

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17, 1900.

Vol. XXIX, No. 42

## Calendar for Oct., 1900.

First Quarter, 1st, 13, 25th, p. m.  
Full Moon, 8th, 20th, a. m.  
Last Quarter, 15th, 27th, a. m.  
New Moon, 3rd, 16th, a. m.

Day of Week	Sun. rise	Sun. set	Moon rise	High Water
Monday	6 57	5 29	1 29	2 49
Tuesday	6 57	5 27	2 10	3 46
Wednesday	6 58	5 25	2 48	4 44
Thursday	6 59	5 23	3 21	5 44
Friday	7 00	5 21	3 51	6 44
Saturday	7 01	5 19	4 20	7 44
Sunday	7 02	5 17	4 45	8 45
Monday	7 03	5 15	5 10	9 45
Tuesday	7 04	5 13	5 35	10 45
Wednesday	7 05	5 11	6 00	11 45
Thursday	7 06	5 09	6 25	12 45
Friday	7 07	5 07	6 50	1 45
Saturday	7 08	5 05	7 15	2 45
Sunday	7 09	5 03	7 40	3 45
Monday	7 10	5 01	8 05	4 45
Tuesday	7 11	4 59	8 30	5 45
Wednesday	7 12	4 57	8 55	6 45
Thursday	7 13	4 55	9 20	7 45
Friday	7 14	4 53	9 45	8 45
Saturday	7 15	4 51	10 10	9 45
Sunday	7 16	4 49	10 35	10 45
Monday	7 17	4 47	11 00	11 45
Tuesday	7 18	4 45	11 25	12 45
Wednesday	7 19	4 43	11 50	1 45
Thursday	7 20	4 41	12 15	2 45
Friday	7 21	4 39	12 40	3 45
Saturday	7 22	4 37	1 05	4 45
Sunday	7 23	4 35	1 30	5 45

## BIG SALE

### CROCKERY, GLASSWARE

### AND Groceries

All Goods at Low Prices.

A large assortment of Table Sets, Berry Sets and Lemonade Sets, suitable for wedding presents, to which we specially invite inspection. Customers will be astonished at our low quotations.

**P. MONAGHAN.**  
Queen St., Charlottetown.  
June 13—71.



## Our Watches FOR LADIES

Are Gems of Beauty.

SOME GENTS' WATCHES

Are beautifully engraved, others plain, solid and substantial.

WATCHES FROM \$6.00 TO \$100

Specially recommended for time-keeping.

FINE SHOW OF SILVERWARE, suitable for presents.

Solid Silver Souvenir Spoons with scene stamped in bowl, "Stanley crossing through ice," or "Parliament Building," Charlottetown.

**E. W. Taylor,**  
Cameron Block, City.

## HOW IS THIS?

Ladies' Hockey Boots with straps, warm lined, worth \$2.50; now \$1.50; now is your chance to secure a bargain; cost us far more money; want to clear them out. Headquarters for Ladies' Gaiters. We have them as low as 50 cents a pair.

**A. E. McRACHEN,**  
THE SHOE MAN.

## FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool.

The Sun Fire office of London.

The Phoenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Capital Assets of above Companies, \$300,000,000.

Lowest Rates. Prompt Settlements.

**JOHN McRACHEN,**  
Agent.

## Furnishing News

We pride ourselves in showing the largest and noblest lot of

### Neckwear

IN THE CITY.

We have them at any price from 2 cents to 75 cents.

Another strong line SHIRTS with us is our

White and Colored Shirts, soft Outing Shirts, collars attached, Silk Front Shirts.

See our double thread Balbriggan

## Underclothing, 85 CENTS PER SUIT.

Extra bargains every Saturday night. Store open till 11 p. m.

## GORDON & McLELLAN,

Men's Stylish Outfitters.

"We treat you white, wherever you may hail from."

## Grocery Satisfaction

In this store means something more than simply LOW PRICES. It means strictly high-class goods—the guaranteed goods. It means prompt attention, quick delivery. It stands for all you can possibly expect, from the best Grocery Store you ever heard of.

Everything guaranteed to be the best of its kind.

