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PRINCETON'S SILENT JEHUS.

Their Ingenuity in Getting Around a Local Hooster Ordinance.

"As I stopped to change cars at Princeton, Ind.," said a gentleman who has just arrived in the city from Kentucky, "I was greatly puzzled at the sight which met my eyes. Though my home is near Princeton, I had never been in the town before and I had no personal knowledge of the people who lived there. There was great silence at the railway station, and, though many persons were moving about, no one uttered a word. 'Is it a town of deaf mutes?' I said to myself.

"But presently my eyes were blinded by many small mirrors, as it seemed to me, casting a dozen shadows in my eyes from the hands of as many busy negroes. It seemed no matter of fun to them to cast these shadows. They were grimacing, contorting their faces and twisting their fingers in a manner strange to see. 'No deaf mutes, but lunatics,' I said to myself, and I began to look for some safe means of exit. But these dumb, grimacing creatures were on all sides of the platform and as I advanced one way or the other those at that point lunged toward me and I saw I was a prisoner.

"It was a frightful feeling for a few moments, and, then a rational explanation of the scene was made. Conquering my timidity, I went boldly to one of the biggest of the black men, and, seizing him by the shoulder, I said, as a hypnotist might say, 'What do you mean by casting shadows in my eyes?' The man caught me by the coat sleeve and whispered in my ear: 'I'll tell you, soon, but I have to whisper, 'cause we ain't allowed to talk. You has to come to me. I can't come and git you. They won't let us stand on the platform.' "Then I found out that these silent men had once been the vociferative, shouting hucksters who make themselves so omnipresent on the platform stations of most small towns. The good people of Princeton determined to live in peace and quiet, and, by act of the city council, they prohibited the huckster from using their voices. But even this did not abate the nuisance. The huckster would run up to the train and almost carry away their patrons by force. So the city council passed a law forbidding them to stand on the platform. Deprived of speech and power of locomotion, these hucksters had a happy thought. Each one bought a bright tin plate and had the name of his hotel embossed on the plate in raised letters. So they all stand there, waving their tin plates and never uttering a sound."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE CARE OF PEARLS.

Even a Drop of Lemonade is Sufficient to Ruin Their Appearance.

American girls are fond of pearls and have no superstitious fears that they mean "tears." It may not be known to the possessors of these gems that pearls are regarded as "well" or "ill" from the jeweler's point of view. Like human beings, they require fresh air to be kept alive. In other words, they must be worn and not remain too long in a closed case. Judges of pearls can tell by looking at them whether the gem is "incudo" (clear and healthy), or "highly" it is beginning to die. It sometimes becomes discolored and turning black.

A black pearl may be a handsome stone, but it has not the evanescent rainbow suggestions to be seen in a milky or rosy pearl. Italian women, who know a great deal about pearls, wear their necklaces and "ropes" constantly. This gives them the light and air required by the mysterious formations, and yet they are not exposed to the chances of discoloration by being touched with acid.

It is easier to keep pearls in fair condition when they are set in a locket or in necklaces. It is hard to carry them in a finger ring. One must be careful to remove them not only in washing the hands, but they should never be worn when there is likelihood of being touched by food or drink.

About a month ago the owner of a beautiful pink pearl worn in a finger ring was alarmed to find it stone worn darkening and becoming covered with an opaque dark crust. She took it to her jeweler, who pronounced it a case of "scale." He told her the delicate substance had been in contact with some acid, and as she insisted this had not happened he reminded her that a drop of lemonade would be sufficient to do the mischief. She then remembered drinking lemonade while the ring was on her ungloved hand.

The only remedy for scale is a removal of a whole layer of the pearl. This is an excessively delicate business, which should be done by an expert workman, and never undertaken by apprentice hands. It is a costly business and reduces the size and value of the pearl that must undergo the operation.—Philadelphia Record.

The Royal Reign of Velvet.

Velvet in all colors is immensely popular this winter and is used in every conceivable way and in all sorts of garments. Young and old wear it with equal propriety, and the evening gown of velvet, which has heretofore been relegated to the wardrobe of the matronly woman, finds special favor with young women. Black velvet gowns are made elegant with jet passementerie, and old point lace is brought out on the waist. Some of the skirts are perfectly plain while others are profusely trimmed with jets, black silk embroidery or chiffon ruffles. But in every instance at least an attempt at a train must be seen.—Woman's Home Companion.

If It's Not Borrowed.

Teacher—What do we see above us when we go out on a clear day?
Tommy—We see the blue sky.
"Correct. And what do we see above us on a rainy day?"
"An umbrella."—Pearson's Weekly.

