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PRICE 50 CENTS.

THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION MERIDIAN

Will travel for service in Kent County, during the season of 1892 as follows:

Leaving Kingston on Monday morning, May 2nd, he will go to Mill Branch and stand at McWilliams' Mill on Tuesday, then to Weldford on Wednesday and back to Bass River. Leave Bass River on Thursday and go to Molus River, down the Northwest to St. Louis and Kouchibouguac, remaining at Kouchibouguac during Friday forenoon, then back through Richibucto to Kingston, where he will remain until the following Tuesday.

Leaving Kingston on Tuesday morning, May 10, he will go through Chockphish, thence by Shore Road to Buctouche, standing there on Wednesday. Thursday morning he will go up Buctouche River, to Mill Creek. Friday morning he will go to South Branch, thence through Galway to Kingston. Making the above circuits each alternate week during season.

—PEDIGREE—

Meridian, registered in the 5th volume of Wallace's American Trotting Register, bred by Powell Bros., of Shadeland, Crawford Co., Pennsylvania, is by Satellite by Robert Bonnor, by Hambletonian, by Abalah, by Membrino, son of Imported Messenger. Dam, Belle Bashaw, by Long Island Bashaw, by Hawk Eye, by Long Island Black Hawk, by Andrew Jackson, by Young Bashaw, by Imported Grand Bashaw.

Terms, \$8.00 for season.

ANTHONY McNAIRN, Groom.

THE REGISTERED Trotting-Bred Stallion KINGSTONE.

"Kingstone" will be held for service of mares in the County of Kent during the present season, when hand bills will be posted giving the particulars of route, &c.

Although "Kingstone" has never had the benefit of any special training as a trotter, most of the experienced horsemen who have seen his movements pronounce his gait perfect and only requiring development; and, up to the present no reason has been forthcoming that shows that he is not one of the best in his class that has ever been offered to the breeders of carriage horses in this county.

As he is the grandson of the great founder of the Hambletonian family of trotters and roadsters, some of whom command \$1000.00 for season service, the owner of "Kingstone" cannot think of degrading the noble family by offering his services at any scrub rate; they are therefore held at the rate of \$10.00 for the season, or \$5.00 for a single service. But, to encourage the production of something extra, the owner makes the following offer, viz.:—When five or more mares in any one parish shall be booked to the service of "Kingstone," the parties doing so may choose a mare of exceptionally good quality which said mare can have the services of "Kingstone" free of charge.

Hambletonian 10, (the founder of the Hambletonian family) produced—among others—129 sons who sired 2,300 trotters, and of the number "Rysdyk," 653, (the sire of "Kingstone") stands credited the 29th on the list, leading 99 of his brothers, including "Robert Bonner," 270, (the grandsire of "Meridian,"), as "Robert Bonner claims the low figure of 2 to his credit, while "Rysdyk" has 7. Also be it remembered that "Robert Bonner" commenced his life five years before "Rysdyk," which is a big lead in horse life.

"Kingstone" is sired by "Rysdyk," 653, and he by "Hambletonian," 10, often called "Rysdyk's Hambletonian." Horsemen know further breeding. "Kingstone's" dam, "Duchess of Kent," was by the imported thoroughbred "Aracan," bred by Lord Exeter, and imported in Nova Scotia by Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. W. A. Henry, by "Ambrose," dam "Ava," by "Lancroft," second dam "Mecca," by "Sultan," third dam "Miss Cantley," by "Stamford," fourth dam, "Sister Silver," by "Mercury," fifth dam by "Herod," sixth dam, "Young Hal," by "Skim," seventh dam, "Flag," by "Crab," eighth dam, "Ebony," by "Children," ninth dam, "Old Ebony," by "Basto," tenth dam, "Massey's Mare," by his "Black Barb."

As "Kingstone" is perfectly sound, having neither string-halt or other disease, congenital or otherwise, colts from his loins and sound, healthy mares should be equally sound, therefore the owner respectfully solicits and reasonably expects a fair share of patronage for him.

L. W. DOHERTY.

Kingston, Kent, May 16th, 1892.

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Fontenay, the Swordsman.

(Continued from Page 1.)

everybody knew them, and the two columns were formed in two minutes.

Fontenay was at the head of his when Tournesol, placing himself beside him, said in an undertone:

"There they run! This would be just the time to blow us up, if they had any powder—but I was right, you see! the barrels were empty, captain."

