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Sold by all Druggists.

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

twenty leagues north of the island of Madagascar. That the captain and six of the crew had taken the long-boat, and that they had become separated from her in the dark some two nights before. They answered all of Captain Croker's questions in a very straightforward manner, and with all the appearance of truth. After satisfying himself, he told them that they might go below and get something to eat, and that he would carry them to England as a part of the ship's crew.

At first I was inclined to tell the real truth concerning them to Captain Croker, but on second thoughts I determined to see what the fellows had to say for themselves; for I only recognized one of them, and after all, their story, might be true, and that one might have given up his wicked trade in the four or five months since I had last seen him.

About an hour after this I saw my friend the pirate engaged forward in coiling a rope. I came to him and watched him for a while, but he kept steadily on with what he was about, and said nothing to me.

"Well, sir," said I, after a bit, "and how was Captain England when you saw him last?"

The fellow started up as suddenly as though the rope had changed to an adder in his hands. He looked about him as though to see if any one were near and had overheard what I said to him, and then recovered himself with amazing quickness. He grinned in a simple manner, and chuckled his thumb up to his forehead. "What was it you were saying, sir?" says he. "I didn't just understand you."

"Come, come," said I; "that will never pass amongst old friends. Why, don't you remember me?"

He looked at me in a mightily puzzled fashion for a while. "No, sir; asking your pardon, sir," said he, "I don't remember you."

"What?" said I, "have you forgot Captain Mackra, and how you gave him a kick in the side when he lay on the deck of the *Cassandra*, down off Juanna?" As the fellow looked at me I saw him change from red to yellow and from yellow to blue; his jaw dropped and his eyes started as though a spirit from the dead had risen up from the decks in front of him. "So," said I, "I see you remember me now."

"For God's sake, sir," said he, "don't ruin a poor devil who wants to make himself straight with the world. I was drunk when I kicked you, sir,—the Lord knows I was; you wouldn't hang me for that, sir, would you?"

"That depends," said I, sternly, "upon whether you answer my questions without telling me a lie, as you did Captain Croker just now."

"I wish I may die, sir," said he, "if what I tell you ain't so. We all three of us left the *Royal James* last night—she was the *Cassandra*, sir, but we christened her a new name, and hoisted the Black Roger over her. We got scared, sir, at the way things was going since Ned England left us and Tom Burke turned captain; for he ain't the man England was, and that's the truth. All we ask now, sir, is to start fair and square again; and so be if we don't hang for this, I wish I may be struck dead, sir, if I, for one, go back to the bloody trade again. So all I want is to have a fair trial, and I beg of you, sir, that you won't say the word that would hang us all up to the yard-arms as quick as a wink."

I am mightily afraid that I did not hear the last of the fellow's discourse, for one part of the speech that he had dropped went through me like a shot. "How is that?" I cried. "Was not Captain England with you when you deserted the ship?"

"Why, no, sir," says he. "You see, sir when we sailed away from Juanna, Tom Burke began to move heaven and earth against England, and back of him he had all of the worst of the crew aboard. First of all he began setting matters by the ears because England and Ward had been wheedled into giving you—asking your pardon, sir—a good sound vessel and all them bales of cloth stuff. I tell you plain as day, Burke would never have let you had 'em if he hadn't wanted to use the matter against England. Well, sir, one night Ward fell overboard—nobody knewed how—and there was an end of him. After that they weren't long in getting rid of England, I can tell you."

"Yes, yes," I cried impatiently, "but how did you get rid of him?"

"Why, sir," says he, "marooned him on a little island off the Mauritius, and six others with him; they was—"

"Never mind them," I cried; "but tell me, do you know what became of him?"

"Why, yes, sir," says he; "leastways we knew of him by hearsay; and this was how: About eight weeks ago we ran into a cove on the south shore of Mauritius to clean both ships, which had grown mightily foul. While we lay there on the cove a parcel of the crew who had been off hunting for game fetched back one of the self-same fellows we had marooned two months and more before. He told us that England and his shipmates had made a little craft out of bits of boards and barrel staves, and had crossed over to the Mauritius in a spell of fair weather, though it was five leagues and more away."