FOR SALE. Notes of hand and receipts for sale at the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE office.

THE OLD BLUE LAWS.

SOME THAT ARE STILL ON THE STATUTE BOOKS OF NEW JERSEY.

Reasons Why, Though Out of Date, They Have Never Been Repealed—Things It Is Unlawful to Do on Sundays—Can't Eat Your Sweetheart on the Street.

Jersey is the bluest state in the Union, probably not even excepting Georgia, Delaware or Connecticut, if one judges by its laws. Not only have the famous blue laws never been repealed, but an examination of the records of her police magistrates shows that they are still in operation.

Common acids are still liable to fine and if persistent may be imprisoned and possibly subjected to a good, old fashioned flogging. Elizabeth and profanity are still penalized, and only recently in Elizabeth a young man was arrested and fined for kissing his sweetheart on the street. The girl acknowledged the young fellow as her true and only love, and that she had allowed herself to be kissed, believing it to be quite proper. The magistrate said, "Not in Elizabeth."

In Newark there used to be a chain stretched each Sunday morning across Clinton avenue on the Springfield road, as it was called. An officer of the town stood guard and allowed no vehicles to pass except they were bound for church or some mission of mercy or great necessity. The mercy and necessity had to be explained to the entire satisfaction of the chainkeeper before he would say, "Pass on."

Jersey offers slight encouragement to golfers. Time and again has a sanatorium located in the state been proposed by desecrators that the soil yielded for them.

Orange had something of a sensation on account of the willfulness of certain tennis players who persisted in playing on Sunday. They said they had no other day to devote to the game. Six days they worked hard in the city, and on the seventh they were qualified to enjoy rest. Rest for them explicitly implied recreation.

The magistrate told them that in Orange all recreation was unseasonable on the Lord's day. The community, he said, was God fearing, and would not tolerate levity or triviality in play. They were to play across on Sunday, they must go elsewhere, and to enforce this suggestion upon their minds he fined them each \$5.

Swearing has got men into trouble time and again. It costs 50 cents to swear in Hackensack and 50 cents to swear in the law is high. So all over the state. If the profanity was elaborate, the magistrate will go sometimes as high as \$5, though technically this would appear contrary to the wording of the statutes.

Football is expressly forbidden, as are all rinepins, bowls and quoits, so the merry game of five, which ascends in this day to have fallen into innocuous desuetude.

According to the general statutes of the state of New Jersey for 1885, under "vice and immorality," it is declared, not law to fish with a hook or with a net on the Lord's day. Hunting is forbidden; nor may any fire of a gun be used for any other reason. Work is forbidden except such as is absolutely necessary or for charity, which must be patent to the officer of the law. To cast a seine or draw one or to make use of one in any way is forbidden. Driving is not to be done. Especially are draymen, drovers, carters, wagoners and butchers to beware of unseasonably acts, driving sheep, cattle or any animals.

It is further stated that "whereas public shows and exhibitions of divers kinds have of late been very frequent within the state, whereby many strangers and worthless persons are attracted to the place, and to themselves the money of the people, and it being found that such shows and exhibitions tend to no good or useful purpose in society, but, on the contrary, to gather together great numbers of idle and unseemly spectators as well as children and serve to corrupt their morals, such shows and exhibitions are forbidden."

Public sentiment in New Jersey does not take the blue laws very seriously. They have not been repealed, because they are thought to make for good rather than for evil, and indeed to come in handy at times. Sunday in Hackensack, in Bergen, and similar rural districts is still strictly observed, and the blue laws are well adapted to the intelligence and the religious views of such communities. There has not been serious discussion for repeal of these laws nor plea on their behalf. They are let alone as much as possible to be called on in case of emergency, but otherwise they are neglected.—New York Press.

Clever Smoke Device.

The Japanese have a curious way of clearing railroad tunnels of smoke and gas. Each end of the tunnel is provided with a canvas curtain, hung at the top so that when it is dropped it covers the entire mouth of the tunnel. When a train enters the tunnel, the curtain at that end is dropped, and it is kept down until the train leaves the other end of the tunnel. The result is that all the smoke and gas are carried along with the train and forced into the open air at the farther end of the tunnel. It is asserted that this plunger action is so perfect that smoke from an engine seldom reaches as far back as the middle of the train. Scientific men are puzzled to account for the success of the system.—Boston Budget.

Cheerless Outlook.

"There's one comfort in connection with the popular song," remarked one admirer of classical music. "We know that it will not last long."

"Yes," was the reply, "we always have the assurance that there is something worse waiting to take its place, if that's any satisfaction."—Washington Star.

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