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Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of Thomas Allen Graham late of the Parish of Petersville in the County of Queens, Farmer, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against the said Estate are required to present the same duly attested within two months from this date and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

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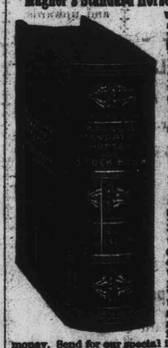

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MONCTON

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Yours very truly,

A. D. McLEAN.

CAMBRIDGE, April 'h, 1899.

A Rare Chance for Business.

Owing to ill health I have decided to sell my interest in the Mill at Gagetown Wharf. The building was intended for a grist mill in the upper story. The Rotary and Belts are the best. A 48 inch inserted tooth Saw. Only a few feet from the Public Wharf.

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ST. JOHN, N. B, N. End., Oct. 17th., 1899.

I have opened a branch Drug Store on Bridge Street near Star Line Wharf. Have every facilities carrying on business. Full assortment patent medicines and everything new. Do not forge.. I have been pleased with you patronage for thirty (30) years and still desire to wait on and serve you.

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9 Charlotte St., - St. John, N. B.

(Continued from 6th Page).

Dismissing the servant, she sat down beside him. Sad and bitter were her thoughts as she gazed into his manly face by the pale light of the moon. At last her pent up feelings could stand it no longer. Falling upon her knees she threw one arm about him and laying her head upon the pillow beside his, she sobbed out:

"Oh James, my own dear husband, why did you yield to temptation? Why did you let your associates bring you to this! The accursed wine is truly a mocker. Oh, my Father in heaven, interpose and save him from the snares of the destroyer. Oh, God, my God pity and save him!"

Thus she wept and prayed until exhausted nature found rest in sleep.

From this time Beverley's course went rapidly downward. His wife's prayers and tears, the entreaty of friends, the expostulations of relatives, had no effect upon him. No earthly power could restrain or in any degree check his dissipation.

Even Tompkin expostulated with him. But he only laughed bitterly as he said:

"Ha! ha! You better preach to me. It was you who made me break my promise and now I am going to hell. We will meet there, and then I will pour the fiery liquor down your throat, Tompkins," and he laughed again. "Ha ha! Then I can retaliate."

He lost all self-respect. He became abusive to his wife and children. Vice followed vice like links in a chain. He acquired the love of gambling without the skill. This placed him in position to be fleeced out of thousands of dollars, and before his wife had any idea of the fact her beautiful home had gone into the hands of a noted gambler.

"James," said his wife, despairingly, "can it be possible you have sold our home?"

"Mind your own business, Ida. I have a right to do what I like with my own."

Crushed and broken hearted she tried to bear patiently the blow that had fallen upon her. Her children were now her only companions for Beverley never came home till late and always under the influence of liquor.

One day the sheriff came and sold their furniture. Then Beverley moved his family into the delapidated house in which the opening of our story found them. It was near a tavern in the suburbs of the city, and at this tavern he spent all his time, drinking and carousing with vile companions, until every nerve was unstrung and delirium tremens seized him.

It took strong men to hold him while he fought back hissing serpents and imaginary demons with glaring eyeballs that danced around him. His pleadings and screams for some one to take them away, made strong men turn pale.

The doctor sent Mrs. Beverley and the children to his own home, away from such a terrible scene of suffering.

At last death came and put an end to his earthly agony and the soul of the once brilliant James Beverley went to its doom.

After the funeral kind friends made the house more comfortable. Mrs. Beverley, by her patient, Christian life, under such severe trials, had won many friends, and for a while her health seemed to improve under good care and skilful treatment.

But it was only one of those deceitful lulls in consumption which so often deceive the victim.

She had been reared in the midst of affluence and possessed a very delicate constitution which rapidly gave way under her anxiety of mind and the harsh treatment of her husband. It was a wonder under the perpetual storm that beat upon so slender a constitution that the thread of life had stood the strain so long.

