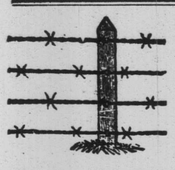

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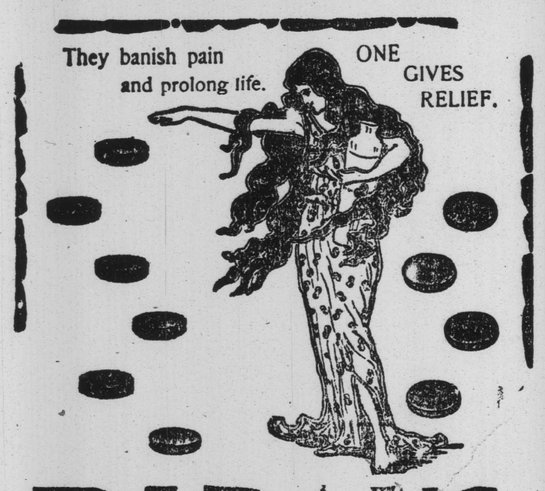

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Gagetown, N. B.

Poetry.

SHE KEPT THE SECRET.

As farmer Brown in his easy chair,
  Sat reading the news of the day.
At his left hand stood the well trimed lamp,
  And beside it his pipe of clay.

Across the table of ample width,
  Was the face of his blue eyed wife,
The little woman of cheerful ways,
  Who had gladdened a hum-drum life.

"Just listen to me," said farmer Brown,
  "And I'll read you some of the news,—
What will you have, Maria my dear,
  You are welcome you know to choose?"

His wife looked up with a sunny smile,
  While a blush on her cheek did glow,
"Well, Obediah, if you don't mind,
  I always like poetry you know."

Then farmer Brown turned the pages o'er,—
  Perhaps with a little surprise—
"Ah, here's an "In memorian," dear,
  Right here on hand to greet my eyes."

He cleared his throat all ready to read,
  And then paused, and muttered—
  "'Golly!'
"See here, Maria, they call this thing,"
  "'To my dear departed Polly.'"

"Go on," said his wife, with head bent low,
  "I would like you to read the rest."
"All right, Maria, I'll read it all,
  But if that's po'try—I'll be blest!"

  "O Polly dear,
    You went away,
    Because on earth,
    You could not stay.

  Just two years old,
    You would have been,
    If you had lived,
    Another Spring.

  And now your gone,
    I know not where.
    But O Polly,
    You know I care.

  Dear Polly O,
    They say you died,
    For want of breath,
    And how I cried.

  Alas, no more,
    I'll feed thee chaff,
    "Good-bye," my own,
    My brindle calf!"

The farmer groaned in his easy chair,
  Then he uttered a hearty laugh,
"My dear, if I should meet that poet,
  I'll just send him after the calf."

* * * * * *

Now farmer Brown your sweetly dreaming,
  There up stairs in your cosey bed,
But your little wife, the joy of your life,
  Sits all alone with grief bowed head.

"O, Obediah," she whispers low,
  "If you'd cared a little bit,
But now as long as ever I live,
  You will never know—I did it!"

A SUFFERER.

Douglas Harbor, N. B.

THE UP-TO-DATE MOTHER.

BY H. A. P.

She's the happiest mother,
  You ever, ever saw;
She's equal to her brother
  In medicine and law;

In letters and religion,
  In politics and schools;
She studies art and science,
  And masters rules and tools.

On farm, in shop and garden,
  She lends a helping hand;
The laws which govern nature
  She strives to understand.

She is a winsome beauty,
  In manner, form and mind,
Devoted to her duty
  Ane the good of all mankind.

She's wary, wise and healthy,
  And with the gifts of tongues,
Combines a vigorous, healthy,
  Expanded pair of lungs.

With feet and foresight nimble,
  With soul inspiring voice—
Of all that's best, the symbol—
  She makes the world rejoice.

With beauty, light and gladness,
  Her soft, caressing hand
Was made to banish sadness,
  With Love's imperial wand.

