

**Barbed Wire Fencing,**  
4 POINTS—6 INCHES APART.  
**Plain Wire Fencing,**  
**Woven Wire Fencing,**  
Poultry Netting, Etc.




**Pumps for all Purposes**  
WATERING STOCK,  
WASHING CARRIAGES,  
WELL PUMPS,  
HOUSE PUMPS, &C.

Send for our Pump Catalogue.  
**T. McAVITY & SONS.**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**THE BEST PLACE TO BUY**  
**Farm Machinery and Carriages**  
—ALSO—  
**Bicycles a Full Line always in stock**  
AT  
**A. MYERS,**  
82 Germain St., Saint John.

They banish pain and prolong life. **ONE GIVES RELIEF.**



**RIDANS**

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style medicine containing the active principle in a paper capsule (without glass) is now for sale at home drug stores—50¢ per dozen. The low price is intended for the poor and the economical. One course of the first-class medicine (the medicine can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents) will be sent for five cents. The medicine never made since the world was created.

**Do You Think of Building**  
I manufacture every description of...  
**Building Materials,**  
and will furnish prices and estimates.  
Give Me a Trial Order.  
**A. A. MABEE,**  
212 and 214 Main St.,  
ST. JOHN N. B.

**CUT THIS OUT**  
And return it to us with a year's subscription to The Queens County Gazette.  
**The Queens County Gazette,**  
**Gagetown, N. B.**  
Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year The Queens County Gazette.  
Name:.....  
Post Office address:.....  
ADDRESS,  
**JAS. A. STEWART,**  
Gagetown, N. B.

**TEMPERANCE COLUMN.**  
Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease  
ONE SCENE OUT OF MANY.

It was a dreary miserable morning, a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had fallen continually through the night and still drizzled in a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along, occasionally hitting one another with their wet umbrellas and slashing the mud right and left over the dirty pavement. Crossing the filthy street, where the thick black mud entered the soles of her shoes, and clung with tenacity about her thin ankles, was a young girl of thirteen or thereabouts. She breathed the driving wind and sweated not but the straight course ahead, although her protection against the elements was only a ragged dress and a thin faded shawl of many colors. Tied about her untidy mass of hair was an old hood, and upon her feet were an old one-sided shoe, unlaced and torn at the top, and a coarse discarded boot, hard and unyielding. She seemed utterly indifferent to the rain. Why should she be otherwise? For one who is thoroughly wet and worn a few drops more or less either of water or trouble makes little difference.

She hurried around the corner and a shiver passed through her frame with a cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on as fast as possible, considering her soaked feet, held her poor wet garments close to her as if for protection, turned up a dark court, opened a creaking door in a rickety tenement house and entered. How cold and dark and damp, although just what she expected. A deep sigh escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called father) on the straw in the corner did not move, and she softly opened the door into another smaller room and looked in. All was hushed and still. On a low couch of straw, covered with a thin, patched army quilt, lay a little girl of seven, pale and faded; but, though the clammy sweat stood upon her brow, one could not but say, "How lovely." Yes, though a drunkard's forsaken child, Lena Croft's pinched features were beautiful. Amy knelt down by her side, took the little thin hand in her own, and poor child although she did not intend to wake her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the little one's eyes opened and looked upon her imploringly. She had begged her father, with all the strength and pathos of her anguish, to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before the degraded man with her earnest pleading; but no, this heartless father turned away from his eldest child, and she had to wait until God's blessing would have brought relief to his sick child, and gave it to the rum seller, who was licensed to flood his home with poverty, hunger and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy, I'm so hungry. Can I have something now?" Amy looked at the thin cheek so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that once beamed with laughter, and her heart sunk within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. She had come back empty-handed and broken-hearted. She could not resist this appeal.

"You may, dearie. You shall, my little lamb. Just wait a minute," she cried, and again she bounded out (that freezing, wet, starving child), resolved that she would ring the front door bells and see the ladies themselves, as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door, and in answer to Amy's pleadings "Please, may I see the lady?" she received "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your dirty feet. Begone this instant," and the door was slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As the servant opened the door Amy said quickly, "My little sister is starving, please give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to back doors," angrily answered the girl, and was about to shut the door when a gentle voice said, "Let her step in on the oilcloth so that I can see her."

"But, sure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, and covered with mud."

"Do as I say. Let her in."

The door was opened and Amy stepped in.

"Oh, how lovely," thought the poor out-cast, "how bright and how lovely everything is," and her eyes wandered to the sweet-voiced invalid lying upon the crimson hall-ouch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"O ma'am, something for my sister. My poor little sister is sick and dyin' and starvin'."

