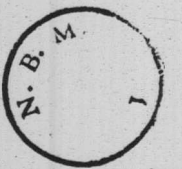


# POOR DOCUMENT

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QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1898.



## Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.

### Salmon Bay.

Sept. 3.—The sun has again made his appearance and muddy roads are now a thing of the past. The farmers of this place are done haying and are taking advantage of the fine weather to harvest.

Byron Crawford is home again after an absence of three months, he expects soon to return to the celestial.

Jim Crawford paid a visit to Little River last week.

Mr. Webb of St. John passed through here on Thursday.

Miss Della Crawford spent Sunday with Miss Annie Brown.

Mrs. Munroe and son Jacob, left here last Thursday for Haverhill where they intend staying the winter.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Geo. Crawford and family Raymond and Oswald who have had the measles are able to be out again.

Miss Martha Crawford is visiting her friend Miss Hattie McLellan of Iron Bound Cove.

Mr. Henry Hassen of Chipman was the guest of Mrs. Andrew Crawford last week.

If the water in the river continues to rise the farmers of this place will have to obtain divers to gather their low-land hay as the water has already covered it.

A number of the young people of this place spent a pleasant time at Mrs. William Crawford's, Friday evening.

### Newcastle Creek.

Sept. 12.—Mr. A. McM. Thurtott launched his wood-bark a short time ago, and quite a crowd gathered to witness it. It was a splendid launch and took place about 8 o'clock in the evening which was a beautiful moonlight one. The name given was the Leader, and we wish Mr. Thurtott every success, hoping he will prove as good as his name.

Mr. Port. Flower also launched a fine wood-bark last Tuesday but the writer not being present is unable to give name or particulars.

Our summer visitors are beginning to leave for their respective homes, but still a few more come to fill their places.

Mr. J. P. Yeomans of Cambridge is here and expects to remain a short time longer.

Mr. Silas McMann of Brockville has been here twice on business.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Dowling and Mrs. Tapley of St. John came up to spend Sunday with Mrs. D. J. Bailey.

Miss Alma Granville of St. John was the guest of Miss P. Robinson last week.

Mrs. Chas. McLean and Miss Annie Gale of Cumberland Bay are also here visiting their aunt, Mrs. Bailey.

Mr. W. D. Bridges of Sheffield still pays us frequent visits with his trotter, and is the guest of Mrs. Stuart.

The location of our trotting Park has not yet been decided upon although there have been two or three horses already entered.

Quite a number expect to leave here by Thursday's boat to take in the Exhibition.

We expect some time in the near future to lose some of our prominent young ladies in the bonds of matrimony. Too bad for our young marriageable bachelors to let them leave our vicinity. We can surely boast of quite a number.

### Johnson.

Aug. 9.—XX again appears in an article which is all virulence, howl and vulgarity. I make this merely as a statement of fact and not with any desire of abusing public condemnation against one who is utterly irresponsible. That sentiment which causes mankind everywhere to pity the idiot, will on this occasion spread over the disgusting spectacle which XX has made of himself, the cloak of christian charity. From start to finish his every utterance has been impregnated with his cowlike physiognomy in larger and more vivid characters the one word 'Fool' As nature commits no crimes and makes no mistakes it is hard to define her conduct or understand her purpose in the creation of XX. Possibly it was an illustration of a living being who devoid of native intelligence, yet possessed the power of stealing phrases entirely from different sources and weaving them together so as to bear a resemblance to an intelligent use of words. "Lamentable use the pen and thrust his doleful bleat upon a long suffering public," used by me in my first reply to his attack, is appropriated almost entire as well as several other phrases which space will not permit me to quote. Had he possessed sufficient constructive skill to have used my language completely he would not have violated every canon of public decency. His mental misfortune is his best justification. When he branches into originality the low vulgarity of his disposition asserts itself. His article may be compared to a banquet table, decorated with attractive ornament and interlarded with compound. The decorations are stolen, the dirt is brought forth from his own inner consciousness and each successive dive into that intellectual vacuum brings forth fresh and fouler filth. For this he is not to be blamed. He can't keep it, as nature made him so the public finds him. Time

