

1891 XMAS 1891

P. A. Macgowan

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207 MAIN STREET, MONCTON, N. B.

During the balance of this month we have reduced the prices on all Winter goods. The weather up to the present time being very mild, sales in these goods have not been what they should, we therefore reduce prices.

DRESS GOODS—A magnificent range to select from in Black and Colored single and double width.

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"You have merely a seton there, officer of mine! no fracture—the radial artery has not been touched, though it was a close squeak—and you have narrowly escaped. We'll put lint on it, and there won't be a show for it in a couple of days. We call this a sham-battle wound."

"Heaven hear you, major!" exclaimed the novice, who feared nothing so much as being left in the rear, since he had entered definitely among the Emperor's campaign household.

He placed himself under the hands of the hospital attendants, who dressed the wound after a fashion, for the army medical service was very deficient, particularly in Spain, where every requisite was lacking.

There was nothing more for him to do than to seek a shelter until morning, without inquiring about his new comrades of the staff, with whom he had not made any acquaintance.

The ingenious Tournesol provided for the night. He contrived to find an old *cantiniere* who had gone through the Polish campaign of 1807 with the 13th Cuirassiers, she owned a "caravan" or "living wagon," a cart covered with a canvas tilt, wherein Fontenay could rest and eat in default of a better lodging. Tournesol made a "shake-down" of straw underneath the vehicle, and the horses did not go fast, thanks to his cares.

Undoubtedly the Gascon was a fellow of infinite resources, and his superior had the idea of sending him to find the body of the heroic lancer, fallen at the foot of the first intrenchment.

Not without difficulty he discovered it among the other corpses and wisely thought to bring to his officer some papers and a portrait found on the not yet stripped body. This Pole, who had fallen a victim to his bravery, was named Ladislaus Zolnycki; he was a Lithuanian, and the portrait of a fair young girl, no doubt was of his betrothed.

Fontenay locked up these relics in his portmanteau, saying to himself that if the fortune of war took him into Poland at some period to come, he might give them to the parents of the brave soldier who had saved his life.

As he looked at the portrait, his mind called up the sweet image of Marguerite de Gavre, a little forgotten in the midst of his adventures. She appeared to him, as seen at Malmaison on the eve of his departure, pale, trembling and hardly repressing her tears. Was she consoled already? Did she still love him? Would he ever behold her again? These were all question which he put to himself without power to solve them.

And would he meet that ruffian again who had robbed her and nearly killed him a second time on his road in this insurgent realm where no French officer was sure to live four-and-twenty hours?

Paul ardently hoped to meet one of whom he hoped to clear the world, without caring what might become of himself in this third encounter.

But the future is in no man's grasp—it is in the hand of heaven!

CHAPTER VII.

A LESSON IN INTERPRETATION.

The ambulance surgeon's prognosis was verified. On the morrow of the glorious charge of Somo Sierra our colonial friend was able to follow the Emperor on horseback with the suite into Bintrago, a fortress pretty town where the staff-officers had much difficulty in finding accommodation. The Spanish were fleeing on all sides and closely pursued with the sword. The French defeat at Baylen was avenged.

On the third day, Napoleon arrived before Madrid. The cannon and the muskets blazed and the church bells rang the general alarm. It seemed as if all the people of the capital meant to perish in the breach to save it from invasion. This patriotic enthusiasm speedily calmed. Twenty-four hours subsequently, the Emperor established his headquarters in Chamartin, close to the Alcala gate; and from the palace of the dukes of the Infante he issued the famous decrees abolishing the council of Castile and suppressing the Inquisition.

At any instant the capitulation was looked for, and Lieutenant Fontenay already wondered if the campaign were not finished so that he should never again see powder burnt. He had acquired a taste for it. He little foresaw that the war in Spain had only commenced.

For the present, nothing was craved for his happiness; had Chamartin been less remote from Malmaison.

During the three days' journey he had formed mess friendships with the other officers of the order-carrying department, all young and nearly all amiable. They already appreciated his quick and impulsive spirit, his hearty frankness, and particularly his good humor, for melancholy was not fostered by this staff, as may be surmised. These gentlemen lived in Paris between the campaigns, where they mingled in all the upper classes of society; they more often discussed the fashionable beauty than problems of strategy or foreign politics.

Fontenay, though coming from too far not to want experience on these heads, played his part very well in this concert of boon companions who were also valiant knights.

They had a right to amuse themselves a little, and not one was unprepared to leave a banquet "sup with Pluto," upon an order from the Emperor.

They soon treated the American as an old comrade, and he felt proud to be numbered among them, although only once having seen the enemy, and reckoning among his claims under service only one poor little unimportant wound.

He had never been so happy, although he had not received any news from Marguerite de Gavre, and he saw everything in a rosy tint.

This was the same with Jean Tournesol, who blessed his present fate and had faith in the future. He had obtained a regular transfer from the Thirteenth Cuirassiers, destined to carry on the war in Aragon, into the fixed service as orderly to Lieutenant Fontenay.