Her daughters were loving and kind, and a great comfort to her. She gave her time and strength to the training of their young minds, and impressed upon them the necessity of seeking their Creator in the days of their youth, and pointed out the snares set by Satan to trap young feet.

The good seed she planted in her weakness took deep root and brought forth an abundant harvest in after years.

One morning, after a very restless night, she felt too weak to leave her bed, and calling her daughters to her, she kissed them tenderly.

"I feel, oh, so weak," she said, feebly. "There is no need to tell you what is coming. I have done so already."

They threw their arms around her and litterly bathed her face with their tears.

"Oh, mamma, dearest mamma," they sobbed out, "how can we let you go?"

"God will take care of you, my darlings, if you put your trust in Him, and remember the counsel of your mother."

Placing her hands upon their heads she prayed: "Oh, God, my Saviour and Redeemer, into Thy hands I leave my children. Grant, I beseech Thee, to keep them amidst the evils of this world, and the fearful snares of Satan. Grant that we may meet in Heaven to part no more."

The doctor came in, and one look at his patient told him the end was near. She was lying back upon the pillow perfectly exhausted from the effort she had made to speak the last words to her dear ones.

The doctor lifted the two children from the bed where they had thrown themselves, and tried to comfort them, but his sympathy only seemed to open up new fountains of tears. When it became known that Mrs. Beverley was dying, the house soon filled with kind ladies willing to do all they could for the suffering woman they had learned to love. All day she lay calm and peaceful, like a child going to sleep in its mother's arms. Occasionally she opened her eyes, when some one spoke to her, and a smile of recognition would pass over her face.

Just before the sun went down she brightened up like a taper before it expires. Her face became a radiant reflection of her happy soul. She kissed her children and bade them good-bye. She thanked her friends for their kindness, and pointing upward exclaimed: "Beautiful! Beautiful!" And like the setting of a mid summer sun she peacefully passed away to her rest. After the funeral the little girls went to the home of Doctor Sampson until their friends could be heard from. The day before they were to leave for their distant homes they visited there mother's grave, and laid upon it a wreath of flowers—the last tribute of love they could give—and said a long good-bye to the place that hid their mother. Kneeling beside the grave, they laid their cheek upon the fresh earth. "Good-bye, dear mamma," they sobbed out, "until we meet in Heaven."

They gathered some pebbles from the grave to remind them of the promise made to their mother,—to shun evil and choose that which is good. The next day the sisters parted, one to a home in Iowa, the other to a home in Georgia.

You ask what became of Tompkins? The curse of drink never left his house, or remorse from his conscience. By the time his sons reached manhood they were confirmed drunkards. One in a drunken brawl stabbed a companion and is serving a life penalty in Sing-Sing. His second, while under the influence of liquor, fell foom his horse and was brought home a corpse. His only daughter, the idol of his heart, eloped with a foreigner and he never heard from her afterwards.

Childless, crushed and broken hearted, he and his wife lived in seclusion, until his wife was stricken down with brain fever. In her delirium she lived over again the different scenes of her troubles. It was heartrending to hear her pleading to spare her boy, and to her daughter to come back to her. Thus she raved until death closed the sad scene. And Tompkins was left alone to mourn over the past. He had "sown the wind" in his youth, and it was no wonder his reason became dethrowned. In an asylum for the insane he is "reaping the whirlwind" in all its fury.

We turn away from such a sad ending, and repeat: "Vengeance is mine and I will repay saith the Lord."

—Written for the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

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Farm and Household.

Hard and Soft Foods.

Fowls drink but little water, and very little at a time, and to feed them on a mash that is very moist is to force them to take more water them they need or is for their good.

Bran, cornmeal or mixed ground feed of any kind will absorb large quantities of water and hold it like a sponge, and in mixing for birds one is very liable to use too much water, as it is more difficult to mix dry than wet.

