

Daily Mail

And Passenger Stage leaves Welford Station, I. C. R., for Richibucto, via Ba-

River and Kingston, on arrival of the St John, Halifax and Quebec Express Trains Sundays excepted.

Returning—leaves Richibucto at 4.00 p. m., local, and arrives at Welford Station in time to connect with night express trains going North and South.

Fare, \$1.50.

Good Livestock Stable in connection.

L. J. WATHEN,

King St., Welford, I. C. R., Kent County

WESTMORLAND Marble Works, T. F. SHERARD & SON,

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.

Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

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FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Effectuated at lowest possible rates in reliable Companies.

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KING STREET, Welford Station, I. C. R.

M. HOLLERAND,

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Job Work done promptly and at reasonable rates.

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

D. F. BROWN & CO.

Manufacturers of

Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Tea Caddies

SHIPPING TAGS, &c., WRAPPING PAPER and TWINES all sizes and weights.

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Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, Mantels & Table-Tops, Garden Vases, Etc., Etc.

CUT STONE of all descriptions furnished to order.

A large stock of marble always on hand.

J. H. LAWLOR & CO.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Notice of Sale!

To Stephen M. Dunn, of the Parish of Harcourt, in the County of Kent, and Province of New Brunswick, Merchant, and Margaret Ann, his wife, and to all others whom it doth, can, or may concern.

Take notice, that there will be sold at Public Auction, in front of Court House, in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, on Wednesday, the twenty-third day of March next, at twelve o'clock, noon, "All that certain piece and parcel of land and premises situate in the village of Welford, in the Parish of Harcourt, in the County of Kent, in the Province of New Brunswick, being the land and premises conveyed by deed from Isaac McAnn and Martha McAnn, his wife, bearing date the first day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, and duly registered in Libro F, No. 2, folio 557, and numbered 17871, which by reference to Kent County Records will fully show," together with the buildings and improvements thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an indenture of mortgage made by the said Stephen M. Dunn, and Margaret Ann, his wife, of the one part, and the undersigned Henry Wilson of the other part dated the twentieth day of April, A. D. 1889, and duly registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County of Kent, in Book H, No. 2 of Records, pages 130, 131 and 132, and numbered therein 18716, reference thereto had will more fully appear, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said indenture of mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same.

Dated the 11th day of January, A. D. 1892.

HENRY WILSON, MORTGAGEE.

pears & CARTER, Sols. for Mort-

prevalent remedy, without medicine. It drives humours of the blood FOR pimple to the worst scroful

Baird's Balsam of Horse-hound relieves Chronic Coughs.

A Bad Cold

If not speedily relieved, may lead to serious issues. Where there is difficulty of breathing, expectoration, or soreness of the throat and bronchial tubes, with a constantly irritating cough, the very best remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It removes the phlegm, soothes irritation, stops coughing, and induces repose. As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be in every household.

"There is nothing better for coughs than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I use no other preparation."—Annie S. Butler, 169 Pond St., Providence, R. I.

"I suffered severely from bronchitis; but was

CURED BY

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved my life."—Geo. B. Hunter, Gosse River, N. S. "About a year ago I took the worst cold that ever a man had, followed by a terrible cough. The best medical aid was of no avail. At last I began to spit blood, when it was supposed to be all over with me. Every remedy failed, till a neighbor recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took half a teaspoonful of this medicine, three times a day, regularly, and very soon began to improve. My cough left me, my sleep was undisturbed, my appetite returned, my emaciated limbs gained flesh and strength, and to-day, thanks to the Pectoral, I am a well man."—H. A. Bean, 28 Winter st., Lawrence, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price, \$1; 6 bottles, \$5.

D. MACDOUGALL,

Photographer

ROBINSON STREET,

Moncton, N. B.

Robertson

& Givan,

Opposite Post Office, Moncton.

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

BUILDERS' HARDWARE,

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CARPENTERS' TOOLS.

LOW PRICES.

ROBERTSON & GIVAN,

Always Insure Your Property

—IN THE—

PHENIX

INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF—

HARTFORD, CONN.

Why?

Because of its strength, loss-paying power, and record for fair and honorable dealing.

Statement January 1st, 1892—

Cash Capital, \$2,000,000 00

Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, 554,523 43

Reserve for Re-insurance, 1,749,245 41

NET SURPLUS, 4,303,768 84

Total Assets, \$5,305,004 23

J. D. PHINNEY,

Agent, Richibucto.

The following are the most important items of the

THIRTIETH

ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

EQUITABLE

LIFE

ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31, 1889, \$631,016,666

New Assurance Written in 1889, 175,294,100

Premium Income in 1889, 25,837,523

Interest and Other Income, 5,935,735

Total Income, 30,283,258

Payments to Policy holders, 11,842,858

Assets, 107,150,309

Liabilities (4 per cent.), 84,829,235

Surplus, \$22,821,074

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, \$175,294,100); for ten years held the largest 4 per cent. surplus—(December, 1889, \$22,821,074); 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.

