AYER & CO'S NOTICE.

# Constipation

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s of neglect may be serious. Avoid
harsh and drastic purgatives, the
dency of which is to weaken the
vels. **The best remedy is Ayer's**
ls. Being purely vegetable, their
on is prompt and their effect always
eficial. They are an admirable
er and After-dinner pill, and every-
re endorsed by the profession.

Ayer's Pills are highly and univer-
y spoken of by the people about
e. I make daily use of them in my
ctice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridge-
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e as a cathartic for myself and
ily."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

For several years Ayer's Pills have
n used in my family. We find them

## Effective Remedy

constipation and indigestion, and
never without them in the house."
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I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver
ples and indigestion, during many
s, and have always found them
mpt and efficient in their action."—
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I suffered from constipation which
med such an obstinate form that I
ed it would cause a stoppage of the
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ed a complete cure."—D. Burke,
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have used Ayer's Pills for the past
y years and consider them an in-
able family medicine. I know of
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Having been troubled with costive-
which seems inevitable with per-
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to say that they have served me
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ache, Chronic Constipation, St. Vitus'
Premature Decay of the Powers, Loss of
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a time, but the use of these foods will
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next door to Bowling Alley.

# KIT GRALE.

Continued from page six.

to ye, Kit, it allus did. An ye've got enough to fret ye, anyway 'thout that. I've heerd how ye've come through the hards, little un, an' I'm sorry 'nough—ye know I'd be sorry fur ye, Kit. Lord knows I'd help ye if I could! Poor Jack! I know'd him afore you was born, Kit—afore George Gladwin was drowned on Gull reef. Never see two fellers take to'ther like them. Jack never got right over it—never been the same man since, though it's twenty-one year. Lord, how time flies, Kit! 'Pears sometimes it just flinders. It's a queer world—mighty queer. D'ye think I could help ye, little un? Poor Kit! Poor Kit!"

And he laid his big hand kindly on her head, and looked pityingly into her thin worn face. They were standing apart, in the shade of a tall old tree. She looked in his face and spoke—there was a gleam of hope in her eyes, a tremor of eagerness in her words. She told him the sad story, their troubles, her father's gloom, her own anxiety, her terrible fears.

"I feel there's no hope from the lawyer," she finished. "He's a hard, merciless man. And I can't go back without some help. Oh, I can't—I can't! I'm afraid, Cap'n Tass, I'm afraid. You know what I mean, I can't say it—it's too horrible. Oh, Cap'n Tass, you can help me, you can save him, if you will. Will you do it? Will you! Will you!"

She grasped his arm in her eagerness. Her face flushed hot. Her heart beat hard. There is help, there is hope, it cried; he will, he can't refuse. She could hardly speak the words, between fear and hope.

"Tell me how I can find the schooner!"

*"Tell me how I can find the schooner!"*

He shrank as if she had struck him. He had not guessed her meaning—it took him by surprise. He sat down on a log, took off his cap, wiped his wet forehead, looked at her doubtfully a minute, then he spoke

"I'm taken all aback, Kit. I dun' know what to say. I can't do it—it's too much, it's too hard. You didn't ought to ask me, Kit, it ain't right. I can't put money in that man's pocket—he don't deserve it. Ye wouldn't ask me if ye knowed. Tain't like ye, girl, tain't like ye. Ask me anything else—I can't do that. What's more, I dun' know't I could find her now. She may 'a heeled over, tides may 'a shifted her, she may 'a settled deeper, somebody may 'a run over her and broke off her topm'st."

"Cap'n Tass," she said, pleading, as for her life. "Cap'n Tass, remember your old messmate. Do ye think John Grale would have let his pride stand in the way, if you were in deadly peril and he could save you by any means? Are you going to send me back to him to see him going day by day, till one day we'll miss him, and God knows what we'll find!" She shuddered and wrung her hands. "Oh, Cap'n Tass, you won't, you can't!"

He stood up before her, rubbed his forehead thoughtfully a minute, then threw his handkerchief into his cap and put it on tight. There was settled purpose in his face and gesture.

"God forgive me!" he said. "I didn't look at it so. Poor Jack! Poor Jack! We'll save him yet, Kit, you an' me—we'll save him yet. There's no time to spare. We'll go now. It is low water at four fifteen. We'll need our time. Go down to the Bess, Kit, and wait for me."

