

INDIGESTION CURED!**FELLOWS'**

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for **Billiousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.**

PRICE 25 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 Chockpish, 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 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 country.

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 Cantley," by "Stamford," fourth dam, "Sister Silver," by "Mercury," fifth dam by "Herod," sixth dam, "Young Hal," by "Skim," seventh dam, "Hag," by "Crab," eighth dam, "Ebony," by "Childers," 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.

I. W. DOHERTY.
Kingston, Kent, May 16th, 1892.

**JAMES BUCKLEY,
MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN
BOOTS & SHOES
WELDFORD STATION.**

Also in stock—A fine assortment of Boots and Shoes, Moccasins, Horse Collars, etc.

**FONTENAY,
THE SWORDSMAN.**

A MILITARY NOVEL.
BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

On this point neither Fontenay, whose sword clanked remorsefully in its scabbard nor Tournesol required any details.

"He is dead," dolefully whined the harriard, "and I have remained all by myself in the house, for the seniorita who occupied the first floor has gone."

"Really? why should she go?"

"Because she would not stay after Don Angel's taking off."

"Where did she go?"

"I do not know, senior. She did not tell me."

Fontenay foresaw this reply and he took care not to snap at the bait.

"It is a pity," he said coldly. "I would have given a good bit to see her again—more than I gave you on the day when you showed me up into her apartments."

"Senior, I know that you are generous, and I am poor—very poor. This is as good as saying that if I could serve a caballero like your honor, I should not want suing. But I swear to you on my eternal salvation that I am ignorant where Donna Inez is—"

"Oh, her name is Inez, eh?" negligently interrupted the West Indian.

"Yes, senior. Did you not know that? Inez de Molden. Her husband, colonel in the Walloon Guards, perished at the siege of Saragossa."

"Then she may have gone to the country of her husband's family," suggested the captain, though believing nothing of the sort.

"Perhaps she has," replied the old woman.

She spoke freely of the husband, but not a word of the father. Studying her behavior, the captain wondered what was the aim of her falsehoods and her reticence. He was soon enlightened.

"Senior," she resumed, "more than you can think, I deplore my inability to satisfy you, as I know that you not only would not harm the lady, but would try to save her from your ferocious followers."

"Though she did not shrink from telling me that she execrated the French."

"She hates your nation, senior captain, but she has no reason to complain of you, and I vow that she does not hate your honor. But I vow, too, that it is no longer in my power to conduct you to her. There is only one service I can do your honor, one that, I believe, you would not pay too dearly for by giving me a hundred duros."

"Here we are!" thought Fontenay. "What is she going to propose? A hundred duros," he repeated aloud, "I have such a sum handy. What is it all about?"

"Suppose I deliver to you the worst enemy of the French, the high chief of the guerillas, the man who managed the revolt of Teruel, eh, eh?"

Fontenay thinly masked a frown of disgust. He was entirely resolved not to buy with blood-money the man whom he had fought sword in hand, but yet he wished to know of whom the dreadful duenna spoke, and he asked her for more.

"Perhaps you do not know his name," she said, lowering her voice; "but all the Spanish know it, and when I tell you about the bearer, you will admit that his head is worth at least a hundred duros. Your general would certainly pay more. This man is Uncle Blas, the Tio!"

Fontenay had enough self-command not to show either his joy or astonishment.

"Tio Blas?" he questioned.

"The nickname of Count Blas de Montalvan, organizer of the Aragonese insurrection, King Ferdinand VII.; representative to all the Juntas in revolt; the man who gives the orders to Villacampa, Pesaduro, the Empeinado and Mina himself."

The old witch might have added: "The father of the Donna Inez whom you seek," for she could not be ignorant of the seniorita's being the daughter of the powerful and mysterious personage.

"This is the first I ever heard of him," said Fontenay audaciously; "but if he is really as important as you assert, his head ought to sell very dear. Are you really in a position to deliver him up to the military powers?"

"I can tell you where he is—or, better than that, I can show you him—when you count down the coin."

"Show me him? a man I do not know!"

"You can not only see him but hear him, for he is with one of his associates, and, by listening to their talk, you will quickly learn what he is."

"How am I to overhear them without being seen?"

