike? Dugan—Faith, an' I do! Last night I dreamt I was awake, an' in the morning me dream came thrup.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. Benevolent Person (to old tramp)—You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be begging at your age. Tramp (indignantly)—How on earth can I beg at any other age now, I'd like to know? Give me a penny.

Instant Relief. Mr. Robert Jennings, Mansfield, Ont., writes: "I have used one bottle of Dr. Low's Toothache Gum for severe toothache, and received instant relief. Besides this, it acted as a splendid temporary filling." Price 10c.

An honest young man, who had escaped a great peril by a sort of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your fear!"

Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally pointing to his pedal extremities, said: "Well, there they be, mhm."

COULDN'T LACE HIS BOOTS. Mr. P. L. Campbell, of Fortune Bridge, P.E.I., a great sufferer from pain in the back.

Doan's Kidney Pills completely and permanently cured him.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, the well-known general merchant of Fortune Bridge, P.E.I., was troubled with severe pains in his back and hips for over two years.

At length he became aware of the fact that backache was simply a symptom of kidney trouble and did not hesitate long in taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and was promptly and permanently cured.

Here is his statement: "I was in an awful state for two years with pains in my back and hips. Some mornings these pains were so severe that I couldn't stoop to lace my boots. I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and one box so completely cured me that I have been perfectly well for ever a year now and free from the least trace of pain."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.



Is the oldest, simplest, safest and best remedy for the relief and cure of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Canker of the Mouth or Stomach, and all fluxes of the bowels of infants or adults. Refuse imitations, many of which are highly dangerous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In Tighish. Oh! here's to the boys of Tighish, Whose delight is to shoot and to fish, They take after their dads Those terrible lads— The jolly young chaps of Tighish! Now, I won't say a word—if you wish About the nice girls of Tighish; They're "just out of sight," At least, in the night— The lovely young maids of Tighish!

OVERLOOKING SMALL THINGS. "Though the whole world rise against me I will get up," he said; And with grim determination He kept pushing on ahead.

But he didn't see the orange Peel before him on the walk, And the world rose up against him In a way that made him squawk.

MORAL. People often are so anxious To win wealth and gain renown That they overlook the little Things that serve to keep them down.

—Chicago Times Herald.

Ease and Disease. A SHORT LESSON ON THE MEANING OF A FAMILIAR WORD.

Disease is the opposite of ease. Webster defines disease as "lack of ease, uneasiness, trouble, vexation, disquiet." It is a condition due to some derangement of the physical organism. A vast majority of the "disease" from which people suffer is due to impure blood. Disease of this kind is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, salt rheum, pimples and all eruptions. It tones the stomach and creates a good appetite, and it gives vigor and vitality to the whole body. It reverses the condition of things, giving health, comfort and "ease" in place of "disease."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Dear Sirs, —Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments. It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN, Port Mulgrave.

Deaf and Dumb Beggar (at unexpectedly receiving sixpence)—Oh, thankie, sir. Benevolent Passer—Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk. Beggar (in confusion)—Y--s, sir. You see, sir, I am only minding this corner for the poor deaf and dumb man what belongs here.

Benevolent Passer (quickly)—Where is he? Beggar (in worse confusion)—He's—'s gone to the park t'hear the music.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just what every weak, nervous, run-down woman needs to make her strong and well. They cure those feelings of smothering and sinking that come on at times, make the heart beat strong and regular, give sleep, refreshing sleep and banish headaches and nervousness. They infuse new life and energy into dispirited, health-shattered women, who have come to think there is no cure for them.

Read the words of encouragement in this letter from Mrs. Thos. Sommers, Clinton, New London, P.E.I. "Last fall I was in a very serious condition suffering from nervousness and weakness. I got so bad at last that I could hardly move around, and despaired of ever getting well. Seeing Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills highly recommended for such conditions I purchased a box.

"Before I had taken half of it I could notice an improvement in my condition and when I had used two boxes I was completely cured.

"It was wonderful how these pills took away that dreadful feeling of nervousness and gave me strength. I recommended them to my neighbor who was troubled with nervousness, and they cured her, too. We all think there is nothing equal to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

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We want your trade in Clothing and Men's Furnishings, we are doing our best to advance your patronage. Our store is one of the prettiest and best lighted in Charlottetown, enabling you to carefully examine the goods and helping to make buying easy.

Make it a point to give our store a trial. We are sure you will be pleased with your visit and purchase. We have an unusually large and well selected stock. Here are a few lines we are selling quantities of just now.

Men's Underwear.

Men's Fine Cotton Shirts and Drawers usually sold for 20 to 25c per garment. Our reduced price.....15c Men's Double thread Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers regular price 65c. Our price.....45c A heavier weight.....60c Men's Natural Cotton Shirts and Drawers, well finished, feel like silk, well worth \$2.50. As we have an extra supply of this line we have reduced the suit.....\$2.00 Natural Wool, Medium Weight, although the manufacturers price is advanced, we will sell at old price.....\$2.25 For those who cannot wear cotton we have very fine and light weight made from Australian wool, the suit.....\$1.00

Men's Colored Shirts.

In this line we have the largest stock of up-to-date patterns found in the city. Stiff bosom, collar and cuffs attached, sizes 14, 14½, 15, 15½, and 16. Reduced from 75c to.....60c Dark and medium dark stripes and checks, open fronts, regular prices \$1.25 and \$1.35 reduced to \$1.00 Silk front Shirts with or without collars, Straw Hats at less than cost.

Trade with us and you'll save money. D. A. BRUCE, Morris Block.

FARMERS, We have all the principal grades of Binder Twine at lowest prices.

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In choosing a bicycle you must judge by appearances. You must judge by reputation and reliability. If you stop to think you will acknowledge that for years the wheels of reliability have been the

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Season after season these bicycles have led in improvements that have won the praise and patronage of the general public, and for 1900 with the five-fold facilities of capital and equipment at the disposal of their makers, places them in a sphere of their own.

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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.

Flour.

Some brands of Flour have advanced in price at the mills as much as 90 cents a bbl. within the past two or three weeks, and some millers think that they have not touched the top notch yet.

We were fortunate in securing several hundred barrels early, and we are now offering them for sale at a very reasonable figure for spot cash.

If you want to buy Flour it will pay you to write or call and get our prices before buying elsewhere. Every barrel guaranteed first class or money refunded.

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

JOHN F. JOHNSON, F. F. KELLY, Executors. Jan. 31-14

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