Free Lifetime Policies.

Bonds combining investment with Assurance.

For information address—

EDWARDS & FIELDING,

Managers for the Maritime Provinces,

Box 19, Halifax, N. S., or:

Special Agents GEO. REED, Moncton, N. B.; or:

Local Agents—Moncton, J. E. MASTERS; Chatham, F. R. MORRISON.

Mr. Smith, Conservative M. P. for Frontenac is dying, the effects of a kick from a horse.

Some tobaccos spurt up in the pipe while smoking, with little cracking explosions. This is caused by the addition of foreign matter to assist combustion. When the purity of the tobacco is not tampered with and it has been properly taken care of, this combustible foreign matter is wholly unnecessary. For in that case it burns at a lower temperature than almost anything else. Nothing of this kind is seen in smoking the "Myrtle Navy." It burns with steady combustion throughout.

I can arrange for one of their divisions to be crushed, or at least one of their brigades

"How would you set about that?"

"To-morrow morning I will lead this officer to the Escurial. He will see, with his own eyes, that our troops do not occupy the monastery or the villages; at Napoleon's quarters in the evening, if you will permit me to bring him back there, he will make his report on those lines, and Napoleon will certainly send a detachment to occupy the position he will believe abandoned."

"Well! what will we gain by that? The detachment will join their other army which is coming up via Vallabolid."

"That one will not arrive this side of the Guadarrama River before three days. To-night, advise the four guerilla leaders who hold the country towards Robledo—send them the order to march for the Escurial to-morrow and entrench themselves there. When the French present themselves, they shall find our men in superior force, and be exterminated. Not one will escape."

This discourse appeared to make some impression on the chief to whom it was addressed. He meditated while watching Fontenay out of the corner of his eye. With his elbows on the table and his head pillowed in his hands, Fontenay pretended to doze.

"Are you sure," suddenly inquired the leader, "that this *gavacho* does not understand our speech?"

"Oh, senor, perfectly sure," responded Diego. "He could not be so easy if he did. You can see that he has nodded off to sleep."

"Or feigns it," growled the rebel, not appearing convinced.

"If I thought so, I should agree with your excellency on the necessity of killing him, for he would know too much already and on re-entering head-quarters he would exactly inform his friends—to say nothing of his having me shot."

Fontenay had not lost a word of this dialogue, and most clearly saw how his life depended on a thread. The guide played a double game, and had entered the service of his country's enemies only the better to betray them. One involuntary gesture—a twitch of the features, no more—would have destroyed Fontenay by revealing that he understood the patriots who uttered the secret of their projects.

So far he had remained master of himself, and in the bottom of his heart he blessed the shrewd Tournesol for having suggested the idea of pretending ignorance whenever alone with the natives. Without winning he had listened to one of the insurgents calling him "*gavacho*," a gross insult which, in Spain, dates from the wars between the Moors and the Christians and has lost none of the sting by time.

He did not foresee that he was going to be put to a harder test. Judging that the foes would before long distrust his quietude if he prolonged his mock sleep, he raised his head, rubbed his eyes, and tranquilly looked at them.

"You are too credulous, Diego," remarked the chief. "The man may not be playing a trick; but I am not sure about his not knowing our tongue, and, instead of giving him the benefit of the doubt, I doom him to the death."

The final sentence was emitted in a sonorous voice. Though it was Paul's death warrant, he did not start. He may have turned pale, but his West Indian complexion was one that did not show change of color.

"Senors, I suppose that you approve the sentence," slowly said the leader. "This man would denounce us. He must die!"

"He must die!" echoed in chorus this ferocious jury of this pitiless judge.

"Good. He shall die. How are we to execute him?"

"Blow his brains out here."

"Or hang him to the tree in the road. When the French come up, they will see him dangling."

"It is not enough for the example. We ought to do like the Zamora butcher, who bled one like a calf the other day, split him in halves like a pig and hung him upon the hooks before his door."

"Or, better still, nail him to the tree by the hands and feet like a bat."

These savage suggestions sent a chill through the hearer's veins, but his face remained as impassive as a carib's at the stake. But if the chief who suspected him could have laid his finger on his pulse he would have learnt the true state of the case.

"And what do you say, Diego?" questioned the presiding officer of the tribunal.

"Senor," answered the guide, "if we kill him there will be one Frenchman the less, and that will not grieve me, but I affirm more emphatically than ever that it is useless. If he knew Spanish he would be already half-dead with terror, and look! he is yawning widely enough to dislocate his jaw."

This was true enough. Fontenay had the cunning to simulate a yawn in order to exercise his nerves in tension, and the better to persuade them that he was ready to drop with sleepiness and fatigue.