"I undertake to place you so you will not lose a word of their speaking and they will not suspect you are by. You will run no risk, for you will be able to get away at any time before they could fall on you, if they did by some very uncommon fate perceive you were spying them. Then, when you make sure you are facing Uncle Blas, act as you think fit,

You may run at him, and run him through, or, if you prefer it, go and bring your soldiers to surround the place and arrest him. He will defend himself, I warrant you, but he will be taken."

All this sounded fair enough, and while the West Indian was repugnant to employing such measures to thwart even an enemy who carried hatred of the French to the point of assassination, he was bound by his position to learn the conspirator's secrets concerning the State, as well as tempted to know about the Gavre property and Inez's resting place.

"How does he come to delay in Teruel?" questioned the captain to gain time for reflection on his course.

"It is not his fault," responded the woman. "He was surprised by the coming up of your General Suchet, and tried to make his way through your soldiers with a gathering of some of his followers. They were attacked before they reached the town gate; many were killed; the others hid away and they lost the flag carried by the count."

"Ha! then it was he who marched with Diego in command of the band we charged," thought Fontenay. "The affray was so short that I was not sure I recognized him. If I had, it is not Diego whom I should have cut down."

"The count has gone under cover like the others," continued the abominable hag. "He is in safety, for nobody knows where he is, save me, and he has entire trust in me."

"Why do you betray him, then?" interrupted the captain.

"Senior, I might reply to you that a hundred duros are always good to receive; I would rather tell you the truth—that I hate him, as much as I hate the French. For thirty years I have been serving him and abiding the occasion to avenge myself for an injury he did me."

It little concerned the West Indian in what way Montalvan had wronged the harriard, but before accepting her offer he wished to be informed about the particulars for carrying out the plan.

"What will become of you," he inquired, "after you give him up?"

"I shall quit the town, senior. I am only a poor woman whom your soldiers will allow to leave, and by evening I can be far from Teruel."

"She will go to the gibbet elsewhere," thought Fontenay; "I have no objections."

"Senior," went on the duenna, "I have no time to lose, as the town gates will be closed at dark and I should not get away living if I were still in Teruel to-morrow. Uncle Blas' followers would learn that I had sold him and would slay me without pity. I entreat your honor to decide."

"Suppose I decide on handing you over to the governor?" suddenly said the captain to test her.

"He would perhaps have me shot, but I am sure that you, a gentleman, would not give me up."

Carmen had accurately gauged the American; he was incapable of sending a woman into death, even a duenna who betrayed her master.

"It is understood," said he after a short pause, "that you can immediately conduct me to where this man is?"

"As soon as I am paid, yes, senior."

"I forewarn you that I am not alone. My orderly is in waiting in the street at the cloister entrance."

"Is the man you call your orderly the soldier who came after you at our store on the night when our people were to overpower the French?"

"The same on which evening, he saved all our lives." He might have added "By guiding me to where I broke your Angel's head." But he took good care not to say this for fear of setting the wretch against him at this critical time for closing the bargain.

She was meditating, and Fontenay could read on her face that she preferred dealing with him alone. She either was in very great want of the cash, or heartily detested the Tio, for she finally said:

"If you are sure of this man—"

"Perfectly sure."

"Then he may accompany us as far as the door. You must leave him there, and his presence will be guarantee against an outside attack upon you. He must not enter. You will see why. You can give him orders before leaving him at his stand but I believe it best not to tell him what you are going to do."

"I will tell him nothing. How did the idea come to you to enter this cloister? You could not know you would meet me here?"

"Certainly not, but I congratulate myself on having come, since I found you. It saved me from seeking you. Let us finish, senior. Time is flying."

Fontenay drew out his purse, took out a rouleau of gold and put it in the duenna's hand, who pocketed it without reckoning. She knew human nature and did not distrust the caballero.

"Now senior," resumed she, "if you will be good enough to follow me, you will see the Count de Montalvan in five minutes."

Leaving the cloister, she turned to the left. Fontenay started with her and almost ran against Tournesol, who had grown tired of waiting and was coming for him. Our good Tournesol was going to banter the duenna, for he had recognized her, but Fontenay closed his mouth by saying:

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Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctors said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

One Complete Sore

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