We mix in a deep broad trough with sloping ends, and use a common barn shovel to mix with. By rising the bottom of the trough about a foot from the floor the work of mixing is made more comfortable than if one has to stoop to the floor. The shovel is the best implement to mix with, as one is able to thoroughly incorporate and grind together the material when it is comparatively dry. We never feed mash that we can squeeze moisture from while held in the hand, but always have it dry enough so it will fall apart and granulate when released from pressure.

If one has but few birds, the mixture trough is a convenience, as a small quantity can be mixed in it, and it is so much easier to get at it, and do it well than when a pail with a paddle or spoon is used.

The spoon must be thoroughly scraped out each time or else we shall soon have a sour mixing dish, and sour sood—the bane of the chicken yard.

Turpentine and Kerosene.

Turpentine and kerosene will kill every insect and worm it touches. If a louse survives these oils, it is safe to say that it has never touched him. By making a warm mash of bran and adding a teaspoonful of turpentine to a mess for tweuty five fowls, it will give the gape worm plenty of grief, if present. These substances should be constantly kept on hand, and used the whole year through and without stint in the season of activity of all poultry vermin. It can be given internally in consistent doses, externally applied, or used as an insecticide on roosts, nest boxes and any there where lice or mites are liable to be. These substances should, in the well regulated poultry house, are as essential as pure air and wholesome food.

"Growing Pains."

The tide of this article is a good example of the harm that may lurk in a name. Many a man is now crippled or deformed who might have been spared the affliction had his parents heeded the warning of his childish sufferings, instead of dismissing them carelessly, as nothing but "growing pains."

There is no such thing as a pain due to the simple action of growth. Any pain, no matter what, from which a child or an adult suffers is a sign of something wrong.

It is true that the wrong may be very slight, such as fatigue following a day of too much exercise, or the bruise following an unnoticed bump, or a slight cold, accompanied by a little fever and aching muscles. But pains of this kind in children, the negligible pains, are only occasional and can usually, by putting two and two together, be referred to their true cause.

They are not growing pains, but are pains not unusual or unnatural for a growing child, who plays and romps in a normal, healthy manner.

The evil of the false security created by this name for a condition which does not exist is, however, manifested when the pains recur repeatedly, or are constant, the parent reasons with seeming logic that the pain should also be constant, and so the repeated complaints of the little sufferer are dismissed without a suspicion of the miserable feature they fore-tell.

Then, when their persistency and evident intensity at last arouse a fear that growth is not alone responsible for them, the hip disease, or the inflamed knee, or the disease of the spine, has gone too far for the best of physicians to prevent deformity, even if he succeeds in saving the life of the sufferer.

The pain resulting from any of these diseases is apt at first to be felt only at night, when the child is in bed and asleep. It then comes—probably in consequence of an irregular contraction of some muscle, causing an unusual movement—as a sudden sharp stab, and the sufferer awakes with a scream.

As he wakes, the muscles regain their tone and put the joint into the position where the diseased part is relieved of pressure, and the pain ceases. The mother or the nurse breathes a sleepy wish that the little one didn't have so many growing pains, and the mischief goes on inside the unhappy victim of a popular error.

Do not mourn, my dear girl, because fate has not given you beauty of face, and do not in your regret for that, neglect all the qualities of mind that rank far ahead of mere prettiness. Beauty is not all there is worth living for. What if your "cheeks are not red and your nose will turn up and your mouth is too big;" no woman is altogether ugly except that one who has a hard heart and a cruel tongue. And though your mouth may be large, if only your teeth are white and well cared for, it will not be noticed. If your nose is badly shaped, it will be forgotten if your eyes glow with pleasure and your skin bears the mark of good health, even though the roses may not bloom in your cheeks. If you have not a single good feature, you may yet be so beautiful in spirit that the loviness cannot but shine through. Speak kind words, do generous acts and make your life and the lives of those about you rich to overflowing with the love that makes a gentle, sweet, womanly woman.

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