

The Last Prize of the Buccaneers.

Once there was a wicked man who went about asking people, "Where is the Spanish Main?"

Some thought that it was that part of the Pacific near Lower California. Our man was of the opinion that it was the locale of "Treasure Island," and some more of Stevenson's stories.

And so the wicked man departed, chucking, and his victims hastened to a library and thumbed indices under the letter S.

"The light that never was on land or sea, The consummation and the Pirate's dream."

Any man who would lay a rude, historical hand—speaking very figuratively, of course—upon the Spanish Main, and drag it forth into the common light of day, of put it into a map, or tell variations and unvarnished tales about it, should at least have the grace to apologize.

"The Spanish Main—That portion of the Caribbean Sea adjacent to the northeast coast of South America, inclusive of the route traversed by Spanish merchant ships in travelling between the eastern and western hemispheres."

Yet even about this there is a saving touch of vagueness; as though, when the writer of it had, with disgusting accuracy, just put his finger on the map, his heart misgave him, his better nature asserted itself, and he ended with a fine, sweeping gesture that took in all the broad seas "between the eastern and western hemispheres," and with a gesture sent the Spanish Main back to where it belongs.

One likes to think that even in the days when the name of the Spanish Main was being bandied there was something of the same pleasant uncertainty about its location. One can fancy Sir Henry Morgan telling a loyal friend, "You set sail from Kingston harbor with a good crew of rakish fellows, and you go to the north, or the south, or the west, or the east, as the wind may blow, and when you sight a Spanish galleon you are on the Spanish Main."

And the story of the deeds done on it is told without doubts. How can one figure a buccaneer or a Marooner going about with a calendar? He timed himself, beyond doubt, by the amount of water in his cask, and of booty in his hold; or, if on land, by the immediate condition of his purse.

How the history of the Spanish Main began is a question that lends one in a way of legend, a fog made doubly obscure by the ghostly crowd of wandering conjectures that haunt it. When it began is equally uncertain. One may not reasonably suspect that it began as soon as there were enough English and Spaniards in the neighborhood to put up a good fight.

At any rate, after the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the merry game was in full swing—of robbing poor natives, and then being robbed in turn on your way home with the goods; and a Spaniard going out of His Catholic Majesty's colonies in the New World could usually get enough excitement in one voyage to last a healthy man for a lifetime. The earlier Englishmen who engaged in this pastime were known as Buccaneers because, we are told, they first entered into the business by way of killing cattle in San Domingo, and drying the meat, which was then called "buccan."

Of course, such pleasant occupation plundering rich Spanish ships was not limited to Englishmen only; men of all nationalities took a hand in it. But for the most part the adventures set forth in English bottoms and under English leaders, Hawkins, Drake, Morgan, Waller, Farks, and the redoubtable Admiral Benbow, all Englishmen good and true, are at the head of the names that make a glimmer upon these days of our modern eyes.

It is not easy to hold a brief for or side in this matter. The men

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Woods' Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. Moxham, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

Who made history on the Spanish Main were chiefly rascals, whose single service to mankind is the furnishing forth of such fine reading matter. Only of the two sets of outlaws, English and Spanish, the English seem to have been far the cleverer and more daring, and, therefore, naturally win our interest the more. The Spanish Main lacked spice as much as it did accurate chronology and precise geographical location. It was a place of action, wherein the actors were so fully occupied, chasing and being chased, that there was little chance left for nice considerations of meum and tuum. It was outside the pale, not merely of trifling laws, but of the Ten Commandments. And for all that we of today rightfully delight in the memory of it; it was hardly a place where any modern but a wildcat promoter could be expected to feel at ease.

Spain had taken the lead in American colonization, and in all the excellence of Spanish exploitation undoubtedly there was not wanting extortion and brutality. One can readily learn what must have been the generous feeling of horror in English bosoms at the time of Spanish conduct in America by simply reading the sentiments of unselfish and right-souled indignation they feel in our day—over, say, Austria's land-grabbing in the latter East—as expressed, say, in the Spectator, that last home of British respectability. It was positively a pious project in the early seventeenth century to fit out ships to chastise the naughty Don and relieve him of the burden of his ill-gotten wealth, and it was a project most successfully and persistently carried out. To be sure, the English Government could not and would not countenance such high-handed chastisement, even of Spaniards, and no doubt made a pretense of sighing regretfully when some tall English vessel sailed into her English harbor with her decks almost awash, so deeply did she ride under her load of wicked Spanish plate and bullion. Yet, what would you? Was a God-fearing Government to stifle the holy wrath of its people against the proud oppressor? So the Government contented itself with sad shakings of the head in public; and, meanwhile, kept a vigilant eye on what might happen along the coasts of the Caribbean.