Our Tea pleases many. It will please you.

**Driscoll & Hornsby,**  
Queen Street.

## Just Received

OUR FIRST INSTALLMENT OF

Fall and winter Suitings

—AND—

Overcoatings.

**John McLeod & Co.**

WE ARE IN THE

Monumental Business

We devote all our time and energies to this line only. We employ tradesmen who thoroughly understand their business—some of them having served their time with the old reliable firm of Cairns & McLellan.

Proportion is one of the most particular branches of our trade; without it a Monument cannot look well. This is one of the places where some competitors are continually going astray.

We do not import condensed stock full of cracks and stains because it is cheap, but we pay the right price and get the right goods.

**THE BALANCE OF OUR STOCK**

WILL BE CLEARED OUT AT COST

To wind up the season's business and make room for our large Fall Stock for winter cutting. Come quick if you want a bargain. We don't advertise very much, but when we do we mean just what we say.

**CAIRNS & McFADYEN,**  
Cairns & McLellan's Old Stand, Kent Street, Charlottetown.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### McGee's Last Speech.

On the night of April 6, 1868, D'Arcy McGee delivered a speech in the House of Commons at Ottawa. That it was eloquent, as all his public utterances were, the following will show: "It has been charged against him that he has lost the confidence of his own people. Sir, I trust that in the House mere temporary or local popularity will never be made the test by which to measure the width or efficiency of a public servant. He, sir, who builds upon popularity, builds upon a shifting sand. He who rests simply upon popularity, and will risk the right in hunting after popularity, will soon find the object he pursues slip away from him. It is, sir, in my humble opinion, the leader of a forlorn hope who is ready to meet and stem the tide of temporary unpopularity, who is prepared, if needs be, to sacrifice himself in defence of the principles which he has adopted as those of the truth—who shows us that he is ready not only to triumph with his principles, but even to suffer for his principles—who has proved himself above all others worthy of peculiar honor. . . . Its single aim from the beginning has been to consolidate the extent of British North America with the utmost regard to the independent powers and privileges of each province, and I, sir, who have been, and am still, its warm and earnest advocate, speak here, not as the representative of any race, or of any province, but as thoroughly and emphatically a Canadian, ready and bound to recognize the claims, if any, of my Canadian fellow-subjects, from the farthest east to the farthest west, equally with those of my nearest neighbor, or of the friend who proposed me on the hustings."

### Death in the Cobweb.

Beware of the cobweb! It contains a deadly microbe. A woman in Washington, D. C., fell some time ago and cut her head. Neighbors rushed to pick her up and found the blood spurting from a deep gash. Instantly the time-honored remedy of cobwebs was suggested and a hasty search produced a handful, which was instantly applied to the wound. The bleeding stopped quickly, but some days later the woman went down with tetanus, the dreaded lockjaw. Fortunately her constitution was strong, and, barring the wound, she was in excellent health, so she is now recovering.

### The Importance of a Love for Reading.

But if the student is to counteract the tendencies referred to, and is to become a roundly and fully educated man, it is important, beyond almost anything else, that he should be a lover of reading. The love of reading needs to be awakened and strengthened in the educational years. It is natural to those years—easily establishing and developing itself, if only the inner life is spurred to its growth. The opening of the life, however, and the strengthening of the love are, and must be, dependent upon the individual student. Happily the work required of him is one which can be accomplished with comparatively little difficulty and in a very simple way. It has only to be undertaken with serious purpose, and the result will almost certainly follow. The man who reads wisely and well will, as if by a law of his intellectual nature, find the love of reading soon springing up and growing within him without any further effort on his part. He will realize that he was made for reading as truly as for thinking or speaking, and he will rejoice in the

# Royal

## BAKING POWDER

-Absolutely Pure-

For the third of a century the standard for strength and purity. It makes the hot bread, hot biscuit, cake and other pastry light, sweet and excellent in every quality.

No other baking powder is "just as good as Royal," either in strength, purity or wholesomeness.

Many low-priced imitation baking powders are upon the market. These are made with alum, and care should be taken to avoid them, as alum is a poison, never to be taken in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## Interesting Happenings The World Over.

