

POOR DOCUMENT

Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.

Cambridge.

May 19.—Miss Jennie J. Macdonald returned from St. John on Saturday.

Miss Jennie Straight, the popular dressmaker, is sewing for the Misses Briggs.

Amon A. Wilson, barrister, of St. John, was here Thursday on a business trip. He returned to St. John Friday morning on steamer Star.

Mr. George Waterbury of the firm of Waterbury & Rising, of St. John, was here on Thursday. He returned to his home Friday morning.

Mr. Ira Macdonald, the popular merchant at Macdonalds Corner, lost a very valuable horse.

Hay is very scarce in this section of the county.

Rev. Walter V. Higgins, returned Baptist foreign missionary, address a large congregation in the Baptist church at the Narrows, on Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m.

Rev. Mr. Higgins address a large congregation at McDonald's Corner, Monday evening, and he also addressed the congregation at Lower Cambridge. Mr. Higgins is a very plain and forcible speaker.

James McDonald, J. P., has opened an office at Lower Cambridge where he will be found ready for business every Saturday afternoon and evening.

Mr. Walter Black purchased a fine horse from Isaac Gale of Young's Cove for Mrs. Mary White.

Messrs. C. & J. Robinson's mill was closed down for a few days on account of a defect in the boiler. The defect has been repaired and the mill is running again on full time.

Mrs. M. C. McDonald and her three children, who have been spending the winter with Rev. A. B. McDonald, left for their home in Boston this morning. They were accompanied by Miss Janet J. McDonald who will spend a few weeks at the Hub visiting friends.

Shad fishing has commenced at the Narrows. The first catch of the season at this place was last night.

Mr. McVicar, the teacher at Lakeview, observed arbor day by beautifying the grounds and cleaning the school house.

The remains of Mr. J. A. S. Mott, who died in St. John last Saturday, were brought by steamer Star to McDonald's Corner where they were laid to rest in the Baptist cemetery beside those of his mother. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. A. B. McDonald.

Arbor day was observed by teacher and pupils of the school at the Narrows. The grounds and the house were the scene of the day.

Miss Janet McDonald, the popular teacher at the Narrows, observed arbor day by arranging beautiful flower beds on the grounds and cleaning the school house.

Steamer Hope passed through the Narrows on Monday, having in tow a large raft for St. John.

Mr. L. I. Flower, the teacher at McDonald's Corner, and his scholars spent Friday afternoon cleaning and beautifying the grounds.

Messrs. W. H. Briggs, John McD Belyea and Fred E. McDonald went to Gagetown on Tuesday morning to be present at the sitting of the supreme court.

Mr. E. H. White has the cellar dug and is laying the foundation for a new house.

Miss Minnie D. Belyea is going to Fredericton to spend a few days with her sister Clara who is a student at the Normal school.

To Editor QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

On the 6th of March, 1897, the usually quiet village of — was the scene of excited curiosity. It was evident to the most casual observer that something unusual was about to happen. Possibly the draw in the great bridge was about to collapse, and thus cut off the farmers on the west side. Were the employees of the R. R. Co. to go out on a strike, or had the news just reached town that an export duty would be levied on cord-wood and lumber?

The immediate scene of out-door commotion was at the junction of B. and C. streets, where a crowd of considerable dimensions had assembled. Thither your scribe proceeded, and, pushing forward reached a point near the centre, where a man about fifty years of age was speaking. The speaker asserted that he had, all his life, been addicted to the habit of drinking cold water, though to judge from external evidence he had confined himself entirely to its use as a beverage.

Just here let us digress for a moment to note the personal appearance and manner of our actor. As already intimated he undoubtedly belonged to the great unwashed; his general physique had a downward tendency as if it threatened to give up the struggle and resume the posture of his more or less remote ancestors; his shoulders and back, like scripture measure, were well-kept up, a development probably occasioned by the weight of social responsibility and an accumulation of moss; his arms, disproportionately to the length of the body, were quite in accord with his inner limbs. His long, tall, narrow head kept from falling into his lap by supporting muscles at the rear, was adorned with a mat of grizzled hair,

that, spreading without a break to the neck and face, terminated by natural limitation in a solemn beard, hopelessly gnarled and frayed at the sides, and falling from the chin and throat in sinuous, isolated ropes, like a divided catamaran. The nose and adjoining margins of the cheeks suggested a catamount of dead and bygone generations of blackheads. He spoke in a low rumbling voice that seemed to wander about the caverns of his chest, uncertain whether to go up or down, and with the further peculiarity of frequently breaking into an abrupt falsetto, as if the vocal organs suddenly contracted and shot upward in a desperate effort at modulation.