and again during this correspondence he has made personal reference to the John- ston correspondent which has no foundation in fact and exist only in his imagination. I do not mean to intimate that he lies. He only possesses a natural inability to tell the truth. Of course where there is no intelligence there can be no wrong. I challenge him to name the time, place or manner where the John- ston correspondent has had any connection with "sagwaw" (whatever that may mean; XX's pigeon English is hard to interpret, like Mark Twain's Italian) he pronounces better than he spells), "Indians" "Mohawk," etc. It is possible however that he is only exercising the general peculiarity of the half wit and children of low instincts and degraded surroundings. Calling names. The last resort of the ignorant in every argument, (his ignorance is to be pitied as a misfortune not as a fault.) He seems to think that I have been seeking a lawyer's assistance. It would not however be a lawyer that I required to consult as to the best method of dealing with XX but an authority on idiosyncrasy, moreover, one possessing any knowledge of law, would hesitate about applying the lash to XX's calf like article. He would know that he ran a serious risk of being apprehended by the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb animals and as the dumber the animal the greater the punishment. I shudder in contemplating the possible fate of one who might be made the object of legal action for having disturbed the mental blank which controls XX. I await with considerable curiosity his next exhibition of literary kleptomania and foul imbecility.

### Letter From Edmonton.

EDMONTON, ALB. N. W. T.

Sept. 6th, 1898.

Dear Editor: The wag who said "the summer had burnt itself out, and left nothing but a cinder" (September) might have applied his wit to the summer just past, for in the memory of the oldest time-honored resident, there is not a parallel to it, for continuous hot weather, and the number of degrees registered, frequently reaching through the nineties to over 100° in the shade.

We have no complaint to make however, for the high temperature was needed to ripen the crops belated by the frost and drouth of the spring, and the result as hoped for is a splendid harvest once more for the Territories. Wheat harvesting is over, bar-lees and barley not more than half have been cut; so far the returns promise to be very satisfactory, but the yield per acre cannot be obtained until threshing is well under way.

There is a very perceptible change in the weather this week being much cooler and slight frosts in some localities; but finer harvest weather it would be hard to find or wish for in any country.

If you want any proof, Mr. Editor, of how fast we are progressing towards the civilization of older countries, I have only to inform you that the "Circus" has been here a fact which will immortalize the summer of '98, in the memories of the whole juvenile population of northern and southern Alberta. Just how far it has been helpful in the elevation of morals, and the refinement of manners, I leave to those who patronized it to decide; but if the comments made upon some of its side shows were true, we might devoutly wish that its first visit might also be its last.

The party sent out by the North-west government, to cut a road to Lesser Slave Lake have returned and brought with them some interesting information concerning the country through which they passed. They found some very large timber on this side of the Swan mountains, one spruce stump measuring three feet and a half through. They brought a sample of cotton wood bark, over two inches thick. The trail passes over some excellent land, as well as through good timber, but much of the timber is small, and the land poor for farming. They saw fine gardens at Lesser Slave Lake and report large quantities of hay being put up there, and at Pembina, Twin Creek, Athabasca, Salbeaux and Swan River, for winter traffic, this will be good news for the parties going north this winter as it will insure sufficient food for their horses. Although the road, as may be expected, is somewhat rough, they estimate a good team can take a ton through without doubling if the hills are not wet, and consider it will be a first class winter road.

The Plebeite campaign is being carried on throughout the Territories, and 'good men and true' who were rather indifferent to the ravages caused by the liquor traffic, are coming to the front, and giving their influence to the Prohibition party. Men of families who a way of escape for their sons and daughters from drunkards' graves, and are resolved to vote for prohibition; and as facts and figures are presented, and knowledge increases, the interest deepens and widens, and we pray that the vote on the 29th of September, may bring hope to the hearts and sunshine to the homes, now darkened and saddened by contact with intoxicating liquors.

