

AYER & CO'S NOTICE

"Perfect Satisfaction,"

Is the verdict of every one using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and all Lung troubles. Unlike cod-liver oil, and many other specifics, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is agreeable to the taste and leaves no ill effects.

"I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes Mr. Robert F. McKeen, of New Gretna, N. J. "I have used it in my family, many years, and always with perfect satisfaction."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is truly the Most Popular Remedy of the age, rendering full satisfaction in every instance."—Thorton Edwards, Lonely Dale, Ind.

F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Your medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used in great quantities by my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5

PROVINCIAL.

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"BILL NYE" CIGARS.

6 CENTS.

SMOKE

Creme de la Creme

CIGARS.

TEN CENTS.

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SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

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In Bronze on Each Plug and Package.

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IN THE MATTER OF THE KINGSTON CAR WORKS COMPANY (Limited).

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A GENERAL MEETING of the Kingston Car Works Company (Limited) will be held on the Twentieth day of March Next, at THREE o'clock in the afternoon, at the Office of J. B. Carruthers, Esq., for the purpose of considering and, if deemed advisable, of passing an extraordinary resolution of the company, authorizing the liquidators to make such compromise or other arrangement as they may deem expedient with any creditors, or persons claiming to be creditors, or persons having or alleging to have any claim, present or future, certain or contingent, ascertained or sounding only, in damages against the company or whereby the company may be rendered liable. And, also, authorizing the liquidators to compromise all claims, and liability to claims, debts, and liabilities capable of resulting in debts, and all claims, whether present or future, certain or contingent, ascertained or only sounding in damages, subsisting, or only supposed to subsist, between the company and any contributory or other debtor, or person apprehending liability to the company, and all questions in any way relating to or affecting the assets of the company, or the winding up of the company, upon the receipt of such sums, payable at such times, and generally upon such terms, as may be agreed upon by a majority of the liquidators to take any security for the discharge of such debts or liabilities, and to give a complete discharge in respect of all or any such calls, debts or liabilities.

Dated at Kingston, Feb. 26th, 1888. S. HARPER, Secretary of Liquidators.

MISS TINSEL.

(Continued from page six.)

As for Harding, he went to the bar of the saloon and took what was for him a stiff glass of brandy. Then he turned abruptly on his heel, and without sending his name before him, marched straight up to Miss Tinsel's room.

"I see," she murmured, in a low, sweet voice, "you don't care to have me repulse you again. You have thought it over—and you agree that it is better not."

He came just inside the door, but did not sit, although she motioned him to a chair.

"I agree," he repeated mechanically—"I agree—with you that it is better not." Then he looked suspiciously around the room. "There was no one there—but a door opened into another room beyond. Jane followed his eyes. "That is Miss De Montague's room," she said; "we are always next to each other."

"And she is there now?"

"Yes—with Mr. Bellario—he is calling on her."

Harding paused a minute, and then went on in a hard, constrained voice, like one who repeats a disagreeable lesson. "I have thought it right to see you—now, for the last time—and say I think it best—and right—that we should part."

Jane turned very pale, and the old grave look of hopeless pain came over her face. But she answered with infinite softness and humility: "It is right—you know I thought so from the first. You should not marry a convict's daughter."

"It is not because you are a convict's daughter."

"The reason is sufficient." "I repeat it," he cried vehemently: "I will have none of it—I told you so before—I repeat it now. Listen," and he crossed the room swiftly and closed both doors.

"I loved you for yourself—dearly—dearly. What did it matter to me—what fault was it of yours—what other people did, or what or where they were? In this grand, new country, men—some men, at least—have grown high enough and strong enough to shake off such petty prejudices as those. To me they are as nothing."

"You led me to think so," Jane said gently.

"Why should I care for your being a ballet dancer—or for the other thing, when you had never disgraced yourself? But now it is different."

"Now it is different," she echoed in amazement.

"Different in this," pursued he with growing excitement, "that before you were a pure girl—pure as snow—everybody said that—and now you are—compromised."

The blood rushed in a torrent up to her hair.

"Who says it?" she demanded, now first showing warmth: "who dares say it?"

"Alas, Jane," he replied, "don't make things worse by deception at parting. Let us be at least as we have always been, honest and unreserved to each other."

"What you have said just now," said the girl proudly, "is an insult. The time has been when you would not have heard another say such words—either to me or of me; and yet they are as little deserved now as they have ever been."

"They are, are they?" he retorted. "Then pray tell me who was that man you have had here within an hour?"

She turned deadly white, and opened her lips thrice to speak before the words would shape themselves.

"That man?"

"Do you deny having a man with you?"

She shook her head pitiously. "No—there was a man here—and with me."

"Alas, you confess it then," cried he, as if her admission made what he knew more certain. "Who was this man? Confess."

"He—he—wanted help—asked for money. He saw me in the play at Boom's Bar, and, thinking me richer than I am, asked me for money."

Harding laughed scornfully. "And do you expect me to believe that?"

"It is true," she hurried on, nervously. "He said he was desperate and must have money to get away."

"Had he any claim upon you?" he asked, scanning her with cold searching eyes.

"She hesitated and made answer, "No—none."

"Yet he pushed his demand with eloquence?"

"He did."

"And with success?"

fair, and the memory of the many solitary hours he had passed there, even at this sad moment, refreshed his spirit. There he could be alone—away from men's eyes—free from their curiosity, from their comments, or what would be worse, from their pity.

He had made himself comparatively rich; he had built up a home, as it were, in the wilderness; he had even tried, and with some success, to gain men's esteem—and what were all these worth to him now?