A tall round-eyed man "who seemed never to have gotten over his first surprise at finding himself in the world," occasionally corroborated the speaker's statements in a rasping emerald voice, another, an oldish man, was inclined to be facetious, not to say, quizzical. This old codger was a bean-ideal example of early classic Irish, his clean shaven face just hinting of ploughed land and the potato crop was inclosed from ear to ear in a semicircular hedge-row of whether-stained whiskers.

But to return to the speaker, "you see" he said, "we old residents exterminated this evil long ago, but we learn that it recently returned, and we have appointed a committee to call on the offender today."

"Here they come now" said the tall round-eyed man, "make way for them." A moment later three eloquent winter-turn-outs-trove up, and, coming to a standstill received the God speed of their sympathizers, and gratified the curious at the same time. The party, made up of brave women and spare men would have been distinguished anywhere; that they had laid themselves out for serious work was plain enough, and it now transpired that their mission was to be a moral and legal raid upon the conscience and promises of an unlicensed rum-seller. Presently the sleighs moved away to the music of tinkling bells, the crowd meanwhile singing "We fear no foe" to the tune the old cow died of.

The next scene in our drama is at a wayside inn (your historian having arrived on time, though, without his credentials, was admitted via the back door by the hired man). Mine hostess received her visitors with becoming modesty, presenting each with a note of interrogation at the same time.

The lady was first addressed by the clerical delegate. Delivering himself in rich colored monotonies, he spoke without notes as follows: "My dear Mrs. — there is an impression on foot rapidly spreading and deepening that you are again engaged — in the nefarious business of rum-selling."

"Pursuant to a call of God-fearing and law-abiding citizens a meeting was recently held at — to consider your case. As this was the sense of that meeting, that, if you will pardon the vulgar metaphor, there must be some fire to account for the presence of so much smoke in the air, and even in the drinking water, as some persons claim. It was therefore decided to appoint a committee representing the various professions and industries of this hitherto moral neighborhood, the honors and duties of which fell upon the ladies and gentlemen now before you. We have been instructed to wait upon you personally, but not to wait too long."

"Speaking as your spiritual adviser I beg to remind you that your late lamented is now being raked over the coals for similar apostasy, and to warn you against like fate both here and hereafter."

The speaker finished by reading a carefully selected passage of scripture and offering a comprehensive prayer, to an accompanying chorus of "amen"s pitched in every key, though more particularly pitched into whis-key.

The delegate from the agricultural district followed in a speech, more or less redolent of new mown polly-pods and the breath of kine; there was nothing of the quacking of ducks or the random gabble of geese but a certain incisiveness and pungency not to say severity in these remarks. The speaker called Mrs. —'s attention to the recent advance in the price of wool and thought that it would be bad economy on her part to deprive herself of profit in a vain attempt to blind the eyes of the public. "You are sowing the seeds of physical and moral in this community; you are like a tuberculous milch cow and the tuberculin test is about to be applied. If for once propose to keep my fences up. The flocks must be secured from contamination with this moral hon-ale and tail distemper, this poisonous sting-fly; no such blight must fall on our growing young oats; we have had enough of our witch-grass, thorns and thistles. Goat too! your breath is stronger than the smell of an unnameable animal or the kick of a young heifer."

The third speaker was entirely self-possessed and made an earnest plea on behalf of deacon's daughters and minister's sons.

The representative of the medical profession pointed out as a result of dispensing alcoholic stimulants the death rate and the doctor's calls would be largely increased, the latter in universe ratio to fees paid.

Continuing, the speaker said that alcohol should be labeled "poison" with a skull and cross-bones of large dimensions. "New school" physicians seldom prescribe alcohol for their patients. Its use

is known to aggravate hay-fever and kindred ailments.

The remaining delegates spoke briefly, one, the blacksmith and wheel-wright, after a preliminary giggle referred to the crushing grip of the awful vice and illustrated how the chains of the habit were forged and welded, and compared a drunken fellow to the walloping circumference of a badly tired cart-wheel. This speaker proposed to go for the evil red-hot-hammer and tongs.

The horticulturalist likened the fell destroyer to a worm at the core of a goody apple, or to the hidden borer at the root of the fairest orchard tree.

The pedagogue without raising marmoured something about teaching the young ideas how to shoot.