"Poor child, poor little girl. Katy tell the cook to give her part of my beef tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly and some bread and meat, and be quick about it." The poor girl received the package

with a thankful heart, and the world looked brighter to her eyes as she ran fast to the hotel she called her home, although the rain still fell pitilessly.

Just as she entered the door the tattered heap in the corner moved, and the miserable father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her with an ill-tempered scowl. He had grown so lazier and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

"What you cryin' so sneakin'?" he fiercely demanded.

Something for Lena; she's starvin', father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm starvin' and thirsty too."

"O father, I can't, Lena's dyin'!" moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor, but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible that the frightened child tremblingly handed him the precious basket. Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef tea as if famished, then greedily followed with the meat and as much of the bread as he could eat. Then he rose staggering, and wrapping a cup of jelly in a paper, he started towards the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with great effort asked, "Where are you going with the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"O, father leave me the jelly or Lena will die," and poor little Annie wrung her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as you are," was the answer and the father turned away.

Amy opened the bedroom door trembling. How could she face her little sister without food again, and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Thru' the little broken window came a feeble ray of light, revealing a patient loving smile on the thin white lips. She held out her wasted hand to Amy, and the heart-broken girl caught it between her own and covered it with scalding tears as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry. Amy, my good Amy I'm asleep; but I love you a drink. Kiss me Amy for I'm going to Manama. I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any more. Will I Amy? My tears were falling faster than the rain-drops outside, but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you sister, soon—soon. No tears there. Mamma. The sinless sleeper was at rest.

**Guilty of Murder.**  
ALFRED, Me., June 15.—Frank P. Cook of Kittery was found guilty of murder in the first degree in killing Mrs. Mary Tarleton of that town, in the supreme court, this afternoon, but sentence was withheld pending decisions of points of law raised. The trial began Monday, and considering the fact that it took till nearly Tuesday noon to obtain a jury, the trial had been an expedition on one. Interest in the case has been purely local, as there was no sensational incidents attending the crime. The murder, nevertheless, was cold-blooded and the only apparent motive was robbery. It was admitted by the defence that Parks was intoxicated at or about the time of the murder. Objection by counsel is based on the judge's charge to the jury. Should the verdict stand, the extreme penalty would be life imprisonment, as Maine has no capital punishment law.

Be upright in everything, especially in riding a bicycle.  
Why is lore like a canal boat? Because its an internal transport.  
**COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.**  
Why is sympathy like blind man's-buff? Because it is a fellow-feeling for a fellow-creature.

**Pay Up and Get a Big Prize.**  
Farm Journal Five Years.

By special arrangement made with the publishers of the Farm Journal we are enabled to offer a 5-year subscription to that paper to every new subscriber who pays for the Queens County Gazette one year ahead; and the same offer is made to every old subscriber who will pay all back dues and one year in advance—both papers for the price of ours only.

In order to get the Farm Journal as a premium for advance payment it will be necessary to place your order at once at this office, for we have only a limited number of 5-year subscriptions to dispose of. The Farm Journal is on solid foundation and perfectly trustworthy.

**ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE** for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Deasy, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. 200 pages for agents. Bristful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy, unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

**1899 Moncton Woolen Mills 1899.**

I wish to inform my customers and the public generally that I will have the pleasure of again calling on them with a full assortment of goods from the above Mills, consisting of:

- YARNS, FLANNELS,
- SHIRTINGS, BLANKETINGS,
- DRESS GOODS, RUGGINGS,
- HOMESPUNS, TWEEDS,
- OVERCOATINGS, ETC., ETC.

The highest recommendation for these goods and the best proof of their adaptability to the consumer is that each season finds them in greater demand. Thus adding new customers and increasing my sales which last year was ahead of all previous years, and now with new ranges of the latest colorings and designs and the generous co-operation of the public I hope to make this the banner year. Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance for the present year, I am,  
Yours very truly,  
**ALFRED P. SLIPP.**  
Upper Hamstead April 25th, 1899.

**NOTICE.**  
The subscriber having purchased from Mr. Henry Akerley, of Indian town, the handsome dark bay stallion, "Hornade," wishes to inform the public that the above horse will stand at the owner's barns for service during the present season.  
FRED EBBETT,  
Lower Gagetown, N. B.

**WANTED.**  
Hides, Calf Skins, Sheep Skins, Lamb Skins. Highest market prices paid for the above.  
FRED W. COOPER,  
Gagetown, N. B.

**FOR SALE.**  
The Subscriber offers for Sale a very handsome new Top Buggy, will be sold at a Bargain. Any person wanting one will do well to examine it at once, as it will be picked up quickly.  
T. S. PETERS,  
Gagetown, May 23rd, 1899.

**No Summer Vacations.**  
St. John's delicious summer weather, and our superior ventilating facilities, make summer study just as pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for entering than just now.