To all this I listened with the greatest intentness. "And is that all you know

of him?" said I. "And can you not tell whether he is yet on the island?"

The fellow looked at me for a moment out of the corners of his eyes without speaking. "Look 'ee, sir," said he, after a little while, "what I wants to know is this: be ye seeking to harm Ned England or not?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TALE TOLD THE EDITOR.**MR. THOS. STRANG SPEAKS THAT
SUFFERERS MAY READ
AND LIVE.**

Attacked With La Grippe, the After Effects Developing Heart Trouble—His Friends Thought Him Near Death's Door—After Many Failures He Has Once More Regained the Blessing of Perfect Health.

From the Comber Herald.

Strangfield is a post office corner about six miles from Comber. It was named after the highly respected and well known family of Strangs. The neighborhood is a quiet one, being inhabited by a church-going, sober, industrious people. Among the people of that neighborhood none is better or more favorably known than Mr. Thos. Strang. Mr. Strang is a man of middle age and a bachelor. A few days ago he related to the Herald the story of his recovery from an illness which he believes would have resulted fatally but for the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The origin of Mr. Strang's trouble was la grippe which developed into heart disease. He laid for months with every nerve in his frail body unstrung. He tried many medicines, none seemed to materially benefit him. He would rally at times and endeavor to walk, but his system being reduced and weakened he would frequently fall prostrate to the ground, and his friends had to carry him into the house. This terrible state of things lasted for months and all the while he was getting weaker, and even the most hopeful of his friends feared the worst. Mr. Strang was strongly urged to try the world renowned Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and consented to do so. A neighbor was despatched to the Comber drug store for a supply. In a few days after beginning their use he began to improve. In a couple of weeks he was able to walk around, and to-day Mr. Strang is rejoicing and telling the same old story that hundreds of others are telling in this fair Dominion—the story of renewed strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Strang is now a strong man. Quite frequently he walks to Comber, a distance of six miles, to attend church. He informed the Herald that he was only too glad to give his experience so that suffering humanity may also reap the benefit and thus be released from the thralldom of disease and pain. To his benefactors—for such they are—Mr. Strang feels that he owes a debt of gratitude. With him the days when beads of agony stood on his brow have passed away, and his body has been regenerated anew by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The after effects of la grippe and all troubles due to poor blood or shattered nerves, speedily yield to a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure when other medicines fail, and no one should suffer for an hour without giving this great remedy a trial. Sold by dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—GIVING.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—What it can give, so much 'tis worth: The ocean gives in many ways—Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays; So, too the air, it gives us breath—When it stops giving, comes in death. Give, give, be always giving; Who gives not is not living. The more you give, The more you live.

God's love bath to us wealth upheaped; Only by giving it is reaped. The body withers and the mind, If pent in by a selfish rind. Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf, Give love, give tears, and give thyself; Who gives not is not living. The more we give, The more we live.

It was at a large party. A gentleman had the misfortune to break a glass. Little Lena, who was standing near her mamma, raised herself on tiptoe and whispered, loud enough for all the company to hear:

"And one of the borrowed ones, too!"

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

Euphrates Esculapius Eudymion McJimsey is the name of a clerk in the Recorder's office of Marysville, Missouri. He signs his name with a rubber stamp.

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I offer for sale lots 72 and 73 in Galloway settlement, formerly occupied by one Henry McGachey. There is a dwelling house, and several acres cleared and under cultivation. The lots include some of the best hay land in the district. Terms to suit purchaser.
J. D. PHINNEY.
Richibucto, Sept. 17th, 1894.



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The farm contains about 186 acres of the best land in the County, over 100 acres of which are cleared and under a high state of cultivation.

There is a large first-class, two-story dwelling house, two large barns, one stage house, grainery and stable combined, and other out buildings. It is situated in the most thriving and popular part of Kent County, within two minutes' walk of the post-office, where a daily mail is received, and quite close to the superior school and within half a mile of Mr. E. Walker's lumber and grist mills.

For further information and particulars address the undersigned at Harcourt Station.

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Cure Backache, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Troubles, we are backed by the testimony of all who have used them.

THEY CURE TO STAY CURED.

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