This is queer. We never heard of any trouble existing between the white and colored people of Cuba, before. But scarcely have the Americans put their impress upon the social conditions of that country when, behold, there springs up a well developed feud between white and blacks such as exists in no many parts of our own land. Already there is a political party in Santiago de Cuba composed entirely of negroes, who have apparently captured the delegation to the Cuban constitutional convention to be held in November. This has made the whites somewhat angry, and trouble is expected. In race hatred a sort of Angli-Saxon civilization?—S. H. Review.

President Loebet of France caused what the newspapers call a "cessation" some weeks ago when, in taking leave of the troops about to embark for China, he said to the soldiers: "I entrust to you the souls of our soldiers." The President forgot for the moment that he was the head of a nation which has officially discarded, together with the idea of a God, that of an immortal soul. It is all very well for the heathen Chinese to have souls, and France will send warships and troops to protect French priests in their work of saving them. But as for Frenchmen themselves having souls to save or care for, it is almost as much as any French official's political life is worth even to hint at anything of the kind. And what doth it profit a French official to save his soul if he loses his salary?—Cassat.

The Very Rev. Father Tommasini, rector of the Pontifical Seminary for Missionaries in Rome, has just received a telegram from Han-Kow announcing that Father Alberto Cressatelli, head of the Italian mission of Southern Szechuan, has been murdered, and that the mission itself is in extreme danger of total extermination. The loss of this lately missionary will be greatly felt, as he was most active and fearless and knew Chinese ways and customs thoroughly, having lived in the Far East for the last thirteen years. He was also a distinguished man of science, and the geological, botanical and mineral collections which he sent to the Turin Exhibition were awarded a first prize. Qu'importe he had been sent by the Viceroy Apostolic, Mgr. Passerini, to found a new mission at Nanchang, where he was on his way at that time when he was murdered at lower than 250 m. level.

## Headache

It often happens that the liver is torpid or inactive. Many ailments arise from this cause. Headache, indigestion, constipation, and all liver troubles, like

## Hood's Pills

Write they cause the liver, instead of regular action of the bowels, they do not, unless you take Hood's Pills. They are a positive cure for all liver troubles, like

of Flour have  
ce at the mills  
cents a bbl.  
t two or three  
e millers think  
e not touched  
ret.  
rtunate in se-  
hundred bar-  
d we are now  
for sale at a  
ble figure for  
to buy Flour  
to write or call  
ices before buy-  
rel guaranteed  
oney refunded.  
GOFF,  
ERS.  
REDDIN,  
R-AT-LAW  
PUBLIC, &c.  
N BLOK,  
FITZTOW.  
iven to Collieries  
TO LOAN.  
COCOA  
COMFORTING  
everywhere for  
Flavor, Superior  
Highly Nutritive  
Specially grateful  
ing to the nervous  
e. Sold in numerous  
and JAMES W. P. &  
opathic Chemists.  
SUPPER  
s Cocoa  
for Sale!  
iver Line Road.  
d farm consisting  
renting on "The Deer  
and adjoining the pre-  
Mortuary and Faculty  
Edgemoor. For further  
to the subscribers, see  
to William Edgemoor, of  
St. John's, Charlottetown.  
JOHN F. JOHNSON,  
F. F. KELLY,  
Executors.  
b and Mercantile  
ICE COMPANY  
VERY MILLION DOLLARS.  
a Fire Insurance Com-  
pany has done business  
for forty years, and is  
or prompt and liberal  
its losses.  
ney, Charlottetown,  
ny, Charlottetown,  
IDMAN & CO.  
Agents.  
c. st. 1898.  
HAN, L. B., Q.C.,  
Solicitor, Notary,  
L. MONEY TO LOAN  
KINDS OF  
WORK  
with Neatness and  
at the HERALD  
Office.  
town, P. E. Island.





Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., writes: "It affords me much pleasure in saying that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Millburn's Rheumatic Pills."

A STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

A stranger in the pale moonlight, Before the door he stood; His locks were drenched with dew of night,

His raiment stained with blood. A touch in nail-pierced hand He bore, No earthly sun so bright;

A stranger at the unopened door, He knocked the living night.