Tournesol could not help this little retort to reward himself, and at any other time Fontenay might have reprimanded him to teach that a soldier may sometimes be right as against his superior, but he must never boast of it.

But all he thought of was to lead the men of the 14th Foot, while Zolnycki took his Polanders out by another sally port.

The colonel marched before both with the engineer captain and the sappers to demolish the barriers. They were soon at work, the men not waiting for them to finish before they scaled the broken beams and rolling stones. Never had they stepped out with so much ardor. This was rescue; they knew it and joy gave them wings.

Their goal was the gate toward which Suchet's soldiers also aimed, but was it vigorously defended, for the musketry grew warmer.

Not all the inhabitants had had time to flee, and the belated ones had run against the French. These tried to hurl them back, and both met an obstinate resistance.

The coming up of the garrison put an end to this unequal strife, as the Spanish, caught between two fires, could not stand.

Zolnycki and Fontenay would have the honor of deciding the day, and each strained to arrive the quicker on the battle-field.

Zolnycki had taken the left with his column through a street leading straight to the gate. Fontenay chose another street branching off the main avenue, the same the party with the flag had taken.

These and the French met at crossways, where Fontenay charged with brandished sabre on the receding foes; they fired at the column with the muzzles almost touching the mark. By some miracle, Fontenay was not hit, but his men fell all around him, and at the moment of hesitation the Spanish took advantage, not to flee, but to shield themselves from a flank fire by a corner formed by two houses. They were resolved upon being killed here, and continued to shoot down the soldiers in the open.

As they were only twenty paces apart, Fontenay distinctly saw the flag bearer and the commander; one young and the other old, but equally as brave, for neither flinched under the bullets.

The end was near. All heard the French drummers beating "the charge" before the gate assailed by Suchet's vanguard, and the Spanish defenders of it would be flung back upon the town.

"Charge, bayonets!" shouted the young captain.

As an answer to him, a voice that rose above the detonations called out in Spanish:

"Fire on the officer!"

At the same instant, a slug tore away Fontenay's cap, as he was the foremost to dash into the group, but he menaced the flag-bearer so fiercely that, to protect himself, he lowered the staff to use it as a spear. With one cut the creole severed its steel head, with a second he knocked the pole from the young man's benumbed grasp, and with a terrible sweep he laid the man in the dust beside the fallen colors.

Tournesol was laying about him so savagely that no rescue was attempted, and the Spanish, pressed by the French bayonets, closed their ranks together to prevent their leader being taken. He discharged a brace of pistols on the attacking party, and disappeared like a stage demon in the double flash and a cloud of smoke.

A ferocious hand-to-hand struggle ensued, but could not last long, and when the West Indian could survey the scene he was alone, almost propped up by a rampart of corpses next the wall. That of the flag-bearer stiffened at his feet.

A few Spanish fled into the town, pursued by the victors.

For an instant stunned, Fontenay received the flag from Tournesol's hands, as the latter said:

"It's yours, captain, for you took it. Keep it to show it. Such rags count in the records of service."

Fontenay had not intended to leave it there, although not yet thinking of the recompense to which he was entitled from the valorously acquired trophy.

"Hullo, ejaculated Tournesol, 'there's a picture embroidered on it, like on the banners carried in religious processions. These people never do anything like others'."

The picture was that of the Virgen del Pilar, the patron saint of Saragossa and "Captain in the Army of Aragon," according to a popular song still sung in Spain eighty years after the War of Independence and to be sung to the end of all time, so durable is patriotism in the land of the Cid.

The flag, which some pious nun or young and lovely senorita had worked, was stained with blood. Fontenay thought of Marguerite's cousin embroidered in these scenes of massacre, and of Marguerite far

from them all more happily, and he was filled with pity for the man he had slain. This soldier of Spain had fallen heroically perhaps he had a betrothed who was praying for him and would weep for him. He bent down to look at him and turned pale on at last recognizing the visage, though disfigured by his sword-cut which had split his forehead.

"Diego!" he exclaimed.

"Who is Diego?" queried Tournesol. "Do you mean to say you know this fellow? Stop a bit! It's the officer with the flag of truce!"

"Yes, and the guide given me at Chamartin."

"Who betrayed you? you tried to drown us both in the Escla, and stabbed you on the Benavente plain! well he has got only his deserts, the dog!"

"What has brought him to Teruel?" muttered the captain to himself.

"Oh, the dirty sty is a nest of vipers. All the scamps in Spain have taken refuge here. I should not be surprised if we found that sham valet of Palafox's."