She's sunshine, dew and fragrance,
  She is a ring of gold,
Encircling all who know her
  Within its precious fold.

She has the cheeriest husband,
  The merriest girls and boys.
And how they trust and love her
  And burden her with joys.
When once your eyes behold her,
  You will not care to roam.
By this sign you shall know her,—
  Where she is there is home,

KITTY.

"Are you the defendant in this case!" asked the judge, sharply.

"No, sah," answered the mild-eyed prisoner. "I has a lawyer hired to do de defendin'. I's de man dat done stole de ahticles."

TO THE CREEK GOSSIP.

We would like to ask a question
  Has the gossip gone to sleep—
Or were our insinuations
  A little bit to steep?

There yet is news in plenty;
  She may gossip if she will!
But we think she has decided
  It is best to just keep still.

If she now resigns the business
  We must bid her "Au Revoir;"
Yet the fame of our Creek gossip
  Will be sung from shore to shore.

To EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Dear Sir: Speaking of Shakespeare reminds me of something else. I agree with one of your correspondents who says we have too many poets (?) Well does Shakespeare say:—

"I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same ballad mongers."

The latest poetry from here is an attempted parody on the first verses of "Lonfellow's Bridge." It runs this way:

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour;
Close by me stood fair Marion
  Who heeded not Hal's lore.

We stuffed in drops of chocolate,
  And cradled the crackers fast;
Oh! if felicity like that
  Could only always last!

Thus we are tortured with hideous doggerel. And so sharply as they deal with one another that we can apply the words of another great poet:

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true
They are as mad abandoned critics too."

Yours truly,
AJAX.

Scotchtown, May 18, 1899.

Gentlemen of Leisure.

In the down hill of life when I find I'm declining,
  May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a good snug armchair can afford for reclining.
  And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea."
—Coldridge.

Such was the desire of the bard, and such is the fortune of our genial wharfinger, Mr. Edward Hastings, of "Mount Gilead." The noble St. John supplying the place of the wide sea, a good substantial farm house the place of the cot and a dry goods box in the Post Office the place of the armchair. These slight differences may be considered by some as drawbacks, but to Mr. Hastings they are "all right me bye."

It is both instructive and amusing to hear the old gentleman tell of the "days gone bye" when he did two days work in one and considered it play. (His son James says it must have been a long while ago, as he has no remembrance of such an occurrence.) Be it as it may, Uncle Edward who has past the allotted three score and ten years, is still hale and hearty, and willing and ready to give advice to any one in need thereof, and even to those who endeavor to be "there own pilots." The old fellow is also a noted vocalist, and often are the hills made to ring with "Black Eyed Susan" "When you and I were young Maggie" "The fit comes on me now," or "Angels hovering around."

Another noted gentleman of leisure is Colonel Charles Kinkade, of the "Blue Mountain Rangers." The Colonel whose native home is Gagetown, is at present making a tour of the country for the benefit of his health and complexion. He passed through Woodville on the 9th enroute for Go-out Run where he will stop a few days to sketch the beautiful scenery of that locality. All wishing to communicate with the Colonel are requested to direct their correspondence, to New Jerusalem, Q. Co.

Our little town boasts of several more gentlemen who take things easy, but as our time and space are both limited, we must refrain from giving their names or descriptions.

The renowned poetess of Hampstead is writing a poem on human nature. Here is a sample of her verses:

"When I was young and in my prime
(That was some time ago,)
Both late and early did I work,
Saw wood or shovel snow.
But time has changed things right about,
My folks cry with alarm
Now, we the shovel have to wield,
And she supplies the storm."

Not bad for the poetess, is it! The poem when completed, we have not a doubt will place the poetess among the forward ranks of all our noted authors.

But the hour grows late and we are getting sleepy so we will close with three cheers for the skipper.

"Contemninator"

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Horolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanzo for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy, unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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—o—

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Mrs. Joseph Rubins 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 continuation 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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