He went over to the house where he was staying. Kit unfurled the Bess' sail, run it up and set it taut. Then Marlin came down with a jug of water and a brown paper parcel, a shawl and a couple of coats over his arm. He stowed them under the deck, forward, and threw off the line. The boat drifted off, swayed round before the wind.

"Take the tiller, Kit," he said. "This is your cruise. You're cap'n, I'm only pilot."

The wind had hauled into the southeast, still veering southward. The clouds had cleared away, the sun shone bright and warm. The breeze was fresh, the boat filled away before it, went bowling down the harbor with the wind on her starboard quarter. The green hills dropped behind—dark woods, houses here and there, projecting points and little shaded coves. Kit steered, old Tass trimmed sheet.

No trouble in the inlet now, wind and tide astern. Kit sees the light on the bar, the long reach of water stretching away toward home. She wonders how things are getting on there. The worrying thought frets her sorely.

"Let her stan' close for Goose Neck P'int, Kit," says Tass, and trims sheet a little closer.

On, across the broad bay, breezily now along the shore of the point; then the neck drops behind; they are clear of the land. The boat rises and falls on the tumbling waves of the open sound.

"Luff, Kit, luff a little. There, stiddy, keep her so," says Marlin. "Run your eye along the line o' the keel. Ye see that white spire on the north shore, east of the little village, on the hill, with the woods behind it? Keep her nose to that meetin' house."

The wind veered steadily round through the southern quarter, blowing fresh and steady. On went the Bess before it, crowding ahead dancingly, making way swiftly, drawing the northern shore on nearer and plainer.

They ran in to within a couple of miles of the shore; the wind very nearly west, the sky clear.

"Hard a-port!" called Marlin, then. "Let her go about."

The boom swayed over, Tass slipped the sheet.

"So, Kit—keep her there. Square afore the wind."

They ran down the coast a mile or so.

"Port again, Kit—hard a-port—there! P'int her up a leetle more—stiddy—so-o-o! You see Goose light, Kit? Keep her nose square for the tower. It's nigh onto dead low tide now. We keep the line 'tween the church an' the light, an' if we're lucky we'll sight about four foot o' yeller spar. Ther' ain't much of any drift, an' I think we'll hit it. Ther' ain't no need to look out till that 'ere clump o' cedars on the rocky p'int, there to the west, bears square abeam to wind'ard. Arter that, look sharp."

They held on half a mile or so, on the same course, sailing close on the wind. Then the cedars drew on, gradually, until they stood off right abreast.

"Now then," Tass sung out, "hold her stiddy an' keep your eyes about ye."

On they foamed, straight for the light, four keen eyes searching intently. But they saw no spar. Only the tumbling waves, seething, sunlit and tipped with foam. On they went. Kit's heart sank. No mast in sight on either hand. Presently Marlin turned.

"Luff, Kit," he said, "hard a-lee! Put her about. We missed her that time. Guess she must 'a fell off to loo'ard, sailin' so clus to the wind. We'll hev a better chance afore it. Now, then, full fur the spire, an' don't let her fall off, Kit—if anything, luff her a p'int."

The boat jibbed round, and filled away before the wind on the port quarter. Again they searched keenly, anxiously. They saw no spar; on they foamed. Kit's heart weighed like lead, and full of fear. The clump of cedars drew on only too swiftly. Another quarter of a mile, and they will be abreast! She stood up in her excitement, strained her sharp eyes—oh, how eagerly! She forgot the helm one moment; the boat's head fell away to lee. Tass did not notice. Suddenly he saw.

"Luff, Kit," he shouted—"hard a-lee! Hard, I say! you're off the course three p'ints."

She seized the tiller, but she did not luff. She jammed it hard to port. Her face was radiant as an angel's. She laughed and pointed east.

"Hurrah!" she cried—"hurrah! hurrah! The mast! the mast!"

Sure enough, there it was, the tip of a mast two feet above the tide. Never was a sight more joyful to heart of man than these two feet of wave washed spar in Kit's glad eyes that day!