Such bitter thoughts as these filled Harding's mind as he arranged his coarse pallet, and then, throwing himself upon it, sought to forget his grief during the short space that remained before daylight. He was awakened, almost instantly, it seemed to him—although, in fact, three hours had passed—by the sharp crack of a rifle. Harding leaped up and ran to his door.

It was a dull, gray dawn—the sky overcast, but the air free from wind or rain. A little below Harding's tent there spread a plain about a mile wide. This extended along the bank of the river, and terminated in a clump of redwoods which grew far up the mountain beyond. Here and there on the plain were scattered a few small trees and copses of manzanita; but for the most part it was clear from the outskirts of the village up to the redwoods.

On this plain Harding now saw a remarkable sight. A man was running from tree to tree, striving always to get nearer the mountain. Perhaps 300 yards behind him were five or six armed pursuers trying to close in on the fugitive, and occasionally firing at him. As the fugitive passed, three shots were discharged in rapid succession. Yet the man still held on his way, apparently unhurt, and it looked as if he would quickly gain the cover of the forest. But there was one behind him far swifter than the rest, who ran like an Indian on the river or who threatened in a few moments to get dangerously near. It was because this man was so distant from himself that Harding did not at first recognize his own partner, Jack Storm, although he was in his usual well known Mexican dress. Now, Storm was the best rifle shot on Bullion Flat.

It appeared that the fugitive knew this. At all events, as if suddenly realizing his peril, he turned and ran straight toward Storm, resolved to draw his fire, apparently, and by confusing his aim to have a better chance of escape. Storm's ready rifle flew up to his shoulder instantly, and Harding saw the pale blue ring of smoke and heard the quick report. Still the fugitive sped on. He was plainly unscathed, or in any case not disabled; and in his hand there now flashed a bright something which Harding knew was a bowie knife. With that, although the combatants were a mile away, Harding seized a revolver and dashed at his highest speed down the hill. Almost at the same moment there also started in company from Bullion Flat three figures on horseback. These were Miss Tinsel, the "Demon," Mr. Bellario and Judge Carboy. All who were now making for the scene of the combat heard in sharp repetition five or six shots from revolvers; but after the last of these all was still. When they got to the spot they found Jack Storm fainting from loss of blood, but hurt only with flesh wounds; and they were told that the other man, his opponent, was mortally wounded, and had been taken, by his own request, up on the mountain side, among the redwoods, to die.

With a choking cry Miss Tinsel galloped on, and in a few moments Chester Harding and she were again face to face over the dying man's body. Ghastly white as he was, all dabbled with blood, and the foam oozing from his lips, her lover at once knew Jane's visitor of the night before. What had happened had been hurriedly revealed to Harding—in broken whispers by the bystanders—before Jane came up.

The man had robbed several rooms at the "Bella Union" during the night, and had succeeded in gathering a large sum. Among the treasures stolen were all the loose funds belonging to the Combination troupe, the night's winnings of Mr. Coppere's faro bank and Miss De Montague's diamonds. But just as the robber, toward daylight, was on the point of making off in safety, he met a lion in the path in Jack Storm. It happened that Jack wanted to have a talk with his partner, Harding, and, as they were then very busy on the claim, made up his mind to compass this purpose bright and early, before getting to work. Stumbling on the murderer, the latter was secured after a struggle, and "the boys" speedily determined to make an example of him. The man begged for a chance of life, and after some debate, had been given the option of the halter or running the gauntlet, with 300 yards' start, in the way we have described. In the subsequent struggle he had been shot through the lungs, and terribly cut with his own bowie knife—wrested from him by Jack Storm—and his life was now fast ebbing away.

As she came up Jane sprang from her horse, and threw herself on the ground beside the dying man. They had propped

him on a hillock of turf, and some charitable soul had brought water from the river. Judge Carboy quickly put a flask of brandy to the sufferer's lips, and he opened his eyes:

"Ja—Jane," he gasped, "my pretty Jane—this is the end—the end of it—a dog's death—and deserved, too—but—I—I—always loved you!"

She burst into tears and began sobbing over him and fondling his head.

"Don't, darling—don't, little Jenny—it won't be long—I am better away—better for you—there—there! I'm sliding away somewhere—and—"

His voice failed, and his dark face began to grow blue. The doctor, who had ridden hastily up, forced between the man's teeth some strong restorative.

"I want you to remember

that I was drunk when I did it—drunk and crazy. I was bad—vile—but not so bad as that. Don't tell who—who I am. It will only disgrace you—only disgrace you—I'm going, little Jenny!"

"Oh, father! father!" and the poor child bowed down her pretty head on the breast of the wretched thief and murderer, and wept as if her heart would break.

"No—no," he muttered; "no, little Jenny, I'm not worth it. Only—don't think worse—worse of me than I deserve. Perhaps mother—in heaven—has forgiven me! She knows—knows—I was mad when I did it."

"Yes—yes—I shall remember," whispered she, "always. Now don't talk more—not now."

"No—I shan't talk—much more"—a strange war smile came over his face—"not much more, little Jenny." He put up his hand and stroked her sunny hair.

"Tell them about this last—that I was desperate—I had broke jail—knew the officers were on my track—and was penniless. Give me—mercy—mercy. So, why, I can't see you any more, little Jenny—and yet it is morning, isn't it, not night?" He gasped for breath and clutched feebly at the air. "Kiss me—kiss me—mercy—mercy—Lord Jesus—better—better times—hereafter!"

A shudder, and the man was dead, and Jane was left all alone in the world. Poor, besotted, frantic Michael Green, all sin scorched as he was, had passed from the judgment of men to the more merciful judgment beyond. Yet the orphan, if alone, lacked neither sympathy nor protection. Nor did she ever lack from that moment the respect and confidence of the man of whose heart she had from the first been mistress. So that the true happiness came in time which is to offer the sweeter for being lost.

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