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Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

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 Galloway 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 Bonner, by Hambletonian, by Aballah, 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 2,30 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 "Lancaster," second dam "Mecca," by "Sultan," third dam "Miss Canley," by "Stamford," fourth dam, "Sister Silver," by "Mercury," fifth dam by "Harold," sixth dam, "Young Hal," by "Skim," seventh dam, "Hag," by "Crab," eighth dam, "Elony," by "Children," ninth dam, "Old Elony," 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.

I. W. DOHERTY.

Kingston, Kent, May 16th, 1892.

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### Fontenay, the Swordsman.

(Continued from Page 1.)

"I did my utmost toward it."

"Yes, I know that you went into France to try to rid us of the tyrant who will end by subjugating the whole of Europe; but you could not approach him."

"He escaped me by an incredible mischance. I had him almost under my knife when a man threw himself between to intercept the blow. I slew him, it is one the less—but all the work is to be recommenced since Napoleon lives."

If Fontenay hesitated to have this blood-thirsty creature shot, the atrocious speech should have removed any scruples. The wound which he owed to the speaker began to sting, as if to spur him to an attack upon him.

"But I shall try again," proceeded the Tio. "I have friends in Paris, even among his courtiers, and I shall finally get within arms-length. I succeeded last year in entering his country-seat of Malmaison and recovering the property of my unfortunate relative, which would have gone into French hands."

"I knew of that and also that you have made a good use of it."

"Yes, I distributed the whole of the cash among the war-parties under my orders. There does not remain a single doubloon of the sum which I luckily drew from the bank of Madrid before the French seized it."

Had the speaker known that Marguerite's intended husband was listening, he might have enjoyed the pleasure of tormenting an enemy. But, if he had seen him, he would have perceived that he had too lofty a heart to be seriously effected by a blow only hurting his material interests. Paul knew that the noble girl whom he loved would console herself for a loss of money and he would prefer to marry her poor.

Nobody could accuse him of seeking her millions since she had nothing but lands—we might say "castles in Spain," a land where property in a Frenchwoman's name was then a chimera, and would perhaps always be so.

The Count de Montalvan was a thief, purely and simply, none the less.

Attempts are made to excuse political assassinations, but Fontenay had never justification of thieving through patriotism. He heard it now from a venerable nobleman, the finished pattern of Castilian honor, who had not once derogated from the traditions of his race in all the course of a long life consecrated to his country's service.

"Count," said Don Inigo, "I should have blamed you if you had kept the fortune. I praise you for having employed it to maintain the defence of Spain. I am quite sure that your daughter, Donna Inez, also approves."

"I have not consulted her," said the other abruptly. "I would to heaven I had never seen her since she became a widow!"

"What do you say? Donna Inez is a saint and a heroine. At Saragossa she was standing beside her husband when he fell dead in the breach. Good blood is ever true. You ought to be proud of her."

"Do you know what she did, here, in Teruel? To save a wretch of a French officer who presumed to go into her presence, at the time when the revolt was about to break out, she betrayed the secret which that luckless Angel had the imprudence to confide in her."

"She—a Montalvan?"

"If she did not betray it to him, she let the Frenchman escape, and warned of his danger, he ran to convey the alarm to his leaders. I was up in the Albarracin Mountains, then, along with Villacampa—happily for her; for if I had witnessed what went on here, I believe I should have killed her."

"Who told you what happened?"

"Carmen. Carmen is devoted to me, and she has a Spanish heart."

The listener in the side room would have smiled at the fanatic's blind truth, if the situation had been less terrible.

"Have you questioned Donna Inez?" inquired the old marquis.

"I do not wish to see her, and I will see her no more until we drive the French out of Spain. She will have to enter a nunnery at Tortosa, which is still ours. I will take her there if I can contrive to get out of Teruel to-night."

"Where is she?"

"In a hiding-place known alone to Carmen and me. She is in safety and the French will never find her."

"We'll see about that," muttered Fontenay, more determined than ever to find Marguerite's unfortunate cousin.

"Had I cut my way out this morning," proceeded Don Blas, "my daughter would have remained under my faithful Carmen's guard; she would have procured a peasant's garments, and on market-day she might have gone out mingled with the mob of women returning into the country. We were repulsed by the French, who outnumbered us. My bravest companions have fallen by my side. One whom I loved above all, the *licenciado* Diego Perez de Segovia, was slain so near me that I was drenched with his blood. I have been compelled to take refuge here, with no hope of cutting my way out by main force. We have no alternative but to flee in the night, for which I have the means. Carmen knows a secret way which ends in the ditch running out un-

der the town wall. We will use it—you, Inez, Carmen and myself. I know where to join Villacampa and when I shall have encloistered my daughter at Tortosa, I will take command of our dispersed guerrillas. We will drive the French away or die for Spain."

"I shall die, my dear count," gravely said Don Inigo, "for I am not of the age when one is lucky in war. But the sacrifice of my life was made beforehand when I left Aranda to bear you that letter from our great leader, Mina. I knew I should never return home, but I do not lament undertaking the journey since I have fulfilled my commission."

