

POOR DOCUMENT

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1898.



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We'll Tap a Keg:

For you. Our nails outweigh the weight we weigh them with. That is a way we have of winning customers. Whether hardware is wanted in large or small quantities try us.

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CATCH ON!

A Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year to all.

In tendering my sincere thanks to my numerous friends and the public generally for the very liberal patronage they have extended to me during the past year, I at the same time wish them to catch on to the fact

That I will on Monday, the 27th Inst., commence selling the whole of my large and well assorted stock of Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices. To let you know this advt. is no fake, I quote a few staple articles the price and value of which you know all about. That

New Valencia Lays Raisins 8c. Good Value at 10c.
Cleaned Currants 10c. Good Value at 12c.
Best American Oil 5 Gallons for \$1.00 Good Value at \$1.20.
Not less than 5 gal. sold at this price
Best Barbados Molasses, a choice article, 29c. a gal.
Tea that we sold close at 20c. now 18c.
Tea that we sold close at 25c. now 22c.

All other goods in stock at same reduction, these prices are Cash

Chas. S. Babbitt,

Main Street, Gagetown.

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And return it to us with a year's subscription to The Queens County Gazette.

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Gagetown, N. B.**

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year The Queens County Gazette.

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JAS. A. STEWART,

Gagetown, N. B.

Literature.

Twenty Years after Prohibition.

BY ANNIE E. HEURTTIS.

(Continued from last issue.)

"Yes," said Ruth, "and I loved her as my best friend. She is as good as she looks. But I am very tired now. We must be very careful and remember what Mike said, but it is very strange."

The next morning as soon as Mike could see Mrs. Greyson, he told her about Mr. Clayton and added that he thought he was staying at the rectory. "Indeed! and how will you tell Mrs. Clayton?" he asked.

"Oh, I must find some way, and Mike, I want you to go for Mr. Clayton this afternoon."

When breakfast was over and they were talking of the meeting of the night before, Ruth said, "Ralph, you know that I said the young lady who came to the meeting was I thought my classmate in the seminary, as she resembled her so much. Well, I was right, and she has found her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morton."

"I am very, very glad. Oh! mamma, and auntie, if you could have heard the cheering when all was made known, you would have thought the roof could not stand it."

Mrs. Clayton said she would rest for an hour or so; after she had left the room Ruth said, "Auntie, what makes you look so sad?"

"I have a duty to perform," replied her aunt, "and hardly know how to commence."

"Can I help you, auntie? You know I will if I can. Tell me what it is, do please."

"Yes, you can, dear Ruth, if you will be very calm while I tell you and Ralph something concerning you both."

"Tell us, auntie," they both cried. "We promise to be calm, if you wish it."

"Know then, my dear children, that the lecturer at those meetings is your own father, who left this village many years ago."

Did our father push us all out in the storm? Did the picture he had with him mean us all, and when we were only small children? How did poor mamma live through it all? and poor Ruth began to weep bitterly.

Ralph covered his face with his hands. The knowledge was almost more than he could bear and so unmanned him that he could scarcely speak.

"We never heard of this before, and we have been so happy, but all is changed now, and the deadly alcohol did it all; blighted our home and made my father a wanderer. No wonder that my mother always seems so sad," he said, after a few moments.

"And alcohol robbed the Morleys of their children and ruined their home too. I also, will do all I can to keep the fiend down," he said, resolutely.

"We did not tell you," said Mrs. Greyson, "as we knew you would always be thinking about it; and your mother and I thought we ought not to blight your young lives. But remember it was alcohol caused your father to push his wife and babies out in the cold; for your father was always very kind."

"We must all be calm, however, for your mother may soon be here again. 'Tis over an hour since she went to her room. You go out for a walk while I break the news to her."

Mrs. Clayton seemed very much refreshed after her rest, and said to her sister, "I have had a beautiful dream. I thought that poor Charles came home. I was so happy. You know I have forgiven him all long ago. The speaker's voice reminded me of him so much that I cannot forget it."

"Lucy! oh Lucy! the lecturer was your husband and he is at the rectory and Mike is going after him this afternoon!" Lucy was very quiet for a few minutes, then she said, "Thank God! my sister, thank God!"

Mike went for Mr. Clayton and found him in the sitting room at the rectory. When he rang the doorbell the servant opened the door and was surprised to see Mike. Mike enquired for Mr. Clayton and when the latter appeared Mike said gravely, "Shure, sor, the mistress sent me for ye. Your wife and childer are there, and they all want to see ye. I have the carriage, sor."

Mr. Clayton bowed his head and deep sob shook his whole frame. "Oh, Mike! can they forgive me," he cried, "after I have used them so bad?"

"Do come sor; they said they had forgiven you, sor. Oh, don't you want to see them. Shure, sor, but 'twill be the sorry time if ye don't come!"

So Mr. Clayton went home with Mike. When he entered the sitting room he found Mrs. Greyson and Mrs. Clayton both there. Ralph and Ruth, not expecting him so soon had gone to the library.

Mrs. Clayton was sitting by a window and as the door opened her eyes met those of her husband. "Oh, Charles," cried she, and immediately swooned.

"My poor, poor Lucy, is she dead," he cried, frantically, turning to Mrs. Greyson.

"She has only fainted, I think," said Mrs. Greyson. "Send Mike for Ruth."

Ralph and Ruth both came running in haste to the sitting room. Their mother opened her eyes as they entered, and in a few moments seemed much better.

Is this my son Ralph? cried Mr. Clayton, clasping his arms about Ralph's neck. "Forgive me, my son, forgive me," he murmured, brokenly.

"Then turning to Ruth, who stood close to her mother, he said, "My dear little daughter, can you too, forgive your erring father?"

