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The Queens County Gazette,
Gagetown, N. B.
Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one
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Gagetown, N. B.

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

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease
"THE LAW SAITH SO."
Thus saith the law, by Legislature made,
For so much gold we license thee to trade
In human woe.
Thou mayest lure the husband from the
wife,
Thou mayest fill the peaceful home with
strife,
And make a hell for hapless childhood
life;
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to sell
Chains for the free, and sickness for the
well;
Thou mayest go
Into the fairest street, and lay a snare
For virtue, or break woman's heart with
care,
Or teach the vilest, vilest deeds to dare,
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to wage
War upon man—make home a hell—
change peace to rage,
And joy to woe;
To loose the latent demon in the soul,
And wed it with the demon in the bowl,
That madness may be born and take con-
trol;
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to fire
The fiercest passion known to human ire;
And then to blow
With breath drawn from the deepest
cave of hell,
The flames of hate and lust, until the
kneel
Of countless souls forever lost shall swell;
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee, Oh
God!
Who are the wret Am I by deed or
word
A party to
Such crime as that? Who votes the li-
cense creed
Is guilty partner in each hellish deed
With him who murders precious souls for
greed.

GOD'S LAW SAITH SO.
—Rev. H. E. Johnson, D. D.
NOT TO-NIGHT.

Though the summer had been warm
and pleasant, the winter, which made its
appearance early, was cold and severe.
The little village of — was wearing
a thick, white robe. The river, which
added to the summer scenery, was now
frozen. The hill, which had stood in all
its glory for so many years, still afforded
a pasture for the boys. From early
morn until late eve all the sleds in the
village were constantly making their way
up and down its steep slope.

Though many homes were comfortable
and happy, there were yet to be found
those of hardships and sorrows. If you
would cross the bridge by the mill and
walk a short distance your eyes would
suddenly fall upon an old building locat-
ed at the lower slope of the hill. You
would need no tongue to explain its pur-
pose. Above the door there hangs these
words: "Saloon—James Dwarf.

Could you know of the many hearts
that have ached, the many mothers lain
to rest, the family circle broken, in short,
all happiness destroyed, your eyes would
fall to the ground and you would murmur
regret for the little town thus disgraced.

Passing on and turning the bend in the
road, you find a neat little cottage. It
was once a home of peace; but for the sea-
son it would not have changed. You
ask why? Let me tell you a story, and
you need never ask again. Some
years ago a mother sat by the fireplace,
and near her was a lad of sixteen sum-
mers. His every word and action pro-
ved he was restless and longed to take his
leave.

"Mother," he at length said, "I'm go-
ing to the village. I'll not stay long."
"Dick," said the woman, turning a
pleading face, "not to-night."
"What pleasure is there here?" he an-
swered, pulling on his coat and taking a
cap from the wall.

Tears filled the eyes of the unhappy
mother, and as Dick was closing the door
she murmured, "Not to-night, my boy;
not to-night."

It was midnight. The moon shone
from the heavens and the stars played
merrily.

A woman with a shawl around her
shoulders slowly walked toward the hill.
As she neared the saloon her heart beat
rapidly and she trembled. Reaching the
door she placed a hand on the knob
and with some hesitation, opened it. Her
eyes fell upon a dingy old room, with low
ceiling and broken furniture. Pictures
not worthy of view were hanging about
the walls. Beer kegs were strewn around
and several glasses lay on the floor. A
man with a red face and sleepy eyes stood
at the bar. She went to him and cried
in her dismay:
"Is my boy here?"
The barkeeper pointed to a corner near
the door, and said:
"Look there."
She obeyed, but turned her eyes away.
It was a scene never to be forgotten. On

the floor lay a man whose clothes were
covered in blood. By his side stood a
number of men.
"That is not my boy!" she cried.
"No," laughed the other, "but Dick
killed him. I reckon he's far from here
now. They are after him, but I allow
he's all right."
"My boy, my Dick; he did it?" asked
the mother.
The barkeeper nodded and she turned
to the door and passed out. Her boy
had committed a crime. She knew not
why he did it nor where he had gone. It
was liquor—liquor that did all. She
would go home now—home to bear her
shame and disgrace.

Ten years had passed, during which
time the mother had never seen her boy.
One evening in May a note was handed
to her, and she read these lines:
"I have given up. Come to the prison."
Dick.

Some hours later she entered the room
of her son and kissed the pale face on the
couch.

