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FERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN, PAIN KILLER KILLS PAIN.

Dose—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

it over," says he, "and I'll take ye straight."
 "No, no," said I; "avast there, shipmate. You get your money when I see Captain Edward England, and not before."
 "So be it," says he. "Lay your course straight ahead yonder, and I'll follow after, and tell you how to go."
 I looked coolly into the fellow's face and could not help grinning. "Why," says I, "to tell the truth, shipmate" (here I drew my pistol out of my belt and cocked it), "I have no appetite for a knife betwixt the ribs; so you'll just march ahead, and if you try any of your tricks I'll put a brace of bullets through your head as sure as you're alive."

The fellow looked at me for a while in a puzzled sort of way; then he grinned, and swinging on his heels he strode away, I following close behind him with the pistol ready cocked in my hand. We went onward in this way for about half a mile, until we came to a little hut that stood by itself beyond the rest of the town. My guide stopped short about fifty paces away from the hut. "There's where you'll find Ned England," said he, "and I'll go no farther for ten guineas, for I've no notion of catching the black tongue; and if you'll hearken to a bit of advice, shipmate, you'll give it a wide berth yourself." I felt assured the fellow was telling me the truth, so I paid him his guinea, and then turned away and left him standing where he was, and as I stopped in front of the hut and looked back I saw that the man was yet standing in the very same spot, staring after me.

I may confess that I myself was somewhat overcome with fear of the dreadful disease, wherefore I stood for a moment before I knocked upon the door. But I presently rallied myself, calling to mind that this was the only means of recovering the Rose of Paradise, even if it was at the risk of my own life, therefore I knocked loudly on the door with the butt of my pistol.

My guide, who stood still in the same place, called out to me that there was no one to hear my knocking; so I pushed open the door and entered the hut.

For a while I saw nothing, for it was very dark within. But I heard a hoarse and chattering voice, scarce above a whisper, crying continually, "Hard a-lee!—hard a-lee!—hard a-lee!"

Presently mine eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and I might see the things around more clearly. There, in the corner of the room, lying upon a mat of filthy rags, his body almost a skeleton, his blood-shot eyes glaring out from under his matted hair, I beheld the famous pirate, Captain Edward England.

CHAPTER XVI.

I may truly say that when I saw the doleful state of the poor wretch, and how he lay there without so much as a single soul to moisten his lips or to give him a draught of cold water, I forgot my own troubles for the time being, and thought only of his pitiable condition.

I sometimes misdoit whether I should have felt grieved for such a wicked and bloody man, who had for years done nothing but commit the most dreadful crimes, such as murder and piracy and the like, yet seeing him thus prostrated, lying helpless, and deserted by all his kind, I could not help my bowels being stirred by compassion; wherefore I thought neither of the danger from his fever, nor of the many grievous injuries which he had done, both to myself and to others, but only of relieving his present distresses.

My first consideration was to make him more clean, wherefore I fetched some water from a rivulet which I had noticed flow nigh to that place, and washed his hands and face, and so much of his body as seemed to me fitting. Then I gathered some fresh palm leaves, and covered them over with a bit of sail which I found rolled up in the back part of the hut, and having thus made thereof a clean and comfortable bed, I carried the poor wretch thither and laid him upon it.

As I had eaten nothing that morning, I went back into the town and bought a lump of meat and some fresh fruit, and then back again to the hut. I noticed here and there some that stood and looked after me, though they said nothing to me, nor molested me in any manner. Afterwards found that my guide had so spread the news of my going to England's hut that many knew it, and accredited me with being a friend of the pirate's, and even a partaker in his wicked and nefarious deeds. Whether it was from this or from fear of contagion of the fever I know not, but certain it is I was never once molested so long as I was upon that island.

When I returned to the hut it seemed to me that the sick man had less fever than when I left him, which perhaps happened from the refreshment of the washing that I had given him, though it might have been that the crises of his distemper had arrived, and that his complaint had now lessened in its intensity.

Some time after mid-day I was sitting beside the sick man, fanning both him and myself, for though the nights were cool at this season of the year, the middle of the day was both exceeding hot and sultry. He had ceased in his incessant and continuous muttering and talking, and was now

lying quite silent, though breathing short and quick with the fever.

Suddenly he spoke. "Who are you?" said he, in a quick, sharp voice.

I thought at first he was still rambling in his mind, but when I looked at him I saw that his bloodshot eyes were fixed upon me. I placed my hand upon his brow, and though still very hot, I fancied that the skin was not so dry nor so hard as it had been.

"Who are you?" said he again in the same tone.

"There," said I, "lie still and rest. You have been mightily sick."

"Is it Jack Mackra?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"And what do you do here?" said he.

"I am come to care for you just now," said I; "but now rest quietly, for I will not answer one single question more, and that I promise you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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I was unable to put on my coat.

nessed the wonderful effect upon my body could not help admiring the Pink Pills, and being about to leave for the east, I gave the remaining two boxes to them. Unfortunately I neglected getting another supply for nearly a year after returning to this part and I felt that to me Pink Pills were one of the necessities of life. Last spring I procured a few boxes and have been taking them since with a very satisfactory effect am glad to say. Now I feel like a new man entirely free from pain or stiffness of joint. I have a slight numbness of feet and half way to the knee, but am confident that these pills will relieve this feeling. Although well advanced in years, I am able and do walk many miles a day. For rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand preeminently above all other medicines according to my experience and I urge a trial on all suffering from this painful malady."

The above is an unvarnished statement of facts as told the Advance recently by Mr. George Selleck, an esteemed resident of Miller's Corners, and no one hearing the earnest manner of its recital could fail to be convinced of Mr. Selleck's sincerity. But if this were not enough hundreds of witnesses could be summoned, if need be, to prove the truth of every word stated. Mr. Angus Buchanan, the well known druggist and popular reeve of Kempsville, speaks of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as one of the most popular remedies known, having a great sale among his customers and giving general satisfaction. Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Don't be persuaded to take some substitute.

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