A. G. L.

### Young's Cove.

Sept. 11th.—There are two neighbors who live close together, we will call them neighbors 1 and 2. No. 1 had a field of oats which No. 2's hens used to run through and destroy. No. 2 had also a

field of oats, which were fine, no poultry was allowed to run through, as No. 1 kept her hens shut up. But one day her hens got out of limits and went for the field of oats belonging to No. 2. He saw them and his "dander riz," he seized his gun and opened on the hens, firing four shots, and without starting a feather. The fowl went for their own domain when the chauticleer raised his voice in a mighty crow as much as to say "try again. Ren you are a poor shot, you would never do for the army or as a marksman at Ottawa or Bisley."

There are mutterings loud and deep in the way the mails are served, whether it is the fault of the distributing office or where the fault lies we do not know. There is hardly a week passes but what some complaint is not heard of a letter going astray or some paper being mislaid. The postal authorities should see that the post masters should be more careful in the future.

The Methodist meeting house is being beautified by a coat of paint under the skilful hands of Burnham Maston. Burnham, is one of the boys and is quite popular here.

The Methodist S. S. picnic was held on Saturday at Young's Cove wharf. The youngsters had a grand time.

Mr. Clarence H. Mott is receiving congratulations on the advent of a boy. He is a bouncer.

Our popular physician, Dr. Earle, is kept on the move lately. He was in consultation with Dr. Lewin on Monday last at a case at Bellefleur.

Miss Minnie Gale, daughter of George Gale, is home visiting her parents.

Miss Ella Gale, of St. John, is visiting relatives here.

Congratulations to Miss Nellie Elliott who has passed a most creditable examination for second class at the normal school.

Mr. Eldon Mullin, principal of the Normal School paid this place a flying visit a short time ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Mott of St. John were the guests of Mr. D. Mott last week.

Mr. Keith was registered at E. C. Lockett's hotel the other day. Mr. Keith is travelling in the interest of Messrs. Hall & Fairweather.

## Literature.

### FOUR TO ONE.

In the Republic of Ecuador there are numbers of men employed in carrying the mails between the remote provinces of the country.

Ricardo Sanchez was one of these, and his route lay between the towns of San Ignacio on the south bank of the Putumayo river, and Adelante twenty miles to the south-east.

Ricardo who was one of the most honest and trustworthy men in the service, always left San Ignacio at seven o'clock in the morning and generally reached Adelante at eleven or thereabouts.

Having dined and rested, he started on the return journey, arriving at San Ignacio at dusk.

One bright morning not long ago, after having disposed of his breakfast, Ricardo mounted his pinto and started off on his daily journey.

Before leaving the office however, the postmaster handed him a somewhat bulky package informing him that it was of great value and was to be delivered personally to Don Julio de Gerrano, the owner of the big cattle ranch in the vicinity of Adelante.

Ricardo promised to deliver the package, which contained money, with which the don intended to pay his employees their quarterly wages, by noon, at the very latest unless he was detained by some unforeseen circumstance, saying which, he rode off, humming a gay tune.

The sky was clear; hill and dale were clothed in brilliant verdure; birds of gorgeous plumage flitted past him or sang merrily in the treetops, while occasionally his ears were saluted by a hoarse bellow from some steer in a neighboring pasture.

After travelling several miles, the scene became wilder, great stretches of dense forests and impenetrable jungles which the mail carrier knew to be infested with many wild beasts, loomed into view on the one hand; on the other were vast llanos or plains of tender green, which spread away like a gigantic undulating carpet to the southwest, until they appeared to sink into the horizon.

Ricardo had been over the route hundreds of times before, and while the grand panorama which was now passing before him might have charmed a stranger, it produced little or no effect upon him.

Presently he left these scenes behind and entered a sort of lane, both sides of which were lined with towering mahogany and rosewood trees, the uppermost branches of which seemed to be alive with birds of many species.

