

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 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.

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.

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Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,

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Blacksmith's Coal.

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eye, but he did not leave his horses, and the Pole did not like to go up to him to speak of his superior's intentions. On the next day would be time enough to remind Fontenay of his promise, conditional but positive, to lend him his follower's horse.

An hour afterward they were more or less soundly sleeping without dreaming of the danger of surprise. Ten determined Spaniards might have made mince-meat of this rabble of men demoralized and almost weaponless, but the Spaniards were on the crest of Somo Sierra, and the night passed without any alarm.

The sky was slightly whitening in the east when the wide-awake Tournesol came to shake his officer out of a profound slumber.

Five minutes more and they were in the saddle. The Pole did not show himself, and Fontenay thought he had changed his mind. He was wrong, for the brave fellow was waiting for him at the outlet of the village, with his sword by his side and his lance on his shoulder, not having cast that aside by his crippled horse.

"Can you keep up with us," inquired Paul.

"Certainly I can, lieutenant. In the highlands, a man on foot can travel faster than a horse," answered the dismounted cavalier with assurance.

Tournesol did not venture to question his master about the new comrade, who preceded them at a rapid pace.

Silently and painfully they advanced, for the way was dreadfully bad. It rose in zigzags through a narrow gorge, between perpendicular rocks, and it was strewn with large stones against which the horses stumbled at every instant. Thus riding for an hour, they heard heavy guns boom with such violence that a storm seemed to be bursting in the mountains.

"The dancing has begun," observed Tournesol, and it is the Spaniards who open the ball with their large siege guns. I know them by the tune. Our people will try to silence them."

"My only hope is that we shall arrive before the end," grumbled Fontenay, spurring his steed without succeeding in making him trot on the stony escarpment of the detestable road.

"Fear nothing, lieutenant there will be plenty of lead for everybody. Behind cover these fellows strike like leeches." "They could not stand any length of time before the Imperial Guards, and they are there."

"Hark! our cannon begins to bark. Field pieces against theirs of heavy caliber! It is time that the infantry rushed their batteries with the bayonet."

This could not be happening yet, as the rattle of the musketry was added to the bellow of the artillery.

"Good! the attack is plain," commented Tournesol, "our columns are climbing up and they are receiving the pepper on the high land. But small shot will not check them, I'll be bound."

The Pole did not unlock his teeth but his eyes sparkled and he took strides an ell long.

The road grew steeper and was frequently cut by the dry bed of a torrent. The horses scrambled on amid incredible hindrances.

"It seems like quieting down," muttered Tournesol, who was an experienced judge.

Indeed, the fusillade was less sharp and the cannon boomed only at intervals.

"That's a token that the position was taken," said the soldier.

"Unless we were repulsed," murmured Fontenay.

He had divined correctly, for soldiers appeared, running pell-mell down the declivity. Some threw away their guns. It strongly resembled a rout.

The Polander stopped one of the fugitives in his flight to interrogate him but drew only incoherent replies, such as: "All is lost! the chasseurs of the Imperial Guard were swept back! The Emperor has been wounded!"

"It is clear that we arrived in the very nick!" ejaculated Marguerite's betrothed, drawing his sword a little too soon, as the enemy were not in sight.

But, though invisible, were not distant, as the clashing of steel and the neighing of horses were now to be heard. Side hills masked the battle field, very limited in compass unless the ravine suddenly enlarged beyond the final obstacles.

The ridge had to be surmounted to view it and the two horsemen no more than the lancer, shared themselves in doing so. But they did not make progress in proportion to their desire, as the ascent was steep and the runaway soldiers began to impede the passage.

The Pole came up to Fontenay to say: "Lieutenant, you know what you promised?"

"I am not going to break my word," bluntly replied the West Indian; but if we have been beaten—and it looks to me so—you may find plenty of masterless horses; and if a rout, I cannot dismount my orderly, for the Spaniards will take him and how him to pieces."

The ex-student of Wima had to be contented with this reply, but he would not give up the game. Perhaps he purposed fighting on foot, using his spear as the Swiss did in defending their independence at Sempach and Morat. He arrived simultaneously with the French at the last turn in the rugged way. When they had passed the corner of a rock rising on their

right, they suddenly had a sight under their eyes never to be forgotten.

"At last!" exclaimed Paul Fontenay, "I am going to be in a battle!"

CHAPTER VI.

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

Beyond the rock yawned a vast gorge, towered over at the bottom by snowy escarpments; entrenchments covered them and were armed with forty pieces of cannon and protected at the base by two ravines; bridges over the last had been destroyed. Flocks of Spanish sharpshooters flanked the batteries and compact masses of infantry crowned the heights.