They ran alongside. The tide was rising now; the waves washed over it every time. It was somewhat out of the line between light and spire. It was deeper in the water, too. But for Kit's momentary forgetfulness they must have gone by and missed it. It was hit or miss, the simplest accident decided—chance, providence, fate, what you will. Marlin tore a shred of old muslin—tied it to the mast.

"It'll help us next time, Kit," he said. "Now for Rutherby!—fifteen mile to wind'ard. Wind west, half no'the, an' pretty fresh. Put her about, Kit—hard a-lee—clus on the wind—there! Head her fur Kensel P'int. A long leg an' a short un."

Away they went, bowling breezily, bounding on the tumbling rollers. The sun sank behind the blue hills in the far northwest. Night drew on slowly. The light house lanterns flashed out one by one; the dusk deepened; the brightness died out of the west; it grew chilly. Old Tass got out the shawl which he had brought for Kit. She wrapped it about her, and sat silent—steering on, on. Old Tass sat a little forward on the weather side, his eyes wandering, his gray locks straggling from under his cap. He was a shrewd, kindly old fellow. Frank and free as the sea he loved, without its deceitful wiles. If he liked you, you had a friend through thick and thin. If you wronged him, you made an enemy for life—not treacherous, but fearless, and almost unforgiving. He sat idle, and let Kit steer; he knew she was harassed by anxious thoughts of her father, alone at home, and that it was charity to let her have this task, that necessitated continual watchfulness, and might partially dissipate her gloomy meditations. He felt, as he watched her askance, a strange mingling of pity and admiration. So they sped on. The full moon swung up out of the east, and silvered the crested waves. The island shore approached nearer and nearer. They opened Hilbury bay after a while, and far in could see the gleam of the low light on the bar. Then Kensel Point drew on abeam, and hid it from sight. Their course was straight for Gull reef. They ran close in; the white line of the wave washed ledge stretched shoreward before them. Then Marlin said:

"Luff, Kit! Put her about! Luff a-lee!"

The wind had veered meanwhile more to the north of west. The boat payed off again on the starboard tack. Kit looked back at the long, low neck. Beyond that ridge, only two miles away as the crow flies, was her home. How she longed to know what was going on there—how she fretted herself with anxious fears! Would she have gone or then had she known what a day would bring forth upon that spray white reef? She did not know; and the Bess went foaming on, northward, close to the wind.

The clocks in the town were striking the hour as they ran up Rutherby harbor through the anchored vessels, lying quietly head to wind, their red and green lanterns swinging in the fore shrouds. It was 2 o'clock. They tied the boat to the pier, climbed out, and went away up the deserted street.

"Ye're quite clear, are ye, Kit," asked Marlin, "as to what I told ye as we come along, how ye'd best talk to Ingram?"

"Quite clear," said Kit.

They stopped at a small brick house. Marlin banged the knocker. A window opened above and a head appeared.

"Who's that knockin'? What d'ye want?"

"That's him, Kit," said old Tass. "Speak him rough."

"Do you want to find the Onward?" called Kit.

"Hold on a minute. I'll come down."

He opened the door presently.

"Have you found her?" he asked, eagerly. Then recognizing Marlin, who stood with his back turned, he asked rather sullenly:

"What do ye want o' me, Tass Marlin? I ain't been a-doin' anythink to ye."

"Kit Grale," said old Tass without turning—there was a strange gleam in the old gray eyes, and a look of righteous wrath in his weather beaten face—"ye may tell Gat Ingram that I've got nothin' to say to him, and no dealin' with him. This is your affair, not mine."

"If you want to find the Onward," Kit said, "give me pen, paper and a light."

He went in, Kit following, struck a light and brought writing materials. Marlin staid without. Kit sat down, took the pen and wrote. She was awkward with the pen, knew nothing of legal forms. She only knew that this money would save a soul from death, if it was not too late, and that this man would cheat her of it if he could.

She handed him the paper. This is what he read:

RUTHERBY, July 20, 1858.

I hereby freely promise that, if I shall be shown, by Catharine Grale, of Kensel Point, the present position of the schooner Onward, and shall refuse or delay to pay immediately after to Catharine Grale, on showing, the advertised reward, I will pay to her an additional sum of equal amount ten days from date.