A gloom akin to twilight prevailed in this lane, due to innumerable creeping plants and trailing vines, which crept from branch to branch, or hung in long way festoons across the roadway, interlacing one another or twisting and twining about the bows and branches of the trees to such an extent as to effectually shut out all sunlight.

Through this dark green archway of nature—the home of the lovely trogon, with its brilliant plumage of golden brown, scarlet and black, of beautiful

little humming birds without number, of the enormous billed toucan, of shrieking macaws and chattering parrots—the mail carrier rode at an easy canter.

He had no fear of danger for he was well armed with a repeating rifle which stuck in a holster in his saddle, while a revolver and machete (half-knife half-sword) were suspended from a cartridge belt, all ready for instant use.

His spotted mount pranced and cavorted as if he appreciated the shade, for the sun was now quite high, and its heat was intense.

Ricardo, too, welcomed the cool shade as a relief from the burning sun, and whistled a merry tune as an accompaniment to the lively antics of his horse.

A mile they proceeded thus along the winding trail, and came to a place where the gloom was a trifle denser than at other points in the lane, when Ricardo's attention was attracted by a slight rustling in the bushes ahead.

Before he could draw rein, four dark figures enveloped in mottled serapes (which is a square blanket or cloak with a hole in the centre to admit the head), and with the upper part of their faces concealed by masks of black cloth, sprang into the road.

Two of them immediately seized the bridle, while the other two pointed their heavy revolvers at the mail carrier's head. "What do you want," demanded Ricardo, who was taken completely by surprise.

He had never before been troubled with banditti; consequently, the present attack greatly unnerved him for the moment.

The robbers were not at all backward in stating their mission.

"You must hand over that package addressed to Señor Gerrano before you will be allowed to proceed," one of them answered.

Ricardo had now collected his scattered senses, was, in a measure prepared for this declaration.

He had no intention of surrendering the package to the bandits, if there was any hope of retaining it, he risked what it may.

His reputation for fidelity and courage was of the highest, and he intended to preserve it if there was the slightest chance of his being able to do so.

He had the package in the inside pocket of his jacket, the mail bags hanging from the pommel of his saddle, and, as he mechanically obeyed the robber's command by reaching towards his pocket, his mind was busy contemplating possible means of action.

He had already placed his left hand on the package but there it rested, for he had still no intention of acceding to the request of the robbers.

"What's the matter?" fiercely questioned the one who appeared to be the leader and spokesman of the party, perceiving the hesitation of the mail-carrier.

Ricardo's reply was a lightning like movement of his right hand, a whipping out of his machete from its scabbard, and the dealing of the audacious robber a blow on the head that sent him reeling to the opposite side of the road.

The next instant, Ricardo gave a loud, defiant shout.

The horse sprang forward, hurling the men holding the bridle-rein to the ground, and dashed off at the full limit of his speed.

The remaining bandit, seeing the turn of affairs, drew his weapon and homed after the fleeing mail-carrier, yelling, like a demon as he ran—

"Halt, halt! or I fire!"

Ricardo refused to listen to the command, and bent low in the saddle just as two shots rang out, one bullet coming so close that he distinctly heard it whistle past his right ear.

It was a game, however, which two could play at.

The mail-carrier, half-turning raised his revolver, and fired point-blank at the pursuing robber.

A howl of mingled rage and pain immediately attested that the fellow was hard hit.

Ricardo galloped on, and reached Adelante in safety, with the money package intact.

The man wounded by the mail-carrier's shot, proved to be one of Señor Gerrano's most trusted henchmen, who learning of the large sum of money expected by his master had lured himself with three other rascals to secure it.

Subsequently he recovered from his injury, and after a quick trial was sent to prison for a long term.

His associates were never heard of again.

As for Ricardo Sanchez, he was liberally rewarded by Don Gerrano whose property he had so gallantly saved.

The plucky mail carrier was never again troubled by bandits.

### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York.

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