"Nor I," muttered Fontenay, in a very low voice, remembering Don Blas' daughter and puzzled if the party leader were not the man.

"Attention!" interrupted Tournesol. "Here come our lads with colors flying and drums a-beating. We've bagged the game. Teruel is still ours. General Suchet cannot be far. If we do not budge, we shall see him pass and have a capital chance to make a present to him of our flag!"

It was indeed General Suchet, surrounded by his staff, followed by the colonel and two of his captains, who had defended Teruel and preceded by a vanguard company, marching in battle order to clear the way.

Caught under arms as they tried to leave the town, the Teruel rioters had been crushed without one escaping. Those who had escorted the standard taken by Fontenay were not all dead, but the survivors had dispersed.

The general entered in triumph the town, where, only an hour previously, the French were debating on the question of capitulation or rushing on death. There were grounds for consolation here for Suchet's check on the Valence road, much exaggerated by Villacampa's unfortunate envoy. Suchet had retired in good order before superior forces, and returned unimpeded into Saragossa; he dispersed the irregulars whom he met, and reinstated matters as before his baffled enterprise.

This future conqueror of Valencia was radiant. He recognized Fontenay from as far off as he could see him; Fontenay with unhelmeted head, his face blackened with powder, his coat ripped with two bullets and three bayonet thrusts, but they had not severely hurt him. He looked handsome, even more so than in Malmson Park, when crossing swords with Commandant Carénac. This time it was for France that he had braved a hundred deaths, and the master of fence had a right to be proud of the brilliant deed he had accomplished.

He was still holding the captured flag. Suchet received it from his hands, gave it to an aid-de-camp, took from this officer's breast a cross of the Legion of Honor and held it out to the American, saying: "I make you Chevalier of the Order, and I will report your conduct to his majesty the Emperor. When you please, you can resume your place on my staff. I am to stay three days at Teruel, and will receive you to-morrow at head-quarters."

He passed on.

Fontenay was suffocating with joy. All he longed for was the cross. The Empress had said: "Return captain and decorated!" Now he was a captain with the war medal, and could return to remind her of the promise.

"Well, captain, we've secured it," said Tournesol, in a low voice.

"The general ought to have given you the cross. Without you we should have sallied out prematurely and would never have gotten through."

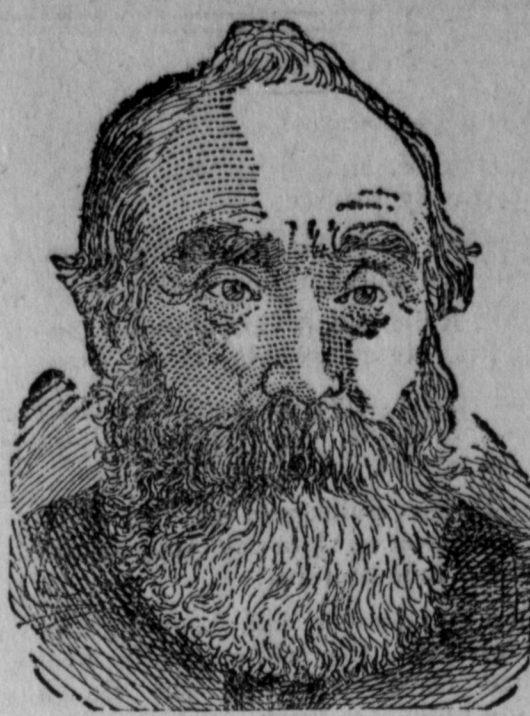
"I do not ask for so much. In the first place, Pelagie does not care anything for stars and crosses, while your lady-love, captain—"

"Strasburg is a long way off," muttered Fontenay, thinking of his beloved on the journey with the Empress.

General Suchet was inspecting the town with the colonel-commanding, to see how to shield it from any new revolt of the inhabitants, or descent of the guerillas. He intended to fortify it and leave a garrison to serve as a support in his impending expedition into Valencia, and he led the engineer captain with him to point out the weak points in the wall. Fontenay, who would be out of his element on this tour, turned back into the monastery with Tournesol.

He found Carénac there, who had presumed too much on his powers and had to stay behind, much to his regret. He took comfort in learning from Fontenay that the French had won all along the line, and his joy was at its acme when the young captain showed him the cross. On learning how he won it, the commandant fastened it on the gloriously tattered coat, which Suchet had omitted doing from want of a clasp.

Without counting Tournesol, all there among the wounded, even those who could rise, cheered the officer whom they liked.



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