"Oh, my darling boy," she cried,
"I came back, mother," Dick said,
raising himself from the bed. "I could-
n't stay away. I am going to die, mother.
There's a pain in my head, my lips burn,
but the greatest pain is here," and he
pointed to his heart. "It has been here
for so long. My life has been a burden.
Every day the pain grew deeper. I could-
n't face the world longer. Yes, I killed
him, mother, but it was the saloon with
all its temptations that caused the awful
deed. If I—had only listened when you
said 'Not to-night,' and oh, mother, if I
—could only live again I would do all in
my power to crush the saloon. Don't be
hard on me, mother, for I—"

Here the woman knelt by her son and
cried:
"Don't cry," said Dick, "I'm going to
leave you, but God—is merciful—God—is
love. Let me kiss you, there—just
once more. Mother, tell—my story to
other boys, for they—may learn a lesson.
Good-bye—moth—er, good-bye. I can-
not see—you. Good-bye—good—"

The lead fell upon the pillow, the lips
closed. Dick was dead.—Letha P.
Smith, in N. T. Advocate.

HEROES.
The following verses were read by Mr.
Thomas O'Hagen, at the annual banquet
of the Canadian Club of Hamilton:

Our land is dower'd with glory
From the east unto the west,
With rays of ripen'd splendor
That cluster on her breast.
But the stars that beam the brightest
And shall burn to the last,
Are the deeds that light our father's
graves
The heroes of the past.

O brothers, ye who gather round
This festive board to-night,
Whose hearts are timed to patriot words
That glow with love and light,
Recall with me the years gone by—
Full well ye know their life—
When patriots stood to guard our homes,
In dark and deadly strife.

When through the land a psalm of grief
Smoote every heart and door,
With tidings from each battle-field
Rocked by dread Canon's roar,
And mothers prayed and gisters wept
With love and faith divin',
Beseeching God to guard our hosts
Along the frontier line.

From Lundy's Lane and Queenston
Heights
The message speedily came
That filled each heart and home with
joy,
And tired the wings of fame.
At Chateaugay brave sons of France
Drove back the stubborn foe
With loyal heart and weapon strong,
Just eighty years ago.

But not alone in battle-field
Did heroes staunch and brave,
Yield up their lives in honor's cause
Our country's flag to save.
In savage forests deep and drear,
Beset with hardships fell;
Our fathers toiled then sank to sleep
Within each lonely dell.

Their memory lives upon our streams
Their deeds upon our plains,
They need no shaft nor monument
Nor gold-embazon'd fane.
In virtues link'd through ages
Shall their great, strong lives flow on
Inspiring souls to nobler deeds
From patriot sire to son.

Theirs be the glory ours the love
In this great cherish'd land,
Bearing the inness-seal of heaven,
And fashion'd by His hand.
Whose victory is the ark of peace
Guarded by love not fear;
Strong as the faith that consecrates
Our heroes with a tear.

A nation's hope a nation's life,
Be ours from east to west;
A nation's hope a nation's life,
To fire each patriot breast.
That in the blossoming years to come
Our proudest boast as men,
When bound by ties of nationhood,
To hail this land—Canadian!

"You used to say that I was all the
world to you."
"Yes; and since I married you I can
appreciate exactly how old man aches felt."
—Brooklyn Life.

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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:

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HOMESPUNS, TWEEDS,
OVERCOATINGS, ETC., ETC.**

The highest recommendation for these
goods and the best proof of their adapt-
ability to the consumer is that each season
finds them in greater demand. Thus ad-
ding 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 pres-
ent year, I am,
Yours very truly,
ALFRED P. SLIPP.
Upper Hamstead April 26th, 1899.

NOTICE.
The subscriber having purchased from
Mr. Henry Akceley, of Indiantown, the
handsome dark bay stallion "Hernandes,"
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.

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

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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.

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and our superior ventilating facilities,
make summer study just as pleasant as at
any other time. In fact, there is no better
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and the New Business Practice (for use
of which we hold exclusive right) are
great attendance promoters.
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Purified Mocha 300c,
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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.

PASTURAGE.
The Subscriber will take on pasturage
a limited number of horses and cattle.
The pasture is one of the very best on
the St. John River. Terms reasonable.
T. S. PETERS,
Gagetown, Q. C., June 6th, 1899.

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enter at any time, and remain until the
completion of the course, without inter-
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St. John, N. B.

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 con-
tinuation 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 kindly settle their accounts
at earliest convenience.

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