"By sparing him," continued Diego, "you may in a couple of days exterminate some hundreds of the dogs. But, all things considered, I am not overfond of the trade I follow the better to serve

Spain, and if you settle this Frenchman to-night, I will go off to-morrow to join the Empeinado's troop, which is mustering in Aragon."

The only counsel who pleaded the prisoner's cause before this hanging judge, Diego, threw up the defense. Fontenay thought how he should die. His pistols had remained in his holsters, but he had not laid aside his sabre, and before he was slaughtered he reckoned on showing how many cut-throats a swordsman can kill in an irregular combat.

Their leader, who had not lost sight of him, regarded him more fixedly, and said, after having reflected during several instants:

"The question is to know if it would be better in the interests of Spain to spare him. After having weighed the pleas for and against his death, I believe like you that we should let him live. The report which he will make to his superiors will be worth a victory to us."

Of all the snares which the wily Castilian had laid for Fontenay in speaking of the tortures destined for him, this was the most perfidious and difficult to avoid, for gladness is less easily dissimulated than fear. (Before the councils of revision for the conscripted recruits, those who pretend to be hard of hearing are always caught by it. When the chief surgeon says in a low tone: "You can go, my boy, you are unfit for service!" they start to leave the room without waiting for the phrase exempting them to be repeated.)

Fontenay could not decamp, but an involuntary movement would have discovered the satisfaction caused in him by the unhopd-for decision of the patriot incarnate, who had only one word to say to have him flayed alive. Not only did he not change countenance, but he had the subtlety to shout to his guide—in French, of course—

"Halloa, Diego! are those honest clowns going to hold you in talk the whole night through like this? I am dying to sleep and you know I must be moving at dawn, for I want to get back to Chamartin to-morrow at dark. Just give them good-night from me and tell them to be off home!"

Evidently the chief comprehended French, for he winked at the guide, who replied to Fontenay:

"Senor lieutenant, they are on the point of going, and you may sleep in peace as they will not come back. They have a good stretch of travel to get to their villages."

"You see, senor," went on Diego to the chief, changing into Spanish, "we have nothing to fear from this guileless boy. Does your excellency decide to leave him his life?"

"Yes; I will give orders to that effect. Your plan shall be executed, and I rely on your returning to witness the extermination which I shall prepare."

"I hope to do better than look on."

"That's well spoken. You are a good Spaniard. I will recommend you to King Ferdinand when we restore him to his throne."

"Oh, senor, I do not expect any recompense. My life belongs to my country. All I ask is to die for it."

"I leave you with Laguna. If anything happens before you resume the road to Chamartin, he must warn me."

"Ha!" thought the West Indian, "this old rogue of a tavern-keeper is one of the gang. I suspected as much, but I am not sorry to be assured."

"Still a word," proceeded the chief, "if you discover that the French dog is toying with us, and that he does know Spanish, swear to me that you will blow out his brains."

"I swear, excellency."

"Your word suffices me. I am at ease. *Vay usted con Dios!*" This formula signifies: "Go thy way with heaven!" It sounded as a sinister mockery in the lieutenant's ears after the terrible command preceding it; but he played his part to the end. Whatever he said he had not the slightest disposition to sleep after so much emotion, and he determined not to close an eye, for the Spaniards might change their mind and he did not mean to be taken by surprise. His hunger also had fled, and he contented himself with a lunch of black bread before lying down on a bench, draped in the horseman's rug, which took the place of mattress and covering.

Laguna's cookery did not tempt him, and the old sorcerer might experiment poisons upon him. So he left Diego to regale upon an *olla podrida*, which might have been prepared on a Satanic furnace.

The night appeared long to Marguerite's chosen, who thought of her all the time. Since the Empress had prolonged her stay at la Malmaison, she would still be there. What was she doing? Did she sometimes saunter to the walk where Josephine had affianced them? She had not authorized them to correspond with one another, but Fontenay meditated dispensing with the authorization and confiding a letter to the faithful friend George, for carriage to her address.

It would have been wiser to wait until he had done something towards placing her in possession of her fortune, but the hot-headed American did not plume himself on wisdom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"For sixty years," says a Baptist deacon. "I have known of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."

1891 XMAS 1891

P. A. Macgowan

WRIGHT'S BUILDING,

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 for 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.

FURS—Capes, Collars, Muffs, Caps, Boas, Astrakhan Jackets, etc. Prices greatly reduced.

Jacket and Ulster Cloth, Blankets and Comfortables, Table Linen and Napkins, Our Grey Flannel at 18c beats them all.

We are giving extra value in Sealette.

P. A. MACGOWAN.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

CROCKERYWARE and GLASSWARE

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ALL GOODS SOLD AT VERY LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

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DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS,

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FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE

TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,

COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,

PORK AND BEEF,

HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.

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HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE

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DRY GOODS.

Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,

IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE,

NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, LIME.

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SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

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SEASONABLE GOODS

AT REDUCED PRICES.

JUST RECEIVED:

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Boots and Shoes, etc.,

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