Chamartin seemed to him the best of garrisons. He was warmly housed and richly fed. The inhabitants were not too fierce, and as he had nothing much to do he employed his leisure in learning Spanish, in which he poorly succeeded, or he mixed with it so many words of his dialect that the grave Castilians who heard him believed he was making a jest of them.

It was really too much felicity, and could not endure.

The second day of the stay at Chamartin was marked by a grand event. In the morning news came that the Junta of Madrid would present themselves at midday to make submission to the Emperor and surrender the keys of the city for his disposal.

None of the staff were astonished at this prompt capitulation. All these young officers were accustomed to vanquish swiftly, and Fontenay was naturally fond of the same mode and had absolute faith in Napoleon's genius.

He did not expect to figure in the ceremony, but was not sorry to see the procession of discomfited alcaldes pass, and he was buckling on his sword belt before going to await them at the palace doors when a guard's non-commissioned officer came to say his majesty had summoned him. This order much surprised him and made him a trifle uneasy, for he was not on duty that day. What could the Emperor want of him? he could not conjecture, but he was compelled to obey and he lost not a minute in repairing to the headquarters.

He found the Emperor in the courtyard, surrounded by a circle of sentries and walking solitarily, with his arms folded. His countenance betokened a storm, and this somber air did not at all encourage the sub-lieutenant, who nearly lost his self-governance when Napoleon bluntly said:

"You stated to me at Somo Sierra that you knew Spanish?"

"It is true, sire. I do know it."

"Do you know it well enough to translate off-hand the speech I am going to make to these people, and repeat it to them in their own tongue?"

"Yes, sire."

"I warn you that I shall perceive if your translation is not strictly correct, for I know Italian, and the two languages resemble each other."

"Sire, I shall translate word for word."

"That will do. Remain. I apply to you because you are the only officer on my staff capable of acting as interpreter. It is shameful! After the war, I will order the grand-master of the University to open courses of the lying tongues in all the lycées."

Fontenay did not breathe a word as he stood ready to fulfill his task while saying to himself that he had come into Spain to fight and not translate discourses.

The Emperor resumed his agitated promenade, but the Junta did not keep him waiting. They numbered a dozen, clad in the Spanish fashion at the commencement of this century. They resembled pictures by Goya which had stepped down from their frames. Their attitude was humble, although hatred shone in their eyes. Perhaps the burghers of Calais, headed by Eustache de Saint-Pierre, presented a better face before King Edward III, of England.

Napoleon did not let the chief of the delegation have time to raise his voice.

"You have acted properly in not wearying my patience," he sternly began. "If you had delayed but one more day I should have burnt your city and left not one stone upon another."

The speaker making a pause, Fontenay faithfully translated this menacing exordium, and saw how the negotiators' visages still further lengthened. They were not at the end of their humiliation, for the Emperor proceeded in a stinging voice which rang like a bugle call in action:

"You come to sue for mercy because you are vanquished, and your gathered peasants have nowhere made a stand against my troops. In the month of May my soldiers were stabbed in the streets of Madrid. You know what that has cost you. I have chastised you, and I will chastise you again if you dare to revolt, and this time the punishment will be such that Spain will exist no more! I will make Madrid the capital of a French country."

Fontenay continued to translate as the address ran on without softening the terms of the oburgation. But Napoleon added:

"Now, mark this well, ye who, in bringing your submission, perhaps think to massacre the Frenchmen who have spared you—if you try again to preach revolt, I will—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"After using a number of other preparations without any satisfactory result, I find that Ayer's Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."—A. J. Osment, General Merchant, Indian Head, N. W. T.

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NET SURPLUS, 1,501,235 39

Total Assets, \$5,305,004 23

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New Assurance Written in 1889, 175,254,100

Premium Income in 1889, 25,257,323

Interest and Other Income, 5,035,765

Total Income, 30,293,288

Payments to Policy holders, 11,842,558

Assets, 107,150,399

Liabilities (4 per cent.), 84,229,235

Surplus, \$22,921,074

Ratio of Assets to Liabilities, 127 per cent.

Of the Life Assurance Companies of the world

THE EQUITABLE has for ten years transacted

the largest annual new business (in 1889, \$175,254,100); for ten years held the largest 4 per cent.

surplus (December, 1889, \$22,921,074); for four

years held the largest outstanding business (December, 1889, \$631,016,666); while its superior financial strength is shown by its high ratio of Assets to Liabilities, 127 per cent.

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An Irishman happened to be travelling

in the same carriage with two very learned

looking lawyers—one on either side of

him—when the latter, who were somewhat

displeased with the uncouth manner

of the former, thought by the influence

of some cynical remark he might be made

more tolerable. Accordingly, one of the

lawyers, tapping Pat on the shoulder

remarked—Are you an ass or a mule?

Neither, your honor, replied Pat, but I'm

between the two.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used externally,

cures rheumatism; not in a

minute however.

Daily Mail

And Passenger Stage leaves Weldford Station, I. C. R., for Richibucto, via Bass River and Kingston, on arrival of the St. John, Halifax and Quebec Express Trains, Sundays excepted.

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