

Does Children Good.

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

MRS. JOSEPH LANGTRY, Brockville, Ont.

THEOLA.

(Eliza Allen Starr, in Ave Maria.)

Our Anemone we name her, When, a winsome guest, we claimed her; April's flower, pink and white, Was our maiden at first sight; Shy, too, as a little fawn From its native woodland drawn.

Still the cheeks are pink and white, Eyes still twinkle with delight; Slender, tall, with modest ways As in childhood's artless days; With an added charm and grace Mantling all her form and face.

Sympathy is woman's dower, Sweetest fruit of sweetest flower; Sweetest fruit of sweetest flower; Swift, responsive, tender, warm; With a touch that takes the sting From all human suffering.

Our Anemone we call her, Call her still with smile to-day; For the world has not enthralled her, And her grace round her play; Like those morning breezes when She first blossomed at "The Glen."

July 2, 1900.

TREASURE ISLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART I.

THE OLD BUCANEER.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD SEA-DOG AT THE ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen, having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre-cut, first took up his lodgings under our roof.

I remember him as it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-vest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, and-brown man; his tarry pig-tail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred with black, broken nails, and the sabre-cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in the old sea song that he sung so often afterward:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the captain's bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of a stick like a handspike, that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," said he, at length; "and a pleasant siting grog-shop. Much company, mate?" My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity. "Well, then," said he, "this is the berth of me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help my chest. I'll stow here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there to watch ships off. What you thought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at there — and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," said he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, he, as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast, but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the Royal George; that he had inquired what inn there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by our tom. All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlor next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce, and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road,

At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him seek this quest; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the Admiral Benbow (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol), he would lock in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlor; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarm. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when with the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pounce me over the hedge and ditch, was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear choruses to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum," all the neighbors joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank and storms at sea; and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account, he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog," and a "real old salt," and such like names, and saying there was the sort of men that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he had fair to run us; for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain

blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death. All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress, but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his bat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of the coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbors, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-ohst none of us had ever seen open. He was only once crossed, and that was toward the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Doctor Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the bamlet, for we had no stabling at the old Benbow. I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow, and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish, country folk, and, above all, with that filthy, heavy bearded scrover of a private or soldier, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the Captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song: "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest—Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum."

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that identical big box of his up stairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was now, that night, to nobody but Doctor Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for rheumatism. In the meantime the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean—silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Doctor Livesey's he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briefly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for awhile, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous oath: "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" said the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, replied, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir, that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprung to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp knife, and balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall. The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice, rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady: "If you do not put that knife this instant into your pocket, I promise, upon my honor, you shall hang at the next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog. "And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye on you day and night. I'm not a doctor only, I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it is only for a piece of incivility like tonight's, I'll take effectual means to have you hauled down and routed out of this Let that suffice."

Soon after Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door and he rode away, but the captain held his peace that evening and for many evenings to come.

CHAPTER II. BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS.

It was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sunk daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands, and were kept busy enough without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all gray with hoar-frost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low, and only touching the hill-tops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mr. James Carr, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes as follows: "About six months ago I was troubled with painful boils, for which I could get nothing to cure me. As a last resort I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle completely rid me of boils, and my health was never better than at present."

Mr. Oliver J. Murray, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes as follows: "I was troubled with painful boils, for which I could get nothing to cure me. As a last resort I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle completely rid me of boils, and my health was never better than at present."

than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Doctor Livesey.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

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."

"William, go up to my room. Back of my wardrobe there are—" "Cigars, sir?" "Yes. How did you find them?" "Oh, very good, indeed, sir!"

All the lung healing properties of the pine 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.

"Mister," said an urchin to a gentleman who was driving a very poor horse the other day, "does you want me to hold 'im?" "No; this horse won't run away." "I didn't mean to hold him fast so's he won't run away. I meant to hold him up so's he won't drop."

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

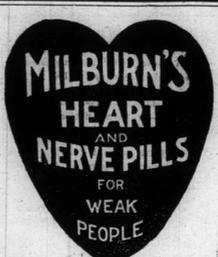
"George, I fear you are marrying me just because my uncle left me a fortune." "No, my precious. I'd marry you just the same if any other person had left it to you."

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

An English tourist who had left a waterproof on a train went back to look for it. On asking the occupants of a third-class compartment whether they had seen anything of a "mackintosh," "Na, na," one of them replied, "we're Macphersons here."

Laxa-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. When Travelling Always take with you a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swelling of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fag, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Some people want something for nothing, an exchange that is by no means equitable. The following story is told of a recent advertiser, whose like is to be encountered frequently.

The announcement ran: "A lady, in delicate health, wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience of nursing. Total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

Shortly afterwards this estimable give-me-everything-for-nothing lady received a parcel bearing the familiar inscription, "This side up with care." It contained a meek-looking tabby cat.

A young preacher once started out from New Albany, Indiana, full of ambition and enthusiasm. He old his friends he was going on a mission—a great one—others had said, but he would not. It was to reform the world. He returned in five years, and this was what he said:

"I thought I could reform the world. After a while I reduced my sphere to Asia. Then I concluded the United States would suit me best. When I did not succeed in making as many converts as I thought I should, I decided upon concentrating my work in Indians. About a month ago I returned to New Albany, and, after observing the effect of my last sermon, I came to the conclusion that I will be mighty lucky if I save my own soul."

Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BAUCHERMIN, Sherbrooke.

A western paper prints the following singular card of thanks: "Mr. and Mrs. Heays hereby wish to express their thanks to the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their house last Monday evening."

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

"Balls," as we have before remarked, are not confined to Ireland. At a meeting of Stirling parish council, the other night, the following extract was read from the minutes:—"It was reported that the nutritious diet allowed was not benefiting this patient, as it was not given to him."

A Dressmaker's Duties. Are Such as to Cause Backache. A Toronto Dressmaker has Found a Positive Cure and Gladly Tells About It.

Those who follow the arduous occupation of dress-making or sewing have troubles of their own. Humming sewing machines all day long, bending over work that requires the greatest care, those are the things that have made many a woman exclaim, "A very fine time I take a stitch with my needle it seems as though I am piercing my own back!"

D. A. BRUCE, CUSTOM TAILORING AND MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Morris Block, Direct South of Post Office.

WE WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU.

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, 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 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.

Fennell & Chandler.

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—1900.

Choosing a Bicycle!

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 Massey-Harris, Cleveland, Welland Vale!

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.

Material and Construction Guaranteed by the Canada Motor & Cycle Co., Ltd. TORONTO, CANADA. MARK WRIGHT & CO., Agents, Charlottetown.

Bazaar Bookstore. Formerly F. J. Hornsby, MORRIS BLOCK.

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Toys, Wall Paper.

A complete Stock of authorized School Books, Pens, Inks, Paper, Slates, Exercise Books, Scribbles, 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.

BEER & GOFF, GROCERS.

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

MONEY TO LOAN.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING. Distinguishing everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold in quarter lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

Farm for Sale!

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—1900.

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.

A. A. McLEAN, L.B., Q.C., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, MONEY TO LOAN

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office. Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Tickets, Posters, Dodgers, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Check Books, Receipt Books, Note of Hand Books. Send in your orders at once. Address all communications to the HERALD.