During the silence that followed this outpouring of spirits and special pleading, the legal functionary observing that the accused remained obdurate and defiant, arose and slowly lifting himself to his full height, proceeded in a solemn and dignified voice to disclose his official identity and duties as lord high constable and avenger of transgressors, generally. He said some awful things, which modesty and a bad memory disqualify the writer to report. The search-warrant contained such sentiments as "against the peace and dignity of H. M. G. M. the Queen of G. B. and I. and Empire of India; "know all men by these presents;" "to have and to hold;" "maliciously and feloniously;" "with malice aforethought;" "all and singular the herebitments and appurtenances;" "wheress," now "therefore;" many of which were gratuitous interpolations for diplomatic effect. But if these thunderings of the law had any effect upon their object it was not at all apparent; they remained seated, gazing out upon the extensive view of upland and wooded meadow beyond the open road. The constable accompanied by two or three curious persons now proceeded to search the nooks and corners of the premises, while the regular delegation remained seated to await the results. In a short time the searching party returned in a highly elated condition to explain that they had failed to find anything but a beetle marked, "Legipipe" and as each member claimed to be threatened with the penalty of being thought unwholesome, they all agreed to take an observation of the calling through their glasses, all around.

It being evident that any further investigation or persuasion at present would be fruitless, the delegation arose, and sang "Rescue the Perishing," the refrain being varied on the part of the bass singers of the searching party by substituting the words "We'll not to home till morning" Mrs. —'s meanwhile humming a solo obligato to words that sounded "Whiskey-drink it down."

In taking leave of our hostess the constable remarked that this had been an "eye-opener" for him and that everything had been done up brown."

PLLOW-DIX.
Boston, Mass., May 11, 1897.

Garden Gatherings.

With strawberries have the earth just even with the crown of the plant. No roots exposed and no earth over the top of the plant.

The growing of berries for family use is easily done. The growing of berries largely, and selling them in a good market requires considerable skill and a special business tact.

Many a bright boy may receive his first incentive to business and earn his first money by growing berries or vegetables. Give them a patch of ground and encourage them in this work.

The business or professional man, almost broken with care, may recover health and strength in the pleasant work of horticulture. It is restful to both mind and body.

See to it, that you have a variety of vegetables coming into season throughout the summer. If the summer is a dry one water your plants and give them a chance to make glad the palate of the whole family.

To assert that every strawberry plant of any given variety is equally good no matter how the one may have been allowed to run down by neglect, or the other bred up by careful selection and high culture, is an error, and an error of a very harmful kind. It is as erroneous as to hold that one herd or strain of Jersey cows is as good as any other herd or strain, although one might have been highly and judiciously fed and bred from only the best cows and the other herd or strain had been starved or bred from scrubs for twenty generations.

Who should grow berries? First of all, farmers everywhere, for family use. Farmers must grow berries or do without. No one can grow them as cheaply as the farmer. They may be produced ready for picking, at two cents per quart. The farmer saves cost of picking, packing, boxing, crating, freight, express and profits of growers. He gets them at first cost, fresh from the vines, and to the extent of his own family, has the best market in the world—a home market. He can select the best land and location on his own farm, and is sure of a profit with half a crop.

First Lady—There goes young Mrs. Pedigree. I suppose she hopes people to death telling the bright things her little boy says? Second Lady—Oh, no, fortunately he says such dreadful things they can't repeat them.—Truth.

HISTORY OF BEARDS.

ALMOST EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF WHISKERS SINCE ADAM'S TIME.

No Exclusive Rights in the Venelet, "The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers," Nor in the Ditty, "The Little Bunch of Spinach 'neath His Chin."

"Man, vain man," has with his whiskers plays such fantastic tricks that angels must have wept but to behold them, and true torsofical artists from their presence tremblingly retire. "The wind blew through his whiskers" was not written alone of the ex-Senator from Kansas, says The New York Journal.

The little bunch of spinach 'neath his chin" may conjure up visions of the gentleman from the wilds of New Jersey.

Yet, as a matter of fact, neither the Popularist nor the gentleman from the suburbs of Hackensack has given to the world anything new in the line of venereal facts and ailments.

Every possible combination of the male beard with a face as a back-ground has been played. There have been bewhiskered cryers. The changes have been rung from the nearest whiskers of Thor to the clean shave of a Pope, and back again from the traditional beard of the fathers of the Burrelland sisters to the gimlet-like chin decoration of Cardinal Richelieu, as he seen in pictures.