"Oh, that you had arrived two days sooner! Suchet's army was still afar and you might have got out of Teruel. I would have had you escorted as far as Mina's outposts; he was near Leride yesterday. Now, it is too late."

"Well, we run the same risk. I pray heaven to save you who can fight for your country, and Donna Inez de Molden, who I persist in believing, has nothing for which to blame herself."

"God be her judge!"

After this laconic and far from encouraging reply of Uncle Blas, the dialogue suddenly ceased. Fontenay had heard enough of it. He knew all he wanted to learn about these two men, and if he had pity for Don Inigo de Barrameda, he was less than ever disposed to spare the fanatical regicide of the Rue Saint Nicaise, the burglar of la Malmaison, the persecutor of his own daughter. Endearing as Inez was, yet he meant to encloister her for a generous deed which he treated as criminal weakness.

Fontenay was fixed on handing him over to military justice. But how to arrest him without at the same time arresting the old nobleman whose evil star had brought him into Teruel only a few hours before Suchet's soldiers? Fontenay could not warn him to seek safety, and, anyway, the valiant marquis would undoubtedly refuse to profit by the warning.

And our gallant fretted about the young lady to whom he owed his life on the day of the outbreak. What would become of her when her father was taken prisoner? Before all, where was she? Montalvan spoke of a hiding-place known only to him and Carmen. He had not said whence he reckoned to remove her in the coming night afar from the town, by a passage to be pointed out by Carmen. If she did not return, the projected escape was impossible, and Carmen, in departing, had declared to Fontenay that he should nevermore see her. Left to herself, Inez would perhaps perish of hunger.

The captain began to regret having embarked in this adventure which would not come to a happy end. The hour fixed with Tournesol approached fast. As soon as it should elapse, the obedient Gascon would come to see why his officer had not reappeared. He would rush in like a cyclone, and on the alarm the two Spaniards would not fail to throw themselves on their hostile neighbors in the dark closet. There might not be a door, but the panel would give way like one. Then would ensue an engagement with pistol and blunderbuss, probably terminating badly for the less well-armed French.

Fontenay's best course was to go noiselessly to join his man before settling on a definite step, but he was startled out of his reflections by the Count de Montalvan's voice saying:

"Hark!"

Fontenay, looking, saw him on his feet, his hands on his pistols listening sharply. Don Inigo had risen also, and stretched out his neck like a perplexed listener. A distant noise came up through the panel to Fontenay as well; dull knocking and confused clamor.

"It sounds like breaking down a door," he muttered.

He was not wrong; it was another door than that watched by Tournesol. The duenna had mentioned another on the side of the house, and Don Blas had alluded to it. A door at which he glanced probably led out upon the main staircase conducting to it. This one was so fiercely attacked that it could not long resist; shouts, indeed, were soon heard within the court-yard.

"The French?" muttered Don Inigo.

"We are betrayed," said Uncle Blas; "but we have another issue. This panel is a sliding one! come!"

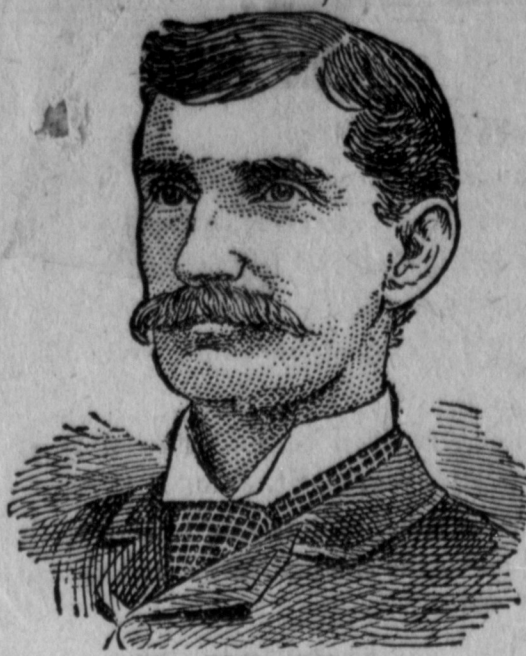
#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

RAPIER AND SABRE.

Fontenay raised his pistols, but feared he was shot. He could hardly hope to bring them both down with the double shot, and in that hole he was a fair mark for the comprehensive blunderbuss. But already the intruders had found the staircase, and were trying the grand room door.

Fontenay heard vociferations, some shots splintering the wood-work, and one detonation almost as resounding as a cannon-shot. It was the blunderbuss, pouring its contents through the assailed door. Shouts of pain and rage arose and several musket balls crossed the room and split the panel as Don Blas opened it for his friend to leap into the recess. As his eyes met those of Fontenay, the latter fired his pistols on the two, and flung them, smoking into the face of the count, who, spying him, was disconcerted in his aim.

Fontenay recoiled, but already Don Inigo fell upon him, and with dying hand



Mr. Mto Gilson.

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