The cruel cincture o'er his brow, Woven of thorns, it bound;

Tears from his eyes, incessant flow, Like rain, upon the ground.

Not for the chill night-dews he wept, Nor for the shivering cross;

But that his own, his loved ones, slept, And left him all alone.

The sheep will hear the shepherd's cry, The hen can call her brood;

Yet to his voice came no reply,— Shepherd whose name is Good.

The flowers unfold them to the sun Some radiant grace to win;

The livelong night that torch burnt on, Yet all was dark within.

A stranger in the morning light, Still at the door he stood;

His locks were drenched with dew of night, His raiment stained with blood.

Are Maria, suggested by Hest's celebrated picture, "The Lights of the World."

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes: "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25c."

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART I.

THE OLD BUCCANEER.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

THE LAST OF THE BLIND MAN.

I leaped to my feet and hailed the blind man. They were pulling up, at any rate, horrified at the accident, and I soon saw what they were. One, talking out behind the rest, was a lad that had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Livesey's; the rest were revenue officers, whom he had met by the way, and with whom he had had the intelligence to return at once. Some news of the lugger in Kit's Hole had found its way to Superior Dancer, and sent him forth that night in our direction, and to that circumstance my mother and I owed our preservation from death.

Pow was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her up to the hamlet, a little cold water and salts very soon brought her back again, and she was none the worse for her terror, though she still continued to deplore the balance of the money.

In the meantime the superior rode on, as fast as he could, to Kit's Hole; but his men had to dismount and grope down the dingle, leading, and sometimes supporting, their horses; and in continued fear of ambush; so it was no great matter for surprise that when we got down to the Hole the lugger was already under way, though still close in. He hailed her. A voice replied, telling him to keep out of the moonlight, or he would get some lead in him, and at the same time a bullet whistled close by his arm. Soon after the lugger doubled the point and disappeared. Mr. Dancer stood there, as he said, "like a fish out of water," and all he could do was to despatch a man to B— to warn the cutter. "And that," said he, "is just about as good as nothing. They've got off clean, and there's an end. 'Only,' he added, 'I'm glad I told you Mr. Pow's story, for by this time he had heard my story.'

I went back with him to the Admiral's Bay, and you cannot imagine a house in such a state of chaos; the very clock had been thrown down by these fellows in their frenzy; and after my mother and myself, and though nothing had actually been taken away except the captain's money-bag and a little silver from the till, I could see at once that we were ruined. Mr. Dancer could make nothing of the scene.

"They got the money, you say? Well, then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose?"

"No, sir, not money, I think. It was, sir, I believe, the very thing in my breast pocket, to tell you the truth, I should like to see it in safety."

"To be sure boy, quite right," said he. "I'll take it if you like."

"I thought, perhaps, Doctor Livesey—" I began.

"Perfectly right," he interrupted, very cheerily, "perfectly right—a gentleman and a magistrate. And, now I come to think of it, I might as well ride round there myself and report to him or squire, Master Pow's dead, you see, and people will make it out against an officer of his majesty's revenue, if make it out they can. Now, I'll tell you, Hawkins, if you like, I'll take you along."

"I thanked him heartily for the offer, and we walked back to the hamlet where the horses were. By the time I had told my mother of the purpose they were all in the saddle.

"Dogge," said Mr. Dancer, "you have a good horse; take up this lad behind you."

As soon as I mounted, holding on to Dogge's belt, the superior gave the word, and the party struck out at a bounding trot on the road to Dr. Livesey's house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTAIN'S PATTERNS.

We rode hard all the way, till we drew up before Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark in front.

Mr. Dancer told me to jump down and knock, and Dogge gave me a stirrup to descend by. The door opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

"No," she said. He had come home in the afternoon, but had gone up to the Hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire, said Mr. Dancer.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran with Dogge's stirrup leather to the lodge gates, and up the long, leafless, moonlit avenue to where the white line of the Hall buildings looked on either hand on great old gardens. Here Mr. Dancer dismounted, and taking me along with him, was admitted at a word into the house.