Santa Claus always has full flowing whiskers, and the little boy with a small black mustache and a chin decoration that is called an imperial. The world has given to accept certain types of whiskers. On the stage the villain wears mustaches which are called "burnt" and "side-chops" and the manager will get some one that will Never was there a smooth-faced pirate. No man could hold the rank of Major without a heavy mustache. The man of business must have what were once called "burnt whiskers" which are called "burnt whiskers" and "burnt whiskers" in some places "sideboards." In ancient days men swore by their beards. Whiskers were the corner stone of the warrior. A smooth chin denoted the courier. Sometimes men were called in fashion, and wore their beards after the style of the monarch then reigning.

With great delicacy, none of the gentlemen who attended the court of Catherine of Russia presumed to appear in the imperial presence with more than one day's growth of a one-day hairy growth on the upper lip.

The cavalier wore his hair long, and gracefully drooping mustache and painted whisker made his picture complete. Cromwell's sturdy adherents had their hair and beard closely cropped in defiance, and were called "square-beards," "sideboards" and in some places "sideboards."

A contemplation of the remarkable cut of the "pointers" of Henry IV. will show their resemblance to the agent type. It was the court, just as he conceived the idea of the wind playing up on the whisker.

The "washed beard" of the vintage of 1883 is rarely seen in these days. It was not worn by a Christian man by John Hale, a theologian, whose writings have not survived him. Mr. Knapp, who lived in Cambridge, Mass., ran to whiskers of a length popularly called "side-chops" and "burnt whiskers." He had ever run to whiskers, and the "theological beard" of 1889 depicted in the "Illustrated London News" as John Fox, quantity described as a "martyr" who died in 1887 with his luxuriant whiskers divided at the chin.

The so-called "Italian whiskers," also used by Correggio in the depiction of saints and holy men, were best developed on Morus, a theologian who went to his rest in 1528.

Peter Martyr, a reformer, who died in 1528, had a style of beard that is hard to imitate, and could only be maintained by a man with a heavy horse-growth in the frequent hands of an expert barber.

The cheek whiskers of 1645, a hideous style was given to Europe by Candour the Prime Minister of Philip IV. The style died with Candour, and has never been revived, except by comic opera comedians.

John Calvin wore the spiral beard of 1544. He did the best he could in the whisker line. The twin whiskers of 1644 are reproduced as the regulation chin dressing of the King's ardent-busters of the day.

John Taylor, "the water poet," amused his friends with the old cockerbeard, that is frequently imitated today in France and Italy.

The "swallowtail beard" was another hairy freak of a theologian, Jerome Weller, who died in 1572, and Erasmus Schmidt, a Greek scholar, failed in 1637 to popularize the triangle beard. The bushy whiskers of Captain John Smith might have been worn later by Henry Morgan, Captain Kidd, or any old silver-timbers buccaneer.

The "Hocus Fucus" beard gets its name from Hocus Fucus, Jr., the author of the Anatomie Levermeine. All magicians affect this cut, as they imagine it helps them to look quite devilish. The square beard of the frequent hands of an expert barber.

The rabbit's tail of 1560, the shoe-maker's beard of 1575, seen in portraits of Duke Sully and Hans Sachs, the poet; the Italian fashion of 1645; the "T" beard that prevailed at the French and German courts in 1649; the aristocratic beard, which is suggested by a portrait of Charles IV., King of Denmark; the double tuft of Cardinal Borromeo in 1631, and the remarkable curled mustaches and pointed chin beard that always figure in pictures of the great Gustavus Adolphus, are a few of the distinctive styles in beards that find imitators in this day.

Literature in Japan. Japan is a literary country, with a history of writing and literature since at least A. D. 712. Last year the number of books published was 26,865, of which 20,000 were translations of compilations followed with 3183, painting and sculpture had 3600, music 1022, Japanese poetry 892, and works in letters, novels, stories, criticisms, etc., 1112 titles.

The Serpent in Art. The serpent is in Christian art, an attribute of St. Coelbs, St. Euphemia, and many other saints, being assigned to them either because they destroyed the power of Satan or because they cleared one or another country of reptiles.

Ingenuous Contribution Box. There is a Boston church where the contribution box has a small bell concealed in it, which rings only when a collection is made. The collection is taken during the sermon, and the stingy churchgoers are thus easily detected.

France has kept 200,000 tons of coal stored at Toulon since 1893, to be ready in case war should break out.

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