He kissed her fair brow again and again, and looking at his wife, he said, "She resembles you, Lucy, when you were younger."

Then turning to Mrs. Greyson he said, "my more than sister, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to my little family when I left them. My brain was unsettled and all was caused by that fiend alcohol."

About three days after Mr. Clayton's return to his family he said, "I think I will call on the Morton family this afternoon. Will you go with me, Ruth?"

"Oh, yes," said Ruth, "I want to see Lucy. We were such good friends. I suppose she wonders why I have not been to see her."

As they approached the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Morton had been boarding since coming to the village, Ruth said, "There is Lucy, and a young gentleman coming toward us. I wonder who he is."

"Why, Ruth, he is her brother, De Lucy. How very happy they look. I telegraphed for him two days ago. The old folks are coming this way, too," said her father. "We will wait here until they come."

"After Mr. Clayton had introduced his daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Morton and their son, Lucy said, 'It is to you, Mr. Clayton, that we all owe this great happiness, and the old couple said with tears in their eyes:'

"Oh, dear sir, you have made us the happiest of mortals. How can we ever repay you?"

"I enjoy your reunion with your children, as I have also the same blessing to be thankful for; but I caused all my trouble by just one glass of wine too much," said Mr. Clayton.

The moral which the writer wishes to convey is this: Our fair Dominion of Canada has not yet been blessed with Prohibition and these scenes, that are daily enacted in a drunkard's home, are such that no pen can describe; the evils resulting from the use of intoxicants as a beverage. In many homes in the county of Queens, we believe scenes can be told of, that would make temperate people shudder. Even the waters of our noble river St. John have been polluted by drunken persons being drowned in their clear, pure depths, and the poor wrecks of humanity are tossed about by wind and waves and perhaps washed upon the shores, to the sad disgust of all who see the bloated disgusting sight. And in the cities, how hard it is for an inebriate to reform, (even if he should desire to do so) as he passes these saloons or liquor dens, the fumes of spirituous liquor are wafted in his face. Oh! how hard to reform with the stuff before him continually. May God in his mercy, hasten the plebiscite, and then may all vote, and vote against the sale or use of alcohol in any city or village in our fair Dominion, and also in the United States.

Poetry.

TREMBLE, AND OBEY!

Oh! oh! Willie, what a silly
Ass you show yourself to be!
Now in China, Silly Billy,
You're like a monkey up a tree.

A tree that for the German nation
Bears nothing—neither nut nor fruit
Swallow, Bill, your proclamation,
Climb down, you silly thing, and scoot.

Tremble and obey—this late day—
Oh! Willie dear, it is most clear
No ass-to-day can you out-bray,
Oh! Willie change your brand of beer.

You say you want some ships of war;
But, Willie dear, you've got no coal,
And if you get them, you jackdaw,
You'll surely get them in a hole.

Some other fellow'll gobble 'em
Before they have grown very old
Unless at home you hobble 'em
So they can't stay out in the cold.

Oh! Willie dear, when Darwin wrote
That from the monkey came the man
He knew you not, that man of note,
Or he would have changed his plan.

We now, Willie, sure as sight,
You've proved it as no other can,
Did he still live he now would write
That monkey surely comes from man.

Your father had a brain as true
As any other man we meet,
But we can only see in you
Conceit, conceit, conceit, conceit.

Your grandad had a level head,
He, as a man, was true and wise;
But in your head all sense lies dead,
You're a peacock monkey in disguise.

This is a breed that's rather new
And not much to be desired;
Perhaps it may seem good to you,
But by none else is it admired.

N. Y. Times
"Did Hopkins get nervous prostration trying to make money?" "No, he got nervous prostration trying to borrow money."—Chicago Record.

A BIG THING ON ICE.

There was excitement in the crowd

When pa put on his skates.
Folks hardly dared to speak aloud,
He looked so haughty and so proud,
But all much interest avowed,
When pa stood on his skates.

A hush fell on the mighty throng
When pa stood on his skates.
He was so cool, so nonchalant,
No one could fear a contretemps
To see his graceful abandon,
When pa stood on his skates.

But ah, me! what a fall was there
When pa first tried to skate!
With one wild swoop of fierce despair
He set down where there was no chair,
And both his legs waved in the air,
When pa first tried to skate!

Then everybody looked away.
While pa took off his skates.
The sun stopped shining for that day,
The sky grew overcast and gray,
For pa said things unfit to say
While he took off his skates.

White's Cove.

The weather here has been rather stormy, but nevertheless it has not prevented the jingling of sleigh bells.

Mr. Howard Farris who has been spending a few weeks with his parents intends leaving for Portland in the near future and will be much missed by his many friends.

Miss Dora Orchard a few night's ago while driving to meeting had the misfortune of falling out of the sleigh, but no serious accident occurred as the horse was very docile and its owner soon managed to get the buffalo and robes to their place again.

Mr. Melvin Granville of Coxe's Point passed through this place on his way home last week.

The quarterly meetings at Jemseg were largely attended by people from all parts. Ernest Orchard was among the number, and had the misfortune of having a valuable whip stolen.

A very enjoyable evening was spent in the hall last Tuesday evening by the young people of this place. Good music was furnished and they tripped the light fantastic until about twelve o'clock.

The school of this place is under the careful management of Mr. Flower of MacDonald's Point.

Old Nurse—"Well, how do you like your new little sister?" Bertie—"Oh, Nurse, ask mamma not to name it a girl—name it a boy so I can have a kid to play with."—Truth.

Mistress of the House—"My good man did you ever take a bath?" Tramp—"No, mum; I never took anything bigger'n a silver teapot."—Tit-Bits.

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Be sure you get our brand, as other Canadian Wines are sold as Pelee brand.
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GAGETOWN, JULY 27th, 1897.
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I am, yours gratefully,
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