"I won't sign it," he said. "D'ye think I'm a robber, miss?"

"Then I've nothing more to say," she said. She walked out.

"Come, Cap'n Tass," she said. "He doesn't want the schooner."

They started down the street. Ingram came running out.

"Hold on!" he called. "What's the good o' bein' so sharp? I'll sign the cursed paper 'f ye'll gimme a chance."

Two hours later they were in the Bess, in line with Goose Neck light and the white spire. They found the mast without much trouble. They then ran into the nearest harbor, went all three to a tavern. Ingram counted out the money, grudging every coin. Kit gave him the paper he had signed, and he went away. Kit and old Tass were together again alone. It was past 8. He made her eat some breakfast, and saw her safely off in the 8:30 express.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin—$60, $80 and $100, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage—$35.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

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| STEAMER. | FROM QUEBEC. |
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| Circassian | Friday, July 20 |
| Sarmatian | Thursday, July 26. |
| Parisian | Thursday, August 2. |

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin, $60.00, $70.00 and $80.00 according to accommodation. Servants in Cabin, $50.00. Intermediate, $30.00. Steerage, $20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, $110.00, $130.00, $150.00. Intermediate, $60.00. Steerage, $40.00.

Passengers taking the Mail Steamer at Montreal will leave Kingston on Tuesday 1:45 p.m., arrive at Montreal Tuesday night, and go at once on board the Ocean Steamer.

Passengers taking the Mail Steamer at Quebec, leave Kingston on the Wednesday 1:45 p.m.

Passengers taking the Mail Steamer at Rimouski, leave Kingston at 1:25 a.m.

Passengers by the Liverpool Direct Steamer, wishing to go on board the Steamer at Montreal, leave Kingston at 1:45 p.m., arrive in Montreal Wednesday evening, and go at once on board.

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No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:30 a.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake 10:00 a.m., and Renfrew 2:45 p.m.

No. 5 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:15 p.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake at 7:10 p.m., Thursdays.

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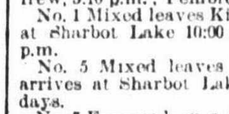

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May 14th.

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June 9th.

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| " " " | a.m. 1:25 | " " " | a.m. 8:55 |
| Leave Ottawa | p.m. 11:30 | Arrive in Kingston | p.m. 4:30 |
| " " " | p.m. 8:30 | " " " | a.m. 2:30 |

To Winnipeg, North-west and British Columbia settlers without effects are advised to go by regular express trains. Two connections daily having colonists sleepers attached. Baggage checked through to destination. Rates of passage and cars of immigrant effects furnished on application to THOMAS HANLEY.

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| No. 5 | at 1:45 p.m. | No. 4 | at 1:50 a.m. |
| No. 3 | at 1:50 a.m. | No. 6 | at 5:10 a.m |
| Mixed | at 6:10 a.m. | Mixed | at 7:20 a.m. |
| | | Mixed | at 7:55 p.m. |

Express Trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Sundays included.

No. 6 does not run on Monday.

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Passport, Capt. Sinclair | Algerian, Capt. Trowell
Corinthian, Capt. Ada. | Spartan, Capt. Irvine.

Commencing on TUESDAY, THE 5th OF JUNE, and until further notice, one of the above Steamers will leave Kingston daily (Mondays excepted) at 5 p.m., for TORONTO, calling at Cobourg, Port Hope and Bowmanville (weather permitting) and on THURSDAY, THE 7th, at 5 a.m. for MONTREAL and QUEBEC, calling at Clayton, Round Island, 1,000 Island, Park, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Coteau, passing through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Lake of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight.

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May 17th, 1888. C. H. HATCH, Agent.

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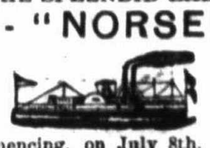
THE SPLENDID LAKE

STR. - "NORSEMAN"



Will commencing, on July 8th, her regular weekly trips to Alexandria Bay and return, Sundays at 8:45 a.m. Tickets 50c. Also for Charlotte, Port of Rochester, Sundays at 8 p.m. Tickets, $2.50; return, $3. J. P. GILDERSLEEVE and C. H. HATCH, Ticket Agents.

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