**FOR SALE.**  
THE ISAAC PITMAN SHORTHAND and the New Business Practice (for use of which we hold exclusive rights) as great attendance promoters.  
Send for Catalogues.  
S. KERR & SON.

**FOR SALE.**  
For sale a Clyde Brood Mare, weight 1500 pounds. A chance for bargain.  
Apply to  
H. B. HALL,  
Gagetown, N. B.

**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR**  
**EDDY'S**  
"Eddy's" Pure Malaga 50¢  
"Eddy's" do. do. 40¢  
"Eddy's" do. do. 30¢  
"Eddy's" do. do. 20¢  
"Eddy's" do. do. 10¢  
"Eddy's" do. do. 5¢  
THE PUREST IN THE WORLD—NO SUBSTITUTES.

**THE E. Eddy Co., Limited, Hull, Que.**

**THE GLOBE,**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

**The Leading Newspaper of the Dominion.**

**THE DAILY**  
—Has over 12,000 more regular circulation every day than it had in 1897, and nearly 4,000 more than one year ago. IT CROSSES BARRIERS IF PLEASED. IT HAS ALL THE NEWS EVERY DAY.

**THE SATURDAY ILLUSTRATED.**  
With its 24 or 28 pages every Saturday its illustrated supplement, its many special features—Short Stories and Sketchy Articles—besides having the current news of the day, has become a strong rival to the monthly magazines.

**IT IS CANADA'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER.**  
You can have THE GLOBE every day and the SATURDAY ILLUSTRATED for about the same price as you have to pay for many of the smaller dailies.

**THE WEEKLY GLOBE**  
Has had several new features added, has all the news of the week in concise form, and keeps its readers in close touch with every part of the world, and more especially our own country.

Subscription rates and full particulars can be had at the office of this paper, any newsdealer or postmaster, or send direct to  
**THE GLOBE,**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

**NOTICE!**  
Take notice that the firm of CHEYNE & PALMER, of Hibernia, Queens County, have dissolved partnership, and that all debts due said firm are to be paid to T. W. PALMER, who will still continue the business. Dated at Hibernia, Queens Co., October 24th, 1898.

**FREDERICTON**  
*The Business College*  
W. J. OSBORNE PRINCIPAL  
**No Vacations!**  
As we have no vacations, students may enter at any time, and remain until the completion of the course, without interruption.  
Send for a Catalogue, if to no other reason than to learn how a first-class institution is conducted.  
Address,  
W. J. OSBORNE,  
Principal,  
Fredericton, N. B.

**Seeds Seeds!**  
JUST IN AT  
**G. T. Whelpley's**  
1 Carload Timothy and Clover Seed.  
1 Carload Ontario Seed Oats, (Assorted Kinds) Banner, White Russian, Rosedale, Early Gothard.

**The Usual Large Stock of Fine Groceries,**  
Flour, Corn Meal, Cat Meal, &c.  
**TEA A SPECIALTY.**

**G. T. Whelpley,**  
310 Queen St., Fredericton.

**R. WOTTRICH,**  
Gun Maker,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
All Kinds of Sporting Goods.  
Special attention given to Winchester Rifles and Revolvers. Also repairing of all kinds of Bicycles and manufacturer of Surgical Instruments and Trusses. Perfect fit of Trusses guaranteed. Made to order.  
254 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

**THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR**  
**DR. CASE,**  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

**St. John Semi-Weekly Sun.**  
Cash in Advance, 75 cents a Year.  
The Cheapest and Best Newspaper for Old and Young in the Maritime Provinces  
Twice a Week—Wednesday & Saturday  
Reliable market reports.  
Full shipping news.  
Sermons by Dr. Talmage and other Eminent Divines.  
Stories by eminent Authors.  
Despatches and correspondents from all parts of the world.  
Call and see our Type-setting Machines in operation. The greatest invention of the age.

**St. John Daily Sun**  
IS A NEWSPAPER  
First, Last and all the Time.  
2 CENTS PER COPY FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR  
In quantity, variety and reliability of its despatches and correspondence, it has a rival.  
Using Mergenthaler Type-casting Machines THE SUN is printed from new type every morning.  
Established in 1878, it has increased in circulation and popularity each year. Advertising rates furnished on application.

**NOTICE.**  
Mrs. Joseph Rubin wishes to thank the customers of her late husband for their patronage during the three years he was engaged in general merchandise business in this place; and also solicits the continuation of the patronage of the general public, as she intends to carry on the business in future in her own name. She also requests those who are indebted to the estate to kin to settle their accounts at earliest convenience.  
**WM. PETERS,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**Leather, Hides, Tallow,**  
Furriers and Tanners Tools, Shoemakers Findings, etc.  
Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenose Buffalo Steigh Robe.  
266 Union St., St. John, N. B.