Finally, however, as the Buccaneers widened the reach and extended the scale of their operations, and repeatedly injured the feelings of Spanish Governors in America—and as there was little left, anyway, in Spanish America except the soil her children against the unrighteous must be curbed; her representative, Earl Sandwich, in arranging the terms of the treaty of Madrid, in 1763, agreed that buccaneering should be discouraged on the Spanish Main.

But indeed it had fallen off even before that time, and for very natural causes. The Spaniards were learning the faculty of laborious exterminating hoarded wealth from natives when their own possession of it exposed a few hundred leagues from its port of departure. During this time of slack trade the hardy Buccaneers showed their good business sense by making provision against the day when their occupation should be wholly gone. They had learned much of the topography of the coast in the years through which they had harried the Main. They had perilsously discovered the value, as a refuge, of the continuous chain of coral reefs and little islands which ran parallel to a great part of the Central American coast, at distances varying from ten to thirty miles to eastward. Behind this natural sea wall there were shoals which they alone had charted, and snug bights where one might lie a anchor while a pursuing hurried unsuspecting by. Navigable rivers ran down to the sea behind the reefs—rivers, the banks of which are covered with logwood and mahogany and rosewood and sassafras. And the most sheltered cove and the richest streams were the coast and the streams below the peninsula of Yucatan.

There is a strongly founded rumor that in the early '70s the Colony was offered to the United States in settlement of the Alabama claims. That seems to have been the last real official notice taken of it. There are 7,622 square miles of superb country of giant forests, of open pasture lands, of fertile valleys, of picturesque mountains; a land of remarkable beauty, of excellent climate, capable of growing any and all tropical plants; abounding in game, full of resources, full as a sunken treasure ship, but it is a sunken treasure ship, bartered, festooned with weed, the playground of sharks; it has not yet been raised.

—V. A. M., in America.

Home-seekers' Excursions.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a circular authorizing all Agents in Canada to sell Home-seekers' Excursion Tickets to points in Western Canada. This is interesting information for those desiring to take advantage of these excursions on certain dates from April to December 1910. The Grand Trunk route is the most interesting, taking a passenger through the populated centers of Canada, through Chicago, and thence via Duluth, or through Chicago and the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Ask Grand Trunk Agents for further particulars.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1910 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Madigan.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as in winter. ALL DRUGGISTS

Heart Trouble

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found to be the most effective medicine on the market.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Caused Dizziness, Weakness and Smothering Spells.

The aeroplane is here to stay. You'dst know the reason why? Because—well, written records say The aeroplane can fly. The truth is, if it couldn't go, That it would have to, don't you know.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

"He is some painter, believe me." "To what school does he belong?" "To the utilitarian."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Much of the original sin to be observed about us doesn't show many signs of originality.

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

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You can save money as well as add to your character and appearance by wearing made-to-order clothes. You Cannot Buy Made-to-Order CLOTHES Cheaper than WE SELL THEM.

MR. MAN---We Can Save You Money on Your CLOTHES. Some men think that when they spend their money for a Ready-made suit, that they are buying their clothes at the smallest possible cost. They think only of the first cost. They do not consider that if they would spend a few dollars extra and have a suit made for them by a good tailor, that it would wear at least double as long, and from this standpoint alone, they would be saving. And then again, in a tailor made suit along with getting at least double the wear, you get style and good looks that stay, you get comfort and satisfaction that can only be had in a made-to-order suit. Are not these features worth from three to five dollars extra? Buy Your Next Suit Here. When you want your Spring Suit come here, look over the hundreds of different cloths we have, pick one that pleases you and let us build you a suit. We will put the finest of work on it, and use the very best of everything in it's make-up; we will make it to fit you perfectly, and in the newest style, and when finished you will be so pleased with it that you will never wear a ready-made again. 153 Queen Street MacLellan Bros., Merchant Tailors. Bank of Commerce Building.

For New Buildings Hardware. A BIG TEN DAYS' SHOE SALE! Here is a chance you will never get again. 150 Pairs of Men's American Lace Boots. Goodyear Welted, Velvour Calf, made on two different lasts, medium heavy oak sole—"a beauty" comfort. Compare them with any Five Dollar Boot in the city. Ten Days Only—\$3.50 a Pair. We have also RUSSIAN CALF and PATENT at the same price. All new stock. They've got the lead, they've got the style, They've got all others beat a mile. Hockey Boots! Hockey Boots! We lead for Low Prices on Hockey Boots. A good Boy's Hockey Boot at \$1.65. Men's \$3.00 a pair. Others at \$1.75, \$1.85 and \$2.25 a pair. A. E. McEACHEN THE SHOEMAN 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.