Nearer at hand the Emperor Napoleon and his staff were sheltered by an enormous boulder half blocking up the way.

Still nearer the Imperial Guard chasseurs, repulsed with heavy losses were trying to reform to attempt a second charge.

A little to the rear of the Emperor two foot regiments were waiting.

Over all this scene of grandeur reigned a death like silence. No shots, no outcries, nothing but a confused hubbub, an audible shudder, which might be taken for the repressed breathing of the thousands of men piled up in the natural circus, shut out on three sides by inaccessible mountains.

It was now or never that the Emperor's messenger was bound to pierce as far as the Emperor. The impetuous American did not hesitate for a second. Without troubling about the Pole he incited his horse and rode straight at the imperial group. Tournesol followed at the gallop, but he was not so well mounted and he was soon distanced by his leader whom the escort pickets moved to intercept. But he passed them, shouting loudly enough to split their ears:

"Way! Make way! a courier for the Emperor! I bear a message to his Majesty!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Human Foot.

The size of the human foot, in civilized races, is declining. There is evidence that in classical times the average length of a well grown woman's foot was ten inches, and of a well grown man's twelve inches. The average length of a modern woman's foot must not be spoken of even in a whisper; of a modern man's it is a trifle under ten and a half inches. The decrease may or may not be due to centuries of restriction by means of boots and shoes; but it is a curious fact that several semi-savage races which have never cramped their feet, have, and have always had, smaller feet and hands than Europeans. Take, for instance the Maya Indians of Central America. The smallness of their hands and feet has been noticed by every one who has been among the people. And that smallness is no modern evolution. It is noteworthy in the sculptures representative of the ancient inhabitants of the country. In India again—especially among the more civilized races—the same thing may be observed. The handle of a Rajpoot native officer's sword is so small that no ordinary Englishman can obtain a fair grasp of it; and the Rajpoot's foot is in proportion. One cannot help concluding that smallness of hands and feet is not a sign of increasing vigor in a race, and that it is not, upon the whole, much influenced by whether people wear boots and gloves, or whether they go bareheaded and barefooted. Certainly the most vigorous races seem to be the largest handed. A Scotman's hand is often a thing to wonder at; and a North German's—particularly a Pomeranian's—is apt to be big enough to make a glover miserable. And there are no more vigorous races, mentally or bodily, in the modern world than the Scots and the North Germans.

Love's Young Nightmare.

Charles: "Mr. Levelhead, I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter." Mr. Levelhead (very dyspeptic this morning): "Which hand, right or left?" Charles: "Why both I suppose." Mr. Levelhead: "Then why don't you say both? What's the sense of saying 'hand' when you mean 'hands'?"

Charles (with deep contrition): "Very well, Mr. Levelhead I have come to ask you for the hands of your daughter."

Mr. Levelhead: "And what would you do with them if you had them? Let them make puddings for you, and say they weren't as good as your mother's? Let them bake cake, and call it paving stones? Let them open the door for you at three o'clock in the morning, and expect them to refrain from knocking you down? Let yourself get baldheaded, and hint that they are to blame? Let them work themselves to the bone to supply deficiencies caused by your extravagance? No; let me see some signs of toil on your hands, and then it will be time enough to talk about those of my daughter! Good-morning, young man!"

Culloden Cullings.

GENTLEMEN,—In 1888 I was severely afflicted with gravel of the kidneys from which I suffered great pain. I was recommended to take Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, finding great relief, and after taking a bottle can truly say I am cured and have not since been troubled. I highly recommend it.

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Statement January 1st, 1890—
Cash Capital, \$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, 254,523 43
Reserve for Re-Insurance, 1,749,245 41
NET SURPLUS, 1,301,236 39

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, 175,244,101
Premium Income in 1889, 25,357,223
Interest and Other Income, 5,085,765
Total Income, 30,333,288
Payments to Policy holders, 11,842,838

Assets, 107,150,209
Liabilities (4 per cent.), 84,329,255
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, \$175,244,101; 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.

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Local Agents—Moncton, J. E. MASTERS;

Chatham, F. R. MORRISON.

The first regular census for the kingdom of Great Britain was taken under the Pitt Administration in 1801. Although a lower was expected, the result gave 10,834,623 as the population of Great Britain, and that total was raised to more than 16,000,000 by the contribution of Ireland. The number of souls increased at a rate of between two and three millions every decade down to 1841, and in 1861 the total was swelled to 29,321,288.

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