The servant led us down a matted passage, and showed us at the end into a great library, all lined with book cases and busts upon top of them, where the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand, on either side of the fire.

I had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough and ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dancer," said he, very stately and condescending.

"Good evening, Dancer," said the Doctor with a nod. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

The superior stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Doctor Livesey fairly slipped his thigh, and the squire cried "Byron!" and looks long pipe against the grain. Long before it was done, Mr. Dancer (that you will remember, was the squire's name) had got up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the doctor as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close cropped black poll.

At last Mr. Dancer finished the story.

"Mr. Dancer," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And as for riding down that black, atrocious miscreant, I regard it as an act of virtue, sir, like stamping on a cockroach. This lad Hawkins is a trump. I perceive, Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dancer must have some 'a's."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked it all over, as

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sunk and plundered. The sums are the sounder's share, and where he feared so ambiguity, you see he added something clearer.

"Offs Oraccas," now, you see here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that named her—coal long ago."

"Right," said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveller. Right! And the accounts increase, you see, as we go in rank.

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the black leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English and Spanish moneys to a common value.

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thin slice of seal-

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 a sore 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. F. Cann, writing from Memphis, 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."

And now, Squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Squire," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Doctor Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him," said the squire. "Heard of him!" cried the squire.

"Heard of him," said I. "He was the blood-thirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him that I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his topicals with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rump-sucker that I sailed with put back—put back, sir, into port of Spain."

"Well, I've heard of himself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villas after but money? For what would they risk their racial carcasses but money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confidently hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" said the squire. "It will amount to this: If we fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet," and he laid it before him on the table.

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things—a book and a sealed paper.

"First of all, we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Doctor Livesey had kindly motioned us to step round from the side table, where I had been sitting, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand may make for idleness or practice. One was the same as the tattoo mark, "Billy Bones his fancy;" then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate." "No more run."

"Off Palm Key he got it, and some other matches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it was that had 'got it,' and what 'it' was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not."

"Not much instruction here," said Doctor Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account books; but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 23rd of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place was added, as "60 deg. 17 min. 30 sec., 19 deg. 5 min. 40 sec."

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out, after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones his pile."

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sunk and plundered. The sums are the sounder's share, and where he feared so ambiguity, you see he added something clearer.

"Offs Oraccas," now, you see here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that named her—coal long ago."

"Right," said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveller. Right! And the accounts increase, you see, as we go in rank.

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the black leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English and Spanish moneys to a common value.

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thin slice of seal-

It Hurt To Eat.

The pain, nausea and distress that Dyspepsia 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 Spinks, Baltimore, 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."

Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop a sore 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. F. Cann, writing from Memphis, 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."

And now, Squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Squire," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Doctor Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him," said the squire. "Heard of him!" cried the squire.

"Heard of him," said I. "He was the blood-thirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him that I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his topicals with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rump-sucker that I sailed with put back—put back, sir, into port of Spain."

"Well, I've heard of himself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villas after but money? For what would they risk their racial carcasses but money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confidently hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" said the squire. "It will amount to this: If we fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet," and he laid it before him on the table.

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things—a book and a sealed paper.

"First of all, we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Doctor Livesey had kindly motioned us to step round from the side table, where I had been sitting, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand may make for idleness or practice. One was the same as the tattoo mark, "Billy Bones his fancy;" then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate." "No more run."

"Off Palm Key he got it, and some other matches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it was that had 'got it,' and what 'it' was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not."

"Not much instruction here," said Doctor Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account books; but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 23rd of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place was added, as "60 deg. 17 min. 30 sec., 19 deg. 5 min. 40 sec."

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out, after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones his pile."

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sunk and plundered. The sums are the sounder's share, and where he feared so ambiguity, you see he added something clearer.

"Offs Oraccas," now, you see here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that named her—coal long ago."

"Right," said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveller. Right! And the accounts increase, you see, as we go in rank.

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the black leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English and Spanish moneys to a common value.

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thin slice of seal-

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,

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, Scribblers, always on hand.

Lowest prices, prompt attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.

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,

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, Scribblers, always on hand.

Lowest prices, prompt attention to customers. Your patronage solicited.